

Q How funny we look to the average European!
Do we see him out of focus, too?

America Through the Looking Glass

Condensed from *The Christian Century*

Edwin Muller

WE AMERICANS say that we want to be good neighbors with the rest of the world. The other nations reply that they wish to be good neighbors to us. But to be good neighbors people must know each other. You can't get along with the family across the street if you wrongly think there's "something funny about them."

Let's see how we look to the neighbors. Nicholas Murray Butler once said that, when he travels abroad, he sees his own country bottom side up. That states it too mildly. If you look through the eyes of the European press, you see the United States as a grotesque image in a distorting mirror.

"Inhuman. That is the word

with which to brand this society," *l'eu*, Paris weekly, says of us. We are "naive, slow-witted, gross, obtuse, bent only on profit," in the judgment of *Omnibus*, Roman literary magazine. We are a nation of hypocrites, breaking treaties when it suits us but condemning others who do likewise. Our foreign policy is "the most absolute form of imperialism." This from *Messagero*, Rome's leading daily.

We might expect at least to be understood by democratic England, where the press is free and movies and radio are not propaganda tools. Yet John Bull's conception of us is woefully warped. "The cult of violence is a doctrine which every American is taught from his earliest

youth to respect," *Punch*, British weekly, asserts. Writers imply that brawls and shooting affrays are of common occurrence in our legislatures.

Last year the American Legion had a tumultuous convention in New York — noisy but quite good-natured and harmless. Here's the way John Bull saw it in the London *Daily Mirror*:

FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND TROOPS
TERRORIZE BROADWAY IN WILD ORGY

With a portentous seriousness worthy of an account of the sack of Rome by the barbarians, the story goes on to describe how the Legionnaires were "crazed by drink and excitement, out of police control." "Crowds are panicking; hundreds of women flee in terror," the headlines ran.

The London *Daily Express*, with the largest circulation in England, pictures our South as "lawless and half savage." Its correspondent is fascinated by the customs of Kentucky, where, it seems, feuds and lynchings are part of the routine of life. "Lynching is still popular, although now it has been touched by modernity. Most popular method is to kill the victim with a blowtorch." Lynchings are "regarded as good evening's entertainment after a boring day of drinking moonshine on the hot back porch."

Thus the more deplorable aspects of American life are played up, ex-

aggerated and generalized until the reader sees them all out of proportion. What must the Germans think of our sportsmanship when they read in the *Deutsche Zeitung* this description of a football game: "In the United States it isn't at all unusual to see a mass of bleeding flesh, stamped beyond recognition, carried off the field, while the spectators, a brutal and unfeeling mob, jeer, yell and screech. The gladiatorial combats in Rome 2000 years ago were tame in comparison."

Most French papers do not have American correspondents. Much of their American news is telephoned from London, and thus further blurred in transit. To the average Frenchman we are portrayed as a bizarre society of film stars, gangsters, Negroes, red Indians. It has become automatic for a French editor to write over an extraordinary yarn the caption: "This Happened in America, Of Course."

All through the foreign press runs the assumption that we are barbarians, vulgar and knowing nothing of the refinements of civilization; that our manners are those of a frontier mining town.

How do these misrepresentations come about? European nations have all the means of getting the true picture — newspapers with large revenues and staffs to gather accurate and voluminous news, and cables to transmit it. We feel that

these instruments of understanding, which ought to bring the world closer together, must have betrayed us.

But when we examine the manner in which the picture is distorted, we see it isn't deliberate malevolence. The way it happens is explained as follows by a well-known English correspondent. A London publisher, seeking ever more circulation, feels that to get it he must continually astound his readers. We know to what an extent our own press works on the same principle, probably misleading us equally. To make his American news sprightly, the London publisher subscribes to one of the more sensational American news services. He pays \$50,000 a year for it but he uses hardly a line of it. It's merely to keep his foreign editor in touch with the material that he wants from the United States.

Comes the Hauptmann trial, for example. The foreign editor cables at once to his New York correspondent, who sends his assistant out to Flemington. The assistant is keen to get ahead. His story must go the already sensationalized news service one better. In the courtroom he lets his imagination play with what he sees and hears. He doesn't actually alter the facts, but his interpretation strains them pretty hard. The head of the New York office sees one or two points at which the story might be improved. With his embellishments, it goes on the

wire. In Fleet Street the foreign editor isn't drawing a big salary just to print the correspondents' stories as they are written. He knows what his readers want. The story acquires new touches.

Now the Hauptmann trial as it actually happened was nothing to be proud of. As it finally comes to Mr. and Mrs. John Bull, the prisoner clanks into the courtroom, loaded with chains. The movie cameras drown the voices of counsel, the flashlights blind the judge. Interruptions are many and sensational. It's a cruel nightmare that could only have happened in an asylum.

Not all the foreign press stories of America are invidious, to be sure. But the exaggerated and unusual item about us makes the deepest and most permanent impression on the man in the street. The thinking minority in each country has a clear view of us. But thinking minorities don't make public opinion.

Even if news stories are printed exactly as they happened, the picture of America can still be completely out of focus. It's a matter of selection. If an editor concentrates on crime and divorce stories, his readers begin to think that America is a land where criminals are in control and where it is the exceptional marriage that lasts five years.

Both in England and on the Continent trivial and freakish items tend to crowd out other American news. The editors play up the seri-

ous news from Berlin and Rome. Then, to balance their papers, they print the story about the mule in Kansas that had its face lifted.

It's hard to realize how much the foreign conception of us is based on such silly, fly-by-night little items that are tucked away in the corners of our newspapers. We have our own brand of humor; we can take these items for what they are worth. But they get copied abroad, go ricocheting around the Continental press and leave a deposit of enduring beliefs and opinions as solid as they are perverse.

To see how completely the picture of America can be distorted we must go to the controlled press of Germany, Italy and Russia. Mayor LaGuardia of New York once referred in an uncomplimentary manner to the Hitler way of government. Here, in part, is the German rebuttal as set forth in *Der Angriff*:

"LaGuardia's career as New York's mayor is notable by the fact that gangsters, when they had sufficiently bribed him, were able to pillage and kidnap with more impunity than ever before. The American government heads seem afraid of the New York underworld's revolvers which respond to the whistle of the New York gangster-in-chief — LaGuardia."

Under a dictator, the newspaper is a weapon in a war — and a dictator is always at war. If his people are uncomfortable, meagerly supplied with the necessities of life,

they must be told that other peoples are still more uncomfortable. To show that a democracy is powerless to prevent a Communist revolution, our strike news is given great prominence, under such headlines as "Revolt and wild demolition, dead and wounded." It is said or implied that every single strike is the result of "subterranean Communist propaganda."

Likewise strange ideas of the United States are being sown in South America by radio propaganda from Germany. Downright distortions of Uncle Sam, both as a grasping imperialist and as a gaunt fellow enfeebled by germs of communism, are picked up from the broadcasts and printed as gospel truth by Latin American newspapers unable to afford responsible wire services. One paper, for instance, had a banner headline, REVOLUTION IN THE U.S. The story, based on one of our strikes, came from Germany. Friends of Germany in South American countries take down German broadcasts, translate them, and turn them over to grateful editors who, while appearing to give their readers spot international news, are actually spreading grotesque misconceptions of the Colossus of the North.

The Russian press depicts us as indulging in unrestrained lawlessness. In issue after issue of *Krokodil*, Moscow weekly, are cartoons of spectators and players lying dead on the football field, gangsters con-

ducting public kidnappings, judges kowtowing to wealthy swindlers.

Although the Russians are allowed to admire us for our machinery and mass production, the authorities systematically exaggerate the things that are undeniably wrong with us — the waste of our economic system, the suffering caused by the depression. Some of the Russian papers have run pictures that purported to show Americans starving to death in multitudes.

And so you could follow the impressions of us around the world and nowhere would you find a community of average people who have anything approaching a clear picture of what we are like.

And what about ourselves? Does anyone believe that we alone see the other peoples of the earth clearly and without prejudice? He must be naïve to think so.

We are all like men wandering around in a dense fog. As each of us looks about him he sees the others as menacing, beastlike figures. If the fog lifted perhaps we'd all look pretty much alike. The common people of the world aren't very different from each other. If they had all known that, would there have been a World War?

They are dangerous things, these false pictures that we have, each of the other, and they are making history. Making it wrong.



¶ A modern father's study becomes a classroom, and his daughter the pupil of a successful homespun curriculum

A College for One

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Philip Curtiss

“HOW CAN a boy who cannot afford college get the equivalent of a college education?” This question must have been voiced in thousands of families. I can answer it with complete confidence, for I have founded a college of my own and can say

that it has been thoroughly successful.

The college was founded solely for the benefit of my older daughter, who was 16 at the time.

We live in the country, more than ten miles from the nearest high school. Jean was obliged to

get up at 6:30 in order to catch the school bus. She arrived home when winter twilight was already threatening, which meant either that she could have no outdoor exercise or must study till nearly midnight, with the alarm clock looming like a nightmare as she crawled into bed. There came a time when her mother said to me anxiously, "If Jean goes back to school she will be in the hospital in a month. Do you think you can teach her at home?" I thought I could.

So one morning, at nine o'clock, Jean was led into my study, told to lock the door and stay until one. On the desk were three books — *Macaulay's Essays*, *Tartarin de Tarascon*, and *Huckleberry Finn*; and a four-hour schedule outlining three full hours of actual reading, with a ten-minute interval for reverie at the end of each half hour, and one short recess.

The "reverie periods," ostensibly to let Jean rest her eyes, actually had a much deeper purpose. Every booklover knows that he can judge the power of a book by the number of times that he finds himself dropping it into his lap and trailing off on suggested lines of thought. I told Jean that she could think of anything she wanted to think of, from lipstick to door screens; but I knew that to some extent she could not help being haunted by the rhythms, expressions and ideas of the author she had just been reading.

Attached to the schedule were these general instructions:

When you begin a new book look up the author in the encyclopedia. Do not try to remember the exact dates of his life but remember him as "about Civil War time," or "late 1700's" or "about the time of the Pilgrims." As you read more books try to remember the authors who lived about the same time in different countries. When you read history, try to link up each big event with another event with which you are familiar.

Read right along, as you would a story, but if you *almost* get an idea but *don't quite*, read a second time. When you come across names and events such as "Richelieu," "the Prince Regent," or "the Corn Laws," don't look them up at first. The next few pages will probably make clear who or what they were. If they don't, look them up at the end of the day.

This paper is the only formal order ever given in the life of Curtiss College. Jean has not once raised an objection to her four hours a day. She has frequently done her reading in bed when sick, and has even been found reading *Schiller* under the permanent waving machine at the hairdresser's.

I have never attempted to outline an "ideal reading course," and have had only one general rule — that the books should be chosen for their authors rather than for their subject matter, the whole idea being that she should spend four

hours a day in the informal company of men and women whom I regard as possessors of fine minds. For years I had been trying faintly to suggest that a young woman might have a fine taste in ski clothes and cocktails and still be on speaking terms with Smollett or Cicero; that the combination might, in fact, be distinctly piquant; and that some very keen and enjoyable men and women had lived on this earth — even before Noel Coward — and that, if you gave them half a chance, some very shrewd, witty eyes would smile at you across the pages of history and literature.

The books I gave her next were Hazlitt's *Thinking As a Science*, Emerson's *Essays*, Thoreau's *Walden*, critical studies by James Russell Lowell, one of William James's lectures, Carlyle's *Schiller*, Herbert Spencer on *Fashion*, *Essays of Elia*, Mackail's *Latin Literature*, and Addison's *Essays*.

We kept no record of all the books read, for I wanted to avoid all suggestion of "getting through" a certain number of volumes or of checking an author off the list and laying him on the shelf forever. Nor have there been any quizzes, examinations or reviews. The most I ever do is to say casually, "Well, what do you think of Mr. Goethe?" To which Jean will probably reply, "I think he's a fish," for she never approved of his account of his early love affairs.

Jean had had two years of ordi-

nary school French, but three months' heroic work proved that she was not able to enjoy a French novel. So, as the object of my course was not to torture her but to help her to love books, I dropped the reading in French and substituted an hour called "Travels and Manners," whose object was to give her intimate, offhand pictures of daily life in atmospheres far removed from her own. I chose among other books Stevenson's *Vailima Letters*, Lord Frederick Hamilton's *Vanished Poms of Yesterday*, and André Maurois's *Edwardian Era*.

In general, I have chosen old books rather than recent ones, because I believe that my daughter will sooner or later read current books anyway. What is happening in my college, in short, is what might happen to anyone who was locked up in an old-fashioned library during a very long snow-storm. That really is where I got the idea.

For many years I had noticed — as others have noticed — that some of the most intelligent and cultured people I met were men and women who had been brought up in the '60's and '70's, who had not had much formal education but had had the run of an old-fashioned library and *few other amusements*. In fact, outside of England, I presume that fully three quarters of the world's greatest men and women have been educated in very much that fashion. I knew, however, that

with all the diversity and ease of modern interests the old conditions would never reproduce themselves naturally, so I have simply reproduced them artificially.

"You must expect no results whatever for at least six months and the real *results* will not show until Jean is 34 years old," I told my wife when the course was started. Yet one can talk about *effects*, which showed themselves almost instantly. For one thing, the general run of talk at our dinner table improved miraculously. Without prompting, Jean began to finish her sentences, to search for words which would express her exact meaning instead of ending everything with "and all that sort of thing," or "you know what I mean." The trend of her mind also became more logical. All this time Jean was leading a perfectly unpriggish life—skiing, going to house-parties and college proms—and the house was filled incessantly with young people.

I am as conscious of the limitations of the idea as anyone. It may be pointed out, for example, that the plan contains no provision for science or mathematics. To that I reply that my daughter has never had the slightest aptitude for either, and had enough of them in her previous school for purely disciplinary purposes. If I had a son who was mechanically minded, obviously the best place for him would be a good scientific school; but if

necessity forced him into my plan, the course would be entirely different—and I suspect he would get much farther in original scientific thought than one would at first expect.

Jean also loses the "social contacts" of school, but that point hardly has to be considered. As country life is now organized, at least in the Berkshires, the only way to avoid social contacts is to stand at your door with a shotgun. And, seriously, I wonder whether that "social contacts" idea is not a pretty thin myth. An unsocial boy or girl who goes to college will still come out unsocial; a social boy or girl will find all the contacts needed wherever he goes. I suspect that what is usually meant by the benefits of "social contacts" at college is the hope that a boy who goes to Yale or Harvard will room with the son of the President of the Chase National Bank, and automatically step into a fine job.

The most frequent objection to my plan would probably be: "Yes, it's fine for training women of leisure; but my Helen must have a course which will fit her to earn a living." But where *is* there such a course? One of the most tragic things in modern American life is the widespread idea that by "taking a course," one can immediately solve occupational difficulties. One sees so many boys and girls who are sent to the best colleges and technical schools, only to come

home and do just what they would have done if they had never gone anywhere. On the other hand, one sees innumerable men and women achieving distinction in occupations totally different from those for which they were originally trained. The blame for this does not lie wholly with the students or wholly with the schools. It lies in expecting something from education that education alone cannot give.

So, frankly, I am not considering this side of the question at all. For the moment I am sowing scholarship without any thought of when, where, or in what direction it may

sprout. Not that Jean may not have to earn her living — the whole plan rose out of necessity rather than affluence. If my daughter some day asks, "Why did you not educate me to be a surgeon, or astronomer, or statistician?" I shall undoubtedly feel deep remorse. But if, like most young women of her generation, her idea is merely to enter any one of those modern occupations where common sense and the ability to be agreeable are the principal requirements, I shall still believe her training has done her no more harm and no less good than any other she might have been given.

¶ What an honest mayor, free of a political machine, can do for a community

Jasper Goes to Town

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Webb Waldron

"HELLO, Jasper!" a man in overalls sang out as we left the City Hall. "Hello, Jasper!" yelled a newsboy. People's faces lighted as they saw him — this slightly-built man dressed in a shirt with a frayed collar, an old sweater under his faded coat, a battered hat pulled down over his rugged, weather-beaten face.

Jasper McLevy, Socialist mayor of Bridgeport, Connecticut, grinned, waved back.

This was Jasper, the roofer, who has brought good government to his home town by a unique application of honesty and horse sense. Jasper, the soapbox Socialist, who, in the words of thousands of his non-Socialist fellow citizens, "has elected

himself mayor of this town for life, if he wants the job."

We climbed into Jasper's old car (he never uses a city-owned one), and as we drove along he pointed again and again to street corners, streets, open squares — all transformed from ugliness into beauty with grass plots and shrubs. Slummy districts cleaned up, dead-end streets opened, alleys cleaned and paved.

We passed a gang paving a street and Jasper said, "Used to cost the city \$4 a yard for paving. We threatened to build an asphalt plant of our own, and the price came down to 90 cents. And still the contractors are making money!"

We crossed a bridge and he said, "There used to be a saying in this town, 'The Republicans build the bridges and the Democrats repair 'em, and both get rich out of it.' But not any more."

We swung into a wide avenue with a strip of grass down its center. "When we proposed putting an esplanade down this street, everybody said it would clutter up the street, slow down traffic. Well, traffic moves faster, it's safer for pedestrians, and look, everybody along the street is fixing up his house and yard. Now the whole city wants esplanades. I guess people are getting proud of the looks of their town."

This is how Jasper McLevy has sold himself to this New England industrial city of 150,000 people. By making people who were ashamed of their city proud of it. Rooting

out old-time corruption and favoritism, eliminating laxity and waste, smashing political machines, Jasper McLevy has made his city a magnificent example of how a municipality should be run.

Jasper was born in Bridgeport. He is Scotch to the core — in his ancestry, in his dour honesty, his courage, his instinct for good workmanship. The McLevys have been slate roofers for generations, and at 14 Jasper quit school to work for his uncle. He was a studious young chap, and in his late teens joined a debating society. Then he happened on Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. That picture of an ideal society fascinated him. He says it was the most important book he ever read, in its influence on him.

In 1900, when he was 22, he joined the Socialist Party and was put on the party ticket for some minor municipal office in Bridgeport. Since then he has run for some city office at every two-year election. He was a good talker; he had a pungent humor that caught the ear. But nobody took him seriously in a political sense. Still, he attended every meeting of the Common Council and of any city commission or committee open to the public. And from what he saw he was convinced that much of the taxpayers' money was being wasted.

In 1911 the Bridgeport Socialists put Jasper at the head of the city ticket. He began to tell the people of Bridgeport some unpleasant truths

about the way their city was being run. Not until the '20's, however, did stories of city favoritism, mismanagement and waste become common talk about town. Under both Republican and Democratic governments the tax rate went up and up, the city borrowed more and more money to meet running expenses.

The crisis came when the town reached its legal limit of borrowing. The mayor had to appeal to the state legislature to extend the limit and, in return, the legislature forced the city to give supervision of its finances to a special committee which had power to veto certain municipal legislation.

When the 1933 city campaign drew near, the Socialists set Jasper at the head of their ticket for the *tenth* time. Now Jasper really had facts that scorched. For instance, the garbage contract. When the contract had run out, he charged, it had been rewritten, specifying that garbage must be handled with a special kind of truck. At an appointed hour each bidder for the new contract had to have a fleet of these particular trucks lined up in front of the City Hall for inspection. But there was only one trucking company in town owning such trucks! No other bidder could possibly assemble a fleet of them in the allotted 10 days. Consequently this company was awarded a five-year contract at an advance of \$275,000 over the old one, though the quan-

tity of garbage had not increased.

"Why do you stand for it?" Jasper demanded of the people.

His attacks on the letting of contracts and awarding of municipal jobs to favored individuals threw the city into an uproar. He was elected with almost as many votes as the Republican and Democratic candidates combined. Since there were only 500 enrolled members of the Socialist Party in Bridgeport, this was convincing proof that people had voted for Jasper, not as converts to Socialism, but because they were against political machines.

Instead of filling city offices with Socialists, as had been predicted, Jasper picked men regardless of party. He dug up the city charter, had it printed and spread about town, so folks could see what powers they had and didn't have. He opened up the meetings that had been held behind closed doors. He opened up the closed books of various municipal departments.

When the auditor got at the books of the Board of Education, he discovered crookedness in the accounts of coal and fuel-oil deliveries for the public schools. The manager of a large coal company and the business manager of the Board of Education were brought to trial. It was testified that whenever this coal company manager needed ready cash, he'd put in a fake bill for fuel to the Board of Education and get paid for it. The two men went to prison.

Jasper's charges were being borne out. His prestige rose.

Jasper had inherited a terrific burden of city debt, but had no control over its finances. The supervising committee was hostile. Charter changes were necessary to effect civil service and purchasing reforms. So Jasper pulled what proved to be an extraordinary political coup. He ran for governor in 1934.

He didn't get elected. He didn't expect to be, but his vigorous campaigning carried three Socialist senators and two Socialist representatives from Bridgeport to the state legislature. The three senators held the balance of power in a chamber where neither Democrats nor Republicans had a majority. They made a bargain to vote with the Republicans to enable them to organize the Senate in return for changes in the Bridgeport charter and restoration of financial home rule to the city.

Then Jasper had a rock on which to build genuine good government, and he has been busy building ever since. Now he has a *real* civil service code, designed to get the best possible person into each job and protect him on the job. Tests for appointments or promotions must be publicly advertised, competitive and practical. Each vacancy must be filled by the highest-ranking person. (Some civil service laws allow the appointment to be made from the first three, letting political pref-

erence creep in.) No appointment or promotion is final save after a probation period of three months — this to eliminate professional test-takers with no practical ability. No person on any civil service job may be an officer in a political club or take part in any political campaign. Any person violating the civil service law is subject to a stiff fine and imprisonment. Under a law such as this there *can't* be any political jobs.

Jasper has taken politics out of buying. He got a much-needed 200-ton incinerator for \$108,000, for example, when the contractor, talking with Jasper, realized that he wouldn't have to pay the usual political tribute, and so cut the previously estimated price in half.

Formerly there were needless gangs of repairmen for each city department. Now a central upkeep force services all city property. "We're spending only \$1 for city supplies and upkeep where \$3 was spent before Jasper came in, and we're getting better results," said the comptroller.

Formerly there often was double insurance on the same piece of property; some things were expensively insured that didn't require it at all. "We found an old, broken street roller," said Jasper, "that couldn't burn and nobody would steal, covered heavily for both fire and theft." Now the city gets better coverage for about one third the former cost.

"It's easier to collect taxes now, because people know the money is being spent wisely," said the tax collector. In the past four years tax collections have averaged 95 percent. This is one of the highest figures in the United States. Some cities consider 75 or 80 percent a good record.

The financial results? In his four years in office Jasper has paid off \$1,500,000 of city debt. He has paid off mortgages and short-time notes totaling well over \$300,000. He has restored almost all the pay cuts made by previous administrations. He bought the incinerator and a new municipal airport out of current funds.

Jasper is rarely at his desk. He's usually out around the city seeing how things are going. Bridgeport is at least one town in the United States where WPA labor has given full return for its wage. Jasper has intense sympathy for the man out of luck, but he can't endure soldiering on the job.

Sometimes he vanishes entirely for a day or two. He's off in some other city, dressed in his old workman's clothes, looking into equipment, studying how others are doing things. He talks to drivers and upkeep men and finds out what is a good buy and what isn't.

To Jasper, this city is his *business*, and he is planning for its future. His policies have attracted new industries to Bridgeport; he is

laying out a new system of boulevards, he is opening up new sections with new streets.

"Last election," said the head of a large department store, "we got letters from both the Democrats and Republicans asking for contributions to help drive this 'pest' out of office. I answered that the only thing we would contribute to was a fund to keep Jasper in office for life. I mean that," he said emphatically. "The city is paying Jasper \$7500 a year. We could afford to pay him \$40,000 as city manager."

Jasper's hold on his home town spans all classes of people. Indeed, in his last campaign, his only worry was that he wouldn't have enough opposition. "It's only with intelligent opposition that you can keep people alive to good government," he said.

The astonishing fact in all this is that there are still only about 500 enrolled Socialists in Bridgeport! "There's not so much incentive for anybody to join the party," said Jasper, "because we haven't any jobs to hand out."

As I see it, Jasper might as well be a Communist or a Holy Roller in his philosophy so far as his hometownsfolk are concerned. To them he is just "Jasper," the man who brought them good government and thus gave them back what they had lost for many a year — pride in their town.

Dangerous Lullabies

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Lois Mattox Miller

AMERICANS must be finding it increasingly hard to get to sleep. Physicians report a steady increase in the number of insomnia cases that pass through their offices. That isn't so disturbing as the fact that the overwhelming majority of insomniacs aren't seeking medical help, but are doping themselves with sleeping pills.

Sales of sleeping pills are "enormous," in the words of Dr. Mary M. Rising of the University of Chicago, scientist who helped develop some of these drugs. "Millions are spent for the purchase of these drugs," says Dr. Soma Weiss, Associate Professor of Medicine, Harvard Medical School. Druggists in large cities say that sleeping pills now sell as fast as aspirin and laxatives. The problem is discussed with concern at meetings of medical societies.

The sleeping-pill habit has spread until debutantes, business men, stenographers and housewives are steady purchasers of the "sedatives" sold under a score of trade names — alonal, alurate, amytal, dial, luminal, nembutal, neonal and so on.

Writes Dr. R. L. Hunter of West Virginia: "I could report at least 20 cases here in Boone County. Some are now in the asylum, some in jail,

some in hospitals, eight or ten are home, well — and some are dead. Others will die or be committed to an asylum before the lawmaking bodies wake up."

Dr. G. Wilse Robinson, Jr., of the Neurological Hospital, Kansas City, Mo., told the Missouri State Medical Association, "More than 75 percent of patients in our hospital had been taking large doses of barbiturates for more or less extended periods of time before admission."

Because he doesn't sleep well, the victim turns to a "harmless" pill recommended by a friend. He uses larger and larger doses, until some day he is rushed off to the emergency hospital suffering perhaps from acute poisoning, or a kidney ailment.

There is no such thing as a "harmless" sleeping pill. There are a number which are blessings when given to just the right person in the right dosage under the observation of a physician. But there is none which is safe for the layman to use at his own whim.

This is recognized in Europe, where most of these drugs no longer can be purchased without prescription. Some states and cities in this country have put up bars — but,

as in New York City, where the Sanitary Code forbids their sale, they nevertheless can be purchased almost everywhere.

Now, here are the facts about the popular sleeping pills:

Strictly speaking, in the dosages used, they are not sedatives but hypnotics. Sedatives soothe the nerves but do not necessarily induce sleep. The sole purpose of hypnotics is to induce sleep.

For years the medical profession had waited for chemists to produce a substitute for the opiates, morphine and codeine, which are strongly habit-forming. In 1903 Emil Fischer, German chemist, produced the first of the barbituric acid derivatives, veronal or barbital, from which has stemmed a long line of synthetic drugs. Some, like phenobarbital or luminal, are essentially hypnotics. Sometimes these are combined with analgesics like pyramidon, which relieve pain.

Each of the barbituric acid compounds (and there are many of them, with new preparations being placed on the market almost every month by pharmaceutical manufacturers) has its peculiarities, good and bad. The physician has to follow a voluminous literature in order to keep abreast of all the known effects of each type.

None is without its accompanying dangers. Some of them, if misapplied, will have a harmful effect on the heart or the nervous system. Others do not decompose easily so

that they can be eliminated normally, but tend to accumulate in the system until the organism becomes acutely poisoned.

Instead of insomnia, the doctors may now have to deal with barbituric acid poisoning. The prolonged use of barbiturates often produces in sensitive people a painful skin rash. Other confirmed users suffer hallucinations, temporary mental disturbances, sexual disorders, or even death. Suicide by "an overdose of sleeping tablets" is a routine news item.

"Oh, an overdose of anything will kill you!" is the pat rejoinder of users who are warned. They are still unaware of the insidious ways of these "harmless" drugs. All hypnotics decrease the inhibitions. He who takes a tablet and then lies back and waits for sleep to come (when even 15 minutes can seem an eternity!) will find a lot more difficulty in resisting the urge to take a second tablet. It is part of the vicious circle that hypnotic users soon find themselves traveling.

The doctors issue a special warning that the person who drinks would do well to avoid sleeping pills. Alcohol increases and hastens the poisonous effects of the barbiturates.

Many patients, it is true, need hypnotics. But they must have the drug suited to their particular physical condition and nervous temperament. It must be taken in just the right doses.

It is a safe rule that any person who needs a drug to put him to sleep needs to see a doctor first.

During the war, when our supply of barbiturates from Germany was cut off, Dr. Rising developed a method of producing luminal, sadly needed for treatment of epileptics. Listen to what she says:

"Such drugs poison the body and should only be used in real need, under observation of a physician. Hypnotics are habit-forming. And the nerve tissues may be irrepar-

ably injured by their prolonged use. Doctors and druggists deplore the fact that allonal, veronal and the other ureides may be bought without prescription. The present sales indicate that persons wholly unaware of the harmful effects of these drugs are doing themselves serious injury."

Until legislation to protect the public is enacted and enforced, the wise person will look upon all forms of "store-bought" slumber as harmful and habit-forming.

Harnessing Night- and Day-Dreams

THE origin of Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was a dream. "In the small hours of one morning," said Mrs. Stevenson, "I was awakened by cries of horror from Louis. When I awakened him, thinking he had a nightmare, he said angrily: 'Why did you wake me? I was dreaming a fine bogey tale.' I had awakened him at the first transformation scene."

Stevenson's dream life played a large part in his fiction, furnishing plots, scenes and characters, even bits of dialogue, and directed to some extent the course of the story.

— Richard Burton in Preface to *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (Gregg)

BALZAC'S NOVELS deal in detail with innumerable types of human beings — barbers and dandies; great ladies and courtesans and small bourgeois; bankers and farmers and misers; artists and mystics and criminals — yet he seldom *met* and never *knew* these types. He lived like a monk; in the seclusion of a violent and inverted imagination, he thought of himself as a man of business, a man of pleasure, a muser or an atheist. It was the only way he could satisfy his immense appetite for life; his hunger for possessions, action and success projected itself in dreams which he transferred to paper. When he snatched an interval to go out into the world he seems to have been like an owl in daylight. He was still pretending that he was one of his own characters — an adventurer with his hand on a fortune, a popinjay with the ladies of Paris at his feet, a shopkeeper battling with bankruptcy.

— Margot Asquith, *More or Less About Myself* (Dutton)

The Making of a Baseball Hero

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Quentin Reynolds

MANAGER Mickey Cochrane announced today that Rookie Joe Doakes had landed the regular center field berth on the Detroit Tigers. Doakes has been fielding well, and hit sensationally during the training season. Cochrane predicts a bright future for the 20-year-old youngster from Alton, Illinois . . .

SOMEWHERE in the baseball news you'll read about such a youngster who is just entering big-league company. But big-league stars are not born overnight; Joe Doakes has been trained for his debut for several years.

It all started in a hotel lobby in St. Louis, where Ray Cahill, a scout for the St. Louis Browns, first heard about Joe Doakes from a friend: "Ray, I was watching a sand-lot ball game over in Alton last Sunday and saw a kid named Joe Doakes who can play everything from swing to opera with first base. And how he hits that apple! Yes, sir, he speared everything that came his way."

Ray Cahill nodded cheerfully. He'd been hearing about these kid wonders for years. But presently he got to thinking. He might run over to Alton at that.

Two hours later he was watching Joe Doakes — a big, rangy kid

with big hands. He was very fast but he was pretty clumsy around first base. He had an easy swing at bat and an accurate eye. After the game Ray talked to the kid, found out that he was 16 and that he'd quit high school to help out the folks, not to mention the faculty. Baseball? He loved it. But he was only free Sunday afternoons; he was delivering groceries for a local store. How much did he make? Gosh, Mr. Cahill, \$6 a week.

"Now listen, kid," Ray Cahill said. "Maybe you have the makings of a good player and maybe you haven't, but if you want to take a chance I'll try to find a spot for you. Maybe I can get you \$20 a week. Now don't get excited or married."

"For just playing ball?" the kid gasped.

The scout nodded solemnly. The next day he took Joe Doakes down to Siloam Springs, a Class D team in the Arkansas-Missouri League. There are 20 Class D leagues, the kindergartens of baseball.

On Cahill's recommendation Manager Ray Powell signed young Joe to a contract. Powell smoothed off some of Joe's ragged edges and capitalized on the kid's speed by putting him in the outfield.

At the end of the season Joe went back to his groceries, but the next spring found him signing a contract for \$150 a month with Johnstown, Pa., a Class C team in the Middle Atlantic League — one of the Browns' farm clubs which pays a team like Siloam Springs as much as \$500 a month for the privilege of selecting youngsters from there. Joe was 17 now and had definitely made up his mind that baseball would be his life.

Back in St. Louis the Browns' scouts gazed solemnly at the boy's record. "I like that," said Mr. Cahill. "He drove in 98 runs." The others nodded. So the next spring they shipped Joe Doakes to San Antonio in a Class A league — quite a jump from Class C ball. The kid got \$300 a month.

At first he found the Texas League a little fast, but the manager was patient with him and so Joe had a pretty fine year. On his father's advice he bought an interest in the Alton grocery store with \$500 he had saved.

Then came his big moment — a wire from St. Louis ordering him to report to the Browns.

He looked only fair in training and the Browns had five good outfielders. So Joe was sold for \$5000 to Milwaukee of the American Association, a Class AA team, the fastest minor-league classification. The St. Louis manager had discovered that Joe was a sucker for a fast ball outside.

The Milwaukee manager saw that Joe had the makings of a star, and worked hard on his one real weakness. Suddenly Joe went on a batting spree and hit safely in 39 consecutive games. His name began to get in the papers. Other big-league scouts came to look him over. Just before the season ended Detroit bought him for \$20,000. Manager Cochrane tried Joe in 10 games and liked his style. "Here's my regular center fielder for next year," he said to himself.

Virtually every current major-league star with the exception of Bob Feller of Cleveland has climbed up through the minor leagues in like fashion. But back in 1932 these minor leagues were dying of malnutrition; each season the rookie crop for the big-league teams was poorer. To begin with, there were a lot of firecracker minor leagues, so called because they usually exploded by July 4th. So the minor-league heads got together and elected as their boss William G. Bramham, who had been in baseball ever since 1891.

Only 11 minor leagues were in operation at the time the Judge, as Bramham is known all through the South, took hold. He added three more leagues within a year. Each league was allowed a limited monthly payroll and forced to adopt efficient methods. In 1934 came night baseball, to help revive the sport; and five more leagues were enrolled

with the Judge's National Association. Today minor-league baseball is more popular and on a better financial footing than ever before.

Major-league teams like the New York Yankees and the St. Louis Cardinals aided this minor-league drive by extending their farm systems. It used to be that one bad year meant death for a small-league club, but now with big-league financial backing a bad year or two doesn't have any serious effect.

Baseball schools, where anybody can come for a tryout, have aroused tremendous interest. Several major-league clubs and dozens of minor-league teams hold these schools, and if a club unearths one prospect in three years, it feels that the school is justified.

Today Judge Bramham heads an organization that outdraws the major leagues by almost 4,000,000 spectators. The National Association has 5000 players on its 275 teams, which comprise nearly 40 leagues. And minor-league baseball is more than meeting its financial obligations. In six short years Bramham has turned a white elephant into a gold mine.

The most interesting feature of

the Judge's office in Durham, North Carolina, is his amazing filing system, where the name and record of every man who ever played in organized baseball are listed. There are nearly 100,000 names. A few lines of type tell each player's whole story. Pull out a card and see how a career began in the minors, led to the majors, then inevitably went back to the minors again. Here's the name of William Cissell. In 1928 the Chicago White Sox paid \$123,000 for him. Now he's with Baltimore. Here's Glenn Wright's card. There was a great infielder with a beautiful arm. Now he's managing Wenatchee in the Western International League.

Our Joe Doakes hasn't many notations on his card yet. The last one is "Contract — Detroit." But 10 or 20 years from now perhaps the last notation will be "Contract with Siloam Springs." Sometimes when the legs go and elasticity leaves the arm, the old-timer still has enough cunning left to catch on with the minor-league team where he began. But let's hope our Joe has tucked away some money by that time and takes over that grocery store.



Life is no brief candle to me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations. — George Bernard Shaw

¶ In three cities, "pre-trial" — the common-sense idea of a Detroit judge — is putting an end to the law's delays

Justice Shifts into High

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

E. Jerome Ellison

IN THE OLD courthouse on Pemberton Square in Boston there is a room with "Pre-Trial Session" neatly lettered on the door. Drop in there and you will find two lawyers at the bench, quietly conversing with the judge. In about ten minutes they will leave, and another pair of lawyers will step up in their turn. In that short time the judge and the two lawyers have settled a lawsuit.

Let me repeat that — the two lawyers and the judge settled a lawsuit in ten minutes! The same thing is being done every day in Detroit and Los Angeles. Though not all lawsuits in these cities are settled so quickly, a surprising percentage of them are, and the trial time of the remainder has been cut to a fraction of what was formerly required. In any American community, the congestion of court calendars, which for decades has been notorious, could likewise be ended. And that, to anyone interested in swift and equitable justice, is the biggest legal news of the century.

Six years ago a Detroit judge injected an element of common sense into courtroom procedure that had

evaded five centuries of juridical thinking. Our courts, he reasoned, are provided at great public expense for the administration of justice, not as stages for lawyers' forensics. A good judge, he knew, can dispose of more legal quibbling in five minutes of informal conversation than in a full day of rigid court procedure. Why not have a special judge to clear out the legal underbrush, and call it a "pre-trial"?

So, in 1932, Judge Joseph A. Moynihan inaugurated the pre-trial. The results have been amazing. Detroit courts up to then were as desperately clogged as most large city tribunals are today. It took four years for a law case to reach trial. Today law cases in Detroit are tried in less than ten months, and the courts are gaining. Pre-trial was instituted in Boston in 1935, when the courts were trying cases four and a half years old. Today, despite the terrific load of new litigation imposed by a state compulsory automobile insurance law, the waiting time has been halved, and the courts are fast catching up. In Los Angeles, where the courts were lagging despite heroic efforts to speed them

up in 1935,* pre-trial was instituted last year. Already Los Angeles looks forward to the time when her court calendars will be up to date.

Despite the widespread suspicion of anything that smacks of "tampering" with traditional court procedure, the "pre-trial" has won adherents everywhere, for it not only preserves traditional rights and immunities but actually strengthens them. The American Bar Association and the American Judicature Society are enthusiastically behind it. An Act of Congress puts it into effect in the federal courts this year, and local courts everywhere are clamoring to know how it's done.

Briefly, this is how: Some two weeks before a case is scheduled for trial, the opposing parties appear before the pre-trial judge. The attorneys state the points at issue. Chatting informally, the judge obtains admissions and agreements which boil down the case to one or two essential points. "Here, gentlemen," says the judge, "is what you're really quarreling about. Can you reach an agreement on it?" If the answer is yes, the case is settled without a formal trial. This happens in three cases out of five. If the answer is no, it goes to trial before another judge and, unless the jury is waived, a jury.

But there is this important difference: when they go to the trial court the issues have already been

clearly defined in pre-trial, and no others may be introduced. This means that trickery, surprise, lucky breaks, and all the other freaks which so frequently defeat justice are out. The lawyer wins his case on its merits or he doesn't win it at all. And that is true justice.

To what lawyers call the "lay" mind, it is difficult to understand how such a simple device can be such an astonishing timesaver. But the layman fails to realize the amount of pompous mummery that surrounds the simplest operation in traditional court procedure.

Take this very common situation as an example: A man has been injured in an automobile accident and is suing the owner of the car. Among other evidence in the case is the medical record kept while the man was in the hospital. To get this simple record admitted, the custodian of the records of the hospital is summoned to court, even though it cause him great inconvenience. After a long wait he will give his name, address, age, and swear that he is telling the truth. Gradually they get around to asking him what he does for a living. He tells them. Has he produced the hospital's original records? Yes, he has. Where are they? Here they are! If opposing counsel does not object he is finally allowed to read them, and, at last, to go about his business.

All this, of course, is the sheerest prattle. Everybody knew all along that the record was genuine, and

* See "Justice Moves Like a Fire Brigade," *The Reader's Digest*, February, '35, p. 52.

anyone who still harbored doubts could have satisfied himself, on his own time, in 15 minutes. But the same dreary rigmarole must be observed for the check with which the man paid his hospital bill, the engineer who made the drawing of the accident scene, the photographer who snapped the corner where the accident took place. The simple matter of proving ownership and operation of a car, which may not even be in dispute, can consume hours. And all the while judge, jurors, bailiffs and attendants listen in non-productive solemnity.

In pre-trial, the same incident amounts to just this:

Plaintiff's counsel: "Here is my client's hospital record, Your Honor."

Judge: "Is this record genuine?"

Plaintiff's counsel: "It is, Your Honor."

Judge, to defendant's counsel: "Are you satisfied beyond a doubt that this record is genuine?"

Defendant's counsel: "I am, Your Honor."

Judge: "I shall mark it, and it may be introduced in evidence without producing the custodian of the records."

That took about eight seconds. The other points of the case are reviewed with similar expedition. Judge A. E. Pinanski, in an article in the *Boston Bar Bulletin*, cites 24 comparable situations where agreement of counsel can readily be obtained. And in court, saving time means saving money, for it costs

the taxpayers \$500 to keep one jury courtroom open for one day.

A recent case between two Boston business men — call them Smith and Jones — illustrates how pre-trial saves time even when the case must finally go to a jury. Smith sued Jones, claiming that Jones had borrowed \$500 on a three-month note and had only repaid \$200. Jones wanted delay, so his lawyer filed an answer denying everything: the genuineness of signature, the delivery of the note to Smith, the receipt of the money. He claimed, moreover, that his client was an "accommodation maker," that is, that he had signed the note only to accommodate a third party who really got the money.

If all these issues went before a jury, a lengthy trial would be certain. At pre-trial it developed that all this denial was just a legal smoke screen. It was determined in three minutes that the signature was genuine, the note had been delivered, the money had been received, and the \$200 had been paid on account.

"Well, gentlemen," said the judge, "It is clear that the only issue in this case arises out of the defendant's claim that he was an accommodation maker."

Both lawyers agreed. This one issue went to a jury, which required only an hour to award the plaintiff his \$300. How much more sensible — and economical — than the usual pointless and poky quibbling in court!

A Detroit case stands as an object lesson for those who are reluctant to tell their attorneys the whole story — a practice which causes endless embarrassment to counsel, harm to the litigant's case and, except when threshed out in pre-trial, waste of the court's time. A man had forwarded passage money to bring a woman from a foreign country, with the understanding that they would be married. When she landed, however, her ardor for the plaintiff had cooled. The disappointed lover sued to recover his cash investment. Before pre-trial the lady told her attorney that she had paid the man in full, and that he had no claim upon her. An interminable court battle seemed inevitable.

But at pre-trial, the plaintiff's attorney produced a letter in the woman's own handwriting, in which she admitted her indebtedness to the plaintiff and regretted that she could not marry him. This was a complete surprise to her attorney, who saw at once that there could be only one outcome, even in a long trial with a jury. An amount was agreed upon, and judgment for the plaintiff was entered then and there. The whole business took about 35 minutes! Had the case gone to trial, the cumbersome court machinery might have ground along for days, wasting taxpayers' money and the time of a score of people, before the plaintiff's attorney could spring his dramatic surprise.

Besides cutting trial time, the pre-trial eliminates much needless litigation entirely. Three embattled litigants recently brought a complicated three-cornered suit to pre-trial in Detroit. After hearing the story, the judge pointed out that all any of them could gain by a prolonged court battle would be an empty moral victory, for none of the defendants had the funds to make good a judgment! Apparently none of them had thought of that before, and the suit was dropped. Pre-trial also discourages that flourishing racket, the "nuisance value" suit, wherein the plaintiff brings suit on trifling grounds, knowing that his case would not stand up in court, but hoping the defendant will pay him something to avoid the expense of a legal defense. Any experienced judge can identify a nuisance suit in sixty seconds flat, and make the appropriate remarks before very much of the taxpayers' time has been consumed.

Another advantage of pre-trial is the saving of expense to the litigants themselves. In a recent case a witness traveled from New York City to Ohio, at the expense of the plaintiff, to testify that a dead man had earned \$6000 a year before he was killed — a fact which opposing counsel never even questioned! Waste of this kind is an everyday affair in the traditional court, and adds enormously to the costs of obtaining simple justice. Under pre-trial procedure, such a trip would never

have been made unless the witness had information vital to the case. Then too, quicker trials mean reduced attorney's fees — and pre-trial means quicker trials.

In the words of Edson R. Sunderland, the University of Michigan's distinguished professor of law, "it substitutes an open, business-like and efficient presentation of real issues for the traditional strategy of concealment and disguise."

In the words of the business man who in the past has been exasperated at legal dillydallying to the point of spluttering, it eliminates lost motion. But more than that, it restores a public respect for legal justice that has been all but lost. Today, if any community wants to speed up its lagging court machinery, and at the same time make justice more just, there is no reason why it can't be done.



Toward a More Picturesque Speech

*H*AVING an uncorking good time (*Denver Post*) . . . That picture is just cameraflage (Ila Roberts) . . . The waiter looked at her with untipped eyes (*Bluebeard's Eighth Wife*) . . . Bathing girls running around in their silhouettes . . . She was in the kitchen unbuttoning the peas (Mrs. F. B. C. Parker) . . . I didn't say it: I got a kick in the mind and it said itself (Five-year-old)

†
*How Else
Would
You
Say It?*

A MAN MOWING the lawn spilled little fountains of green (Jeanne Chrétien) . . . The world was busy with spring (David Grayson) . . . The plaza was drowsy with history (Michael Foster) . . . A town that had died in its sleep (Francis Brett Young) . . . A bed of pine needles, centuries deep (Percy Marks) . . . Willow trees letting down their hair (P. E. J. Quercus)

HE SOFT-SOAPED her until she couldn't see for the suds (Mary Roberts Rinehart) . . . He came from the shady side of the family tree . . . Profanity so strong I expected it to leave cavities in his teeth (Joseph Mitchell)

AS SUBTLE as the *b* in subtle (J. A. Sadler) . . . As gaunt as a totem pole (Margaret Halsey) . . . As thin as a nerve (S. Jameson) . . . As silent as a sundial (Henry De Vere Stacpoole) . . . As democratic as death (Richard Connell)

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Q A noted designer tried to imagine that masculine attire might be both comfortable and attractive

Clothes Make the Man—Uncomfortable!

Condensed from "Fashion Is Spinach"

Elizabeth Hawes

I WAS MOVED to do something about men's clothes one night while Frank Lloyd Wright, "modern architect" and functional designer, was expounding on our brave new world. He was properly attired in a stiff shirt and black Tuxedo.

Every time he said "modern" his shirt cracked. Every time he said "functional" it rose further out of his vest. He'd unconsciously pat it into place and continue.

"Fantastic!" I murmured as Mr. Wright delivered another blast at the dead past. And I began to ask questions at ensuing dinner parties.

"Are you comfortable?" I would inquire solicitously of a gentleman who had just sneaked his finger into the edge of his collar and wiggled it a bit.

"What?"

"Are you *comfortable* in those clothes?"

"Of course!"

"Really? I thought your collar was cutting your neck."

"It's rough on the edge," he would explain, then add belligerently: "There's nothing wrong with these clothes!"

Perhaps not. Yet that's where I always had the men. They became furious the moment their clothes were questioned. When summer arrived, they came to dinner in light wool suits instead of Tuxedos, but I noticed that even so beads of perspiration soon began to appear. "Why don't you take off your coat?" I would ask.

The male would look surprised and pleased, then sigh as he replied, "I have on suspenders."

"Why don't you wear a belt?"

"Suspenders are more comfortable," he would say.

I knew that was true. Having trousers hung from the shoulder is a lot better than binding yourself in the middle with a leather strap. But suspenders are commonly so ugly that I would not want to expose them either.

As for bright hues in clothes, men always snort at my suggestion. "Only pansies wear colored clothes!" So I say to myself, heaven help the American male with his complex of having to be Masculine. It's as all-pervading as the female's desire to be fashionable. In 1935, it was not Masculine to wear shirts

open at the neck; it was not Masculine to show colors except in neckties; it was not Masculine to wear sandals. Only a few years before, it was not correct to wear soft collars.

In the spring of 1935 I had been asked to sketch four original designs for men's clothes as a feature for *The American Magazine*. Among those sketches had been a business suit with a dentist's blouse-shirt and a collarless coat cut in Tuxedo fashion. (I had noticed that the collars of men's suits seldom if ever fit. They hunch up when a man sits even if they are cut to fit when he stands. In fact the well-cut coat of a business suit is an idiocy. In order to sit down in it, the man has to unbutton it!) My sketches also showed evening clothes with colored cummerbunds, and soft shirts with bands for collars. These sketches aroused a good deal of comment, but I had soon learned that no man would actually buy suits of my design, and had dropped the whole idea of men's clothing.

But then, in 1937, I had a talk with Tony Williams, the New York tailor. Big things had been happening in the field of men's clothes. Soft, open, colored shirts had finally become Masculine. Evening clothes of various hues had been accepted. I suggested that he make up some actual clothes from my designs, and that we give a party to show them.

I wanted these clothes to be

comfortable. I wanted them to be attractive. I wanted to bring suspenders out into the open. With all the stubbornness of the inspired artist, I said that suspenders should be an esthetic delight, and that wide, woven galluses were more comfortable than narrow ones, which cut the shoulder.

I looked about among my acquaintances for men to wear my clothes to the party. My victims — among them a dramatic critic, a stage designer, and a lawyer — were amused at first, and later entirely coöperative.

On the night of the party, my stage designer wore blue, non-crushable linen trousers, attached by brass rings to striped suspenders which went over a natural-colored linen blouse; the blouse zipped up the front, and had a straight attached collar which could be closed or left open as the weather demanded. "Something to use in town when it's hot, yet neat enough to wear while receiving clients." That's how I described it.

My dramatic critic wore a green linen tunic, belted and with a zipper up the front, heavy gray silk trousers which had an elastic band instead of a belt. The outfit was planned so that men could be as cool and "undressed" on the summer streets as their wives.

The advertising salesman was simply clad for dinner at home. He wore sailor-type trousers, laced in back, made of lightweight cordu-

roy, and a sweat shirt of striped upholstery linen.

The lawyer's dinner clothes were of dark blue wool, conventional as to trousers, but the shirt was soft white silk, made like a dentist's blouse with a straight band at the neck, buttoned in back, no tie. The coat was collarless and cut to hang open. The lawyer was amply built. And he drew a terrific round of applause, mainly because he appeared to be having a wonderful time.

The young-man-about-town wore black faille trousers strapped under his pumps, a salmon-pink faille, double-breasted, waist-length jacket, and a white silk shirt and stock. Formal evening clothes, and they looked swell.

These designs were shots in the dark, embryonic ideas: the extra-neous necktie relegated to limbo,

the stiff collar non-existent, the vest used to give a spot of color or discarded altogether.

I don't know whether any of these kind-hearted men who modeled for me ever wore their garments again — and somehow it isn't terribly important. The vital thing to me is that I had a chance to imagine for a few minutes that men's clothes might be *comfortable* — that maybe I wouldn't always have to suffer inwardly while men craned their necks in starched, scratchy linen; that some day I'd actually see hundreds of men going about the hot summer streets in cool linen tunics and silk trousers. That possibly, one far-off day, the women would relax and enjoy being a background now and then for the male birds in gayest plumage, just as females do in the world of Nature.

Retort Punctual

¶ THE SUPERINTENDENT of an insane asylum noticed an inmate pushing a wheelbarrow upside down.

"Why do you have it upside down?" asked the Superintendent.

"You don't think I'm crazy, do you?" was the reply. "I pushed it right side up yesterday and they kept filling it with gravel."

— *American Legion Magazine*

¶ A TOURIST speeding along a highway at 100 miles an hour was stopped by a patrolman. "Was I driving too fast?" asked the tourist apologetically.

"Heck no," replied the patrolman. "You were flying too low."

❏ An eyewitness account of the saturnalia of butchery when the Japanese took China's capital

The Sack of Nanking

Condensed from Ken

As told to John Maloney

by an American, with 20 years' service in China, who remained in Nanking after its fall

THE OCCUPATION of Nanking by the Japanese army resulted in the greatest authenticated massacre in modern history. Twenty thousand men, women and children were done to death. For four weeks the streets of Nanking were splotted with blood.

The full story of this mass murder was suppressed by the Japanese military. All communications with the outside world were cut. News-men found it useless to remain, and the Japanese were delighted to assist their departure. Missionaries looked to the future and wisely remained silent.

There had been warnings by Japan to evacuate, of course, and most foreigners did. We who remained — 18 Americans and a handful of others — were fully aware of what might be in store for us. But our job was here, among the Chinese with whom we had worked in times of peace.

By wireless and messenger service we arranged with both Japanese and Chinese military commanders to respect an International

Zone for refugees. The area included American-maintained Ginling College and Nanking University. Here we stored rice and flour, and were assigned 450 Chinese policemen to maintain order.

During the siege there had been a minimum of hysteria and a complete absence of looting or damage to either foreign or native property. The Chinese soldiers paid for what they got and respected the rights of civilians.

When, on December 12, the defending force of Chinese took flight, panic followed. A wide avenue leading toward a city gate and opening on the Yangtze River was packed for three miles with soldiers, refugees and military equipment. An ammunition truck caught fire and exploded; then rickshas, automobiles and carts started going up in flames. The momentum of the mob pushed hundreds into the roaring blaze. Japanese planes, sweeping low, mowed down refugees and soldiers alike with wide-open machine guns. For the weak and the aged there was no escape.

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(Ken, June 2, '38)

Next day I climbed over mountains of dead to see smoking ruins along that formerly impressive avenue. Charred bodies were everywhere, in places piled six and eight deep.

So ended the peaceful, well-ordered regime China had been enjoying in Nanking. We were naïve enough to believe the Japanese handbills: "Remain in your homes," they said. "Your neighbors from Japan want to help you restore peace." Instead, for the defenseless Chinese residents, it was the beginning of four weeks of hellish beastliness.

As the Japanese were pouring into the city, we met them and explained the International Zone agreement to them, and promises were secured that Chinese soldiers who turned their guns over to us would be spared. Quickly the news spread through the city, and soon all of us were hard at work disarming Chinese men and boys who sought our protection. Some yielded their arms only after elaborate promises on our part. How we were to regret those assurances later!

I saw the Japanese enter the government building district, mowing down civilians who fled at their approach. To run was to be plugged instantly. Many were shot in seeming sporting mood by the Japs, who laughed at the terror plainly visible on faces of coolies, merchants and students alike. It reminded me of a picnic of devils.

Women were hunted down in all

Chinese homes. If resistance was offered against rape the bayonet was theirs. Even 60-year-old women and 11-year-old girls were not immune. They were thrown to the ground and raped openly in the December sunlight. Many were horribly mutilated. It was awful, too, to hear the screams of women coming from houses with barred doors.

For one day we succeeded in keeping raiding squads out of the Zone, but on the second night a large group of Japanese forced their way in and began rounding up men and boys who looked physically fit, taking many civilians with a few soldiers. The prisoners were tied in bunches of 40 and 50 and led away. Ten minutes later we heard the rapid fire of the machine guns, snuffing out the lives of young students with whom we had worked for years.

On December 16, rape began in earnest. More than 100 women — seven of them librarians from the University — were snatched out of the Zone and hauled away in army trucks. Others were running frantically along back streets, darting into doorways seeking escape when a Jap was sighted. We segregated 9000 women in one building in an effort to prevent their being assaulted. On that day 50 of our Zone policemen were led away and shot. When an American protested he was held by privates and slapped by an officer.

Two days later fires were raging in all sections of the city, and soldiers were openly threatening to burn everything after the residents were killed.

Refugees — even those in our camps — were robbed of everything they possessed: bedding, fuel, clothing. Even handfuls of dirty rice were snatched from them by the soldiers. Death was the sure retort to any complaint.

We tried to appeal to the military commanders but could get to no one higher than a corporal who could not speak English. Japanese Embassy officials on December 19 promised early restoration of order. As proof of this they wrote out important-looking documents to post on foreign properties. These were promptly torn off by Jap soldiers and the wild party continued unabated. Foreign and Chinese houses alike were entered as many as ten times daily by foraging parties. American flags on American property were torn off and trampled in the dirt before our eyes.

Bloated bodies lay everywhere. Dogs wandered from carcass to carcass. The stench was terrific. When Chinese Red Cross sanitary squads attempted to rid the streets of the bodies, the wooden coffins were taken from them and used for "victory" bonfires by soldiers. Scores of Red Cross workers were slain, their bodies falling on the corpses they had been removing.

On December 20, during another

frantic appeal at the Embassy, a Japanese attaché informed us that 17 special civilian policemen would arrive that night and that order would certainly be restored. Seventeen policemen and 50,000 murder-and-loot-crazed soldiers!

On Christmas Eve all of Taiping Road, Nanking's most important shopping street, was in flames. I drove through showers of sparks and over embers and charred bodies to see the Japs, torches in their hands, setting fire to buildings after loading merchandise into trucks.

That night Japanese military police were detailed to guard the International Zone buildings. They promptly found comfortable places and went to sleep. At midnight a squad of Jap marines crept up, bayoneted a Chinese watchman, and carried three young girls away.

Forty-three of the 54 men employed as engineers at the city power plant were killed in cold blood during the first few days of the terror. On Christmas Day Japanese military authorities came to ask if we knew where the engineers could be located. They wanted to reopen the plant. It was small comfort to tell them their own men had murdered them.

Shortly after they left there was a knock at my office door. Outside, two coolies were supporting the blackened body of a man whose eyes, ears and nose were burned beyond recognition. He had been bound with 40 or 50 others in a

compact bundle; tins of gasoline had been emptied over them until their clothing was saturated. Then torches were applied. He had escaped death only by being on the outer edge. Two men from other groups similarly tortured were brought to us within the next few days.

That afternoon men were brought to the Zone hospital for what assistance we could give them after they had been used for bayonet practice. They had been tied in pairs, back to back, and forced to wait calmly as possible while instructors showed recruits just where to jab their points for the most effective strike. Many such "guinea pigs" were left for dead and brought to the Zone hospital later. Most of them died.

While wholesale executions proceeded without interruption, Japanese army planes dropped leaflets from the air: "All good Chinese who return to their homes will be fed and clothed. Japan wants to be a good neighbor to those Chinese not fooled by monsters who are Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers." On the leaflet was a colored picture of a handsome Jap soldier, a Chinese child held Christ-like in his arms. At his feet a Chinese mother was bowing her thanks for bags of rice.

Thousands left our camps to return to the ruins of their homes the day leaflets were first dropped. The list of atrocities next morning was appalling. Soldiers on the ground and in the air had obviously failed to synchronize the good-will era's

beginning. Mothers were raped while their children screamed in terror at their sides. I saw actual instances where three- and four-year-olds were bayoneted. Families I knew were boarded up in their homes and burned alive. Zone officials estimated that at least 2000 women were assaulted before they could return to our protection.

Three days after Christmas a Japanese merchant ship arrived from Shanghai crowded with Nipponese sightseers. Carefully they were herded through the few streets now cleared of corpses. Graciously they passed sweets to Chinese children and patted their frightened heads.

On New Year's Eve Chinese managers of our refugee camps were called to the Japanese Embassy and told that "spontaneous" celebrations were to be held in the city next day. Refugees were to make Japanese flags to carry in a joyful parade. The Japanese people, Embassy officials explained, would be pleased to see motion pictures of such a welcome to Japanese soldiers.

Gradually the slaughter decreased. In March, a government radio station in Tokyo flashed this message to the world:

"Hoodlums responsible for so many deaths and such destruction of property in Nanking have been captured and executed. They were found to be discontented soldiers from Chiang Kai-shek's brigades. Now all is quiet and the Japanese army is feeding 300,000 refugees."

Try Giving Yourself Away

Condensed from Forbes

Anonymous

LIKE MOST people, I was brought up to look upon life as a process of getting. The idea of giving myself away came somewhat by accident. One night, lying awake in my berth on the Twentieth Century Limited en route to New York, I fell to wondering just where the Centuries passed each other in the night. "That would make a good subject for one of the New York Central's advertisements," I thought to myself—"Where the Centuries Pass." Next morning I wrote the New York Central System, outlining the idea and adding, "no strings attached." I received a courteous acknowledgment, and the information that the Centuries passed near Athol Springs, N. Y., nine miles west of Buffalo.

Some months later I received a second letter informing me that my idea was to be the subject of the New York Central calendar for the new year. You may recall it: a night picture of the oncoming locomotive of one Century and the observation platform of the other, a scene rich in color and railroad romance.

That summer I traveled a good

deal, and in almost every railroad station and hotel lobby and travel office I entered, even in Europe, hung *my* calendar. It never failed to give me a glow of pleasure.

It was then that I made the important discovery that anything that makes one glow with pleasure is beyond money calculation in this world where there is altogether too much grubbing and too little glowing.

I began to experiment with giving-away and discovered it to be a lot of fun. If an idea for improving the window display of a neighborhood store flashes to me, I step in and make the suggestion to the proprietor. If an incident occurs, the story of which I think the local Catholic priest could use, I call him up and tell him about it, though I am not a Catholic myself. If I run across an article some Senator might want to read, I mail it to him.

It has come to a point where I sometimes send books to virtual strangers when I feel sure they would be interested in some "find" I have made. Several fine friendships have been started in that way.

Successful giving-away has to

be cultivated, just as does successful getting. Opportunities are as fleeting as opportunities for earning quick profits. But you will find that ideas in giving are like some varieties of flowers — the more you pick them, the more they bloom. And giving-away makes life so much more exciting that I strongly recommend it as a hobby. You need not worry if you lack money. Of all things a person may give away, money is the least permanent in the pleasure it produces and the most likely to backfire on the giver. Emerson was wise and practical when he wrote, "The only gift is a portion of thyself."

People have different things to give. Some have time, energy, skill, ideas. Others have some special talent. All of us can give away appreciation, interest, understanding, encouragement — which require no money expenditure unless for a postage stamp or a telephone call.

The giver-away should "major" in the items in which he is "long," and fill in with the rest. Having no special talent myself, I specialize in ideas and appreciation and assorted surprises. If I am buying popcorn at a popcorn wagon and a couple of urchins are watching longingly, without looking at the children I order three bags, pay for them, hand the urchins their two bags and walk away without a word. It never fails to make the world more exciting for three people.

Of course you will be tempted to

backslide. An idea popped into my head one day which I thought some department store might be able to use profitably. "Now *this* idea is worth money," I said to myself. "I'll try to sell it."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said my wiser self. "You'll not spend your time peddling an idea; you'll give it away and get it out of your system."

So I wrote a letter to one of the world's most famous department stores, outlining the idea. It was immediately adopted with appreciation, and now I have a big department store as a friend.

I have made several discoveries about giving-away. The first is that to be successful at it one must act fast, while the impulse is fresh. Another is that little gifts are as potent as big ones in producing surprise and inducing a glow of pleasure. Simple appreciation, for example, is one of the most acceptable forms of giving-away. I have found that authors, actors, musicians, editors, lecturers, playwrights, public servants — even the biggest of them — are hungry for genuine expressions of approval. We think of them as being smothered with appreciation, whereas all too often they live on crumbs. The manufactured publicity that is created to promote them does not warm their hearts. What they crave is the spontaneous, human, friendly appreciation of the people they are trying to serve.

The other noon I was in a hotel dining room where an orchestra was playing. It was a good orchestra, offering well-chosen selections, well played. On the way out impulse prompted me to stop and say, "Gentlemen, I have thoroughly enjoyed your playing." For a second they looked almost startled. Then all of their faces broke into smiles and I left them beaming over their instruments. My own afternoon went off better for it, too.

Another discovery I have made is that it is almost impossible to give away anything in this world without getting something back — provided you are not trying to get something. Usually the return comes in some utterly unexpected form, and it is likely to be months or years later.

For example, one Sunday morning the local post office delivered an important special delivery letter to my home, though it was addressed to me at my office, and the post office had discharged its obligation by attempting to deliver it there. I wrote the postmaster a note of appreciation. More than a year later I needed a post-office box for a new business I was starting. I was told at the window that there were no boxes left, that my name would have to go on a long waiting list. As I was about to leave, the postmaster appeared in

the doorway. He had overheard our conversation. "Wasn't it you who wrote us that letter a year ago about delivering a special delivery to your home?"

I said it was.

"Well, you certainly are going to have a box in this post office if we have to make one for you. You don't know what a letter like that means to us. We usually get nothing but kicks."

I had a box within the hour. Bread upon the waters!

After years of experience, this is how I have come to feel about my hobby: I have a job which pays me a living, so why should I try to drive a sharp bargain with the world for the extra ideas and impulses that come to me? I say let the world have them if they are of any value. I get my compensation out of feeling that I am a part of the life of my times, doing what I can to make things more interesting and exciting for other people. And that makes life more interesting and exciting for me, and keeps my mind keener.

As if this were not enough, I find that friends multiply and good things come to me from every direction. I've decided that the world insists on balancing accounts with givers-away — provided their hands aren't outstretched for return favors.



☞ The Negro, unsettled by migration and depression, looks for his place in the sun

Black Omens

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Stanley High

HARLEM, among American Negro communities, is tops. And tops in Harlem is Sugar Hill. When Sugar Hill goes to church it does not join the middle-class throngs that mill into the Abyssinian Baptist Church — the nation's largest Negro church; it worships in Episcopalian St. Philip's or St. Martin's. When it chooses to dance at the Savoy it rents the whole place, leaving the excluded proletariat to stare from the sidewalk.

Sugar Hill, in these matters, is set off above its surroundings no more than Enright Street, St. Louis, or the swankier Negro area of West Philadelphia, or the few select blocks on Chicago's South Parkway. In every northern Negro center, social standing has been hard to win; therefore the joys of exclusiveness are tasted to the full.

But within the last 10 years, a succession of shocks and a barrage of propaganda have brought upper-crust Negro society and the lower levels closer to each other. The social lines between the two groups have not been wiped out. But politically and economically they have been shaken together.

The forces which are uniting the present-day Negro community are potent and portentous. Negro solidarity is approaching. It is not possible to say where the Negroes of the North are going, but wherever it is, they will go together.

That fact makes one of the nation's largest political question marks, as the unprecedented deference of the boss politicians of both parties to the Black Belt voter demonstrates. It provides, also, one of the rosiest of the hopes that Communism lives by. In New York it has already proved the mainstay of the American Labor Party. In certain industries it is the most important force in the drive of organized labor. In short, the Negroes of the North, as the result of their developing solidarity, have been pushed squarely into the middle of our political and economic whirlpools.

Some of the shocks that have sped this development have been severe. That was the case in Harlem. In the winter of 1935, when Harlem was — as it is today — a relief city, a jobless waste, an itinerant prophet named Sufi Abdul

Hamid preached to the unemployed, demanding Harlem jobs for Harlem people. He called upon white store owners, "taking the Negroes' money," to employ Negro help. When nothing happened he urged a boycott which caused much bitterness.

That was the situation when, on March 19, 1935, a dusky Puerto Rican boy was caught lifting a ten-cent penknife from the counter of a white-owned department store. Two floorwalkers carried him away, kicking and screaming. Some 500 Negro customers got a fleeting glimpse of a black boy being hustled off by white men and, before the corner policeman could arrive, they had pretty well torn the place to pieces. Word passed down Seventh Avenue that a Negro boy was being beaten to death. By nightfall most of Harlem was screaming through the streets, and before morning scores of persons were injured, some killed, and block after block of white store windows had been smashed in the most violent Negro outbreak in New York in 35 years.

Harlem has not been the same place since. While the rioting was on, upper-class Negroes went down the hill to see the excitement. A good many of them got their first inkling of what was stirring in the minds of Harlem's masses. Some grabbed the handbills that the Communists, with customary foresight, were distributing, and joined the agitators. As it turned out, no

harm befell the Puerto Rican boy, but the outbreak he set off left Harlem a more united community than it had ever been before.

Not only in Harlem but in every large northern center of Negro population, mass meetings, mass picketings, labor parades and soap-box oratory have become commonplace. The Negro is out for a new place in the sun. He does not expect to get it, like Emancipation, on a silver platter. He plans to make or take it for himself.

One reason the Negro is out for a new place in the sun is that he has found a new place on the map. In 1910 the Negro center of population was in northeastern Alabama. In the next 20 years almost one fourth of the 12,000,000 Negroes in the U. S., lured by cash-money jobs, joined in a northward trek; and they changed not only the whole pattern of Negro life in the North but the character of the Northern Negro.

Before 1910 the Northern Negro was not very different from the Southern. He probably worked in a white man's household, and the more exclusive Negro society was made up of the butlers, chauffeurs and ladies' maids who had the more exclusive positions. Save for the preacher, the only professional Negro whom he regarded as of any consequence was the undertaker. He went to white doctors when he was ill and to white lawyers when he was in trouble. Booker T. Washington was his prophet, and Wash-

ington's counsel to "put down your bucket where you are," his philosophy. In politics he firmly believed the statement of Frederick Douglass, the first great Negro political leader, that "the Republican Party is the ship, all else is open sea." The church was the cornerstone of the community, and the preachers, untroubled by social problems, preached the old-time religion. The pre-migration Negro of the North "knew his place," and, smiling, patient and tractable, he kept it.

Then came the migration, and by 1930 the Negro population of Chicago had increased 430 percent; of Detroit, 2813 percent; of New York City, 257 percent. In 1910 there was no city with more than 100,000 Negroes. In 1930 there were seven.

These migrants — broke, jobless, unskilled — knocked the bottom out of the lowest economic level of the cities to which they came. In the matter of food, fuel, and particularly shelter, life was generally worse by a good deal than it had been in the South.

The new population found the only areas into which it could move already overcrowded. The congestion that resulted was worse than that of the worst tenement districts. White tenement owners took immediate advantage of the situation. There is, so far as I know, no northern city in which the Negroes are not obliged to pay considerably more for poorer quarters than any

other section of the population. Negro tenants in Chicago, for example, pay from \$8 to \$20 a month for the same room for which previous white tenants had paid \$4 to \$5.

Day and night, Sundays and holidays, the streets of the Black Belts are always full of people. Detroit's Paradise Valley is as much awake at 2 A.M. as at high noon. Harlem hardly ever starts dancing before 11 o'clock, and no one would think of showing up at a party before midnight. In other words, in the average Negro neighborhood, no one wants to go home. The streets, the pool and dance halls, the lodge rooms and all manner of less legitimate hangouts are far more cheerful.

All this overcrowding has had disastrous consequences. Tuberculosis among Negro children is from two to five times that of white children. In New York the number of arrests of Negroes in proportion to population has run as much as five times ahead of that for whites. The intelligence levels in the northern communities suffered. The incoming Negroes brought their superstitions with them. "Bush-arbor" preachers created new sects in almost every block: The Metaphysical Church of the Divine Investigation, The Triumph Church, The Church of the Believers of the Commandments, the Sanctuaries of Mother Horne, the Heavens of Father Divine. Even more dubious faiths appeared. There is admittedly

a large amount of voodoo worship; and the voodoo preachers, on the side, generally carry on a lively trade in policy numbers and sell magic in all forms.

There was, for a time, a more hopeful side to the picture. With America's entrance into the World War, it looked as though the floodgates of economic opportunity were at last to be opened to the Negro. There was steadily increasing employment for him, at improving wages, in steel, iron, coal and automobiles. Employers appeared to have a growing confidence in his workmanship, and he developed a much greater confidence in himself. Negro leaders described the period as the Second Emancipation.

In 1929, however, this brave new world came abruptly to an end. What has happened since is best summed up in the phrase that one hears wherever Negroes talk about their economic plight: "We're the last hired and the first fired." With the depression, the number of white men available for unskilled jobs greatly increased and the Negro was displaced. White men even invaded those fields which the Negro had looked upon as peculiarly his, and became bootblacks, porters, servants and waiters.

Today, in every considerable northern center, from 35 to 45 percent of all Negro families are on relief. The hope for a second Emancipation at the end of the trek to the North has disappeared. The Negroes are

still on the move. But this time their shift is not geographical. It is social, political and economic.

As a result, the Negro himself — in both his temper and his objectives — is very different from the docile servant of the pre-migration period. His bitterest scorn is reserved for "the white man's nigger." He may revere the name of Booker T. Washington, but he has little use for Washington's counsel. He is grateful for the benefactions of such philanthropists as the late Julius Rosenwald, but the mention of John L. Lewis will get a bigger hand from the average Negro audience.

The Negro community is more cut off than ever before from the white man's world. The Negro now takes his pains or his problems to a doctor or lawyer of his own race. He buys his burial insurance from a colored salesman for a colored company. He may make it a point to shop only at stores which employ Negro help. Politically he votes in the column from which, in terms of visible returns, he is likely to get the most.

The transformation in the northern Negro community is probably nowhere better illustrated than in the changes under way among Negro churches. In many of them the gospel is not greatly different from that preached on street corners or in the halls of the labor unions. Young Adam Powell, minister of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in

Harlem, pointed one Sunday morning to his audience of 2000 and remarked to me: "Most of them would be as much at home on a picket line as they are in church."

When I visited one of the largest Negro churches in Chicago, there was a huge sign beside the entrance. The first sentence read: "What must we do to be saved?" The answer was not, in the usual sense, religious: "Beset by Rent Hogs. Overcrowded in Hovels. Come to the Housing Mass Meeting on Thursday Noon. The United Front."

In a Negro discussion group in Detroit I heard a young Negro preacher assert: "In terms of the economic needs of our people, the

Negro church, up to now, has been an antisocial institution. We've had enough of the gospel of 'dem golden slippers.' What we want is the gospel of thick-soled shoes." His audience applauded.

The migration made the Negro accessible to a vast number of new doctrines and unsettling influences, and the depression has led him to give ear to them. This combination accounts for his developing solidarity, for the fact that Sugar Hill has begun to make common cause with the sidewalk orators who offer their doctrines in the Lung Blocks. If there is a place in the sun for the Negro, this — in the Negro's opinion — is his only chance to get it.

ONE OF the most beautiful of all things is a beautiful lamp. Nothing in all the world, save it be music, can so soothe and set adream the mood of mortal man. The past and all the present and some of the future are encompassed in its soft persuasive glow. God made the sun and moon and stars, but man, his child, out of necessity made for himself lamplight as a beacon and a haven for the innermost secret of his heart.

— George Jean Nathan, *Autobiography of an Idea* (Knopf)

DUST may seem to be homely, prosaic and uninteresting, but it is one of the most necessary things in the world. Sunsets, with the sunlight broken by floating dust which takes on color, owe their brilliance to the dust-laden air. Clouds would be impossible without dust for vapor in the air to condense on. Water-vapor which would gather on our bodies and clothing is kept from us by dust in the air, air that otherwise would be oversaturated and dripping. The world would be a very damp, cold, and less beautiful place without dust.

— *Better Homes & Gardens*

¶ "There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see."
—Omar Khayyam

Beyond the Veil of Life—

AFTER an exhausting day with patients, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, famous Philadelphia neurologist, had retired to rest. He was awakened by the violent ringing of his front door bell, and at the door found a little girl, thinly clad, and plainly in distress. "My mother is very sick, sir," she said "Won't you come, please?"

The night was cold, with snow whirling before a bitter wind. Dr. Mitchell was very tired; he expostulated with the child, but something in the way the little messenger spoke made him relent. He dressed and followed her.

Finding the mother very ill with pneumonia, the doctor arranged for proper medical care. Later he complimented the sick woman on the intelligence and persistence of her little daughter.

"But my daughter died a month ago!" cried the woman weakly. "Her shoes and shawl are in that cupboard."

Dr. Mitchell, amazed and perplexed, opened the cupboard door, and saw the exact garments worn by the little girl who had brought him thither. They were warm, and could not possibly have been out in that wintry night.

—George K. Cherrie, *Dark Trails, Adventures of a Naturalist* (Putman)

ONE NIGHT, when the river steamer *Pennsylvania* lay in St. Louis, Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain), employed as steersman, slept at his sister's house and had this dream: He saw his young brother Henry lying in a metallic burial case in the sitting room; on his breast was a bouquet of white flowers with a single crimson bloom in the center.

When he awoke, the dream was so vivid he believed it real. He dressed, intending to look at his dead brother, but went out first on the street and had walked to the middle of the

block before it flashed on him it was only a dream. He told his sister the dream, then put it out of his mind.

The *Pennsylvania*, with both Samuel and Henry on board, made a safe trip to New Orleans; there Samuel was transferred to the *A. T. Lacey*, which left two days behind the *Pennsylvania*. Just below Memphis, the *Pennsylvania* blew up. Samuel Clemens found his brother at Memphis in an improvised hospital, with about 30 others desperately injured. His case was hopeless, and he died on the sixth night after the accident.

Samuel saw the dead boy taken to the dead room. Then, worn out with the long strain and grief, he slept. Many hours later he went to where Henry lay. The coffins provided for the other dead were of unpainted wood; but the youth and striking face of Henry Clemens had aroused such interest that the ladies of Memphis had bought for him a metallic case. Samuel Clemens saw his brother exactly as he had seen him in his dream, lacking only the bouquet of white flowers with its crimson center — a detail made complete while he stood there. At that moment an elderly lady came in with a large white bouquet, and in the center was a single red rose.

— Albert Bigelow Paine, *Mark Twain* (Harpers)

ONE DECEMBER afternoon I was walking along Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, when suddenly street and people vanished from my vision. Before me, as on a motion-picture screen, unrolled a strip of grass within an iron fence; three young trees in spring green stood at one side; in the far distance factory smokestacks trailed sooty plumes across the sky. Near the trees stood a small circle of men and women in black, and on the road by the grass was a limousine from which alighted two men and a woman in black. The woman was I. Gently the men urged me forward until I was among the others, looking down at a two-foot hole cut in the grass, in which someone was placing a small box with infinite tenderness. What was I doing there? I recognized the faces of my husband's family, tear-stained and sad. Only he was missing. Then I knew what was in the box.

The reality of Michigan Boulevard slid back across the vision. My good sense urged me to dismiss the whole thing as a crazy vapor, conceived of loneliness for my husband.

The next February I received word from China that my husband had died and that they were sending his ashes to Chicago. On May 30th, I went with my brothers-in-law, in a limousine, to Rosehill Cemetery, which I had never seen. The men got out and waited for me. For a second I could not raise my eyes. At last I looked: there was the spring grass, there the three young trees and the iron fence and the smokestacks in the distance. And there was the little square hole just big enough to take the box with my husband's ashes.

On that December day I had seen over the bridge of time to this day which marked the end of a phase of my life.

— Irene Kuhn, *Assigned to Adventure* (Lippincott)

A FEW DAYS before his assassination, Abraham Lincoln told his friend, Ward Hill Lamon, and Mrs. Lincoln, of a dream he had had. "I went from room to room of the White House and no living person was in sight, but the sound of sobbing met me as I passed along, until I entered the East Room. There before me was a catafalque on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping.

"'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers.

"'The President,' he answered. 'He was killed by an assassin!'

"Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which woke me. I slept no more that night, and though it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

— Clara E. Laughlin, *The Death of Lincoln*



It is never any good dwelling on good-byes. It is not the being together that it prolongs, it is the parting. — Elizabeth Asquith Bibesco

Q Genial Ambassador Saito likes Americans, but
.. is losing weight trying to justify Japan's course

Diplomat in the Doghouse

Condensed from The New Yorker

Jack Alexander

THE DIPLOMATIC affairs of the Emperor of Japan have been managed in the U. S. for four years by a wispy man named Hiroshi Saito, who weighs, at this writing, 92 pounds. When he arrived from Europe he was gay and breezy, and weighed 100 pounds. Pat phrases he had picked up in 14 years of previous service in America came readily to his lips. His greeting to reporters was "May I swipe a cigarette from one of you fellows?" Someone asked for a statement on Japanese policy and Saito, waving a hand toward the ship's bar, parried the request with "My chief purpose in coming here is to drink whisky with good Americans." He insisted on setting up drinks for everyone.

The new Ambassador entered upon his duties in Washington lightheartedly. Since a large part of his job was to soften anti-Japanese sentiment, he made himself available to the correspondents at any hour of the day or night, and answered their questions freely.

Saito's relations with reporters are still pleasant, but they lack the old verve. The ordeal of His Im-

perial Majesty's flyweight vicar in recent months has given a tragicomic prominence to his dreamy brown eyes, his large, stand-out ears, and a nose that is strangely Semitic. Events have driven Saito to seek consolation in writing verses, in Chinese script, about tranquil gardens and pearly rivulets — a cultural accomplishment which soothes Japanese gentlemen in moments of frustration.

The complicating element in Saito's life as Ambassador is the position the army occupies as an independent political entity in the government of Japan. When the army is in the saddle, as it is today, its warlike impatience embarrasses Japan's envoys in all peaceable countries. From Saito's public speeches it is plain that he approves of the establishment of Japanese control in China, but he disapproves of the headlong course the process has lately taken, and has not hesitated to tell the foreign office so. He is so vociferous about it that the army group is said to suspect that he is secretly working upon the Emperor to bring about a more conciliatory policy.

Representing restless modern Japan in a territorially contented country like America has never been easy, but of late the job has been something to strain the logic of a master casuist. Saito has argued variously that Japan wants peace rather than territory, that if land-grabbing is a crime, holier-than-thou America has a criminal past, and that idealism in international affairs is a luxury for fools.

Long residence in this country and wide reading of American biographies has made Saito an expert in our vagaries. His English is flawless and he has a feeling for American slang. He checks up on current thought every day in the Washington and New York newspapers, and studies comments on Japan clipped by his staff from papers published in other parts of the country. He follows baseball closely and goes to games regularly; in discussing international matters he uses baseball analogies, referring glibly to hitting a Texas Leaguer, muffing the ball, or failing to touch second base. This sort of talk helps to clarify abstruse arguments for American consumption.

Saito welcomes outbursts of anti-Japanese recrimination. When feeling is strong, he says, a capable Japanese apologist like himself has a chance to step into the box and pitch. It is his optimistic view that when two nations whose relations are touchy reach a point where they take down their hair and call each

other names, they have made the first step toward practical understanding.

When the *Panay* was sunk, Saito and his wife for some weeks declined invitations and stopped entertaining at the Embassy. He even kept away from Burning Tree Golf Club, one of his favorite spots for recreation. "I am in the doghouse," he told a neighbor who came in for a drink.

Saito's distress about the *Panay* incident led him into a bold action that almost cost him his post. While his foreign office was still temporizing with Secretary Hull's demand that the safety of foreigners be guaranteed, Saito forced its hand. As guest speaker on a radio program sponsored by an advertiser, he publicly promised that the demand would be granted. Had the foreign office not been in a pretty whirl at the time, it would probably have recalled its impulsive Ambassador; instead, it came through with the guarantee Saito had contracted for and then officially forgot the affair. But in our State Department, officials privately pointed out that it was an abuse of diplomatic usage for an envoy to discuss a matter in international dispute with anyone but the Secretary or his assistants.

However, nothing was done about it, and Saito was able to congratulate himself upon a nice piece of work. His private explanation of his act was that in an age of quick

communication, slow-moving diplomacy suffers from time lag and the war spirit breeds while statesmen are politely haggling over commas. "Of course, I was shooting the works," he says. "A diplomat has to move fast these days."

Saito also shot the works successfully last November, when a meeting was called in Brussels to consider invoking the Nine-Power Treaty, which guaranteed the territorial integrity of China. President Roosevelt had set the stage impressively with a speech at Chicago in which he suggested a "quarantine" of aggressor nations. Tokyo was nervous but Saito was calm. He advised his government that regardless of what American statesmen might say, the American people would refuse to endorse armed intervention. Japan gambled on this tip and declined to attend the conference. The invasion went on.

The Saitos' social life is modest for a family of ambassadorial rank, partly because of a racial prejudice that exists in capital society and partly because of lack of funds. The Japanese diplomatic service is run on a career basis and has no counterpart of the wealthy American business man type of ambassador. Saito is paid \$15,000 a year. His only extra income is an expense account, which, according to a widely held belief, is used heavily for financing propaganda. Saito says that he can draw on it only for official entertainment.

Saito started his diplomatic career as an attaché in Washington just before the World War. His specialty was naval armament, and he found that one of the best-informed men on naval topics was Franklin D. Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. They became friends, and the young attaché frequently had tea with the Roosevelts at their home. Saito later served as Consul in Seattle, Consul General in New York, and Japanese delegate at the disarmament and naval conferences in Washington and London. Prior to his return to the U. S. he was Minister at The Hague. His appointment as Ambassador here was timed to meet a resurgence of proposals for reductions in naval armaments. Despite Saito's labors, America is still opposed to naval parity for Japan.

Friends say that if Saito had his way he would spend the rest of his career in Washington. When he heard in 1937 that he might be made Ambassador to Great Britain, he exerted pressure in Tokyo and prevented the appointment. He was afraid that after so many years among the carefree Yankees he would be unable to bear up before the icy reserve of British gentlemen.

After the recent shake-up in the Japanese cabinet which brought increased representation to the militaristic group, newspaper dispatches from Tokyo predicted the shifting of Ambassador Saito to London.

What You Can Do About Conservation

Condensed from Natural History

Donald Culross Peattie

Author of "Prairie Grove," "Singing in the Wilderness," etc.

IN A SMALL TOWN in North Carolina, the local beauty spot was about to be sold to a saw-mill. The enchanting glen, where a white sprite of a waterfall leapt into a gorge wooded with ancient beeches and hemlocks, was to be laid waste. After that, stumps and gullies, weeds and desolation.

Gone would be the trembling maidenheads, the starry trilliums. Without the high forest canopy, azalea, dogwood, laurel and rhododendron would bloom no more. Mockingbirds and redbirds would shun the waste, never again to pour their rapture above the singing falls.

The Garden Club of Tryon, this town of only 1500 people, went into action. Money was needed — and try to borrow from a banker with a brook for your security and orchids for tangible assets! The club-women were not wealthy — and waiting at the entrance to the glen was the lumber company, with cash and with saws.

Four thousand miles away a naturalist, who had spent some of his happiest hours at this waterfall, heard of the impending disaster. He wrote from memory the story of every bird and tree, shrub and flower in that living green museum. The ladies took his plea, and their

own, to a civic-minded local citizen, who dug into his depression-thinned pocket for the money to buy the glen. The Garden Club women are paying him off with admission receipts, by the sale of the naturalist's guidebook, and by garden shows and other entertainments.

This was conservation on a small scale. But conservation begins at home. There is something everyone can do about it. Perhaps like Tryon your town has a beauty spot endangered or neglected — a wood, an island, a lake. Is it safe for posterity, or is it liable to selfish destruction? Are they dumping junk in that ravine? Are the ferns and jack-in-the-pulpits diminishing under the greedy hands of snatchers? Recently a complacent marauder assured me that I would find no more of the stately lotus in the Calumet district of Indiana, as he himself had "cleaned out the last of them years ago"! Your river — is it still lively with game fish, or is factory waste killing every aquatic creature?

In America's national parks, Nature has been saved for the populace by Uncle Sam. Local government can supplement them with sanctuaries and playgrounds nearer home. Cook County, Illinois, which

is mostly Chicago, moved in time to save its lovely woods from "development." It bought up river courses and small lakes, and linked them together in a green girdle where one can walk for hours on lovely trails without meeting anyone but squirrels.

True, Cook County is big and rich. Yet a small Indiana town bought up a pretty little lake, unsightly with junked cars and shot over by duck poachers, and made it a recreation spot for a whole community and an island of safety for waterfowl. In Virginia a county set aside a tract of woods as a wildflower preserve. Paradise Key, in Florida, was the most beautiful everglade island in the country, the outpost of some of the rarest of tropical plants. The various proposals for disposing of it included turning it into an experimental station, a cornfield, a site for a bungalow town, grounds for a palace hotel, a sportsman's club. Instead, the women's clubs of Florida bought it and presented it to the state, to be kept as God made it. There is little doubt that as the loveliest thing in Florida it has repaid the state many times in tourist traffic.

Perhaps your town has a piece of tax-delinquent woodland. Many a European community owns a town forest which, judiciously harvested, pays most of the taxes. Recently, in one of our mountain villages where handicraft toys are made, I was told that lumber costs

kept the price of the toys high. Yet the local newspaper was full of notices of the sale of woodlots by the sheriff. These might yield firewood, timber for community buildings, lumber for the toy industry, and golden hours of recreation for everybody.

Conservation means conserving not only growing things, but wild life as well. All of us, for example, can do something for the birds. It was not difficult for a certain rich man in Louisiana to make an old backwater into a sanctuary where come even the rare and stately egrets. But a poor man in Iowa simply turned an old cattle wallow into his private paradise of wings by fencing it off and scattering grain.

You may have no more than a window sill, but you can feed the birds, and help get rid of the starving, wretched stray cats who are the foremost bird killers. When you plant trees, don't plant all of one kind; monotonous forestation makes for thin avian population. Dead hollow trees should be left standing; they are nesting sites for bluebirds and woodpeckers, swallows and owls. When you take away their home, they have no choice but to leave you, and up goes the rodent and insect population.

Leave the vines, cedars and milkweed along the fences, for only under such covert can the bobwhite live. All over the country, in spring, the well-intentioned set brush fires,

killing the native vegetation and letting in gangster plants — ragweed, burdock and thistle. My neighbors started their fire so late that it caught the ground birds in nesting season. We found pheasant eggs and song-sparrow chicks roasted in their cradles.

Statutes are bootless without popular support. The man who breaks the conservation laws is a thief, stealing from the public heritage, and he should be condemned as such. Yet I know a southern banker who has spies telephone him from the local lake whenever wood duck alight. The government has closed the season on these beautiful little survivors the year round; the banker thinks it a joke to serve them at his table. Public opinion should run that joke out of town.

The law of public opinion is its own police force. Around our national capital the dogwood, Virginia's state flower and the glory of the Maryland hills, was rapidly vanishing as truckloads rolled to market. The Wildflower Society started a publicity campaign each spring, asking citizens to help save the dogwood by neither buying nor picking any. The campaign was a complete success.

We need Nature, just as it needs us. A woman in Massachusetts, bereaved, crippled, on the verge of losing her reason, was brooding on her misfortunes when a chickadee alighted at her window, which overlooked a woodlot. She gave him

crumbs, and he gave her hope. The sill became an unofficial station where birds were fed, banded, recorded. Today the woodlot is a bird sanctuary, administered by trustees, its floral and feathered beauty preserved for posterity.

In Louisiana there is a regular business in game poaching. Woodcock are illegally hunted with lights at night, or baited and trapped, then sold to northern hotels and "sportsmen's" clubs. These game bootleggers are often otherwise criminal. Biological Survey men, in a battle which left several of them severely wounded, recently arrested a ring of southern game hogs, all of them already wanted for murder or larceny. You can back up such men as those who caught the criminals by buying a "duck stamp" for a dollar at your post office. Each issue is a philatelic item, for a famous artist engraves a new one every year, and all unsold on December 31st have to be destroyed. The dollar goes to pay wardens, feed game animals in time of scarcity, and establish refuges.

Complacently we say to ourselves that conservation is a good thing, "but what can I personally do about it?" Plainly, we can do a good deal. For personal conscience is the beginning of conservation. And when conscience moves you to save wild life, the sheltering trees, the fowl of the air, the waters upon the earth "and all that in them is," you are saving America.

☞ Stories of mystery and pathos and just plain forgetfulness surround the millions of dollars in unclaimed bank deposits

Money Going Begging

Condensed from The Forum

Helena Huntington Smith

A SAVINGS BANK in Montclair, New Jersey, would like to know the whereabouts of Daniel and Mary O'Donoghue. They have \$459 in the bank, but they don't seem to care. They made their last deposit in 1926 — and vanished. The bank's communications are returned from their last known address.

And where is Pat Connelly, who walked out on \$8000 in the same bank? What happened to Luke Peko of Chicken Creek, Alaska, who has \$42.17 waiting for him in a San Francisco bank, and to Mrs. Annie E. Murth of Jersey City, who for 14 years has evinced no interest in \$12,000 belonging to her?

Nobody knows. These individuals are part of the great army of missing depositors whose unclaimed funds *in the national banks alone* totaled over \$132,000,000 in 1934 (and national bank deposits amount to just about half of all the bank deposits in the country). Their accounts range from \$1 up to sums of spectacular size. Perhaps you are one of them; if you can prove it you will be doing a favor not only to yourself but to the bank as well. Un-

claimed accounts are an expense and a bother, requiring useless book-keeping; and the money is nobody's money until claimed. It doesn't belong to the banks, and until the owners or their heirs show up it doesn't belong to them either — an absurd situation which less than half the states have thus far remedied by law.

If you put money in a savings bank or a commercial bank, and then forget all about your thrifty impulse in the pressure of other business, your deposit will in time swell the total of nobody's money. It will become a dormant account in 10, 15, or 20 years, according to local regulations. There is no way of knowing the total number of dormant accounts (called "Rip Van Winkle accounts" or "sleepers"), but last summer New York City banks alone advertised the names of 56,000 missing depositors. Forgetful owners turned up in such far-away places as Norway and Africa.

Dozens of different causes can operate to drop an account into limbo. Perhaps Uncle Ezra, who died without a will many years ago, had a nest-egg he kept secret from

his relatives for fear it would breed a family squabble. Perhaps Grandfather put aside money for his burial and died without telling anybody. Or perhaps some relative opened a trust account in your name when you were a baby, and promptly forgot all about it. One savings bank recently found a girl who had a thousand dollars coming to her. Her father and grandfather had each opened an account for her when she was born. But they both died long before she came of age, and she never knew of the money until the bank succeeded in tracing her. This sort of thing is not uncommon, and should serve as a warning to parents who start savings accounts for young children.

A great many missing depositors are merely absent-minded. Most of us say, "Oh, I'd never forget money." But the truth is that you probably could, and possibly have. Last summer one lady searched the lists of missing New York depositors to see if her sister, who had gone to live abroad, was among those sought. "Sister always was so rattle-headed," she observed, "it would be just like her to forget a bank account." Actually, the sister hadn't forgotten, but the lady found her own name on the list!

When a bank fails great numbers of people take it for granted that all their money is lost and never even bother to make inquiries, although usually each depositor can collect a certain amount on the dollar, and

sometimes can get all his money back. Because of this tragic ignorance, the total unclaimed funds in several states leaped up by the million after the bank crashes of the early 1930's. The receivers of two Detroit banks, in which more than \$3,000,000 remained unclaimed, announced that 50,000 small depositors had failed to realize that they were entitled to 100 percent payment, while many large depositors were equally ignorant that they had 68 percent coming to them.

Often societies for this or that get a little money in the treasury and then blow up, leaving a sum like \$13.66 in dues banked to the credit of an organization which no longer exists.

Banks in financial centers frequently have smaller banks among their clients, and sometimes even these smaller banks turn up missing. One trust company recently advertised, in a list of depositors not heard from for more than 15 years, an "Atlantic Bank" of unknown address, and a "First National Bank of Greenville," state unknown. These banks and a dozen others on the same list failed years ago, and their receivers overlooked some of the assets.

Even cities can be absent-minded. A trust company found itself with dormant accounts in the names of Columbus and Toledo, Ohio; and Syracuse, New York.

Some savings banks spend considerable sums and go far beyond

the requirements of the law in their search for the owners of forgotten money. One recent successful search led to an old lady in Newark, New Jersey, who got a much needed \$700. The money had belonged to her brother, dead almost 25 years; unknown to his family, he had left over \$300 in a savings bank. The deposit drew interest for 20 years and then, under the bank's regulations, became dormant. The bank began an intensive search for the owner. An employe called at the depositor's last address. No one remembered him. However, the employe learned from the corner grocer that the depositor had spoken of a sister in Newark. A city directory did the rest. The old lady was found and the money put to work on medical treatment for her ailing heart.

Strenuous efforts and wide publicity, however, result in finding only about 20 percent of missing depositors. Sometimes mystery, tragedy and pathos stand half-revealed in the banks' records. Among the lost depositors there is a certain Catherine Ryan with \$53.50 to her account — last entry 1905 — last known address the Poor House. A note of grim humor creeps into the records of a Quebec bank, which still credits \$550 to the account of Harry P. Stone, deceased. He was shot in 1925 — while holding up a bank!

In every town that was near a training camp during the World

War, banks are still carrying little items of \$11.46 and \$18.29 for Private This and Corporal That. Their last address being a disbanded service unit, there is little hope of finding them. And there is even less chance of locating the 30 veterans of the Civil and Spanish-American wars whose names remain on one bank's books.

Good business and good government require that more attention be paid to the problem of maverick money. In more than half the states, no attempt is made to find the missing depositors; nobody knows where such funds are or what they amount to. In Indiana, after an account has been inactive for one year, the bank is permitted to make service charges which eventually eat up the balance. But this is the only state which allows the bank to get the money.

It would seem obvious that the thing to do is to find the owners wherever possible, and if this can't be done, to dispose of the money for the greatest common good. Vermont and North Carolina have constructive ideas along this line: in Vermont unclaimed money goes into the general school fund; and in North Carolina it goes to the University of North Carolina after five years, though the owner can still get it for another ten years after that.

Sixteen other states have laws providing that after money has remained unclaimed for periods ranging from 5 to 30 years it shall be

taken over by the state. Most of these laws look after the interests of the missing owner by providing that dormant accounts must be ad-

vertised in local newspapers, and that even after the state takes the money the owner can get it back by proving his claim.

Without Rhyme or Reason

¶ A CUSTOMER once called the photographic department of Macy's, New York City, to ask if it would enlarge a snapshot of her son. Of course it would. Then she wanted to know if they could remove his hat — she would rather have the enlargement without it. That, too, could be done; but on which side did he part his hair, and was it straight or curly?

"Don't be silly," snapped the woman. "You'll see that when you take his hat off!"

— Ruth Parsons

¶ AN ENGLISH university professor was waiting in the bitter cold for a train to London when the non-stop Cornish express astonishingly stopped at the station. The professor promptly got on board. He had one foot in the carriage when a railway official called out: "You can't get on here, sir. The train does not stop."

"That's all right," said the professor. "If it doesn't stop, then I'm not on it."

— *The Manchester Guardian*

¶ THEN THERE is the story of the man at ease in a barber's chair, demulsified under hot towels, when a boy rushes in shouting: "Mr. Schmidt, Mr. Schmidt, your house is on fire!"

Horried, the customer leaps from the chair, snatches off the apron, and speeds wildly up the street. After two or three blocks, he stops suddenly and cries out in perplexity, "What the deuce am I doing? My name isn't Schmidt!"

— Christopher Morley in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

¶ TWO MATRONS who might well have come from the depths of the country got into a Madison Avenue bus at the height of the evening rush hour, and when they alighted, used the front door, interfering with a lot of people who were trying to get in. "Use the rear door, please," the driver said, with a good deal of irritation.

Both ladies were by this time on the curb, but they turned, entered the bus again, walked through to the back door, and exited. The driver couldn't even speak for ten blocks.

— *The New Yorker*

Ghosts Speak at Gettysburg

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Robert Littell

IT LOOKS like so many places in our country — stone walls at right angles on a hill, a clump of trees, a field falling toward a road, and on the other side of the road meadows sloping gently up to a fringe of woods. Yet there is no other place in our country where so many men seem to rise out of the sod and try to tell what happened to them here. Gettysburg was the high-water mark of the Confederate wave, and on this corner of ground there splashed the topmost tip, blood-red, of that valiant wave — the charge of Pickett's Virginia division.

Midway between Washington and Richmond is Chancellorsville. There, early in May of '63, Lee had whipped a Union army much larger than his own. Lee's men, though superbly confident, were often hungry and without shoes. If he stayed in Confederate territory, he would surely be attacked and forced to defend Richmond, while the enemy's strength increased. He chose a bold alternative: to strike at the heart of the Union, feeding men and horses on the fat farms of Pennsylvania, bringing a taste of war to people who showed signs of

being tired of it, threatening Washington from the north.

Mountain ranges screen a valley pathway from Virginia all the way to Harrisburg. Sheltered behind this wall, Lee and 70,000 men marched north in the middle of June, leaving Richmond unprotected. Lee guessed, and rightly, that the federal government's first concern would be Washington. The Union army, just east of the mountain wall, crossed the Potomac and moved northward parallel with

Lee, to keep between him and the capital. Lee had a head start, but Meade — now in command of the Union army — had the inside track.

In the last days of June, Lee's advance guards came within sight of Harrisburg, gaining many a four-footed recruit as they went, and forcing the Pennsylvania farmers to disgorge — in return for Confederate paper money. Forty miles to the south, Meade's army was by now scattered over a wide area, and Meade was looking for a good place to stand and fight. Neither army knew exactly where the other was. It was blindman's buff.

Suddenly the two forces found one another, and grappled, all be-

*Vignettes
of
History
—XLV—*

cause a little town named Gettysburg had a shoe factory. A Confederate force approached it, eager for good footgear, met Union cavalry, and fell back. Soon both armies were racing for the spot.

The events of the first and second days of July are best traced on a living map. No other battlefield of the War Between the States tells its own story so eloquently as Gettysburg, and I am retelling that story as those fields and ridges told it to me. This most famous of our National Parks is a deeply moving revelation of the past for over 600,000 Americans who come here every year. There is an aura of history over the quiet landscape; the air is heavy with heartbreak, and ghosts speak to you, if you listen well, of *If Only* and *It Might Have Been*.

Standing on Cemetery Ridge, you have the town below you. Union soldiers are fanwise beyond the town, with their backs to it. From the north, and from those blue mountains to the west, the Confederates fight forward, push the Union men through the town, and up the hill on which you stand. Looking south, you can imagine thousands of Union soldiers, with beards, and faces the color of old leather, streaming up to hold the Ridge. Look westward, and you will see the lower wooded ground occupied by the Confederates. From the round top of rocky knobs where possession was the key to victory, you can understand why

Lee's men died trying to take them, and why they failed; and yet how near they came to succeeding.

On the third day of the battle, the Union forces held a line of these hills shaped like a fish hook, with its barb toward Baltimore. The Confederate lines, on lower ridges, made a half circle about the fish hook. In between were open fields. For two hot days and moonlit nights, Lee had repeatedly failed to bend the Union flanks. Supplies were low; one cannot stay long in one place when one is living off the country; Lee had to attack.

At one o'clock the Union troops stationed in the middle of Cemetery Ridge heard gunfire from the enemy's lines. Seventy Confederate cannon spoke. Union men who were the target have described how solid shot and shells were visible as they rained upon them. Soon horses were running riderless on the ridge; the bombardment blasted the cemetery's gravestones; by the door of a house back of the Union lines lay a pile of amputated arms and legs.

On the Confederate side tragic decisions were being made. Lee had wanted a general assault, but Longstreet apparently persuaded him to limit it to the center of the line, with Major General George Edward Pickett's fresh Virginians as its spearhead.

So a little later, the men in the center of the Union line, where stone walls made right angles by a clump of trees, saw something none

of them was ever to forget. From the woods across the little plain, and out into fields shimmering with heat, marched long lines of men in gray uniforms, muskets flashing, flags flying. And behind them marched out other lines of men, all shoulder to shoulder as if the short mile between them and their foe were a parade ground. In all, 15,000 men walked forth under the July sun. Watching them as from a grandstand, the Union infantry "praised them again and again," and held their fire. But the Union artillery tore gaps in the gray line.

Now some of the gray men and the red flags appear only as islands in white smoke. Others are climbing the fences along the road. Their lines converge upward toward the stone walls and the clump of trees. The foremost vanish for a moment under the brow of the hill, to rise up out of the earth again so near that the expressions on their faces can be seen. And then, at close range, the Union muskets speak.

Off on the flanks, a Confederate line wilts, another goes astray, leaving gaps into which pour Union troops, to unloose a murderous cross fire. But in the center, where the stone wall by the trees makes an Angle forever to be called Bloody, that great and deathless thing in men which bids them fear not to be slain carries some hundreds of the gray uniforms into the Union lines. Soldiers struggle hand to hand for flags; the flags go down, and the sol-

diers too. All is confusion, but for a moment a small bright piece of it looks like victory.

And then, suddenly, it is all over. The Confederate wave breaks, and trickles back, leaving the hillside covered with twisted objects in gray.

A thousand men have fallen on two acres of ground. Of Pickett's whole force only a third returns. Frantic with grief, Pickett rides back to Lee. "I have no division now," he says. Lee tries to comfort him: "Come, this is my fight and upon my shoulders rests the blame."

On the fourth of July Lee began his retreat. Rain fell heavily that afternoon, miring the roads and drumming against the canvas tops of wagons where the wounded lay on springless boards. The flooded Potomac delayed Lee's crossing, and, had Meade been quicker and fallen upon him there, the war might have been shortened. It dragged on nearly two years more.

The farmers of Gettysburg still turn up men's bones with their spring plowing. Some of the bones belong to men who were buried in gray uniforms, some to men who were buried in blue. There is no difference between the bones now, or the men. Fifty years ago there was a joint reunion, on the battlefield, of Union and Confederate veterans. There is a joint reunion this July, as part of a solemn, nation-wide observance of the seventy-fifth anniversary.

There will be no seventy-sixth reunion. This one is the last.

Finding a Mate in Modern Society

Condensed from "Plan for Marriage"

Joseph Kirk Folsom

Professor of Sociology, Vassar College; author of
"Culture and Social Progress," "The Family," etc.

MARRIAGE involves a market. There is demand and there is supply, whether we look at it from the standpoint of men or of women. The young man who falls in love and marries may feel that this course of events is something unique and personal, predestined to happen; but if he had lived in a different community, where there were fewer girls and more boys, someone else might have won his beloved before he even knew of her existence.

One of the most important irregularities in the marriage market is the uneven distribution of the sexes. Although the number of boys born is only slightly greater than that of girls, migration attracts girls from the farm to the village or small city, while it takes men and youths to industrial centers and to the West. Thus the farms, the large cities, and the West tend toward excess of males; suburbs, small towns, the South and New England tend toward excess of females. In *wealthy* suburbs, surveys reveal that, on an average, there are only three single men to four single women, while in industrial suburbs the ratio is directly reversed. In New England, to cite a regional instance,

there are only 89 men to every 100 marriageable women; in the Pacific states there are 125.

Puzzling as it may seem, women are more affected than men by the sex ratio of their community. A certain percentage of men remain bachelors even if confronted with a surplus of women from which to choose, while almost every woman marries when the men are in great preponderance.

A closely related problem of the marriage market is that men usually marry downward, intellectually. In one California study the average intelligence quotient of husbands was found to be 8 points higher than that of their wives. In another sample, two thirds of the men had married women with lower IQ's than their own. Yet the average IQ of all males is the same as that of all females. Moreover, a sizable proportion of college men marry non-college women, whereas practically no college woman marries below her educational station in life. As a consequence, finding a mate is particularly difficult for highly educated women, even though, when they do marry, they make a better-than-average success of it.

Now, even if the sexes were evenly

distributed, and there was no tendency on the part of men to marry downward, there would still be the problem of proper mating. Who should marry whom?

According to the romantic theory there is something mysterious about the process of pairing off—each person has a “natural mate,” and when this mate is found the couple will know intuitively that they “belong to each other.” Calculations and cold-blooded analyses, it is protested, merely spoil the beauty of romance. True understanding, however, will not disrupt a romance; on the contrary, it may prevent later disillusionment.

The issue is simply whether to use intelligence to guide romance, or to place oneself at the mercy of circumstance. One cannot, through mere will power, fall in or out of love with a given person, but one can, by will power, hold a romantic feeling in check until intelligence gives the green light. When that time comes it will be found that the love emotions have not been dulled or impoverished because they were held under control earlier.

What are some of the factors in an intelligent choice?

For one thing, scientific observation dispels the fallacy that opposite types attract each other, and ought normally to marry. Actually, like tends to mate with like. When all traits are considered, it is safer to marry a person near one's own age, of one's own race, religion, and

social background, and of similar interests, ideals and beliefs. It is better, too, to be reasonably alike in physical energy and mental ability, otherwise one may become a drag upon the other. It is dangerous to marry in order to uplift somebody. Of course in some minor characteristics of temperament and taste it may be safe to choose a so-called opposite; but the only absolute rule of opposites is that one should choose the opposite sex.

Problems are likely to arise in the marriage of persons of antagonistic political or national loyalties, if they take these loyalties to heart. Cultural differences are not so serious; indeed, sometimes they enrich and educate the couple who face them intelligently, as, for example, the man who values especially in his wife the culturally higher level to which she, through her family or other connections, was able to introduce him.

Prospective partners, however, definitely need to know and understand each other's attitudes regarding the number and timing of children, their management and discipline, the role of the wife as homemaker or worker outside the home, extramarital friendships, the importance of sex in life, and the duty of the family toward the community. Each needs to know how the other will react to emotional strain. Will he resort to drink, or retreat into a world of fancy? When hurt, will she “freeze up” for a long

while, or develop a rage? Finally, each needs to know whether the other really wants to be told everything, or would rather remain ignorant of unpleasant facts. In a word, one should try to grasp the whole personality-pattern of a potential mate.

Of course, this question of "What sort of person should I marry?" is academic unless there is real opportunity for choice. Modern life having raised the standards of eligibility, each person should have the chance to meet a large number of eligible partners. If an acquaintanceship with five candidates was once considered sufficient, today one must know at least 25. And with the emancipation of women, a more all-pervading companionship has come to be expected between husband and wife. The man does not take for granted, as in earlier societies, his right to extramarital affairs with other women. The wife now demands a more complete sex satisfaction, for she cannot help knowing, from modern literature and conversation, that such a thing is possible. No longer will she accept the notion taught by her grandmother that sex is merely a woman's concession to male passion.

While the problem of finding the congenial mate has thus become more intense, the social machinery for the discovery of partners has not kept pace. It is true that chaperonage has relaxed and that young

people have greater freedom to mingle, but the circumstances are often not conducive to serious friendships which might lead toward marriage. Two worth-while young people may meet in "pick up" fashion under unusual conditions of gaiety, the atmosphere itself creating a mental barrier which prevents each from recognizing the worth of the other. Or they may meet in connection with their work, where the tension inhibits a real personal interest.

What young people really need today is more opportunity to meet in informal gatherings, of the old-fashioned type, in schools, churches, homes, and community organizations. The young person in the city, whose acquaintances seem inadequate, should make a canvass of social occasions open to him among people of his own kind and interests. He could visit 100 such groups in a year and vastly multiply his contacts.

There is real need in modern society for institutions which perform the function of the old-time marriage broker. Many young people are too passive, too shy to exploit the more conventional opportunities for getting acquainted. Either the older machinery must be greatly extended, or new machinery invented. Our young people definitely require more clubs and societies, to help them meet eligible lifetime partners.

☞ How a little-known government service watches over animal health — and human health as well

Guardians of Farm and Home

Condensed from Scientific American

Editb M. Stern

SOME YEARS AGO in Georgia, an inspector of the Bureau of Animal Industry ordered a group of farmers to dip their cattle for ticks. Suspiciously, the Georgians watched him mix the solution. Still more suspiciously they looked on while he drove the animals through the vat. After the last cow had been dipped, so the story goes, one of the farmers wheeled and shot the inspector.

There have been other instances of opposition to the Bureau as bigoted and sensational. Dipping vats have been dynamited; guns have been used to force inspectors off the premises. In New York State a die-hard old farmer killed all his cows just before the veterinarian arrived to administer the tuberculin test.

Such ignorance and suspicion, however, have been generally overcome by the Bureau's agents during their 50-year campaign to make the animal kingdom safe for our democracy.

Created in 1884 as part of the Department of Agriculture, the Bureau watches over your health daily, although you may never have been nearer a farm than Broadway. Thanks

to the Bureau the milk your children drink is practically free from tuberculosis germs; thanks to the 800 veterinarians in its meat inspection division the government-inspected meat you eat is free of disease, decay and dirt; and the animal pharmaceutical extracts your physician prescribes, such as insulin, thyroid, and pepsin, come from healthy animals.

It was one of the Bureau's workers, Theobald Smith, who proved in 1890 that cattle fever was transmitted by ticks. Not only was his discovery the first step in the victory over a disease which once carried off more cattle than thieves did, but it first established the now familiar fact that insects transmit disease germs. Walter Reed's work in tracing yellow fever to mosquitoes was a direct outgrowth of Smith's findings. Likewise knowledge that typhus fever and bubonic plague are carried by fleas grew out of Smith's research in a disease of animals.

The results of the Bureau's work in animal health have been quite as amazing as the progress of medicine in the field of human health. Eleven

of the 35 worst diseases of livestock are today completely absent in this country and, because of the rigid inspection at ports, unlikely ever to be imported. Not a single case of dourine (horse syphilis), for example, was found last year. Imported from France in 1886, it spread west to Montana and south to New Mexico. Gradually the Bureau restricted it to a small area in northern Nevada, and today even that area is clean.

Seventeen of the 24 other animal diseases are either effectively controlled or approaching eradication. Unremitting efforts have restricted cattle fever to small sections of two states, four percent of the area formerly affected. For many years losses from hog cholera averaged \$40,000,000 annually. Its prevalence has now been reduced 60 percent by means of preventive serum.

Perhaps the most widespread of the Bureau's triumphs has been the virtual eradication of bovine tuberculosis. In 1917, when tests were first made, an average of five percent of cattle were tuberculous, and in some sections as high as 30 percent. It was not unusual for the test to disclose that 80 percent of a gentleman farmer's pure-bred herd was infected.

Today, in 46 states, tuberculosis is present in less than one half of one percent of cattle. Compare this with some European countries where 50 percent of the cattle are reported to be diseased. Compare it with

England, where over five percent of all human deaths from tuberculosis are caused by infected milk, and 25 percent of all cases of non-pulmonary tuberculosis are traceable to this source. In the United States, although half the milk consumed is unpasteurized, humans who have contracted bovine tuberculosis are now so rare that medical schools find difficulty getting cases for clinical demonstration.

That there is today always a waiting list of owners eager to have their cattle tested, that 99 out of 100 farmers cooperate with the Bureau, is not only because they have seen results, but because of the Bureau's campaigns of education and enforcement. A million copies of its publications on animal diseases are sent out annually in answer to requests. It distributes 13 motion pictures dealing with disease control and livestock health.

Back of the Bureau's strong-arm work of inspection, testing, giving "shots," and dipping lies skilled research work. The veterinaries of the staff are scientists in every sense of the word. They must have at least a year of college work and four years of training in a school of veterinary medicine. Knowledge of bacteriology, pathology and *matéria medica* is as much a part of their equipment as of the physician's.

When the Bureau was founded there was great difficulty in assembling 18 qualified men for its staff.

For years thereafter veterinary instruction was in the hands of private commercial interests. Civil service requirements, rigorous licensing, and higher professional standards showed up the inadequacies of the private schools, and in 1928 the last of them closed its doors. Ten well-equipped state institutions train veterinarians today, and the Bureau of Animal Industry has absorbed nearly a third of the graduates.

Despite the increasing importance of veterinary work, there is only one veterinarian to every 13 physicians, to every 500 livestock owners and to every 20,000 animals. Not that there is lack of young men eager to enter the field. But, for lack of accommodations, schools of veterinary medicine are turning away thousands of applicants interested in the work.

That work is highly complex. Hog cholera, for instance, occurs only in swine; but swine are also susceptible to both bovine tuberculosis and the avian form which chickens have. Foxes in captivity have some of the same diseases as dogs, but contract others that have never been observed in dogs. A Bureau publication on diseases of poultry contains 69 pages of fine print and includes ailments with such fantastic names as bumblefoot, limber neck, and edema of the wattles, as well as the more familiar maladies like gout, paralysis and malaria.

Small wonder that the Bureau's work abounds in specialties. For

the past decade Dr. J. E. Shillinger of the Bureau of Biological Survey has been pioneering with the Bureau of Animal Industry in the field of wild-life disease. Attempts to control epidemics that periodically ravage wild animals and birds are prompted by more than humane sentiment. Domestic and wild animals having access to the same pastures can infect one another.

Within the past few years bubonic plague has been found among ground squirrels in the West. Their fleas can spread it among humans, and the government is now attempting to avert the danger by feeding the squirrels poisoned grain.

Since diseases of animals, whether wild or domestic, are of direct concern to humans, it is often difficult to draw a line between the domain of the veterinarian and that of the public health officer. Anthrax, rabies, glanders and rabbit fever are infectious diseases of man as well as of animals. Typhoid, septic sore throat, diphtheria and smallpox, in addition to tuberculosis, are spread through milk from diseased cows.

The veterinarian who sits up in a draughty barn all night with a sick animal, who jabs hypodermic needles into bulls, or peers through his microscope, trying to isolate a germ that is taking heavy toll among pigeons, may not be coming in for his share of front-page publicity. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that his work is vital to public health.

Ford's Little Plants in the Country

Condensed from
Factory Management and Maintenance

Arthur Van Vliissingen

HENRY FORD has frequently stated his belief that this country would be better off if a larger fraction of its people could work on farms and gardens during the growing seasons, and draw factory wages when not occupied by the land. Besides talking about it, Ford has done something about it. He has 16 small plants spotted at strategic points, each on a river where water power runs the machines. Eight more sites are ready, with buildings up and jobs determined, waiting the signal to go ahead.

Ford's idea of industrial decentralization is not the establishment of branch assembly plants, nor the relocation of plants from North to South or from city to country to tap a lower wage market. It is instead the removal of certain units from a main plant to small plants out in the country. Here the full Ford wage scale is paid, and in several of the plants there are men drawing the highest hourly rates in the company.

Anyone who is familiar with Henry Ford's working principles knows that the branch plants are not undertaken primarily as a form of social uplift. The point is that a small de-

centralized operation, through its wholesome effect on the human factor, brings better work at lower cost.

At Waterford, Michigan, is one of the smallest of the rural plants, and one of the most notable. Here 65 men make all the precision gauges used in Ford inspection. Their work calls for almost infinitesimal accuracy. When these men used to make inspection gauges in their own tiny department of the huge Rouge plant, they were just so many highly paid workmen among 85,000. Their job was important, they knew, but it was overwhelmed by the plant's total immensity.

Out here the real importance of making top-quality precision instruments has a chance to be felt. The men are not a sub-sub-department tucked off in a corner and almost forgotten. They are a separate little industry, making tools without which precision production would be impossible and the modern motorcar non-existent. Talk with any of the men and you get a feeling of craft and personal pride which you thought had long since vanished from the factories of the earth.

"That man working over yonder? The best lapper in the world, and

every man in the plant will fight if you doubt it!

"Instruments? Anything we need we get. Inspectors? Don't be silly! Where could you find anybody to inspect us? Any man who turns out a piece of work at Waterford that isn't accurate to specifications doesn't need an inspector. He needs to go get a job running a punch press. We're the only department in the whole company that doesn't have any inspectors."

Cocky? Assuredly. Swell-headed? Not a bit. Each man is good, but he knows that over at the next bench is a man just as good or even a little better. The spirit is one of pride in belonging to such an outfit. You never find that kind of college spirit tucked away in a big mass-production factory.

But Waterford is hardly a fair sample of Henry Ford's idea of one foot in industry and one on the soil, because gauge-makers cannot afford to farm with \$10 time, and besides they have 50 weeks of work a year. But at Ypsilanti, where 1200 men and women make starters and generators, a large proportion of the employes are as much farmers as factory hands. Dozens take leave of absence as soon as the soil can be worked in the spring, returning to their jobs after harvest. Scores more take shorter layoffs to help with sowing and threshing peaks. Rule One at all the small plants is that a man may leave any time to work on the farm, may have his

job back when he gets through farming. Many of the workers are over 60 years old. For all, men and women, the Ford wage of \$6 a day is minimum.

A man laid off in an industrial city is condemned to idleness and lost income unless he gets another job. In the country he always has enough postponed farm work to keep him profitably busy as long as he is off — and if the shutdown should be long, he has his land to support him. The city employe may not always be found after layoff, but the farmer-worker has his roots down, is there when the shop re-opens.

As you go through Ypsilanti, you observe various operations different from anything you have ever seen. Your guide explains: "The boy on that job thought of it himself, so we turned the hunch over to a machine-tool company and they worked it out." Or, "It looked like a good idea when the winding-machine operator figured it out, so we made up a few in our machine shop and they stepped up our production from 60 to 80 an hour."

I have never seen so many home-spun developments in any other shop of the same size. A number of influences contribute to this situation. First, the wage earner who comes to a plant in an agricultural community is a higher average type, has more background of thinking for himself, than the average of the city streets. Second, the job means

a lot more to a farm boy or small-town workman, for a town like Ypsilanti offers no overplus of \$6-a-day jobs. Third, if a workman gets a good idea it is not dwarfed by the magnitude of his surroundings and never heard of outside his department. Instead, folks point him out at the movies.

The extra expenses of transporting raw stock to Ypsilanti and hauling finished parts away is made up in lower supervisory costs. All that these people require is to be shown how a job is done, and then an occasional visit to be sure they have not lost the knack. Beyond this, they ask nothing but that the boss go away and let them do it. They are self-reliant, interested, proud of being an important part of this fine, high-paying plant.

Social benefits, Ford asserts, are the by-products of efficient business management. But even as a by-product it is important to give

people an opportunity for greater self-generated security than the industrial cities can provide. It is important to let people live in the steady, sane atmosphere of the countryside, away from the ills and isms of congested areas. "It is the lack of income that drives people from the country to the city," Ford says. "A city income in country surroundings is easily possible — and that is what our small plants are intended, for one thing, to show."

Beyond all room for argument, Ford has proved that the decentralization program is practical, that many kinds of work are done better in small plants where everybody from manager to sweeper can concentrate on the specialized problem free of the turmoil inseparable from large-scale manufacture. If other manufacturers learn this lesson, in a few years there will be hundreds of village industries scattered throughout the industrial states.

Desert Miracle

THE AMERICAN DESERT — that barren southwest region of whining, wind-driven sands — ceases to be desert when spring rain comes: within ten days dunes that were Sahara-like show primroses bigger than tea-cups, snowy thistle poppies, whole valleys of lupines and heliotrope. Against the sky rise hills of beaten gold — yellow poppies and tulips so thick one cannot step without crushing them. Sand verbenas, prettier than any New England garden's, crowd between wild hollyhocks and desert lilies; the ocotillo's crimson flame mingles with ground-cherry and tiny white daisies to form a flat covering as intricately patterned as a Persian rug. Rain may skip some areas for two or three years, but about every five years widespread rains transform practically the whole desert into radiant bloom.

—Oren Arnold in *Travel*

Geography, Inc.

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine

Isabel Ross

Author of "Ladies of the Press," "Highland Twilight," etc.

WHEREVER the tom-tom beats, the Moslem kneels in prayer, or two or three persons speaking the English language are gathered together, may be found *The National Geographic Magazine*. The *Geographic* is read, hoarded, and consulted with tenacity; it lingers on shelves year after year; it instructs the young and cheers the invalid; its pictures temper the waiting hours in offices of doctors and dentists. It travels by ship, train, airplane, sampan, and camel caravan to fulfill a romantic mailing list, suggestive of Indian palaces, tea plantations, jungle settlements, ostrich farms and Eskimo huts.

Fifty years ago a group of 33 geographers and scientists, headed by Gardiner G. Hubbard, organized the National Geographic Society in Washington, D. C., and then launched the magazine, their aim being to popularize geography. They had no funds, no paid help. Their first issue, put together in a small rented room, was short and technical. In it were printed the names of all subscribers, who, even ten years later, totaled only 300.

Then, in 1897, on Dr. Hubbard's death, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell

became president of the Society. The treasury was empty, the organization was \$2000 in debt. Dr. Bell replaced dilettante assistance with paid help. Among others he hired his prospective son-in-law, young Gilbert Grosvenor, whose \$1200 salary he paid out of his own pocket for six years — until the magazine began making headway. In 1905 John Oliver La Gorce strolled into the office and was put on the payroll at \$60 a month.

And So
to
Press
—VII—

Today Dr. Grosvenor is editor of the magazine, president of the Society and, in effect, the *National Geographic*. Dr. La Gorce is associate editor, vice-president, and the No. 2 Geographer. Under them the magazine has moved forward steadily. The circulation was 10,000 in 1905, 750,000 in 1920. Its increase during the war years had been phenomenal. The magazine concentrated on the geography of the war-torn countries. It issued a flag number, and its maps, particularly one of the Western Front, were in demand all over the world.

This year the *National Geographic* celebrates its semicentennial with a circulation of 1,132,000 — within 85,000 of its 1929 peak. It has a staff

of 800, one of the show buildings of Washington for its headquarters and another for its workshop. Five hundred clerks handle membership applications and dispatch the magazine to the ends of the earth, from Canada with 44,264 readers to the Solomon Islands with 17.

The *National Geographic* differs fundamentally from other publications. Dr. Bell originated the stratagem whereby its subscribers are members in a fellowship. They pay dues of \$3 a year as members of the National Geographic Society. The magazine is presented as an incidental. The main lure is the membership, which enables the janitor, plumber, and loneliest lighthouse keeper to share with kings and scientists the fun of sending an expedition to Peru or an explorer to the South Pole.

This beguiling notion of armchair adventure has had a profound effect on the destiny of the magazine. Sixty percent of the early members are still on the rolls, and 22 of the pioneers of 1888 continue to receive their *Geographics*. Its appeal is to the joining instinct, and no subscription circular can approach its handsomely printed stationery bearing the glad tidings:

Dear Sir:

I have the honor of advising you that the Membership Committee extends you a cordial invitation to become a member of the National Geographic Society. . . .

The Society opens its doors to anyone who can get nomination

from a member, and the committee on admissions is always ready to provide nominations. Even a prison inmate can get the magazine, as a subscriber, by paying an extra 50 cents. (When Al Capone changed his address from Chicago to Alcatraz, he was shifted from the membership to the subscription list.)

The subscription list does not necessarily imply the official blackball. All corporations, libraries, schools, and institutions get the magazine on this basis. So does Buckingham Palace. This still leaves more than 99 percent of the *Geographic* readers who are full-fledged members of the Society, so pleasing a thought that one Congressman grandly but inaccurately refers to himself in *Who's Who* as a "Fellow" of the National Geographic Society. Newsstand sales are negligible — less than 10,000 — and every effort is made to keep them down, since distribution in this way would weaken the idea of one big fellowship of geographers.

The reader of the *Geographic* may amble from cover to cover without a breath of controversy, or a critical note. The result is a faintly roseate world, where scenes of Austrian peasant life have more point than armies of marching men. Few hints of the blood and muck of the World War got into the pages of the *Geographic*.

Frequently there are howls about its literary style, a fact which the editors accept without concern. Jo-

seph Conrad, Donn Byrne, and other first-string literary figures have contributed to its pages, but as travelers only. Other contributors have included Theodore Roosevelt, Peary, Amundsen, Byrd, Eckener, Stefansson, Amelia Earhart, Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh.

Manuscript costs are low. The ideal *Geographic* writer is the traveler, explorer or scientist more anxious to tell his tale than to make money out of it. Those who cannot write, or do not know English, are turned over to staff members, most of whom have journalistic or consular background. These experts draw out the traveler and whip material into shape, or, armed with cameras and typewriters on their own account, start off for the four corners of the earth as casually as one might cross the street. The *Geographic* has in its files enough unused manuscripts to get out all the issues from now through June, 1944.

The magazine boasts that its flag (three solid stripes — blue for the sky, brown for the earth, green for the sea) has been carried to both poles, raised to the loftiest height yet attained in the stratosphere (72,395 feet), and lowered to the greatest depth reached below water (3028 feet). It has sent out 52 expeditions, seven of them to the polar regions.

The National Geographic Society

preceded the magazine, but the child grew up and now supports the parent in excellent style. It turns in a profit every year and has set up a trust fund for the Society which runs into millions. The magazine probably has no difficulty making money on circulation alone, and in addition in the last 20 years must have netted more than \$16,000,000 from its advertising.

The *Geographic* has never paid a dividend, because it has no stockholders. It is a profit-making department in an organization incorporated as a non-profit scientific and educational institution. Its earnings must go to gathering and diffusing geographic knowledge.

Its income would be larger but for the magazine's celebrated advertising taboos. Thirty-five percent of the advertising used in other reputable magazines is turned down cold by the *Geographic*. It will not touch wine or liquor advertising; it spurns cigarette ads, although accepting some smoking tobaccos; it refuses to sell space for proprietary medicines.

Dr. Grosvenor once said that he would take his readers around the world and that he would take them first class. He has done it and, most remarkable of all, he has done it without letting his fireside travelers have a drink, a smoke, or a bicarbonate of soda.



*Gelett Burgess
in Your Life*

SMOKING with most women is still a symbolic act of emancipation and not a genuine satisfaction of itself. Women haven't yet learned how to smoke, or when, or where. Almost all of them are guilty of conspicuous affectations. Look about in any restaurant: every woman in the place is sitting with her elbows on the table, one hand sticking up and awkwardly holding aloft a cigarette as if waiting for a Buffalo Bill to shoot its end off. And who hasn't seen girls eating with a fork in one hand and a cigarette in the other? No man, not even a heavy smoker, would so ruin the taste of both food and tobacco.

Women have brushed aside all traditions of courtesy and consideration as regards smoking. Men respect a few conventions, but who has ever heard a woman ask permission to smoke of her hostess, her seniors, her social or business superiors? No male secretary would, without invitation, smoke while taking dictation: he would consider it inefficient and discourteous. But women have no regard for the feelings of others, or for plain safety — I've watched them at bargain counters holding lighted cigarettes in the very faces of those beside them, or holding a mass of inflammable chiffon, cigarette carelessly dangling between two fingers. They

CONVERSATION

smoke in the dentist's chair, in elevators, in sickrooms. Women don't and probably never will understand the philosophy and ideal of good form that men have developed as regards the use of tobacco. They're not even amateurs, bless them. They're comedians.

*Stephen Leacock
in Answers*

TO THE CHILD of 50 years ago, the world was one of intense imaginative creation — the work of his own responsive mind. What child could forget its conjured vision of Tom Sawyer in the gloomy horror of the great cave, the cave of which his own imagination was, under Mark Twain's guidance, the sole architect? But compare with this the typical modern child of the cities, lolling at his movies, saturated and unsurprisable, impervious, after the age of about ten, to further impressions of scenery, an expert in murder, a cynic on women — for whom all the world's masterpieces have been done over into flickered sensationalism. Our radio and motion pictures make presentation so direct, so easy, that they tend to put the imagination to sleep. The sheer rapidity of them precludes depth; the multiplicity of them defies memory. There are no "indelible impressions" left.

ON PIECES

*Lewis Mumford in
"The Culture of Cities"*

TODAY, architecture has thrown our buildings open to the daylight and the outdoors. But we will forget at our peril the coördinate need for quiet, for privacy. Without opportunity for contemplation free from prying eyes and secular interruptions, even the most extraverted life must eventually suffer. In the medieval city the spirit had organized shelters and accepted forms of escape from worldly importunity. Today, the degradation of the inner life is symbolized by the fact that the only place sacred from interruption is the private toilet.

(Harcourt, Brace)

*Eugene Young in
"Looking Behind the
Censorships"*

ONE OF the most deceptive practices of diplomacy is what Britons call "muddling through," which they tell the outsider is one of the greatest weaknesses of their statesmanship. In moments of crisis, when the world seems about to burst into flames, the men in charge of British affairs seem confused and flabby; they hem and haw and quarrel bitterly among themselves. The world waits impatiently for them to do something, but they merely offer

some scheme that looks puerile, and then talk technicalities for a long period. Britons are always very sad and deprecative about it. They call it "more muddling," and are so sorry that nothing can be done to cure this defect in leadership. But observers need not be deceived. "Muddling" is a convenient way to avoid taking a position until the time is ripe to do so. It is a method that has come down through centuries, and is proving as useful today as in Queen Elizabeth's time.

(Lippincott)

*Sir James Jeans in
"The Mysterious Universe"*

THIRTY YEARS ago, we assumed that we were heading toward an ultimate explanation of the universe as a mechanical reality consisting of a fortuitous jumble of atoms performing meaningless dances for a time under the action of purposeless forces. Into this wholly mechanical world, through the play of the same blind forces, life had stumbled by accident.

Today there is wide agreement, on the physical side of science approaching unanimity, that the stream of knowledge is heading toward a non-mechanical reality. Mind no longer appears as an accidental intruder into the realm of matter; we are beginning to suspect that it is the creator and governor of matter. The universe begins to

look more like a great thought than a great machine. (Macmillan)

Carl Crow in
"400 Million Customers"

THE NUMBER of letters, and the length of the letters, which American business men find it necessary to write amaze the business men of other nationalities. The responsibility for American verbosity, I feel sure, lies with the very efficient American stenographer, and the temptation to garrulousness provided by the skill of her fingers. In some offices it seems that letter writing has become a major undertak-

ing, like writing for publication, and not a means to an end.

It is my candid opinion, after reading these letters for about 20 years, that half the typewriters in America could be scrapped and half the stenographers married off, and the wheels of business would run just as fast and with a good deal less waste effort. If every business man were compelled to read over, at the beginning of each day, copies of the letters he dictated one year before, he would see for himself that many of them were twice as long as necessary, and that many were not necessary at all. (Harper)



Vacationing with History

Excerpt from Sunset Magazine

EVERY SUMMER, William G. Paden and his family, of Alameda, California, set out to drive over the famous old wagon trails of the pioneers: the Santa Fe Trail, the Pony Express, the Mormon Trail, the marches of Juan Bautista de Anza and General Fremont. Their biggest adventure was retracing the Oregon-California Trail, which witnessed the great migration of 45,000 people from Missouri to the Golden West in 1849.

After reading all the old guidebooks, diaries and letters they could find, they drove to Independence, Missouri, to

start their long trail home, armed with maps and notebooks. It took them six summers to complete the job. Often they had to travel over unmarked fields and along river bottoms — when the car rebelled, they walked or rode horseback. They found stirring reminders of the great trek: deep ruts cut by the iron-bound wheels, ox shoes, axles, cross-marked graves. And they discovered the historically important sites of old Fort St. Vrain on the Platte River, and of Fort Hall, junction of the pioneer roads that led to California and Oregon.

Pilgrims' Progress in Alaska

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

W. B. Courtney

WE STOOD in a clearing where yesterday there had been old trees and primeval wilderness. Peter, broad and Nordic, stooped and filled both hands with virgin soil. There was a light on his face like the flash of a plowshare when it turns at the field's edge.

"This is fine dirt, Mister!" said Peter.

It was moist and dark, with rich hints of fertility — in it lay the bounty of the centuries.

Mayta, his wife, came near and stared with us at the fisted earth. She was tall and slim and young, and their baby was in a sling upon her back.

"I've seen two farms blow away from me back in the States!" said Peter. "But this one ain't going to do that, Mister!"

This was the picture you carried away from Matanuska: a young American family, innocent of economic or political controversies — knowing only that here was a country free from drought and dust storms, a place where by honest toil they could make a go of things.

This year will be momentous for the colonists of Matanuska. The

purse strings in Washington are closing; Matanuska is on its own — to go down as another expensive crackpot experiment in patent-medicine sociology or to flourish as a milestone in sound depression relief.

The uprooting four years ago of a thousand men, women and children, the transporting of them more than 3000 miles to a new world, was spectacular and controversial. The pilgrims were called Cream-Puff Pioneers; there were fights and sickness and hysteria; delegates were actually dispatched to Washington to charge parsimony. In those days the shirkers and homesick, the unfit and the misfit, had not yet departed to give a clear view of the Peters and the Maytas, who typify the 170 families left in Matanuska Colony of the 245 that were chosen.

Laymen often wonder why distant Alaska was chosen — with initial costs of transportation and ground preparation so great that only a small number of needy families could be aided. The military advantage of a widely tilled and settled Alaska is, perhaps, the incentive principally credited. A vast land, it lies far out at the crown of the Pacific, extends

west of Hawaii like a sentry box guarding the main routes over which any invaders from Asia would have to approach us. But it would take scores of Matanuskas before Alaska will be competent to provision an embattled American defensive army.

"I figure," said Peter, "it's just one of them things you can't blame nobody for and it comes out good anyhow." There have been many such instances; movements for which neither legal justification nor clear purpose can be discerned, but after a while you see it had to happen.

Alaska is a "natural," in these days of international hunger for good land. The flow there on a large scale was inevitable — with our agricultural population crowded over the edges of non-arable land. Its coastal region has lots of precipitation, luxuriant vegetation, and escapes prolonged cold. Lowest winter temperatures do not approach those of the Mid-central States from which the Matanuska settlers came. The warm Japan Current does for Alaska's coast what the Gulf Stream does for the British Isles. The Kenai peninsula, which like Matanuska is south of the Alaskan Range, has a climate more temperate than New England's, and large numbers of settlers are going there now.

Government experts hold that Alaska contains 65,000 square miles of tillable land; 35,000 more ideal for grazing. This nearly equals the whole area of New England and

Pennsylvania and should support an equivalent population.

Alaska has been, essentially, a mining and fishing civilization, with fur and lumber tagging along. These are fields of quick huge profits, with no thought for tomorrow — industries that attract hordes of transient workers, industries that pay good wages, bring high living costs on their margins, and do not build up stable communities.

It has been difficult to get energetic men to remain on the soil, for there is a gamble involved in mining that gets into the blood. Nearly every professional man I talked with — dentists, aviators, railroaders — either has a stake in a mine or a "field partner" (a prospector whom he finances).

I asked Peter whether he thought any of the Matanuska colonists might succumb to the fever.

"Mebbe," said Peter, "although once a feller signs the various agreements with the government it won't be a light matter to pull stakes again. Look at this soil. The government agents say it's 18 feet deep in some places. That's my kind of pay dirt."

It is due to Colonel Otto F. Ohlson, general manager of the Alaska Railroad, that a federally blessed colonization project came into the Matanuska Valley. Years ago he realized that his railroad and the towns beside it would find security only upon a base of permanent agriculture. When drought and dust storms harassed the West, Colonel

Ohlson set a pregnant word in Secretary Roper's ear, and the Matanuska idea was born.

There were mistakes in the beginning, mostly caused by haste; but there was shrewdness, too. Orders went out to WPA field workers to nominate families from the relief lists of Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan: a section that most nearly paralleled Alaska climatically. The field men were strictly charged to pick only experienced farmers, preferably of Scandinavian origin and not more than 40 years old, and warned not to overpaint the promised land. Still, there were loose selections, and other errors: one in not having tools and implements available for the colonists when they reached the valley, another in permitting almost reckless building up of debt loads by some colonists.

Whatever the past mistakes may have been, when you alight from the train or bus at Palmer, the Valley's principal town, you can see that one day this is going to be an impressive capital. In a loose quadrangle around a park there is a large school — as well staffed and equipped as the best in the States. This is likewise true of the hospital. There is a dormitory which eventually will be an inn when more homes for nurses, teachers and others are ready. Scattered beyond the quadrangle are coöperative buildings, machine shops, a big hatchery and the other buildings of an up-to-date farm colony. The school is the center of social

activities, with clubrooms and a huge auditorium for movies and dances.

The colony is scattered over more than 10,000 acres and its 170 families live in warm, comfortable, inexpensive houses. The original pioneers lived in tents during the summer and fall while the houses were being constructed, and 75 families quit then. Hand-picked families to build up the present number were selected from a long waiting list, now said to total 15,000.

"It's working out here like every place where you git a thousand people together," Peter said. "Some man is better than other man. Some never done working. There's that Mrs. Novak: she has a family, but she finds time to drive a taxicab, work in the store — anything to make a little for getting on the feet. Then there was that girl who opened a beauty shop while her mother and father worked on their tract. There's more than a dozen families self-supporting already. Pretty good, eh, for people who were on relief only three years ago!"

If Matanuska is a part, however remote, of the national defense plan, if it is the beginning of a farsighted scheme to husband resources, it is cheap; for it has cost, altogether, scarcely more than the price of a modern destroyer. Purely on relief grounds, it is not easy to justify.

Total federal grants fall just short of \$5,000,000 — mostly spent on roads, public improvements and buildings. About \$1,300,000 has been

loaned, or is available for lending, to the colonists and secured by mortgages on their farms and chattels. In their home districts it was costing the government about \$500 a year to maintain each of those families on relief.

Under the original terms, the government paid transportation for each colonist, his family and 2000 pounds of household goods. Every subsequent advantage, save community facilities at Palmer, was counted into the sum he would have to repay. He received 40 acres of land, and materials and help to build his dwelling; he could draw livestock and farm machinery in line with his personal desires.

There was little check on each colonist's borrowing. Thrifty people lived thriftily; wasteful people lived prodigally. Some pioneers ran their debts as high as \$16,000; an insane burden that could never be repaid. Eventually a debt commission was established. This called in each colonist for a review of his situation and a joint decision as to the amount he should repay.

The average settlement, secured by mortgage, comes to about \$5000, which the colonist promises to repay fully through amortization over a period of 30 years, with interest at three percent.

The colonists have formed the Matanuska Valley Farmers Coöperating Association to market their products. The project had an income of \$200,000 last year; and for

the first six months paid its members a $3\frac{1}{2}$ percent dividend. "Matanuska Maid" dairy products are displayed in Anchorage windows.

Colonel Ohlson has dreams of a million-dollar market along his railroad for Matanuska products, and has figures to give them substance. He sees the colonists eventually making incomes of more than \$4000 each. Certainly the canneries and mines, which now fetch all their provender in cans to a land where fresh vegetables have been almost unknown, will afford a market when the Matanuska output is consistent and dependable; the steamship officials hope to be able to take aboard fresh Matanuska things at Seward.

The chances are that the government will get back much of the money it has put into Matanuska. It has made an important step in national defense. It has turned the searchlight of American public interest upon a virgin agricultural land that, in expert opinion, can support in comfort and modest prosperity a population of 18,000,000 instead of its present 60,000.

When you come away from Matanuska, you will be filled with statistics and theories. You may have no better idea of the wisdom of the experiment than when first you came: I didn't. But gradually those matters fade into a larger, clearer picture of a band of lost, frightened people who came out of a swamp of hopelessness and were set on a firm road to self-support.

My Own Old Age Security

Condensed from *Your Life*

Dorothy Blake

OLD AGE SECURITY is something everybody talks about and thinks about — in terms of money. The kind I want is based on an inner security that does not show up in the bank account, and that outward events and conditions cannot change.

What started my mind adventuring on the subject was old man Andrews across the street. Mr. Andrews is old — his patiently clasped hands behind the stooping back as he wandered over to pass the time of day told me that. And his first remark told me so again: "My," he said, "the days seem awful long now, don't they? Sun up so early and down so late — seem awful long."

And to me they seem so mad-deningly short! Such a lot to do, so many fascinating interests and activities to follow, with the baffling thought that none of them can be followed to completion — at least not in any single span of daylight. Now I have energy, work to do, human responsibilities, and all these things light up my days with eagerness and make the brief hours of leisure a rare joy. But what of the time when I shall be old? I don't want tired and idle hands clasped behind my back and the days to seem long!

Friends say to me, "But you have children for your old age. They'll always share their lives with you and keep you busy." That is just what I don't want. I want to be a friend to my children — not one of those elderly parents who have no hobbies, no outside contacts, no intellectual activities; who live in their children and their grandchildren and, whether financially dependent or not, are in complete spiritual and mental dependence. I am a mother by biological fact — I must be a person, worthy of sharing such part of my children's lives as they choose to give me, by my own endeavors.

What talents have I, then, to work with, what interests to cultivate, what character traits to overcome — that when my children shall appraise me, as they appraise all others, with that cool impartiality of youth, I shall not disappoint them?

Certainly there is no surer old age security than the ability to get along with all sorts of people — all ages — all points of view. I must be constantly alert to make new friends, for old ones will inevitably move on. I must learn the art of friendliness and tolerance now, for it is well-nigh impossible to ac-

quire that ability at 60. Miracles of personality do not come about except through the painful process of cultivated growth. So I make a sort of sporting event of finding something attractive or stimulating in every person I meet, and I make a mental hazard out of trying to overcome the grouchiness or standoffishness of the difficult ones.

Ordinary people are so often extraordinary when you get to know them. Taxi men fascinate me as they talk over their shoulders while skimming passing fenders. In the hours of the day and night, while they cruise from one street to another, they formulate a philosophy of life which has often opened my mental windows and let in the fresh air of human courage. Book agents at my front door have told me stories of their personal lives, which have given me glimpses of the gallantry of the human spirit — men and women with mediocre equipment in personality and mental ability who face with bravery and humor the necessity of working for a drab living.

I can't help taking on the appearance of advancing years, but I can keep my mind and heart open to the enthusiasms of youth. Hence I spend what time I can with small children, hoping to benefit by their freshness and wonder at the commonplace things of the world — their regal independence of public or private opinion, their spirit of adventure, which makes life a thrill

instead of a matter of drawing the breath in and out for endless years. I must learn not to be annoyed at the crazy things adolescents do or shocked at the things they say. I can't afford to get tut-tutty if my old age security is to bring me the fun and interests for which I hope.

I am planning too for days when my social life may be bounded by four walls. Then is when I shall read, following a plan I have long had in mind. I want to take a volume of Emerson, or Lafcadio Hearn, or Conrad, and trace with them the fascinating travels of their fine minds. Any one of them refers to books he has enjoyed, and quotes favorite passages. These references, followed to the original source, would give me a variety and breadth of reading which could not be matched by any stereotyped list obtainable.

Such a wealth of mental and emotional adventuring lies before me — for my old age. It is for this reason that now, in my middle age, I read all I can to keep my mind flexible and eager. In my old age I shall carry out a plan — but it must be the continuation of habits and interests cultivated now.

Then there is the garden, which has been for so long an odd-time occupation, but for which I shall have leisure in my old age. In the past few months I have met an herbalist who has opened new mental vistas to me: stories of ancients who have grown and used herbs for everything from health to love charms

and the perfuming of family and bridal linens. Cherry pie with rose petals baked under the crust is only one of the fascinating recipes he had found in old cook books. An herb garden could lead me into all the mental interests I should need to the age of 90 and beyond. Cured herbs in endless variety could give me ample reason for calling on my neighbors bearing gifts. What is more pleasure than sharing with friends some product of your own labor? Yes, I shall have an herb garden.

And this will lead me on into another interest which is now a sort of part-time hobby. For I love to experiment creatively with strange foreign recipes and the old American ones which are the heritage of my native land. Herbs add subtle flavorings in endless variety to foods and romance to the mind. I enjoy getting other people to talk over their pet recipes — both men and women become inspired when the conversation is guided into the subject of cooking. They become unself-conscious and emerge as human beings. My favorite rule for Italian spaghetti came from a scissors grinder who knocks at my back door in the Ides of March. A treasured one for German coffee cake from a dowager who banishes the chef and bakes it for her millionaire husband. There is no social leveler like a kitchen stove.

Most of these pleasures I have set myself to enjoy may strike you

as selfish. In a sense they are, but I believe they can be bent to unselfish ends. I want my old age to be useful as well as content. I don't want security in a vacuum.

That is another reason why I keep up my story-telling to children. It was at one time my profession and my greatest joy. Nothing is quite so tonic to a feeling of usefulness as to hold a roomful of children spellbound and happy for an hour. They have no veneer of outward courtesy and attention such as one finds with an adult group. Children either like the story and the teller or they create bedlam with wiggings and catcalls. But when they do like what you have to offer, there is a concentration of attention, a heart-warming response, which puts me on emotional wings.

Week after week, in a slum section of Chicago, a reform school product of 18 carried his crippled little sister to my story hour. Snuggled close in my lap she would keep her eyes on my face to hear the Adventures of the White Cat; and her big brother, Tony, asked again and again for the re-telling of the Marriage of Arthur and Guinevere with its poetry of spring blossoms and pledged love and loyalty. I want to go on, in my leisured years, with this way of bringing beauty and imagination and release to the children who need them so much. My old age can never be dull and self-centered while my coming into a social settlement,

an institution, a hospital ward can mean happiness to limited lives.

What so many people seem to forget, in planning for their increasing years, is that wherever you go, whatever you do, you must take yourself with you. It is with this self that I am working and designing for my own old age security. I must take time now — steal it, use every possible minute for those occupations which do not pay dividends in cash. I want to be alive

while I'm living. I want to be good company for myself, when no other is available, and good company for other people when they are with me. I want to take everything out of the world that can be extracted in the way of happiness and stimulation and increasing mental activity. If I do that I am getting ready in the best possible way for my own old age security — the kind that comes from individual effort.

And So They Married — II —

Helen Hayes

Star of "Victoria Regina," in Ladies' Home Journal

MY HUSBAND, Charlie McArthur, will hate my repeating the story of how we met — he says it's been told so often on Broadway that when men pass him crackers, they say, "We wish they were emeralds, Charlie." This is the true story.

Shortly before Christmas, 1926, Marc Connelly suggested that I accompany him to a party at Neysa McMein's. I protested, but he told me I did not know too many people and it would do me good. Marc forgot me as soon as we were there, and I was awfully frightened. It happened to be one of those afternoons when George Gershwin and Irving Berlin were playing Neysa's two pianos; Alice Duer Miller and Nelson Doubleday were arguing. I felt like a real "hick."

A young man came and sat beside me.

My face must have mirrored my terror, for he did not try to talk.

Eventually, I made my first attempt at conversation. He was eating from a paper bag, and I asked him what he was eating.

"Peanuts. Want some?"

I nodded.

As he handed them to me, he said, "I wish they were emeralds."

I thought this the funniest remark I had ever heard; and when he said nothing more I felt more at home than I ever had with a stranger. My next venture at conversation was to say I must leave, and this dark young fellow, whose name I did not know, said he would take me home.

Private Lives

Turtle Hatchery

EVERY MAY, on many miles of shore along the Gulf of Mexico just south of Texas, turtles gather in such countless thousands to deposit their eggs that their 2- to 3-foot shells make a continuous clicking as they move about the beach. Mexican egg-hunters walk on their backs as on a moving floor. Finding a suitable place, each turtle digs a hole and deposits 60 or 70 eggs which it carefully covers with sand. Within three days, the turtles leave the beach as suddenly as they arrived.

Egg-hunters — not only men, but coyotes and vultures — start digging as soon as the first eggs are laid. The men remain only a little longer than the turtles, but beasts and birds stay through the 21 days required to hatch the eggs. Then occurs the greatest sight of all — the tiny turtles begin to pop out of the sand like great fleas and race for the water. The shore is alive with them, their shells so soft they are easy prey for the coyotes and vultures, but there are so many only a small portion are eaten.

Even when they reach the water they are not safe: offshore, in immense schools, fish are awaiting them. But the parent turtles have wisely chosen this beach, for close to the sands are honey-combed rocks, and in these reefs most of the baby turtles find safety until their shells harden.

— Lillian Leonard in *Globe*

No Trespass Song

A BIRD'S SONG is more than an expression of happiness or a method of courtship; primarily it establishes territorial rights. Among the majority of migratory birds, the males come north

in the spring earlier than the females, and do not sing for a few days. Then, when a male suddenly bursts into song, he proclaims to all birds within hearing that "this is my claim, and trespassers will be prosecuted." When, about ten days later, the female arrives, she claims the male, along with his established territory. Some birds, such as the robin, have their nests half built by the time the females arrive.

Throughout egg incubation, the male sings strongly; but when the young birds are hatched he must leave his singing perch at times to help gather food. His song grows less as the time approaches for the fledglings to leave the nest, and when the family goes on its travels there is little need for song, except in the evening to establish a claim for territory where they roost overnight. By autumn, the young birds are independent, and the glad songs of spring and summer are heard no more. The need is ended.

— Kerry Wood

Interpretive Dancing

SEVERAL YEARS AGO Prof. K. von Frisch of the University of Munich set out to find out why, as soon as one bee had found a feeding place, hundreds mysteriously appeared within a short time, all from the same hive. He constructed observation hives with glass windows; bees were painted in five colors and numbered by code so they could be readily distinguished in flight.

The first bee to discover honey returned to the hive and delivered its load; then it began to dance. For one full minute it twisted to right and left, then repeated its dance with equal vigor on another spot. The other bees tripped behind the dancer, closely fol-

lowing its every twist and turn. The dance was accompanied by a scent signal from a special gland in the abdomen.

When the dance ended the bees turned one by one and left the hive. From the bee scout they had learned not only where to go, but what species of flower to expect. In a few minutes all found the spot, not by following the dancer, but independently.

— *Literary Digest*

Air Liner

MIGRATING hummingbirds, say ornithologists, often stow away on southbound Canada geese, nestling in the soft, warm feathers of the great bird. Hunters who have shot these geese frequently see the small creatures dart away from their crashing air liner; occasionally the hummingbird also has been shot.

— *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Fragile Traveler

MOST PEOPLE think of butterflies as delicate, short-lived creatures, fluttering around a limited area; the truth is that at least 290 varieties, many of them common, live for months and migrate thousands of miles.

When the Monarch butterflies, abundant in the United States, migrate southward in the autumn in enormous flocks, some of them are carried out to sea and, apparently assisted by prevailing winds, a few reach England. Another remarkable flyer, the little yellow *Terias Lisa*, has several times appeared in great numbers in Bermuda, having flown from North America, whose nearest point is more than 600 miles away.

The Painted Lady is often seen flying in clouds along the North African

coast. Crossing the Mediterranean, it arrives in England in June after flying over Europe; some occasionally go as far north as Iceland. In California, a flight of the Painted Lady was observed in 1924 that was at least 40 miles wide, and which took three days to pass, traveling at a speed of about six miles an hour. The scientist who recorded the flight estimated a total of around *three thousand million* butterflies.

— C. B. Williams, Sc.D., Chief Entomologist, Rothamsted Experimental Station, England

BUTTERFLIES are fighters, too. Many males assume possession of a certain area which they defend against all comers. Here they perch, day after day, on a favorite leaf or tree trunk from which they sally forth to patrol their territory. If another appears, a short but lively fight takes place. The intruder vanquished, patrolling is resumed. Not infrequently, the butterfly will dash at warblers or other small birds incautious enough to trespass.

— Austin H. Clark in *The American Scholar*

The Swallows Keep a Date

FOR 160 years, migrating swallows have arrived at the Mission of San Juan Capistrano, on the California coast, on March 19th, and have flown south again on October 23rd. On March 18, an advance guard of several hundred wings in from the ocean, circles the Mission and flies back to sea. The Mission brothers, meanwhile, are digging and watering a big mudhole from which the birds will draw material to repair their nests. Next dawn, a lowering cloud appears on the horizon, grows bigger and bigger until it almost blots out the sunlight; the air is loud with the beat of thousands of narrow wings. Suddenly, while the rest fly on to the

canyons beyond, a great segment of the swallow cloud breaks off, swoops down on the Mission, and there begins Capistrano's annual battle of birds as the swallows fight and drive off interloping swifts and sparrows from last year's nests.

Legend says the swallows first built their mud nests under the eaves of an

inn in San Juan, and that when the innkeeper destroyed their nests and drove them away they found a welcome at the Mission and have never forgotten. In recent years crowds have gathered to witness the coming of the swallows, and NBC has broadcast the whirr of their wings.

— *Time and Sunset Magazine*



I Cannot Swim!

Frances Lester Warren in "Endicott and I"

CONSULTATIONS have been held over me. Experts have been called in. But people will not grasp the fact that I am one of those women who constitutionally cannot learn to swim. To any critic who says that I have not been trained by the proper method, I reply: I have been trained by all methods. There is no device under heaven that has not been tried upon me. But I cannot begin to swim.

When I know that a swimming lesson is in store I cower behind the bathhouse door until further delay would mean a search party. Then I try to advance to my fate with assurance. Evading my son's outstretched, clammy arms, I throw myself hysterically into the sea.

I shall not attempt to describe all that happens next. I cannot answer for the subtleties of teaching a non-teachable, non-aquatic animal to swim.

I try to follow orders. But I cannot help sinking. I sink with the firmness of a submarine submerging; I sink unanimately, not head first, not feet first, but horizontally and as a whole.

Then I am fished up and arranged carefully once more upon the waves and bidden yet another time to strike out. Strike out! Oh attitudes most orthodox and frog-like. I have learned to strike them all. Not, however, upon the surface.

Drugged by sea water, I struggle on, only mind enough left to wonder what great faith supports this excellent son of mine that he should spend an hour alternately launching me and dredging for me with morose persistence.

Just as the last glimmer of intelligence is about to be drowned out, my respite comes. My daughter, surging by, calls: "Make her go in. She ought not to overdo when she is just learning." Make her go in! With an ironic cackle I laugh terribly between chattering teeth and wade out.

Many people have condemned as artificial George Meredith's figure of speech describing walking across the garden as "Swimming across the grassy lawn." I support Meredith — if one must swim the best place is, in my opinion, on the lawn. (*Houghton Mifflin*)

You'll Never Get Rich

Condensed from *Fortune*

As an Officer and Gentleman, U. S. N., your story might well run like this, which Fortune puts together from a selection of case histories:

BACK HOME, when you first won your appointment to the Naval Academy, you were the most important kid in town. But you found little glamour in your first two years at Annapolis, and the curriculum was tougher than anything you had ever tackled — 19 hours a week of engineering and mathematics and language and history (flunk one and you're out). It was hard to get up at 6:20 every morning and be run ragged until evening, with no liberty except Saturday afternoons, when you were allowed spending money at the rate of \$2 a month.

But the summer cruises were exciting, and when the gold stripes and privileges of upper-class life arrived, you began to feel like somebody after all. You played football, got to be a midshipman ensign, and showed aptitude for gunnery. And learned good manners, and visited your roommate in Philadelphia, and had your first taste of the social pampering in store for personable young Navy men. You got used to being called "Mister," which would be your Navy title until you

reached commander rank; and listened to so many lectures admonishing you *not* to consider yourself superior to the civilian that you actually felt you *were* a cut above, but that it would be improper to show you thought so.

You graduated 93rd in a class of 420. That number — 93 — established forever your place in the Navy hierarchy. It meant that the 92 classmates ahead of you were to be your seniors in rank (although all of you graduated as ensigns), and all those behind were your juniors. It determined your turn for promotion and settled the question of who should be the responsible officer in a group; who should sit nearer the head of table at mess; who should enter a small boat first; (*i.e.*, the junior); who should call first on whom at a new station; and who should mutter politely "By your leave, Sir," on overtaking the other along a walk on stairway.

By graduation time the academy had saved enough for you out of your midshipman's \$65 monthly salary (for clothing, books, supplies, etc.) so that you were only \$250 shy of the \$700 you needed for an officer's outfit — uniforms, epaulets, sword, cocked hat, etc.

Your commission as an ensign,

U. S. N., was revocable any time during the first two years; and one way to lose it was to get married before the period was up. But that rule didn't bother you much. You knew you couldn't support a wife on your salary of \$1700 — out of which you had to pay for food aboard ship and buy your uniforms as well as civilian clothes. It also prevented unfortunate matings: "wrong" wives — troublesome, wanton, socially minus, or just plain dumb — that ruined officers' careers. Another reason for the two-year bachelor rule was that a new officer had to spend his first five years at sea.

Your first job was No. 3 officer in No. 1 turret on a battleship, and you didn't have much chance to shine. But you kept your part of the ship spotless and won over the wise old petty officers by asking questions instead of trying to bluff.

Shipboard life turned out to be surprisingly expensive. Your mess-room bills took nearly \$50 out of your \$140 per month. Much of the rest went for entertaining, as you often had civilian guests aboard to return their hospitality, and gave formal dinner parties about once a week in port. (No liquor.) Moreover, you were taken up by well-to-do persons whom you probably never would have met as a \$1700-a-year civilian, and whose attentions called for occasional orchids, theater tickets, supper-club checks — effectively keeping you broke.

When after three years you were transferred to a destroyer you found the life crude compared to that on the battleship; you got seasick right off, but discovered that was no disgrace on a destroyer, which behaves so madly in heavy seas that for days it may be impossible to set a mess table. You saw a lot of your commander and got to be fire-control officer, and altogether had a fairly exciting two years. Then came your shore duty in the Post-graduate School, Annapolis.

Before going back to sea as lieutenant aboard a cruiser, you married a Philadelphia girl. You hadn't saved any money, but your married pay was over \$4000; and your ship was based at San Pedro, one of the least expensive stations. You had just about finished your punctilious exchange of calls with the rest of the Service colony when you had to go out with the battle fleet on maneuvers for two months, and thereafter you were often at sea for gunnery drills.

Each morning your wife drove you to Navy Landing to catch the 7:40 boat. In the afternoon she had a few Navy wives for bridge, greeting them with the classic welcome: "Good to have you aboard." Afterward, like any suburban wife, she drove to Navy Landing to fetch you home. At night you tended to some household job or, more likely, studied, occasionally pouring from the pot of coffee perpetually ready in the average Navy house. Your

wife liked you best in uniform but you always wore civilian clothes ashore so you could cut loose, if you felt like it, without being conspicuous.

Two more years of that routine (your baby was born while you were at sea) and it was time for shore duty in Washington. "Good experience," your commander friend advised you. "Looks good on your record. Never hurts to be where the brass hats can see you." You landed a desk job in the Ordnance Bureau. The expense was worse than you had expected. You couldn't rent a place for less than \$125, and you had to buy a lot of household equipment. By the time you were settled you were out \$300 for the move, and that was tough because you were still paying the obstetrician in California. (Navy medical care for your family extends only to dispensary service.) You had to buy a summer and winter wardrobe, not only for your family but for yourself, as you would never wear your uniform in Washington except at White House receptions and the like.

But the worst feature was the social obligation of keeping up with other officers, so many of whom had outside income or moneyed wives. You were thrifty at the Army and Navy Country Club; and you managed on 30-cent lunches in the Navy Building cafeteria, along with everyone else from Admirals to stenographers. But your \$80 a

week barely saw you through, and at the end of two years you and your wife were more than ready to go back to San Pedro.

You certainly weren't making any money in the Navy. There were, however, compensations. You worked side by side with men you had lived with at the Academy, who were mostly as poor as you. You kept in good physical trim and looked several years younger than civilians of your age. You were a step removed from the hard realities of civilian life, and you had the masculine satisfaction of life at sea. You loved the Service and were sure of holding your job if you did it well and kept your health.

Then something happened — something called "selection promotion," which meant that you didn't know if you'd be in the Navy seven years thence. It had been started in 1916, and applied at that time only to grades above lieutenant commander. Certain officers — presumably the fittest — were picked each year to fill vacancies in the next higher grade, while those passed over by the Selection Board were obliged to retire at a given time. You had heard of first-rate officers walking the plank simply because the Board didn't consider them "best," and there were dark hints of politics and favoritism. But it had all seemed remote until, one day in 1934, orders came that henceforth selection would apply to *all* officers

above ensign. This was to relieve the stagnation in promotion caused by some 800 officers inducted during the war, all senior to you. It meant that of the 250 remaining members of your class, who had counted on a lifetime in the Service, about 100 were to be ushered out.

You were staff gunnery officer in a destroyer squadron at the time, a job that called for all your energies and tact. But you kept thinking about selection and wondering whether your fitness reports showed you as "determined, resolute" or merely "fairly steady"; as "strong, dynamic" or that damningly faint "effectual under normal and routine circumstances." Mostly you stewed over the answer your former commanders had filed to the crucial question: "Considering the possible requirements in war, indicate your attitude toward having this officer under your command: (1) Particularly desire to have him? (2) Be pleased . . .? (3) Be satisfied . . .? (4) Prefer not to . . .?" You wondered how in God's name you would support your family if you were passed over and had to get out at the age of 43 with \$2047 retirement pay.

All through March, when the Board was sitting, the wardrooms were jittery. Then the "Selected Up" list came by radio from Washington, and your name was on it. You felt pretty badly about the men who were passed over, par-

ticularly that fellow with the invalid wife.

And there you are today, with a salary of about \$5600, stationed at Manila, where Navy life is extremely interesting — and cheaper. Nearing the halfway mark toward your maximum retirement age (64), you pause to take stock of your career. You must face selection three more times before you can be an Admiral, and you know the odds against you will go progressively higher. Reluctantly you note that your seafaring days are about two-thirds over.

For your next shore station you choose the Naval Gun Factory at Washington and follow it with the one-year course for commanders in the Naval War College. As practical prerequisite to any future command of a big ship, you go as executive officer on a battleship, in which job you run the whole internal works, while the captain keeps his mind on fleet problems and Washington. Three more years at the Bureau of Ordnance, working on gun design and armaments — and you are ready for your big command — a battleship or heavy cruiser — and the single sea-tour allowed you as a captain. But you want very much to be an Admiral, so you wisely put in three more years at the War College; and there's one chance in four that you'll make the grade. From that point on, there's not much use in planning, because you'll have little to say about things. You might become

commander of battleships, Battle Force, which rates the three stars of a Vice-Admiral. For a while you will be a distinguished personage, and the newsreels will film you on your flagship. After that you will revert to Rear Admiral (salary about

\$9700), and probably serve your last two years on the General Board as an Elder Statesman of the Navy. And then, at the age of 64, you must retire, to live comfortably on \$6000 a year in that little home you bought in California.



Footnote to History — VII —

First to Steam the Atlantic

Excerpt from The Manchester Guardian Weekly

EARLY in 1838, the people of the Old and New Worlds were much pre-occupied with the coming transatlantic race between the rival steamships Great Western and British Queen, then nearing completion in England. Several vessels had previously made partial use of steam during long ocean passages, but scientists had ridiculed the idea that steam could ever be the main source of power for long voyages.

It was fated that neither of the prospective contenders should be first across the Atlantic under continuous steam power. The Great Western was almost ready to sail; but the British Queen's engines failed, and the company building her, determined to beat the Great Western, chartered the Sirius, a small coasting paddle-steamer. She was a pigmy compared with her rival: 412 tons net. Her crew numbered 38, her passengers 40; all of them would not have filled one of the Queen Mary's lifeboats.

On April 4, the Sirius steamed from Passage West, seven miles below Cork, with thousands lining the river banks to

cheer her on her way. Her voyage of 2897 nautical miles across the Atlantic is an epic of courage, determination and tenacity on the part of her captain, Lieutenant Richard Roberts, R.N. During her passage of 18 days she had 11 days of gales and head winds, and a shortage of coal developed. Much rosin — part of her cargo — had to be burned, and her commander feared he would have to burn the saloon furniture and part of her masts. More than once the crew were on the verge of mutiny, and many times her passengers implored him to turn back.

But at 10 p.m., April 22, the Sirius arrived at New York, 11 hours before the Great Western, whose captain attended the official banquet given Lieutenant Roberts by the Mayor.

As the N. Y. *Herald* put it: "The excitement of Monday was further increased by the arrival of the Great Western. The Sirius, however, is the pioneer and to her the glory is due." Her voyage will keep her name honored as long as steamships cross the Western Ocean.

— Alexander Bone

Mood Men

Condensed from The New Yorker

E. B. White

THERE WAS this about the old silent movies: they took you places, and there was always a piano player or an organist down front to keep your mood in proper trim for the film. When Anita Stewart went into an early-twentieth-century love sequence, or "mushy business" as it was called in my circles, the pianist was ready for her. He may have been busy with a waltz in E-flat, but with the stealthy arrival of Love on the screen he slipped quietly into D-natural and worked his way into Dvořák's "The Old Mother," wooing us till the tiny goose pimples disturbed our flesh and we almost swooned with beauty and tender desire.

Playing for the silent pictures was a special art. The hours were grueling. Many a small-town pianist, for \$30 a week, created moods continuously from 1:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. For supper, he ate a sandwich during a Monotony sequence, when he could play with one hand. If he began to coast after six or seven hours of playing, he would hear loud cries of "Music!" or (if it was a college town) "Better music!" In mining districts of the West he sat with his back to a wooden shield, to break the force of whatever was thrown at him by dissatisfied mood-seekers.

The thing that really got me thinking about these matters, however, was the chance discovery of an album of music called *Motion Picture Moods*, a collection of parlor classics and popular airs arranged and indexed by Erno Rapee, one-time mood-handler and emotional whipper-in for the Capitol Theater.

When a film was sent out to a movie theater, a printed cue sheet for the piano player was sent along with it. This cue sheet gave a sketchy outline of the film, together with appropriate musical themes. The special contribution which Mr. Rapee made, at the late date of 1924, was that he brought 52 moods into one volume and provided a complete index on every page.

Let's say a film mother was rocking her film child to sleep. The piano player, in this familiar situation, was on page 231 of *Motion Picture Moods*, gliding sleepily along through A. Iljinsky's lullaby in G-flat major. Suddenly the house in which mother and child were reposing catches fire. The piano player looks up and sees smoke belching across the screen. Using Mr. Rapee's book, he merely glances over to the margin of the page in front of him and there, among the *F*'s, finds "Fire fighting P. 151." A flip of the page and he is

right in step with the holocaust.

Of course, Mr. Rapee was aware that even in the America of that day there was a certain unavoidable overlapping of moods. In his foreword he wrote, "The eleven pieces included under the caption 'Parties' will be found suitable also for the portrayal of social gatherings in gardens." It was a nice break for a pianist, who sat so close to the screen he could hardly tell from the blurred images whether the party was being held indoors or out.

For the most part, the era was ideal for compressing moods into capsule form. China and Japan, for instance, were one. Every pianist knew, with his eyes closed, what to do about either country: you played the "Chinese Lullaby" from "East Is West" (plaintively): "Sing song, sing song, so Hop Toy — al-lee same like Chi-na boy." When you played that you discharged your obligation to the management, the audience, the mysterious East, and Robert Hood Bowers.

Edvard Grieg was the movie pianist's best pal and surest bet. Grieg, although a Norwegian, hit a dozen or more American moods and situations right on the button. He was the best pastoral man of the bunch (his "Morgenstimmung" in E-natural, with a bird call in the fourth bar if there was a traps artist on the job, was a sure-fire mood-evoker for glens, glades, soft-focus woodland trysts, prairie dawns, and willow-tree love). Mendelssohn contrib-

uted his bit to Chatter, Funeral, Impatience, National ("Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" and "Venetian Boat Song"), Parties, Passion, Quietude, and Wedding. A piece called "The Mill," by A. Jensen, in two-four time with a steady thrumming bass, was a favorite number whenever a railroad train butted in. Grieg and Chopin divided the honors evenly for Monotony.

And so it went. A number of good composers had long been busy writing descriptive music specially for the movies, and all pianists of the period knew Otto Langey's "Hurry No. 2," his "Furioso No. 3;" Adolf Minot's "Misterioso No. 2" (for dark scenes, burglaries, shadowing, tracking a fugitive or victim); and Gaston Borch's "Misterioso Infernale" (for uncanny situations). These are still heard today in newsreels when an oil well burns, and in animated films when a mock villain enters.

The Film Library Corporation of the Museum of Modern Art has been digging up relics of the golden age of misterioso and hurry number two. They have a music file full of old cue sheets, albums, and special scores. There, if one maintains a proper reverential mien, one may examine the original score of *The Birth of a Nation* containing the famous love theme which even now solemnizes America's vespers on the Amos and Andy hour.

The typical cue sheet of those days was a small leaflet with maybe

10 or 12 suggested musical themes — numbered, timed, and cued by means of a subtitle or a brief tip as to changes in action. For instance, a pianist sitting down to steer the audience emotionally through *The Code of the Sea* with Rod La-Rocque and Jacqueline Logan, would learn from his cue sheet that the first 2½ minutes would be uneventful, and that a sailor would then fall overboard, entitling the audience to 1½ minutes of *furioso*. Then along would come a title, "The Lightship Relief," at which point it would be fitting to swing into "The Perfect Melody." This sort of guidance was a big help to a mood man.

The first showing of a picture was the hardest; the accompanist would play guardedly in the afternoon and try to get the drift of the story, and then would let go with some of his purple effects during the evening. Every player had a bag of standard tricks. If a screen lady was indulging in a bit of sly amour with a screen gentleman who was already married, a pianist who was right on the job would play "Sweetheart, if you talk in your sleep (boom, boom), don't mention my name." A drunken man was a signal for "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." Mood-shuffling wasn't so bad, once you got the hang of it.

The organ was early recognized as the premier emotion-jerker among instruments, because of the way it could imitate everything from a

wedding bell to a bantam rooster. Organs were expensive, though, and many a picture house got along fine for years with piano and traps, and would be going strong today if Science had just relaxed. The traps man, when there was one, usually was able to play the piano, too, and would fill in for the pianist during the latter's recreational moments out back, sliding over onto the bench in the darkness and picking up the thread so smoothly that the audience didn't realize a fresh horse was going in.

I remember, with a tingling pleasure, afternoons when the pianist in my picture house arrived a few minutes late — the first tranquil unaccompanied moments of the film, with only the clicking noise from the projection room and the stirrings of the people adjusting themselves to the hard seats, then the guilty form slinking darkly down the aisle, a roll of music under his arm, and the light on the music rack winking on, and the sudden grinding of the mood gears as we all lunged ahead into the "Scarf Dance" from a standstill.

The modern talkie has a whole new set of moods (or neuroses); and of course, the talkie has eliminated the time lag which used to occur during change of mood. It used to be rather comforting when a lag-gard piano player kept playing a *Religioso* for the first few seconds of an *Orgies*. It helped you keep hold of yourself.

¶ The implacable debaters take the stump on the social implications of birth control

Pro *and* } *Is Birth Control a National Menace?* *Con*

American birth control clinics increased last year by over 25 percent. Legal restrictions on the dissemination of contraceptive information have notably relaxed. A Ladies' Home Journal survey of opinion recently found that 79 percent of American women endorse birth control.

Plainly, birth control is becoming an important factor in American social history. Since the fate of a nation's posterity is the fate of the nation itself, Mr. Pro and Mr. Con thresh out for you the salient issues of the question:

"Is birth control a national menace?"

Neither wishes to argue religious issues, so the discussion is limited to secular matters. In condemnation of birth control, Mr. Pro says:

ADVOCATES of family limitation, seeking more civilized relations between the sexes and the prevention of individual misery, have lost sight of the appalling cost of birth control to society.

"There are three reasons why the practice of birth control constitutes a grave national menace.

"The first is that birth control is rapidly breeding the brains out of the American people. Contraceptives are used most widely on the higher income and intelligence levels, and hardly at all on the lowest levels. So, while the most backward classes are having 77 percent more children than necessary to reproduce themselves, the groups that

could be supplying us with our brightest citizens are 17 percent below reproduction level. We are raising more and more low-quality citizens, fewer and fewer high-quality ones. This 'breeding from the bottom' means more juvenile delinquency, more crime, more public charges and unemployables, fewer real leaders.

"The second reason is no less damning: Thanks largely to birth control, our civilization faces an appalling economic burden of old people in the population. In 1850 only one American in 11 was over 50 — the age when dependency becomes likely. But with modern medicine enabling people to live longer, and birth control cutting off the

supply of youngsters at the other end, the proportion of those over 50 has already almost doubled. If our reproduction rate continues to drop — and birth control is hoping to spread farther and grow more efficient every year — by 1980 *two out of five* of our citizens will be over 50.

“The Townsend movement has given a foretaste of what that will mean in social turmoil. To support the 40 percent of Americans over 50 there will be only 40 percent between 20 and 50, the period of important economic output. Although some of those over 50 will be able to support themselves, others of ‘productive age’ will be unable to. So, on the average, every person economically fit will have to produce a complete livelihood for one elderly person, in addition to all other obligations.

“And the circle will grow steadily more vicious. Because this increased burden will make it harder to support children, fewer children will be born. Succeeding generations will have an even smaller proportion of producers to take care of an even larger proportion of oldsters. No social order can hope to survive such a strain.

“If, on the other hand, the decrease in the number of younger workers leaves more jobs by which elderly people can support themselves, the nation will suffer in another way. For industry and government when largely in the hands

of cautious and backward-looking oldsters cannot flourish and progress as they would through the energy, initiative and eager vision of youth.

“There is a third reason why the menace of birth control is grave and immediate: By stopping population growth it has blasted the very foundation of our economic system. Lots of children are necessary to our economy, as consumers from the moment they are born and as producers when they grow up. Alter that set-up and you guarantee a chronic stagnation of business.

“Until recently we have thought that, since national birth rates were consistently higher than death rates, population growth was assured. But new statistical approaches, by such experts as Dr. Louis I. Dublin and the brilliant Polish statistician, Kuscynzki, show this assumption to be fallacious. Our ability to reproduce ourselves in the future depends upon how many women are having girl-children who will grow up to be mothers. On this basis, birth control has already sunk us below the point that will give even a stationary population. The predominance of births over deaths will disappear when the effect of the small families of this generation becomes felt in a scarcity of mothers for the next.

“We shall then be confronted with the plague economists most dread — declining numbers. When

population is not expanding, real estate stagnates, new factories and mines and powerhouses are not needed. When fewer children are born, demand is slack for the farmer's milk and cereals, textiles lag as fewer clothes are outgrown; fewer teachers; less young enterprise to demand progress — from a million angles, it means a fundamental crisis. That crisis, indeed, may already be here. Kuscynzki says: 'Many experts believe the present unemployment to be due to the artificial restriction of the number of consumers.'

"Truly, society would have been far better off if birth control had never been thought of. If the movement stops where it is, it makes certain that the United States goes on breeding from the bottom. If it spreads wider and deeper, it intensifies the risks of social paralysis.

"Modern parents naturally want a higher individual standard of living. So, as a famous gynecologist said, they 'prefer a new car to a new baby.' As individuals, they are well within their rights. The trouble is that, in this case, individuals' best interests are directly opposed to those of society as a whole.

"The dismal results are already apparent. Nations which have tried to take the birth control curse off their futures have arrived exactly nowhere. Mussolini, pulling out all the stops of coercion, persuasion, social and financial inducements which are available to a

dictator, has failed to keep Italy's net reproduction rate from slipping ever nearer the danger point. Democracies, having strong traditions of individual choice in such matters, stand even less chance. Indeed, the question we are debating is far too timidly phrased. Birth control is more than a 'menace.' If it continues as it has started, it is our doom."

Mr. Con, refusing to admit that birth control is a national menace, says:

"LET'S GET one thing straight before we go any farther: Birth control is not a *cause* of social disorder, but a *result* of it. Control of births is not new, but has always been practiced, usually in the form of so-called 'natural' limitation of fertility. Modern birth control is merely a more humane and effective means to an end that would have been reached anyway — by the brutal path of wholesale abortion, denial of normal sex gratification, refusal to marry, or a shocking rate of infant mortality due to malnutrition and lack of hygiene.

"History has repeatedly proved that population trends are a direct function of economic trends. When children are economic assets — as they still are in industrial communities that allow child labor — parents have large families. For example, prior to 1800 the population of England was practically stationary

in a balanced economic system. Came the industrial revolution, with new fields for economic expansion, unlimited child labor, means for supporting vastly increased numbers — and England's population tripled in three generations. Rural birth rates are higher than urban birth rates practically everywhere in the world — because farm children have traditionally earned their keep.

“Conversely, when children do not contribute to their own support until close to the age of setting up for themselves, as in modern urban-industrial life, parents can afford few of them — and they *have* few of them. The proportion of children under five years to women of childbearing age had already started to drop in our New England industrial states half a century before modern birth control got going.

“So the population figures which have so alarmed Mr. Pro cannot by any distortion of reasoning be blamed entirely on modern birth control. That would be like blaming the rain for washing the topsoil off a stupidly plowed field. The villain in the piece is not the practice developed in response to individual misery, but the social situation that caused the misery.

“I do not share Mr. Pro's panic at the thought of a stationary population anyway. Born in a period that associated material progress with a startling rise in population,

we are prejudiced in favor of skyrocketing numbers. But we forget — or never knew clearly — that before 1800 the world's population was practically stationary for economic purposes. Future students may see a dangerous freak in that additional bump made by the 19th century on the world's population curve — and comment on how lucky it was that birth control showed civilization how to absorb it.

“Indeed, a rapidly rising population may be specifically the last thing the United States needs. The frontier is gone. We no longer have a huge area to fill with productive citizens. Our problems mostly concern what to do with people living on exhausted lands and in dead communities. To pile up population pressures under those circumstances would be like trying to cure indigestion by forcible feeding.

“As for the menace of ‘breeding from the bottom,’ the near future will see all classes of Americans equally able to limit offspring intelligently through birth control. In certain foreign cities — Stockholm and Bremen, for instance — the well-to-do have had more children than the poorer classes.

“Given the chance, Americans are doing as well. According to recent surveys for 1934 in New York City, it was the well-to-do and those in comfortable circumstances, rather than the poor, who increased their fertility. Other studies in New York, rural Louisiana and the North

Carolina mountains — three totally different economic environments — show that families on relief tend to reduce their birth rates if birth control information is available. That proves that Mr. Pro's fear of 'breeding from the bottom' is the best argument against his own case. People who cannot afford children overbreed only because they don't know how not to.

"In other words, present disparities in the use of contraceptives among economic classes are not birth control's fault. That crime lies at the door of the repressive laws and propaganda that have so long kept birth control from those who needed it most.

"By emancipating millions from the tragedy of unwanted children, coming too frequently for the mother's health and hence their own, birth control is already giving America better citizens. Future generations will be healthier, both mentally and physically. On low economic levels, too large families mean the malnutrition, maladjustments and cramped quarters that make juveniledelinquents. Even on higher economic levels, an unwanted child reared in the distorting shadow of resentful parents may grow up a psychological cripple.

"Ignorance of birth control is responsible for most illegitimate births, for abortions that annually kill or maim thousands of unwilling mothers, and for the countless life-tragedies that result when reluc-

tance to have children prevents marriage — or, after marriage, thwarts emotional satisfactions."

"Believing that national well-being is the sum of the individual well-being of its citizens, the birth control advocate sees all this as the best possible reason for extending knowledge of birth control to all Americans. What this nation needs is the kind of social courage that is making Sweden wipe out the last vestiges of anti-contraceptive laws.

"Sweden is going places with a huge propaganda program to get the upper classes to reproduce at a healthy rate. America needs similar reorientation of attitudes toward parenthood. So the birth control movement, secure in public approval, is now soft-pedaling the *prevention* of offspring and emphasizing instead healthy *spacing* of offspring. Advanced American birth control clinics are finding that, whenever clients' incomes make more children feasible, they respond to this new teaching.

"Hitler and Mussolini may be having well-deserved difficulties trying to breed little Fascists for cannon fodder. Democracies, needing children for the purposes of peace, stand a far better chance of getting results from social encouragement of child production.

"It all sums up this way: You can't repeal birth control. Its prevalence, regardless of opposition, is pitiful testimony to how badly the human race needed it."

¶ The real victims of street begging
are the beggars —

When You Give, It Hurts

Condensed from The Forum

James Finan

ONE RECENT afternoon in Union Square, New York, a stump-legged beggar snared in his tin cup exactly 38 coins in 10 minutes. Better than \$5 an hour! And the streets of midtown Manhattan or the Chicago Loop district are glutted after nightfall with "touch-artists" all whining, "Buddy, can you spare a dime for a cuppa coffee?" Panhandling has become a minor social menace and a source of increasing concern to the police and public of most large American cities.

No sympathetic human being wants to let an unfortunate fellow-man go hungry. But the charitable impulse that leads us to drop a dime into the beggar's hand merely serves to increase the number of forlorn derelicts, without really answering their mumbled plea for help.

For when you give, it hurts — hurts the recipient, society, organized charity and, in a subtle manner, yourself. This is the opinion of social workers and police officials in New York, St. Louis and Boston whose investigations total 30,000 cases.

In every American community an established organization stands ready to feed, clothe and house all who apply, whether sick or able-bodied, without any red tape. When you are approached by a panhandler you may know that the man has ignored these means of relief and that you are being asked to support a chronic parasite.

Experts divide these parasites into two classes: panhandler and professional beggar. The panhandler is a homeless vagrant; his stock-in-trade is his hard-luck story. He needs only enough for "flop, horse-meat and jerrocky" (the latter a cruelly denatured alcohol). You can identify him by watching him work for 10 minutes. As he repeatedly approaches his victims, his manner and story are always the same. After a dollar is garnered he knocks off for the day and retreats to his miserable "scratch house" where it costs him a quarter to sleep, 10 cents for breakfast, 20 for dinner and 45 for a pint of jerrocky.

The professional beggar, on the other hand, often makes a comfortable living. Whether he fakes or exaggerates some physical impair-

ment, or goes through the pretense of offering wares, he is essentially a business man on the streets for profit. He maintains a residence in the city and generally supports a wife and family in middle-class comfort. The professional beggar's "take," in authenticated cases, reaches \$50 a day. A 22-year-old beggar was found to own a home in Riverside, Rhode Island, and a \$6800 bank balance. He claimed that the income from begging in the Eastern seaboard cities had dropped, during the recession, from \$65 to \$12 or even \$10 per day. A street beggar in a New Jersey resort town had \$5250 sewn in his unkempt clothes. A man arrested in New York had bankbooks recording deposits of \$6179. Another had \$32,917 salted away. One made \$56 in a day; another collected \$745 in a week. One legless man admitted that he supported himself, three other persons "and three police dogs" — averaging \$25 to \$30 every day he worked.

Fifty thousand dollars a day is the estimated haul by beggars in New York City alone. Most of this is picked up by individuals operating on their own. But there are signs of syndicated management. A man in the Bronx, arrested recently, turned out to be a pan-handling overlord. Each morning he delivered his beggars to "work" in his car. He called for them at night and collected their money; then he lodged and fed them, and

plied them with cheap liquor to keep up their morale. Under this treatment they slept contentedly until it was time to be deposited on the streets next day.

The beggar's wretched plea to the passer-by is not, as it affects to be, the desperate cry of a worthy fellow in the depths of a temporary crisis. He knows that organized charity stands ready to help, but as one of the whiners explained to me, "It's easier to beg a dollar, and besides there ain't no strings attached to it."

Essentially the beggar is a personality problem, calling for curative rather than repressive measures. He tries to escape the economic struggle by surrendering every responsibility to which the normal man clings. Magistrates find it hopeless to send these men to jail for short terms, only to have them haled into court a few weeks later on the same charge. Many policemen will not arrest mendicants who are turned out of court as fast as they are rounded up.

New York and St. Louis have attempted to deal more intelligently with the problem. While funds for the project lasted, a bureau of trained social workers was set up in each court to check the fingerprints of each arrested beggar for previous convictions, to examine his case history, and to encourage him to explain his plight and what he thought was his way out of it. In three months in 1935, 1663 beggars in

New York were so treated. The sick, insane, drug-addicted and alcoholic were hospitalized. Each case was routed through its appropriate channel to relief, work project or private job. With a complete summary of the case before him, the magistrate was better able to deal with the individual offense.

In other countries, when the vagrant is arrested he is sent to a farm colony, where he works for pay at farming or a trade until he develops the work habit, a health habit and self-respect. He is then returned to the community, a useful citizen. The 430 inmates of the celebrated Swiss colony at Witzwil, in the Canton Berne, pay \$40,000 annually into the Canton Treasury by raising farm and dairy produce and manufacturing noncompetitive products which they furnish to state institutions.

In New York State it costs \$1.08 per day to keep a vagrant in jail, and 50 percent of all the time spent in county jails is chargeable to the panhandler. To this must be added the costs of arrest, transportation, hospitalization and court. Each derelict spends an average of six years in prison, and costs the community some \$3000 before he arrives at the potter's field.

What is the answer to this annoying, costly and as yet unsolved problem? The unanimous opinion of those qualified to know is *camps*! In 1931 farsighted welfare experts, with a small grant of federal money,

settled 200 volunteers from the Municipal Lodging House on a forest preserve near Blauvelt, New York. These derelicts were given \$6 per week for clearing timber — out of which they were assessed for their food, shelter and clothing. At the official rate of 50 cents an hour their six-day week required only two hours' work a day and, nobody was urged to work more.

But curiously, instead of loafing as they did at the municipal shelters, everybody worked all day. Many found homes again. Drunkenness was taken in hand by the men themselves. Hardened alcoholics gradually fought their way back to health. They polished their boots and washed their shirts.

When Blauvelt failed through lack of funds, Camp LaGuardia, at Greycourt, was set up. It flourishes still, but unfortunately it accommodates only a few. At the moment, however, a bill is pending in the New York State Legislature to establish the first permanent rehabilitation camp of this kind in the United States — at a cost per derelict of less than 50 cents a day!

It has been demonstrated that many panhandlers and professional beggars are willing to take the hard road back to respectability, if given the chance. You can give them the chance and at the same time discharge your obligation to society if you direct your coins to organized charity rather than "charitably" give to beggars on the street.

Italy's Over-Estimated Power

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

George Fielding Eliot

Formerly Major, Military Intelligence Reserve, U.S.A.
Co-author of "If War Comes"

THE THESIS that militant Fascism, as embodied in the Rome-Berlin axis, is about to overwhelm the "decadent" democracies is well on its way to becoming accepted as fact. The fundamental idea upon which it rests is the oft-proclaimed military might of Italy. Is this military strength a delusion?

The military might of any nation rests upon its industries, since the demand for munitions, in modern war, is insatiable. If industry is to function, it must be fed by a continual stream of raw materials. And Italy is sadly deficient in all the raw materials, except sulphur and zinc, that are needed for war.

Nor can Italy hope to assemble sufficient reserves of the essentials like iron, coal and oil to supply a modern war. She would be dependent on further imports while the war progressed. Where is she to obtain foreign credits to make these purchases?

Certainly not from impoverished Germany. Certainly not from the United States, nor from Britain for use against France, or vice versa. Italy's gold reserve has almost reached the vanishing point, being now something less than one third of

Switzerland's. What is Italy going to use for money?

Financial difficulties are not the only obstacle to importation. Tremendous congestion would develop on Italy's railroads from wartime demands for foreign goods. Excluding the French border, there are only nine railways which cross Italy's northern frontiers; only two are double-track lines. Because of her railroads' inadequacy, she would be dependent upon sea-borne commerce for two thirds and upward of her wartime requirements.

But in a war with Great Britain, Italy would find both the eastern and western gates of the Mediterranean closed to her. Does she perhaps intend to open these entrances by naval force?

Italy's two new battleships, launched in 1937, were exploited in the press as "the most powerful in the world." This is hardly borne out by the facts. Their guns are lighter than on British ships, and their armor thinner — for the sake of speed. A quality primarily useful in enabling a weaker fleet to avoid action is not precisely the quality most important in an "oceanic navy" whose avowed purpose is to open up maritime gateways by main force.

By 1940 Italy will possess six ships of the line, with the two more started. At that time Great Britain will possess 17 capital ships, with three more on the ways; France hopes to have nine battleships completed, and two or three building. Britain will, therefore, have almost a three-to-one superiority over Italy, and France a 50 percent lead.

In a singlehanded duel with Britain, the latter could close the Suez gateway with the Mediterranean Fleet and the Gibraltar gateway with the Home Fleet, and each fleet would be superior in battle-line strength to the whole Italian battle force. If Germany were an ally of Italy, the French would certainly be on the British side; and their combined naval power would still be superior.

Furthermore, contrary to frequent newspaper statements, Italy's submarine fleet is not the largest in the world, being surpassed in total numbers by France. In large ocean-going submarines she is far outclassed by both Britain and France. In 1940 the strength in big subs will be: Britain 39, France 47, Italy 11. Her emphasis on small destroyers and submarines and her lack of aircraft carriers ties her fleet to Italian waters. The German fleet, even in 1940, looking to its defense of the Baltic, will not be able to do much to help her.

But what of Italian aircraft? Much is heard about the vulnerability of Egypt and Cyprus and Malta to

air attacks by Italy, but little about the much greater vulnerability of Italian bases to air attacks by Britain and France. For instance, Italy's island base at Leros, near the Turkish shore, must draw all its resources from Italy 500 miles away; and Leros is only 400 miles from Britain's Cyprus, on whose high plateau and in whose harbors there is room for many more planes than Leros could accommodate.

The best information concerning Italy's air force indicates that many of the published figures are exaggerations and that her total number of available first-line airplanes is about 1400, with about 3000 pilots. France has about 1500 first-line planes and 4000 pilots, Britain's rapidly increasing Royal Air Force about 1800 first-line planes and 3000 pilots.

Italian planes are more modern types than the French, less so than the British. Italian fliers have had, it is true, the benefit of their Ethiopian experience (where there was no air opposition) and their Spanish experience (where the opposition was not first-class, save for a few Russian planes and pilots who proved markedly superior to the Italians on almost all occasions). In training, tactical doctrine, and all-round fighting efficiency, informed opinion holds that the Italian air force is outclassed by both the French and British.

It may be, of course, that Italian submarines, light craft and planes

can interrupt British traffic through the Mediterranean. But when this is done Italy is no nearer her goal. The British have already made all arrangements for re-routing their Asiatic commerce round the Cape of Good Hope, far out of reach of Italy's power to interrupt. It will be an annoyance to Britain, yes — as against starvation and economic death for Italy.

But Italy has also armies — at home, in Libia, in Ethiopia. What can they do to help her?

Immediately upon the outbreak of war the communications of the outlying armies with the Italian peninsula will be cut off. There is little prospect that the Libian legions could open the Suez Canal by force, for a well-equipped, well-trained Anglo-Egyptian army, with all the resources of the British Empire at its back, would face them at the end of their cruel desert trek. Attack to the westward, on Tunis, would bring them up against the French Army of Africa, old in desert warfare before Italy was yet a united nation, with rail communications right across to the Atlantic and the sea lanes open to its bases.

As to Ethiopia, once the flow of supplies to the Italian army through Suez is cut off and weapons and ammunition begin pouring in to the dissident tribesmen, there need be little worry about attacks on the Sudan or Somaliland from so unstable a base.

What chance have Italian home

armies in attacking France? There are few Alpine passes practicable for a modern army; these diverge from Italy toward France, so that an invading Italian army, dividing its forces as it must, will find its fractions far dispersed when they have penetrated into France and will still be in difficult and broken terrain, almost without lateral communications. On the Italian side the passes converge, and beyond them lie the open plains of Lombardy. These simple facts explain why military history contains so many examples of a successful invasion of Italy from France, and so few of the reverse.

As to air attack: 90 percent of Italy's metallurgical industries and 75 percent of her hydroelectric projects lie in the northern part of the country within easy reach from the French air bases; French industry is far more widely dispersed. What is more, northern Italy is electrifying many of her railroads — while the French lines remain 95 percent steam — and any kind of a fluke bomb-hit on or near an electrified railway line will tie up a whole division.

As to the fighting qualities of the new Italian army, these must not be judged too hastily by the Ethiopian campaign against an opponent unarmed in the modern sense. The army is well equipped and the spirit of the men seems high. The *Arditi* or storm troops of the World War have their successors in the

Blackshirt militia battalions, two of which are to be assigned to each regular division in war. Storm troops find favor when the regular units cannot be depended upon to push home an attack.

But if your best men are systematically assigned to special units, the quality of your infantry as a whole is impaired. These Blackshirt battalions serve also a political purpose, being the representatives of the Fascist party with the regular army, and this reveals a certain lack of confidence in the army on the part of the Fascist leaders.

Underlying these signs of weakness is the unattractive record of the Italian army. They were badly beaten by the Austrians at Custozza in 1848 and again in 1866; by the Abyssinians in 1895-96; and the terrible World War defeat at Caporetto still rankles. The Italians are not cowards, but they have the tradition of defeat.

A further characteristic is what may be called tactical carelessness, which was revealed at Caporetto and again in Ethiopia. Modern war takes a heavy toll of headlong recklessness in attack, and this characteristic of the Italian army will not serve it well in a conflict with methodical, steady, well-commanded troops such as the British or French.

To sum up: Italy is deficient in wartime raw materials and has no money to buy more; she is peculiarly vulnerable to blockade, and her navy, inferior to that of France and hopelessly outnumbered by the British, is not strong enough to keep open her maritime communications; her railways cannot take up the slack; her armies in Africa will be cut off in case of war; she cannot hope successfully to attack the French and is highly vulnerable herself to air attack; her air force, her most formidable arm, is outnumbered and cannot depend on suitable bases outside the Italian home territory.

For his own purposes, Mussolini has created in the minds of Italian youth the legend of their own invincibility. It is a legend which may perish, unless more temperate counsels prevail at Rome, beneath the battle smoke of a new Caporetto.

It is time that these facts should be understood by Americans. As a German ally, Italy would be a broken reed. And if the democracies of Europe decide that Italy must be checked in her "imperial" career, they have the armed strength to halt her unaided. There is no occasion for Americans to fight another European war to make the world safe for democracy.



Why Make Them Social Outcasts?

Condensed from Survey Midmonthly

Ruth Ellen Lindenberg

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AS THE social worker in the syphilis clinic of a large hospital with an established reputation for its treatment of syphilis, I am in a position to observe the backwash of the present campaign to eradicate the disease.

Of course, we, who have long been hushed by the conventions of a society which preferred not to think about syphilis, welcome the change that is bringing this problem to public notice. The present campaign is teaching part of the public to consider syphilis realistically, without moral connotations—to familiarize themselves with scientific facts about the nature of the disease, its means of transmission, and its treatment. But there is a greater number of people who, because of ignorance of the nature of the disease and traditional condemnation of those infected, build up false impressions which threaten to counteract the many desirable results of bringing syphilis to public attention.

Let us look at some of the consequences. Mrs. Jones hears that her maid, a well-trained and efficient domestic, is taking "shots" at a

clinic. Through indirect questions and spying, she gathers that Susie is receiving anti-syphilitic treatment. With frantic concern, she angrily dismisses Susie, burns all the objects the maid has handled and worries lest she and Mr. Jones and their two small children, whom Susie has cared for since they were babies, may have been infected. Susie, thrown out of a job and having no resources, has to turn to relief.

Had Mrs. Jones consulted a reliable syphilologist she would have been assured that so long as Susie had no open lesions on her body and remained under regular treatment, there was no sound medical reason why she should not be employed as a domestic; that Susie could not possibly harm her family through caring for their clothing, preparing their food, or washing their dishes. The syphilologist might have explained to her that the spirochete, the germ of syphilis, because of the very special conditions under which it must live, is seldom, if ever, transmitted through the usual contacts of daily life. Further, he might have explained how the powerful drugs used in the

treatment of syphilis help render the germ impotent to others even in sexual contacts.

True, to secure that opinion Mrs. Jones would have needed to consult a specialist on syphilis. She might not have secured this opinion from a family doctor who had not kept up with recent advances in the field. It is not uncommon to hear a general practitioner recommend the lay-off of a person under treatment for syphilis. One well-respected physician in an official position was found to be recommending the dismissal of laborers with syphilis, arguing that it was "dangerous for non-syphilitics to use the syphilitics' shovels and picks." This ruling was reversed when the opinion of recognized syphilologists was brought to the attention of the proper authorities.

Inspired by the present interest in syphilis, the XYZ Candy Company had Wassermann tests made of all its employees. Mr. Bee, a middle-aged man employed in the wrapping room, was found, along with several other employees, to have syphilis. He had been infected for over 20 years, but had experienced no ill effects except in early life, and, lacking other symptoms, he did not realize he had syphilis until the personnel manager of his company gave him the results of the test and dismissed him from the position he had held for 16 years. The personnel manager reasoned that he was doing

his duty to the public which buys XYZ candy; he did not know that in the opinion of the venereal disease division of the United States Public Health Service Mr. Bee might safely have been retained after starting the treatment recommended by the clinic.

The psychological and economic effects of this dismissal on Mr. Bee should not be forgotten. Laid off in spite of his sincere efforts to adhere to the clinic recommendations, he assumed a "don't care" attitude and abandoned the treatment so vital to his health. Even had he been willing to continue treatment, he would have been unable to do so with his source of income cut off. Economically, then, Mr. Bee became a burden on the taxpaying public, which must support him, his wife and their five children on the relief rolls. When, in addition, it is remembered that Mr. Bee may become finally a helpless invalid if he does not have the necessary treatment, it becomes clear that his dismissal may prove a costly mistake.

Such tragedies could be prevented if employers would remember these general statements on the infectiousness of an individual having syphilis:

1. A syphilitic may be infectious as a domestic, food handler, or child's nurse only in the primary or secondary stage of the disease, when a chancre or rash is present. A syphilitic doing work in which he does not handle the food or personal

effects of others is employable even during the infectious period, *provided he remains under treatment.*

2. In the infectious period there may be such acute discomfort (headache, sore throat, and general *malaise*) that the sufferer of his own volition will stop work and seek medical attention.

3. When under treatment, which consists of weekly injections of a drug specially selected to arrest infectiousness, the "open sores" of syphilis rapidly disappear. Current experience with large numbers of patients in the clinic with which I am connected has shown that one injection each week for four weeks is adequate to curb infectiousness, except in very unusual cases. After the initial four treatments it is customary to allow the individual to return to work. Persons found to have latent or non-infectious syphilis are not asked to stop work even temporarily.

4. Here is the safe rule to follow in deciding whether to employ an individual with syphilis: *Is he under regular weekly treatment?* Any physician or social worker connected with a syphilis clinic would be willing to state whether treatment is being regularly administered in a specific case and whether the patient

is employable. An employer in my experience, who kept a syphilitic maid on the advice of the clinic, gets in touch with the clinic at intervals to learn whether treatment is regularly received.

The cases of Susie and Mr. Bee are only two examples of an unfortunate response to the current publicity given to syphilis. Along with them we find different degrees of hysteria — the teacher who shuns a congenital syphilitic child as something unclean; the social worker who suspects that every individual with facial lesions is syphilitic; the morbid-minded who emphasize the disgrace of syphilis and condemn as worthless all who have it.

The program for syphilis control admirably planned under the leadership of the United States Public Health Service will avail little in the end if ignorant and emotional "syphilis consciousness" causes the lay-off of people who could safely remain in their jobs, and drives those people infected to psychological breakdown and the evasion of treatment because of the stigma attached to them by an uninformed and moralistic public.

Illustrative Anecdotes — XX —

¶ ONCE, to an old Scotch carpenter, I boasted with scant tact of ten ancestors on the *Mayflower* and that every drop of my blood had been on American soil for more than two centuries. He replied:

"Tell me this — how many nights sat ye up decidin' ye'd no be born Chinese?"

— John Palmer Gavit

¶ The author of *Acres of Diamonds* lived by the philosophy he taught — and a great church, a hospital and a university resulted

America's Penniless Millionaire

Condensed from Christian Herald

Farnsworth Crowder

STATISTICALLY, the most extraordinary speech of all time was a collection of two dozen true stories woven into an inspirational lecture called *Acres of Diamonds*. It had a "run" of 50 years; it was repeated no less than 6000 times to an audience of millions throughout the world. It hypnotized gatherings in crossroads churches and packed the largest auditoriums in the biggest cities. It drew fees ranging from a chicken dinner to \$9000. Its net earnings, conservatively husbanded, easily could have built for its author a fortune of five millions. That it did nothing of the sort was due to the fact that, as rapidly as the money rolled in, the author gave it away. Russell Herman Conwell was "America's penniless millionaire."

In his fabulous lecture, Conwell maintained by means of anecdotes that the world is strewn with the diamonds of opportunity. Opportunity, he said, is here, now; not over the horizon but in your own back yard. In unlikely disguise it lies right at your feet, waiting to be picked up and polished into success. But heedless people kick it aside in their frantic rush to find somewhere

else a spectacular golden goddess called Luck. Good Luck Russell Conwell would define as a product of purpose, will, training and industry — plus the wisdom to seize the inconspicuous seed of opportunity always at hand. Bad Luck he called a face-saving excuse rather than an explanation.

To support his thesis, he scarcely could have found a more pat illustration than his own life. From earliest youth, he seemed to realize that he must make the best of whatever raw material was within immediate reach. He might have to live in poverty on a Massachusetts rock pile that his father called a farm. He might have to get up at four in the morning and work like a man. There might be no well-staffed neighborhood school. But he could learn to read. He carried a book wherever he went, down the furrows, to the pasture, out to the barn. It was a habit he never broke and never ceased to advocate: "Remember, you can carry a university in your coat pocket."

He so far developed the power to read, and with it his memory, that he could fix a page in mind and la-

ter recall it, word for word, as if he held the book in his hand. No time, no occasion, no suggestion was ever left unexploited. During his service with the Union Army, he employed idle hours to commit the whole of Blackstone. Years later, while commuting by train to and from his law offices in Boston, he learned to read five languages.

By the time he entered Yale, his habits of application and self-command enabled him to carry the academic and law courses simultaneously, while supporting himself with employment in a New Haven hotel. When the Civil War broke out, he raised and captained The Mountain Boys of Massachusetts; later he returned from the South to assemble a company of artillery.

During his military service, a diminutive orderly, John Ring, became profoundly devoted to big, fine-looking Captain Conwell. One day, a surprise Confederate advance near New Berne routed the company from its position. Retreating across a river, the men fired a wooden bridge behind them. But they had cut off escape for their orderly: Johnnie Ring had dashed back to bring the Captain's sword. He appeared with it at last and gained the blazing bridge, only to fall into the river, his clothing in flames. Dragged out and returned to consciousness, his first thought was for his Captain and the sword. He smiled to find it safe beside him, took it in his arms and died.

"When I stood over his body," Conwell recollected, "and realized that he had died for love of me, I made a vow that I would live, thereafter, not only my own life, but also the life of John Ring, that it might not be lost."

And from then on, for 60 years, Russell Conwell literally worked a double day — eight hours for himself and eight for Johnnie. And always over the head of his bed hung the sword to keep bright his extravagant vow. That he kept it, one can well believe after a glance at a mere catalogue of his activities.

Following a European interlude to recover his health, broken by war injuries, he opened two law offices in Boston. He lectured. He launched the Boston Young Men's Congress. He wrote editorials for the *Traveler*, corresponded for outside newspapers and went abroad frequently to interview celebrities. He managed a political campaign. He made money in real estate. He founded the *Journal* in suburban Somerville and maintained a free legal clinic for the poor.

One day, an elderly lady visited his office for legal counsel on selling a distressed church property in Lexington. He journeyed out to a meeting of the discouraged congregation. There was such melancholy in the little group, some of whom had worshiped there all their lives, that Conwell was moved to blurt, "Why sell it? Why not start over again!"

They objected that the structure was too dilapidated and money too dear. But young Conwell's eye for the hidden chance was wide awake and challenged. "You can make repairs," he said. "I'll help you!"

On the appointed day he borrowed tools and came out. No one else showed up, but he pitched in on the rickety front steps. A passing townsman asked what he was going to do. "Build a new church," Conwell answered. They fell to chatting and before he left, the man had pledged \$100 toward a new building.

It was all the prospect that Russell Conwell needed to set imagination and energy to working. He made the hundred-dollar kernel grow. While the new church was going up, he preached to the congregation in rented rooms. Within 18 months he had been ordained as their minister and had built around them a flourishing institution.

From Lexington he was invited to another hapless debt-ridden little church in Philadelphia. He accepted and, characteristically, saw great possibilities in the discouraging new scene. The salary offered him was only \$800, but the trustees stipulated that every time he doubled the congregation, they would match the feat with a doubled salary. Six weeks after taking charge, Conwell had done it. Within six years he was drawing \$10,000, and he mercifully excused the trustees from their agreement.

The popularity of his services was soon straining the capacity of the auditorium. One Sunday, from the many being turned away, he rescued a bewildered little girl and saw her to a place inside. Grateful, she resolved to save her money for a building that would be big enough. Before she had advanced far on her grand project, she died. Her father turned over her fund, just 57 cents in pennies.

Conwell was inspired. If \$100 could be the nucleus of a building fund in Lexington, 57 cents could do similar duty in Philadelphia! He went to the owner of a \$10,000 lot on Broad Street. Conwell made the outrageous offer of a down payment of 57 cents. It was accepted. In due time the balance was paid off and upon that property, in 1891, was dedicated the largest church auditorium of its day.

The design of Russell Conwell's achievements might be called horticultural — the discovery of a seed; an uncanny insight into its fertility; a prodigious amount of work to make it grow. He was solicited for advice by a printer who wanted to better his education but was handicapped by having little money and a mother to support. As to all such, Conwell's first admonition was: "Read. Make a traveling library of your pocket." And then he added, "Come to me one evening a week and I'll begin teaching you myself."

The first week, the printer appeared with six friends in tow. The

second week, 40 were in the class. More volunteer teachers had to be invited. A house was rented. By the first year's end, 250 were studying at this informal night college. A second house was hired. Buildings rose beside the great Temple church into the physical form of Temple University. "Our aim from the first," said President Conwell, "was to give education to those unable to get it through the usual channels." He lived to see more than 100,000 such pupils take work in his school.

Similar and equally unpretentious was Conwell's founding of Philadelphia's big Samaritan Hospital. Two rented rooms, one nurse, one patient. That was all. But it was enough for a beginning. In its expansion, the Samaritan acquired Goodheart Hospital and Garretson in the industrial quarter of the city and all became affiliated with Temple University.

But the heading of a huge institutional church, a university and three hospitals was not enough for the dual capacities of Russell Conwell-Johnnie Ring. Out of the daily stint of 16 hours was found the time to maintain contacts with scores of the leading men of his time and with the hundreds of boys and girls he was helping through school; to write 37 volumes — biographies, travel books and legal treatises — and to give more than 8000 lectures, usually *Acres of Diamonds*.

The impact of that lecture on many lives was crucial. As the years

went by, testimonials poured in on him from governors, mayors, teachers, merchants, and professional men, thanking him for the impetus his lecture had given their lives.

And from the thousands of college young people benefited by his largess came testimonials even more gratifying. Conwell was only 33 and far from rich when he determined to devote the proceeds of his lecturing to students fighting the kind of material odds and social discrimination he had experienced at Yale. His program of donations was continued for over 40 years. He always kept a list of candidates for aid, most of them recommended by college presidents. His one rigid requirement before extending help was that a student must be trying to help himself. He wanted his gifts to be, not windfalls, but premiums for diligent effort already made.

When, in 1925, Russell Conwell entered his 82nd and last year, with all his enormous work behind him, books written, institutions founded and prospering, honors, degrees, prizes and medals to his name, there was one satisfaction that he did not have. He could not mull over huge bank accounts and vast accumulated investments. He had distributed his fortune as he made it. He remarked, shortly before his death, that his riches lay in the men and women he had started on the road to accomplishment and happiness; and that was all, in the way of assets, he needed now.

☛ How miners and engineers are fighting the world's biggest fire in Ohio

Wall Around Hell

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

Robert E. Martin

FROM THE SUMMITS and slopes of beautiful wooded ridges near New Straitsville, Ohio, hundreds of columns of steam and smoke shoot into the air, many of them as high as city office buildings. Steaming cracks, some no wider than a pencil and others too wide to jump across, split the ground between fiery craters big enough to swallow a motor truck. Hot gases that sear the skin belch from the craters, and an acrid, sulphurous smell is everywhere. Sometimes underground explosions send sheets of flame 200 feet into the air; and even when no outward flame is visible the glow of white heat can be seen deep down in the holes and crevasses.

Now and then a tree leans over at a crazy angle, and finally crashes to the ground or into one of the fiery pits, its blazing roots showing plainly why it toppled. A spring from which ice-cold water once gushed now steams, its water scalding hot. Thousands of acres of once-beautiful rolling hills are pock-marked with sink-holes where the fire has passed.

Here, beneath 24 square miles of

southern Ohio, rages the world's largest and costliest mine fire, an underground inferno which has burned for 54 years and eaten up some \$50,000,000 worth of high-grade coal.

Since 1884, when the fire was started during a strike of mine workers, numerous fruitless efforts have been made to halt the blaze. Private mining companies have spent fortunes and some of them have gone broke fighting it. Once a creek was diverted into the mine; but when the water struck the hot coal it flashed into steam and the resulting pressure opened cracks that produced added draft and made the fire worse than before.

Residents of the area have been driven from their homes again and again by the gases, but insist on remaining as long as possible. One man used to lower buckets of snow into his well, to be melted for drinking water. A woman used the water from her well, without further heating, for doing her washing. Plants grow in winter and blossom out of season in ground kept warm by the fire. Farm animals have lost their lives by falling into fiery pits.

If the conflagration should continue to burn unchecked it would consume vast areas of Ohio's rich coal deposits. But now, after mining people had become convinced that nothing could be done to stop it, its conquest is apparently in sight. For nearly two years, fighting the fire has been a project of the WPA. Under the direction of James R. Cavanaugh, veteran mine-fire fighter, about 340 men, mostly unemployed miners, have been building barriers designed to prevent the spread of the fire.

The coal in the New Straitsville area lies in horizontal veins in the hills. Wherever there is a valley the coal deposits are broken, and the fire cannot cross from one ridge to another. However, there are three coal-bearing ridges which connect with outside coal fields, including the rich Hocking Valley district. The new project is to block these three paths with fireproof barriers.

The barriers are essentially earth-filled tunnels bored through the coal veins. The Plummer Hill barrier, 640 feet long, has been completed and is already holding back the subterranean fire. It will save more than 1,000,000 tons of coal, and will pay for the entire project several times over. The Lost Run barrier, three-fifths finished, is a mile long and in some places 200 feet underground. The Shawnee barrier, one-third completed, is 6000 feet long and 175 feet below the surface. The fires are sufficiently far away to pre-

vent their reaching the barriers before construction is finished some two years hence.

If you should visit the Lost Run barrier, for instance, you might think you had happened upon another mine. For at this stage in its development the barrier is simply a single tunnel, running from one side of the ridge to the other, and cutting a 12-foot gap through a coal vein which is 4 to 12 feet thick and nearly a mile wide. Wherever possible, old mine workings have been used to simplify the work and keep down expenses. Loose rock and earth which had washed into the abandoned tunnels have been removed, and strong timber bracing installed. Side tunnels have been sealed with stone and clay. Rails have been laid to carry coal cars used in removing debris and in hauling the coal taken out in extending new sections of the tunnel. Electric pumps carry off the water that seeps in.

The tunnel air is icy cold near the entrance, but as you proceed, the temperature increases rapidly. Your guide explains that this warmth is caused by burning coal, at one point a scant 200 feet from the tunnel.

After the tunnel is completed, it will be filled with earth—a dangerous job, since all the bracing and every other bit of combustible material must be taken out. A single stick of wood left accidentally might carry the fire across the bar-

rier and render the whole project useless.

To fill the tunnel, earth is washed into it through vertical pipes driven down from the surface at 100-foot intervals. While the water flows off through cracks in wooden bulkheads, the earth is deposited to form a solid plug across the face of the coal vein and the advancing fire. So that the plug may be inspected regularly and watched for signs of failure, a parallel tunnel (in part an old mine entry), with side tunnels to the barrier, will be kept open.

The New Straitsville project is not wholly an experiment; a similar barrier, erected to stop a mine fire near Pittsburgh, proved entirely successful. The barrier design was developed by the U. S. Bureau of Mines, which is supervising the

work. This is considered the most dangerous mine job in the country, but the lives of the workmen are safeguarded with all the known safety and first-aid devices and to date not a life has been lost and few injuries reported.

Confined within the completed barriers, the fire may burn itself out in a few years, or it may smolder for a century. Director Cavanaugh believes that it can be extinguished within three years by stopping up all holes and cracks through which air reaches the burning coal, thus saving many valuable deposits of coal, petroleum and clay within the fire area.

But whether such an attempt proves practicable or not, millions of tons of coal outside the barriers will be saved.

An Eye to Business

☛ OBSERVING that about one out of 40 cars have a head-lamp or tail-light that is not working, Edward Phillips, of Los Angeles, started a business that netted him \$80 a week in his evenings. Mounted on a motorcycle, wearing a neat white mechanic's uniform labeled "Road Service," and equipped with screw-driver, wrench and a flashlight, he stationed himself after sundown on Wilshire Boulevard, on which an average of 5000 cars pass every hour. When an offender appeared, he followed and informed him that one of his lights was not working. "Draw up to the curb, and I'll fix it for you in a minute — and for just 50 cents. Keep you from getting pinched and maybe fined," he smiled. The 50-cent service charge appears small; in nine cases out of ten the driver invites the proprietor of the perambulating repair shop to go ahead and fix it.

— *National Home Monthly*

☛ AN ENTERPRISING Brooklyn (N. Y.) lad has built up a big business renting out rubbers and umbrellas in the subway on rainy days. He employs a crew, and has formed a syndicate.

— George Ross, "In New York"

The Dead Lift

Condensed from *The North American Review*

Stewart Edward White

Author of "Arizona Nights," "Folded Hills," etc.

THERE IS at the beginning a dead lift to all personal achievement. We have to pull ourselves up by our bootstraps. But once we have made even a small start, plenty of forces rush to our aid. The powers of growth are always ready; but before they can operate we must at least rouse ourselves to prepare a plot and plant a seed. Nobody is going to do that for us.

We are reluctant to tackle anything new. We sharpen our pencils; tinker with the typewriter; welcome any momentary distraction. We give an excellent imitation of a small boy postponing his inevitable plunge into cold water.

"It takes time to warm up," say we in extenuation. If we have a book we want to read, or a long letter we must write, we shy off from it as long as we can — even though we know we are going to enjoy it when once we get into it. Most of us have not learned that "eventually, why not now?" is a sound motto.

This fundamental laziness demands a definite small effort to overcome, even in trivial matters of life. It becomes a sweating dead lift when we address ourselves to anything of major importance, espe-

cially if it is something new, outside our usual channels of thought and activity. But there is no sense worrying about it. Being lazy is the natural state of creatures. The point is, are we going to make the dead lift nevertheless?

We are lazy because we insist on identifying ourselves too completely with our physical sides. It is curious how much we will stand from this body-individual of ours that we would not stand from anybody else. No matter how jelly-fishy we are in character, there are limits to what we will stand in the way of complaints or demands or boredom. But this body of ours seems to be a privileged character. It is a spoiled child. We turn the whole spotlight of our minds on it whenever it demands attention.

What is the result? Instantly, like any other spoiled child, it takes to itself altogether too much importance. And the more attention we give to it, the more attention it demands. It invents things to call to our notice, it exaggerates them, and insists upon them; it tries to regulate the whole conduct of life according to its own standards. Like other spoiled children, it ends by thinking it is the whole family.

Our situation is complicated by the fact that at the first, when we were babies, it *was* the whole family. We were the body. Its necessities and its demands were paramount to all others. We had first of all to be assured of physical existence before we could go on to any other. And the body will not let us forget that fact. Only very reluctantly does it relinquish its dominance.

The merely physical ideas and ideals have chiefly to do with being fed and warmed and kept comfortable. If we permit ourselves to be wholly influenced by them we will want nothing more than to eat and sleep and to get just enough exercise to keep our functions going. The various lower forms of life exhibit this idea most gracefully. But as we move into the higher forms of life we find an outreaching quality which we call ambition. The animal wants to get along better than a plant, and is willing to do a little migrating and experimenting even at the expense of discomfort to his body.

And the end of the series is that we, as human beings, not only want to be kept going biologically, but want to get and keep such things as self-respect and good reputation. We want to get in touch with higher things; to expand. These are real incentives, just as insistent in their way as the desire for food and warmth and shelter. But they are in no wise concerns of the body. The body can get on quite well without any of them.

And there the trouble begins.

The body is accustomed to having all our attention. We have progressed to the point where we have other interests. The body would find it pleasant to sit in the sun and eat a tamarind. According to it there is always something the matter: there isn't energy enough in the boiler, or there's a headache in the offing. The more we listen to it, the more it tells us! On the other hand, most of its small babblings will die away if we continue to ignore them.

Our body is a mechanism; and merely because as children we began as mechanisms, we have kept it in the spotlight of our minds, and ended by thinking of it as ourselves. We say: "I am sick," instead of saying that a thing belonging to me called my stomach is sick. We do not, however, remark that "I am out of order," when the motorcar develops a knock. While it is true that we cannot move without our body, it is equally true that it cannot do much without us. It needs direction if it is to go anywhere.

All of which assures us that the inertia, the reluctance, the inherent laziness of the human creature, the weight of the dead lift, is after all only a matter of misplaced attention. We are altogether too much focused upon what our bodies do not want to do. They object that it isn't worth while; why bother? What's the use? It's too much trouble. And since we are prone to think of our bodies as ourselves, we listen

and more or less adopt their ideas as though they were our own.

Is it not humiliating? Why, we never really take charge even of the things that concern the body, and which we know to be good for it! We know that we ought not to eat so much, smoke so much, drink so much, and that we ought to exercise more. But we do nothing about it! We allow the spoiled child to have its way; and hence we grow fat and ailing.

Needless to say, we cannot thrust the body's advice aside indiscriminately. When certain nerves advise us in no uncertain terms that something is wrong on the right side of the abdomen, we do well to ask the doctor about appendicitis. But the point to remember is that the body's clamorings, under indulgent encouragement, very easily become too insistent.

This leads us back to our first consideration: that our first act in overcoming the deadly inertia that overwhelms us on approaching any new effort is to step aside from the thing that originates the inertia. We must realize that we *can* step aside from it, by recognizing that we are not our bodies; that we haven't been our bodies since our

earliest childhood. We, as entities, are distinct from our machines. Our bodies are like our motorcars: something we own and direct.

It helps also to realize that our inertia is a natural thing, inherent in our make-up. Our "weariness of the spirit" is not of the spirit at all. It is in the very nature of our evolution and development. We are not personally lazy; merely we possess historically standpat bodies. Once the rationale of the thing is understood, we can tackle the job with assurance.

And when we realize that this first dead lift is necessary because of our own constitution and not because of something mysterious, why then we see we must do it, on our own, without help. It is our personal job. Nobody can lend us a hand. But once we have roused ourselves to get at it — whatever it is — we fall easily into the swing of work. We hesitate to take the plunge, but the cool water is grateful and refreshing.

So we have our reward for breaking through inertia, for meeting the challenge of bodily laziness:

The dead lift is always much easier than the physical instinct told us it was going to be.

¶ A YOUNG PEER once asked Disraeli what course of study he had best take to qualify himself for speaking so as to gain the ear of the House of Lords. "Have you a graveyard near your house?" asked Disraeli. "Yes," was the reply. "Then," said Disraeli, "I should recommend you to visit it early of a morning and practice upon the tombstones."

— *The Personal Papers of Lord Rendel* (Ernest Benn)

"THERE SHE BLOWS!"

A CONDENSATION FROM

"*MOBY DICK*"

HERMAN MELVILLE



Moby Dick, "that amazing creation forged in the white heat of Melville's genius," is an American classic — in the opinion of many critics, *the* American classic.

In its full scope this narrative — to quote Masefield — is a "wild beautiful romance speaking the very secret of the sea." But woven with this romance is "the truest and most readable history of a whaling voyage ever written," full of humor and lusty adventure.

The first-hand picture which it paints of the gallant days of American whaling — of New Bedford in the 1850's; of hardy sailors and wild harpooners; of cockleshell boats attacking great whales — is part of the American literary heritage.

That portion of *Moby Dick* is here presented as "There She Blows!"

‘THERE SHE BLOWS!’

CALL ME Ishmael. Some years ago, having little money and nothing to interest me on shore, I thought I would sail about and see the watery part of the world. It is a way I have of driving off the spleen. Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily bringing up the rear of every funeral I meet — then, I account it time to get to sea.

I do not mean that I ever go as a passenger. For a passenger must have a purse. Besides, passengers get seasick — grow quarrelsome — don't sleep of nights. No, when I go to sea, I go as a simple sailor, right before the mast. True, they rather order me about, and at first this sort of thing is unpleasant enough. It touches one's sense of honor. But this wears off in time.

What of it, if some old hunks of a sea captain orders me to scrub the decks? What does that indignity amount to? Do you think the archangel Gabriel thinks any the less of me, because I promptly and respectfully obey that old hunks? Who ain't a slave to something? Tell me that.

I was determined now to go on a whaling voyage. Therefore I stuffed a shirt or two into my old carpet bag, quit the good city of old Manhattan, and duly arrived in New Bedford on a Saturday night in December.

As the packet for Nantucket did not sail until Monday, it became a matter of concern where I was to eat and sleep meanwhile. It was a very dismal night, biting cold and cheerless. I knew no one in the place. With anxious grapnels I had sounded my pocket, and brought up only a few pieces of silver — So, wherever you go, Ishmael, said I to myself as I shouldered my bag, be sure to inquire the price, and don't be too particular.

I passed the sign of “The Crossed Harpoons” — but it looked too expensive and jolly there. By instinct, I followed the streets that took me waterward, for there, doubtless, were the cheapest, if not the cheeriest inns.

Such dreary streets! Blocks of blackness on either hand, with here and there a candle moving about as if in a tomb. But presently I came to a light, and heard a forlorn creaking in the air; looking up, I saw a

swinging sign: "The Spouter-Inn." As the light looked so dim, and as the swinging sign had a poverty-stricken sort of creak to it, I thought that here was the very spot for cheap lodgings, and the best of pea coffee.

Pushing open the door, I found myself in a wide, low, straggling entry with old-fashioned wainscots, like the bulwarks of some condemned old craft. On one side hung a very large oil painting representing a Cape-Horner in a great hurricane. The opposite wall was hung all over with a heathenish array of clubs and spears. Some were thickly set with glittering teeth; others were tufted with knots of human hair. Mixed with these were rusty old whaling lances and harpoons all broken and deformed. These, as I learned later, were storied weapons. With this long lance did Nathan Swain kill 15 whales between a sunrise and a sunset. And that harpoon — so like a corkscrew now — was flung in Javan seas, and run away with by a whale, years afterward slain off the Cape of Blanco.

Crossing this dusky entry, I came upon the still duskier public room, at one end of which stood the vast arched bone of a whale's jaw, so wide a coach might almost drive beneath it. Within those jaws was the bar, ranged round with old decanters, bottles, flasks; and there a number of seamen were gathered.

When I sought the landlord, he

told me that his house was full — not a bed unoccupied. "But avast," he added, tapping his forehead, "you hain't no objections to sharing a harpooneer's blanket, have ye?"

I told him that I never liked to sleep two in a bed; but rather than wander farther on so bitter a night, I would put up with the half of any decent man's blanket.

"I thought so. All right; take a seat. Supper'll be ready directly."

I sat down on an old wooden settle, carved all over like a bench on the Battery. At one end a ruminating tar was still further adorning it with his jackknife, stooping over and diligently working away at the space between his legs. He was trying his hand at a ship under full sail, but he didn't make much headway, I thought.

At last we were summoned to our meal in an adjoining room. It was cold as Iceland — no fire at all — the landlord said he couldn't afford it. Nothing but two dismal tallow candles. We were fain to button up our monkey jackets, and hold to our lips cups of scalding tea with our half-frozen fingers. But the fare was of the most substantial kind — not only meat and potatoes, but dumplings. One young fellow in a green box coat addressed himself to these dumplings in a most direful manner.

"My boy," said the landlord, "you'll have the nightmare to a dead sartainty."

"Landlord," I whispered, "that ain't the harpooneer, is it?"

"Oh, no," said he, looking diabolically funny, "the harpooneer is a dark complexioned chap."

The more I pondered over this harpooneer, as I sat by the fire after supper, the more I abominated the thought of sleeping with him. It was fair to presume that being a harpooneer, his linen or woolen, as the case might be, would not be of the tidiest. I began to twitch all over. Thinks I, I'll wait and have a good look at him before I go to bed.

But though the other boarders kept coming in by ones and twos, yet no sign of my harpooneer.

"Landlord!" said I, "what sort of a chap is he — does he always keep such late hours?" It was now hard upon 12 o'clock.

The landlord chuckled. "No," he answered, "generally he's an early bird. But tonight he went out a-peddling and, maybe, he can't sell his head."

"Landlord," said I, "landlord, tell me who and what this harpooneer is, and whether I shall be safe to spend the night with him."

"Be easy," said the landlord, "this here harpooneer has just arrived from the South Seas, where he bought up a lot of 'balmed New Zealand heads (great curios, you know), and he's sold all on 'em but one, and that one he's trying to sell tonight, cause tomorrow's Sunday, and it would not do to be sellin' human heads about the streets when

folks is goin' to church. He wanted to, last Sunday, but I stopped him just as he was goin' out of the door with four heads strung on a string, for all the airth like onions. . . . But come, it's getting dreadful late, you had better be turning flukes — it's a nice bed. There's plenty room for two to kick about in that bed. Come along here, I'll give ye a glim." And so saying he lighted a candle and led the way.

I was ushered into a small room, cold as a clam, and furnished, sure enough, with a prodigious bed. A seaman's bag lay in one corner, and a tall harpoon was standing at the head of the bed.

I sat for a time thinking about this head-peddling harpooneer. But beginning to feel very cold, I made no more ado, but jumped out of my pantaloons and boots, tumbled into bed, and commended myself to the care of heaven. I had pretty nearly made a good offing toward the land of Nod, when I heard a heavy foot-fall in the passage, and saw a glimmer of light under the door.

Lord save me, thinks I, that must be the harpooneer, the infernal head-peddler. But I lay perfectly still, and resolved not to say a word till spoken to. Holding a light in one hand, and that identical New Zealand head in the other, the stranger entered the room, and without looking toward the bed, placed his candle on the floor in one corner, and stowed the head in his seaman's bag. I was all eager-

ness to see his face, but could not till he turned round — when, good heavens! What a sight! Such a face! It was of a dark, purplish, yellow color, here and there stuck over with large, blackish looking squares. At first I thought he had been in a dreadful fight, and those squares were sticking-plaster; but soon the truth occurred to me. This harpooneer, in the course of his distant voyages, must have been tattooed by cannibals.

He now took off his hat — a new beaver hat — when I came nigh singing out with fresh surprise. There was no hair on his head — nothing but a small scalp-knot twisted up on his forehead. His bald purplish head looked for all the world like a mildewed skull. Had not the stranger stood between me and the door, I would have bolted out of it quicker than ever I bolted a dinner. I was so frightened, in truth, that I dared not address him, and so lay still. It was now quite plain that he must be some abominable savage shipped aboard a whaleman in the South Seas, and so landed in this Christian country.

And now the savage went about something that completely fascinated my attention, and convinced me that he must indeed be a heathen. Going to his heavy wrapall, he fumbled in the pockets, and produced a curious little deformed image with a hunch on its back, and exactly the color of a three days' old Congo baby. Remembering the

embalmed head, at first I almost thought that this black manikin was a real baby preserved in some similar manner. But seeing that it glistened like polished ebony, I concluded that it must be nothing but a wooden idol, which indeed it proved to be. For now the savage goes up to the empty fireplace, sets up this little hunchbacked image between the andirons, and begins to utter guttural noises, singing some pagan psalmody or other.

I thought it was high time, now or never, before the light was put out, to speak. But before I could find my voice, suddenly the light was extinguished, and this wild cannibal sprang into bed with me. I sang out, I could not help it now; and giving a sudden grunt of astonishment he began feeling me. I began to yell. "Landlord, for God's sake! Angels! Save me!"

Thank heaven, the landlord came immediately into the room, light in hand, and leaping from the bed I ran to him.

"Don't be afraid now," said he, grinning again. "Queequeg here wouldn't harm a hair of your head."

"Stop your grinning," shouted I, "and why didn't you tell me that that harpooneer was a cannibal?"

"I thought ye know'd it. Didn't I tell ye he was a-peddlin' heads around town? But turn flukes again and go to sleep. Queequeg, look here — you sabbee me, I sabbee you — this man sleepe you — you sabbee?"

"Me sabbee plenty" — grunted Queequeg, sitting up in bed.

"You getteein," he added, throwing the clothes to one side. He really did this in a very civil way. I stood looking at him a moment. For all his tattooings he was on the whole a clean, comely looking cannibal. What's all this fuss I have been making about, thought I to myself — the man's a human being just as I am. Better sleep with a sober cannibal than a drunken Christian.

Seeing me hesitate, Queequeg again politely motioned me to get into bed — rolling over to one side as much as to say — I won't touch a leg of ye.

"Goodnight, landlord," said I, "you may go."

I turned in, and never slept better in my life.

THE NEXT MORNING, upon descending into the barroom, I found it full of the boarders. They were nearly all whalemén; chief mates, and second mates, and third mates, and sea carpenters, and coopers, and harpooneers, and ship keepers; a brown and brawny company, with bosky beards; an unshorn, shaggy set, all wearing monkey jackets for morning gowns.

"Grub, ho!" cried the landlord, flinging open a door, and in we went to breakfast.

They say that men who have seen the world thereby become quite at ease in manner, quite self-possessed in company. Not always, though. I

had thought at breakfast to hear some good stories about whaling; but to my no small surprise nearly every man maintained a profound silence. And not only that, but they looked embarrassed. Yes, here were a set of sea dogs, many of whom without the slightest bashfulness had boarded great whales on the high seas — entire strangers to them — and dueled them dead without winking; and yet, here they sat at breakfast table — silent and sheepish. A curious sight; these bashful bears, these timid warrior whalemén!

But as for Queequeg — why, Queequeg sat there among them — at the head of the table, too, it so chanced — as cool as an icicle. To be sure I cannot say much for his breeding. His greatest admirer could not have cordially justified his bringing his harpoon into breakfast with him, and using it to grapple the beefsteaks toward him. But *that* was certainly very coolly done by him, and, as everyone knows, to do anything coolly is to do it genteelly.

AFTER BREAKFAST, I sallied out for a stroll. If I had been astonished at first catching a glimpse of so outlandish an individual as Queequeg in a civilized town, that astonishment soon departed as I walked. It is true that in any considerable seaport you may see the queerest looking nondescripts from foreign parts. But in New Bedford, actual cannibals stand chatting at

street corners. It makes a stranger stare.

But besides the Feegees, 'Tongatobooarrrs, and Pannangians, and, besides the wild specimens of the whaling craft which unheeded reel about the streets, you will see other sights still more curious, certainly more comical. There weekly arrive in this town scores of green Vermonters and New Hampshire men, all athirst for gain and glory in the fishery. They are mostly young, of stalwart frames; fellows who have felled forests, and now seek to drop the axe and snatch the whale lance. Many are as green as the Green Mountains whence they came. Look there! that chap strutting round the corner. He wears a beaver hat and swallow-tailed coat, girdled with a sailor belt and a sheath knife. Here comes another with a sou'-wester and a bombazine cloak. Ah, poor Hay-Seed! how bitterly will burst those garments in the first howling gale.

But think not that this famous town has only harpooneers, cannibals, and bumpkins to show her visitors. Not at all. The soil of New Bedford is rocky and barren. Yet, in spite of this, nowhere in all America will you find more patrician-like houses; parks and gardens more opulent. Whence came they?

Go and gaze upon the iron emblematical harpoons round yonder lofty mansion, and your question will be answered. Yes; all these brave houses and flowery gardens

came from the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans. One and all, they were harpooned and dragged up hither from the bottom of the sea.

In New Bedford, fathers, they say, give whales for dowers to their daughters, and portion off their nieces with a few porpoises apiece. You must go to New Bedford to see a brilliant wedding; for, they say, they have reservoirs of oil in every house, and every night recklessly burn their lengths in spermaceti candles.

And the women of New Bedford, they bloom like their own red roses. Elsewhere match that bloom of theirs, ye cannot, save in Salem, where they tell me the young girls breathe such musk, their sailor sweethearts smell them miles off-shore, as though they were drawing nigh the odorous Moluccas instead of the Puritanic sands.

ON THE MONDAY, Queequeg and I — companions now — crossed by packet to Nantucket, and there I learned that the *Pequod* was preparing for a voyage. She was a rather small ship, weather-stained by the typhoons and calms of the four oceans. Boarding her, I found an elderly man, rolled up in blue pilot-cloth, cut in the Quaker style.

"Is this the Captain of the *Pequod*?" said I.

"Supposing it be, what dost thou want of him?" he demanded.

"I was thinking of shipping."

"Thou wast, wast thou? I see

thou art no Nantucketer — ever been in a stove boat?"

"No, Sir, I never have."

"Dost know nothing at all about whaling, I dare say — eh?"

"Nothing, Sir; but I have no doubt I shall soon learn. I've been several voyages in the merchant service, and I think that —"

"Marchant service be damned. Talk not that lingo to me. But flukes! man, what makes thee want to go a-whaling, eh? It looks a little suspicious, don't it, eh? Didst not rob thy last Captain?"

I protested my innocence, perceiving that this Quakerish Nantucketer was distrustful of all aliens, unless they hailed from Cape Cod or the Vineyard.

"But what takes thee a-whaling? I want to know that before I think of shipping ye."

"Well, Sir, I want to see what whaling is. I want to see the world."

"Art thou the man to pitch a harpoon down a live whale's throat, and then jump after it? Answer, quick!"

"I am, Sir, if it should be positively indispensable to do so; which I don't take to be the fact."

"Good. Now then, thou not only wantest to go a-whaling, but ye also want to see the world. Well then, just take a peep over the weather-bow, and tell me what ye see there."

"Not much," I replied. "Nothing but water; considerable horizon though, and a squall coming up."

"Well, what dost thou think then

of seeing the world? Do ye wish to go round Cape Horn to see any more of it, eh?"

I was a little staggered, but go a-whaling I must, and I would; and the *Pequod* was a good ship — all this I now affirmed. Seeing me so determined, the old man expressed his willingness to ship me.

"Captain," said I, "I have a friend with me who wants to ship too — shall I bring him down tomorrow?"

"Has he ever whaled it any?"

"Killed more whales than I can count, Captain."

"Well, bring him along then."

Next day, therefore, Queequeg came with me aboard the *Pequod*. His appearance somewhat startled the Quaker captain. "Look you," he said, turning to him, "art thou at present in communion with any Christian church? I will not ship a heathen."

"Why," said I, "he's a member of the first Congregational Church." (Here be it said that many tattooed savages sailing in Nantucket ships at last come to be converted.)

"First Congregational Church!" cried the captain. "What! That worships in Deacon Deuteronomy Coleman's meetinghouse?" And so saying, he put on his spectacles, and took a long look at Queequeg.

"He hasn't been baptized right," he then said, "or it would have washed some of that devil's blue off his face."

"I don't know anything about

Deacon Deuteronomy or his meeting," said I. "All I know is, that Queequeg here is a born member of the First Congregational Church: the great and everlasting First Congregation of this whole worshipping world; we all belong to that, and in *that* we all join hands."

"Splice, thou mean'st *splice* hands," cried the captain, drawing nearer. "Young man, you'd better ship for a missionary, instead of a foremast hand; I never heard a better sermon. I say, tell Quohog there -- what's that you call him? -- tell Quohog to step along. By the great anchor, what a harpoon he's got there! And he handles it about right. I say, Quohog, did you ever stand in the head of a whaleboat?"

Without saying a word, Queequeg, in his wild sort of way, jumped upon the bulwarks, from thence into the bow of one of the whaleboats, hanging to the side. Then poising his harpoon, he cried out:

"Cap'ain, you sec him small drop tar on water dere?" And taking aim, he darted the iron right over the old man's broad brim, clean across the ship's decks, and struck the glistening tar spot out of sight.

"Quick," said the startled captain, as Queequeg quietly hauled in the line, "get the ship's papers. We must have Hedgehog there in one of our boats."

ON A COLD DAY not long afterward, the *Pequod* weighed anchor, and sailed out upon her cruise.

Her chief mate was Starbuck, another Nantucket Quaker, young, spare and tough. "I will have no man in my boat," said Starbuck, "who is not afraid of a whale." By this he seemed to mean that the most useful courage is that which arises from the fair estimation of the peril.

"Aye, aye," said Stubb, the second mate, "Starbuck, there, is as careful a man as you'll find anywhere in this fishery." But we shall ere long see what that word "careful" precisely means when used by a whale hunter.

Stubb, the second mate, was a native of Cape Cod. A happy-go-lucky man, good-humored and easy; he presided over his whaleboat as if the most deadly encounter were but a dinner, and his crew all invited guests.

The third mate was Flask, from Martha's Vineyard. A short, stout, ruddy young fellow, very pugnacious concerning whales, who somehow seemed to think that the great Leviathans had personally affronted him; and therefore it was a sort of point of honor with him to destroy them whenever encountered.

Now these three mates — Starbuck, Stubb, and Flask — were momentous men. They it was who commanded the *Pequod's* boats as headsmen. Each mate also had his harpooneer.

First of all was Queequeg, whom Starbuck, the chief mate, had selected for his squire.

Next was Tashtego, an Indian from a tribe on Martha's Vineyard, which had long supplied Nantucket with daring harpooners. Tashtego was Stubb's squire.

Third was Daggoo, a gigantic, coal-black Negro-savage. Suspended from his ears were two golden hoops, so large that the sailors called them ringbolts, and would talk of securing the topsail halyards to them. This imperial Negro was the squire of little Flask, who looked like a chessman beside him.

WE HAD SAILED many weeks toward the warm cruising grounds when, one squally afternoon, came that old cry from the lips of Tashtego, a wild figure, hovering half-suspended from the mast-head:

"There she blows! There! There! She blows! She blows!"

"Where-away?"

"On the lee-beam. A school of them!"

Instantly all was commotion.

The Sperm Whale blows as a clock ticks, with the same reliable uniformity. And thereby whalers distinguish this fish from others of his genus.

"Lower away!"

The sheaves whirled round in the blocks; with a wallow, the three boats dropped into the sea; while, with a dexterous, off-handed daring, unknown in any other vocation, the sailors, goat-like, leaped down the rolling ship's side into them.

"Pull, pull, my fine hearts-alive; pull, my children," drawlingly sighed Stubb to his crew. "Why don't you break your backbones, my boys? Oh, don't be in a hurry. Only stop snoring, and pull. Why in the name of gudgeons and gingercakes don't ye pull? Pull and break something! Pull, and start your eyes out! Here!" whipping out the sharp knife from his girdle, "every mother's son of ye draw his knife, and pull with the blade between his teeth. That's it — that's it. Now ye do something, my steel-bits. Start her — start her, my silver-spoons!"

Stubb had this peculiar way of inculcating in his crew the religion of rowing. But you must not suppose that he ever flew into downright passions. He would say the most terrific things to his crew, in a tone so strangely compounded of fun and fury that no oarsman could help pulling for dear life, and yet pulling for the mere joke of the thing.

To a landsman, no whale would have been visible at that moment; nothing but a troubled bit of greenish white water, and thin scattered puffs of vapor hovering over it. All the boats were now in keen pursuit of that one spot of troubled water and air. But it bade fair to outstrip them.

"Pull, pull, my good boys," said Starbuck, in the lowest possible but intensest whisper to his men.

How different the loud little

Flask. "Sing out and say something, my hearties. Roar and pull, my thunderbolts! Beach me, beach me on their black backs; only do that for me, and I'll sign over to you my Martha's Vineyard plantation, boys; including wife and children. Lay me on — lay me on!"

It was a sight full of quick wonder and awe! The vast swells of the omnipotent sea; the brief suspended agony of the boat, as it would tip for an instant on the knifelike edge of the sharper waves; the sudden profound dip into the watery hollows; the keen goadings to gain the top of the opposite hill; the *Pequod* bearing down upon her boats with outstretched sails, like a wild hen after her screaming brood.

The whales seemed separating their wakes, and the boats were pulled more apart; Starbuck — in whose boat I rowed — giving chase to three whales running dead to leeward. Our sail was now set and, with a rising wind, we rushed along; the boat going with such madness through the water that the lee oars could scarcely be worked rapidly enough to escape being torn from the rowlocks.

Soon we were running through a wide veil of mist; neither ship nor boat to be seen.

"Give way, men," whispered Starbuck. "There is time to kill a fish yet before the squall comes. There's white water again! Close to! Spring!" Then, with a lightning-

like hurtling whisper Starbuck said: "Stand up!" and Queequeg, harpoon in hand, sprang to his feet.

Though not one of the oarsmen was then facing the peril so close to them ahead, yet with their eyes on the intense countenance of the mate in the stern of the boat, they knew that the imminent instant had come; they heard, too, an enormous wallowing sound as of 50 elephants stirring in their litter. Meanwhile the boat was still booming through the mist.

"That's his hump. *There, there*, give it to him!" whispered Starbuck.

A short rushing sound leaped out of the boat; it was the darted iron of Queequeg. Then all in one welded commotion came an invisible push from astern, while forward the boat seemed striking on a ledge; the sail collapsed and exploded; a gush of scalding vapor shot up nearby; something rolled and tumbled like an earthquake beneath us. The whole crew were half suffocated as they were tossed helter-skelter into the white curdling cream of the squall. Squall, whale and harpoon had all blended together; and the whale, grazed by the iron, escaped.

Though swamped, the boat was nearly unharmed. Swimming round it we picked up the floating oars, and tumbled back to our places. There we sat up to our knees in the water. The wind increased to a howl; in vain we hailed the other boats. Wet, drenched through, and shivering cold, we sat, despairing of ship

or boat. Suddenly Queequeg started to his feet, hollowing his hand to his ear. We all heard a faint creaking, as of ropes and yards hitherto muffled by the storm. The sound came nearer and nearer; the thick mists were dimly parted by a huge, vague form, and the ship loomed into view, bearing down close upon us.

Thus we were at last taken up and safely landed on board. Ere the squall came close to, the other boats had returned to the ship.

"Queequeg," said I, when they had dragged me to the deck, and I was still shaking the water from my jacket; "Queequeg, my fine friend, does this sort of thing often happen?" Without much emotion, though soaked through just like me, he gave me to understand that such things did often happen.

"Mr. Stubb," said I, turning to that worthy, who was now calmly smoking his pipe in the rain; "Mr. Stubb, I think I have heard you say that of all whalemén you ever met, our chief mate, Mr. Starbuck, is by far the most careful and prudent. I suppose then, that going plump on a flying whale with your sail set in a foggy squall is the height of a whalemén's discretion?"

"Certain. I've lowered for whales from a leaking ship in a gale off Cape Horn."

"Mr. Flask," said I, turning to the third mate, who was standing close by, "you are experienced in these things, and I am not. Will you

tell me whether it is an unalterable law in this fishery, Mr. Flask, for an oarsman to break his own back pulling himself back-foremost into death's jaws?"

"Can't you twist that smaller?" said Flask. "Yes, that's the law. I should like to see a boat's crew backing water up to a whale face foremost. Ha, ha! The whale would give them squint for squint, mind that!"

WE WERE NOW cruising in what whalemén call a lively ground, and it was not many days before the cry from the masthead rang out again. And lo! close under our lee, not 40 fathoms off, a gigantic sperm whale lay rolling like the capsized hull of a frigate, his broad, glossy back glistening in the sun's rays like a mirror. Spouting his vapory jet, the whale looked like a portly burgher smoking his pipe of a warm afternoon. But that pipe, poor whale, was thy last. As if struck by some enchanter's wand, our sleepy ship all at once started into wakefulness.

The sudden activity must have alarmed the whale; and ere the boats were down, majestically turning, he swam away to leeward, but with such a steady tranquillity that orders were given that no man must speak above a whisper. So, seated like Ontario Indians on the gunwales of the boats, we swiftly but silently paddled along. Presently, as we glided in chase, the

monster perpendicularly flitted his tail 40 feet into the air, and then sank out of sight like a tower swallowed up.

"There go flukes!" was the cry, an announcement immediately followed by Stubb's scratching a match across the sandpaper of his palm and igniting his pipe, for now a respite was granted. After the full interval of his sounding had elapsed, the whale rose again, close to Stubb's boat. Caution was no longer of use. Paddles were dropped, and oars came loudly into play. And still puffing at his pipe, Stubb cheered on his crew to the assault.

"Start her, start her, my men! Don't hurry yourselves; take plenty of time — but start her; start her like thunderclaps, that's all," cried Stubb, spluttering out the smoke as he spoke.

Like desperados they tugged and the strained, till the welcome cry was heard — "Stand up, Tashtego! Give it to him!" The harpoon was hurled. "Stern all!" The oarsmen backed water; the same moment something went hot and hissing along every one of their wrists. It was the magical line. The boat now flew through the boiling water, each man with might and main clinging to his seat, to prevent being tossed to the foam; and the tall form of Tashtego at the steering oar crouching almost double, in order to bring down his center of gravity. Whole Atlantics and Pacifics seemed passed as they shot on their way, till at

length the whale somewhat slackened his flight.

"Haul in — haul in!" cried Stubb to the bowsman. And, facing round toward the whale, all hands began pulling the boat up to him, while yet the boat was being towed on. Soon ranging up by his flank, Stubb, firmly planting his knee in the clumsy cleat, sent dart after dart into the flying fish; at the word of command, the boat alternately sterning out of the way of the whale's horrible wallow, and then ranging up for another fling.

The red tide now poured from all sides of the monster like brooks down a hill. His tormented body rolled not in brine but in blood, which bubbled and seethed for furlongs behind in their wake. The slanting sun, playing upon this crimson pond in the sea, sent back its reflection into every face, so that they all glowed to each other like red men.

"Pull up — pull up!" now cried Stubb to the bowsman, as the waning whale weakened. "Pull up — close to!" and the boat ranged along the fish's flank. When reaching far over the bow, Stubb slowly churned his long sharp lance into the fish, and kept it there, carefully churning and churning, seeking the innermost life of the fish. And now it is struck; for, starting from his trance into that unspeakable thing called his "flurry," the monster horribly wallowed in his blood, overwrapped himself in im-

penetrable, mad, boiling spray, and then lay motionless.

"He's dead, Mr. Stubb," Daggoo called from his boat.

"Yes; both pipes smoked out!" and withdrawing his own from his mouth, Stubb scattered the dead ashes over the water; and, for a moment, stood thoughtfully eyeing the vast corpse he had made.

STUBB'S WHALE had been killed some distance from the ship. It was a calm; so, forming a tandem of three boats, we commenced the slow business of towing the trophy to the *Pequod*. And now, we 18 men slowly toiled hour after hour upon that inert, sluggish corpse in the sea; yet it seemed hardly to budge at all. Darkness came on; but three lights up and down in the *Pequod's* main rigging dimly guided our way; till drawing near at last we secured the whale alongside.

Stubb, flushed with conquest, now betrayed an unusual excitement. Stubb was a high liver; like many Nantucketers, he was somewhat intemperately fond of the whale as a flavorish thing to his palate.

"A steak, a steak, ere I sleep! You, Daggoo! Overboard you go, and cut me one from his small!"

About midnight that steak was cut and cooked; and lighted by two lanterns of sperm oil, Stubb stoutly stood up to his spermaceti supper at the capstan-head. Nor was Stubb the only banqueter on

whale's flesh that night. Mingling their mumblings with his own mastications, thousands on thousands of sharks, swarming round the dead leviathan, feasted on its fatness. The few sleepers below in their bunks were often startled by the sharp slapping of their tails against the hull, within a few inches of the sleepers' hearts. Peering over the side you could just see them wallowing in the black waters, and turning over on their backs as they scooped out huge globular pieces of the whale of the bigness of a human head. There is no conceivable time or occasion when you will find sharks in such countless numbers, and in gayer or more jovial spirits, than around a dead sperm whale, moored by night to a whaleship at sea.

"Cook, cook! Where's that old Fleece?" cried Stubb at length, darting his fork into the dish. "Sail this way, cook!"

The old black, not in very high glee at being roused from his warm hammock at a most unseasonable hour, came shambling along from his galley.

"Cook," said Stubb, rapidly lifting a rather reddish morsel to his mouth, "don't you think this steak is rather overdone? Don't I always say that to be good, a whale steak must be tough? Those sharks now over the side — don't you see they prefer it tough and rare? What a shindy they are kicking up! Cook, go and talk to 'em; tell 'em they

are welcome to help themselves civilly; but they must keep quiet. Here, take this lantern and go preach to them!"

Sullenly taking the offered lantern, old Fleece limped to the bulwarks; and then, with one hand dropping his light low over the sea, so as to get a good view of his congregation, he spoke:

"Fellow critters: I'se ordered here to say dat you must stop dat dam noise dare. You hear? Stop dat dam smackin' ob de lips!"

"Cook," here interposed Stubb. "Cook, why, damn your eyes, you mustn't swear that way when you're preaching. That's no way to convert sinners, cook!"

"Den preach to him yourself," sullenly turning to go.

"No, cook; go on, go on."

"Well, den — Belubed fellow critters —"

"Right!" exclaimed Stubb, approvingly. "Coax 'em to it!"

"Your voraciousness, fellow critters, I don't blame ye so much for; dat is natur, and can't be helped; but to govern dat wicked natur, dat is de pint. You is sharks, sartin; but if you govern de shark in you, why den you be angel; for all angel is not'ing more dan de shark well governed."

"Well done, old Fleece!" cried Stubb, "that's Christianity. Goon."

"No use goin' on; de dam wil-lians will keep a scroughin' and slappin' each oder, Massa Stubb; dey don't hear one word."

"Upon my soul, I am about of the same opinion; so give the benediction, Fleece, and I'll on with my supper."

Upon this, Fleece, holding both hands over the fishy mob, raised his shrill voice, and cried:

"Cussed fellow critters! Kick up de dam'dest row as ever you can; fill your dam bellies 'till dey bust — and den die."

THE WONDROUS voracity of sharks, which robs the whalers of much blubber before the cutting-in begins, can at times be considerably diminished by vigorously stirring them up with sharp whaling spades. Therefore Stubb now ordered the cutting stages suspended over the side, lowered three lanterns close to the turbid sea, and set Queequeg and another mariner to killing the sharks, by striking the keen steel deep into their skulls, seemingly their only vital part. But in the foamy confusion, the marksmen sometimes missed their mark and struck the twisting bellies; and this brought about new revelations of sharkish ferocity. They viciously snapped, not only at each other's disembowelments, but like flexible bows, bent round, and bit their own till those entrails seemed swallowed over and over again by the same mouth.

Nor was this all. It was unsafe to meddle with the corpses of these creatures. Killed and hoisted on deck for the sake of his skin, one of

these sharks almost took poor Queequeg's hand off, when he tried to shut down the dead lid of his murderous jaw.

IT WAS a Saturday night, and such a Sabbath as followed! The *Pequod* was turned into what seemed a shambles — every sailor a butcher. You would have thought we were offering up ten thousand red oxen to the sea gods.

First, the great blubber hook was lowered to the whale's back and there inserted in a hole cut by Starbuck and Stubb. This done, the main body of the crew, striking up a wild chorus, now commence heaving in one dense crowd at the windlass. With every gasping heave of the windlass, the ship leans over to the whale; till at last a swift, startling snap is heard; with a great swash the ship rolls upward and backward from the whale, and the triumphant tackle drags up the first strip of blubber. This prodigious mass sways to and fro across the deck, as if let down from the sky, and everyone present must take good heed to dodge it when it swings, else it may box his ears and pitch him headlong overboard.

Now as the blubber envelopes the whale precisely as the rind does an orange, so is it stripped from the body precisely as an orange is sometimes stripped by spiralizing it. For the strain constantly kept up by the windlass keeps the whale rolling over and over in the water,

and as the blubber peels off, it is lowered through the main hatchway into an unfurnished parlor called the blubber room. Here sundry nimble hands keep coiling away the long blanket-piece as if it were a great live mass of plaited serpents.

But I have not yet mentioned how the great blubber hook was inserted time after time into the holes cut by the mates. This was the duty of my particular friend Queequeg, who had to descend upon the monster's back for that purpose. The whale, be it observed, lies almost entirely submerged. So down there, some 10 feet below the level of the deck, the poor harpooneer flounders about, half on the whale and half in the water, as the vast mass revolves like a treadmill beneath him.

Being the savage's bowsman, that is, the person who pulled the bow-oar in his boat, it was my cheerful duty to attend him while taking that hardscrabble scramble upon the dead whale's back. You have seen Italian organ boys holding a dancing ape by a long cord. Just so, from the ship's steep side, did I hold Queequeg down there in the sea, by a "monkey rope" attached to his belt and also to mine. It was a humorously perilous business for both of us. For should poor Queequeg sink to rise no more, then honor demanded that I should be dragged down in his wake.

Often I had to jerk him from between the whale and the ship,

where he would occasionally fall. But this was not the only jeopardy he was exposed to. Unappalled by the massacre made upon them during the night, the sharks swarmed about like bees in a beehive.

And right in among those sharks was Queequeg; who often pushed them aside with his floundering feet. A thing altogether incredible were it not that, attracted by such prey as a dead whale, the shark will seldom touch a man. Nevertheless, it is deemed wise to look sharp to them. Accordingly, Tashtego and Daggoo continually flourished over Queequeg's head a couple of keen whale spades, wherewith they slaughtered as many sharks as they could reach. This procedure, to be sure, was meant for Queequeg's best happiness. But in their hasty zeal to befriend him, and from the circumstance that both he and the sharks were at times half hidden by the blood-muddied water, those indiscreet spades of theirs would come nearer amputating a leg than a tail. But poor Queequeg, I suppose, straining and gasping there with that great iron hook, only prayed to his gods. And indeed, he was delivered, at last, safe back on deck.

AS SOON AS may be, the blubber is cut in smaller pieces for the try works, two great pots set in solid masonry below the deck. The fires of these try-pots are fed from scraps and "fritters" of shriveled blubber, so that the whale supplies

his own fuel and burns by his own body. Would that he consumed his own smoke! For it is horrible to inhale, and live in it for the time you must. It has an unspeakable, wild, Hindoo odor about it, such as may lurk in the vicinity of funeral pyres.

"HAUL IN the chains! Let the carcass go astern!"

The tackles have now done their duty. The peeled white body of the whale flashes like a marble sepulcher; though changed in hue, it has not perceptibly lost anything in bulk. It is still colossal. Slowly it floats more and more away, the water round it torn and splashed by the insatiate sharks, and the air above vexed with rapacious flights of screaming fowls.

There's a most doleful and most mocking funeral! Oh, horrible vulturism of earth, from which not the mightiest whale is free!

Nor is this the end. The desecrated body, espied by some vessel from afar, with the white spray heaving high against it, is often set down in the log — *sboals, rocks, and breakers bereabouts: beware!* And for years afterward, perhaps, ships shun the place. Thus, in death, the great whale's body may become a panic to sailors.

AT LENGTH, when the last pint of oil is casked, the ship must be cleansed. Decks are scrubbed. The soot of the try works is brushed from the lower rigging. All the imple-

ments which have been in use are likewise faithfully cleansed and put away. And at last the crew may proceed to their own ablutions.

But mark: aloft there, at the three mastheads, stand three men intent on spying out more whales — which, if caught, infallibly will drop at least one small grease spot somewhere. Yes; and many is the time, when, after the severest labors — of rowing, heaving, and butchering — the sailors have finally cleansed the ship, and made a spotless dairy room of it; many is the time the poor fellows, just buttoning the necks of their clean frocks, are startled by

the cry of "There she blows!" and away they fly to fight another whale, and go through the whole weary thing again.

NOTE: Readers familiar with *Moby Dick* will recall that the narrative tends increasingly toward the mystical, becoming at the last the symbolic and incredible tale of the pursuit of Moby Dick, the great White Whale, by the half-mad captain of the *Pequod*. In a grand tragic finale, unique in American literature, the *Pequod* and her company are destroyed by the White Whale — leaving Ishmael the sole survivor.



Traditional Ceremonies in the U. S. — III —

They That Go Down to the Sea in Ships

FOR OVER 300 years, Gloucester, Massachusetts, has watched her men put out for the fishing grounds on the Grand Banks, many to return no more. Since 1830, eight thousand have been lost at sea, and for many years the mothers, widows and children of the lost fishermen, their friends and thousands of spectators have attended a memorial service of moving simplicity.

On an afternoon in early August, at the hour when the ebb tide is strongest as it hurries out to sea, a line of sun-browned fishermen, their arms full of old-fashioned flowers from Gloucester gardens, marches to a narrow inlet through which the tide rips swiftly. The crowd gathered there joins in singing.

Then, after a prayer, the names of those drowned that year are read; and

as each is called relatives of the lost fisherman step to the water's edge and toss their wreaths and bouquets. The crowd is silent except for the sobbing of the women. When the roll call is ended, the fishermen lining the bank cast their flowers into the water, and all repeat together: "In memory of all the seamen, who through all the years have found a last resting place in the waters that wash every shore, we lovingly strew these flowers."

The gay flotilla — verbenas, zinnias, snapdragons, larkspur, daisies — bob out over the waves toward Norman's Woe, the reef on which was wrecked the schooner *Hesperus*. As the tide bears them beyond sight, a bugler sounds taps, and is answered by another from across the cove. — AP

Reader's Choice

A Selection of Articles from the General Magazines for July

YOU CAN TRUST THE PUBLIC, by Robert Moses — The head of New York's park system, whose remarkable achievements have gained him nation-wide attention, vigorously denies the charge that the public will not observe rules and has no pride in its public recreation spots. Mean parks make mean people, he says. Give the public something to be proud of and it will be taken care of.

GADGET GOLD, by Weldon Melick — The National Inventors Congress serves to bring inventors and manufacturers together. Its several exhibits each year prove that all inventors are by no means goofy visionaries, and also that some very goofy people think they are inventors.

WHATEVER BECAME OF? by Gerald O'Mahoney — A high school graduate, class of '21, who intended to become a lawyer and became an engineer instead, returns to his New England town, looks up his 47 classmates, compares their present situation with their early aspirations and reveals an interesting cross-section of American people.

THE PAROLE RACKET, by Martin Mooney — The first of two articles by the reporter who did a sensational racket exposé which helped start the Dewey investigation. Mr. Mooney shows how "wrong guys" get out of prison by subterfuge and "pull."

WHAT WAR WILL MEAN TO AMERICA, by Gordon Carroll — An examination of plans to mobilize the nation for war reveals that, to fight for democracy, we must first place ourselves under a dictatorship more rigid than anything the country has ever imagined. Is any war worth the inevitable loss of our liberties, which may never be recovered?

The American
MAGAZINE

KEEPER OF THE MIDDLE ROAD, by John Janney — Although Lewis Douglas, former Budget Director, has become president of a Canadian college, he is still talked of as an anti-New Deal coalition candidate for President of the U.S. in 1940. Can the coalitionists, asks this writer, swallow Douglas' low-tariff anti-Big Business convictions?

DIXIE'S MOTHER CONFESSOR, by James Street — Judge Camille Kelley of the Memphis Juvenile Court rarely sends anybody to jail and has an 85 percent record of success in rehabilitating youngsters. She crusades against child marriage, talks up to legislators and counsels wives "not to scream at their husbands when they have hangovers."

THE MORMONS FIND A WAY, by Richard L. Neuberger — The extraordinary record made by the Mormon Church in taking its members off the relief rolls by a Security Program involving coöperation, self-help and expansion of church plants and properties.

MERVYN OF THE MOVIES, by Jerome Beatty — Mervyn Leroy, who rose from a \$12.50-a-week prop boy to become the "little wizard" of Hollywood, has always been himself; he rides a bicycle, thinks Shakespeare had a gagman — and makes \$300,000 a year.

The American
Mercury

THE "LOST GENERATION" MYTH, by Fletcher Pratt — There is no basis for the self-pitying belief that the generation now reaching full maturity was robbed of its creative birthright by the World War. The neutral countries have had no outburst of genius, either, and Nobel Prize records show that the Lost Generation has no reason to feel sorry for itself.

EARTHQUAKE IN MESSINA, by Wayne Francis Palmer — The disastrous earthquake and tidal wave which overwhelmed the Sicilian city of Messina in 1908 brought panic, terror and destruction which lasted for weeks.

THE STORY OF A SYMBOL, by Alan Devoe — We make the eagle our national emblem and then do everything we can to exterminate him from the face of the continent.

SEXUAL "FRIGIDITY" IN WOMEN, by Havelock Ellis — An authority discusses contradictory ideas held during different historical eras concerning sexual response of women in the light of facts brought out in recent studies.

THE OLD SOUTH MYTH, by John W. Thomason, Jr. — The myth of the Old South will ever live because a lot of it is true, as Lieut.-Col. Thomason shows from the records.

I HAVE A SOFT JOB, by A College Professor — Satirical observations on the "underpaid and overworked" college teacher.

THE LA FOLLETTE PLATFORM — The editors find much to commend in Governor La Follette's analysis of the present situation in his Progressive Party platform; but because he apparently intends to put America back on the right track by a purified New Deal, they beg to be excused from joining him.

WHAT IS BIG BUSINESS UP TO? by Alfred Hirsch — An analysis of the \$800,000 anti-labor propaganda program being conducted by the National Association of Manufacturers and a suggestion that this organization, which has many company and trade association affiliates, may turn its powerful weapon to political use.

THIS BUSINESS OF ABORTION, by Louis Blanchard Kaley — The tragic facts concerning the prevalence of abortion in this country and the reasons for it. A narrow interpretation of the grounds upon which abortion is legally permitted is causing hundreds of mothers to die each year, declares this writer in pleading for a more enlightened attitude.

IF A COMET HITS US —, by John J. O'Neill — Mathematical calculations as to the chances of a comet hitting New York, and what would happen if it did.

THEY READ BY HAND AND EAR, by F. Fraser Bond — The kind and amount of literature provided in Braille and talking books for the blind.

FORUM

DARROW, THE FRIENDLY ENEMY, by Clarence True Wilson — On religion, prohibition and many other topics, Dr.

Wilson and Clarence Darrow always clashed. They traveled all over the country to debate publicly and Wilson, who began by hating Darrow, finally grew to cherish him as a warm friend. He tells why in this tribute to the great pleader.

ARE MEN MICE? — A debate between Alfred Uhler and Margaret Fishback, who discourse amiably on the timidity of the American male and whether American women wish to be dominated or to rule the roost.

PHILANTHROPY FROM THE GRAVE, by Horace Coon — Many trust funds and foundations are so restricted by the founders' stipulations that the funds are in reality wasted. Many wield power which may become socially dangerous. While we have done nothing except encourage the piling up of endowments, England has lately taken radical steps to regulate their administration.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, by George R. Leighton — First of a two-part article on the city the railroads made; how it was

founded, how its "first families" achieved their position, and the financial and political battles which isolated it from the surrounding country and made it regarded by the farmers and Populists as the sinkhole of iniquity.

DRINKING AND ALCOHOLISM, by Genevieve Parkhurst — Alcoholism is not a vice but a disease. A growing legion of excessive drinkers makes imperative a spreading of the knowledge of how it may be combatted, not by a new prohibition crusade, but by scientific methods of prevention and cure.

ADVENTURES IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, by C. E. M. Joad — Explanations and speculations on psychic phenomena the author has witnessed — fraudulent and otherwise. Telepathy and clairvoyance, he believes, are native powers of the mind but normally withheld from average human beings.

NEWS FROM SIBERIA, by George B. Cressey — The amazing development of Siberia in the past 10 years lays the foundation for the emergence of Soviet Russia as a Pacific power and stirs the Russian people by its pioneering achievement.

Harpers MAGAZINE

ON TRYING TO KEEP HUMAN IN CAMBRIDGE, by Rollo Walter Brown — In the community dominated by Harvard

and living off endowments, people are friendly and cordial until economics is mentioned; then their hatred of Roosevelt and their lack of understanding of people beyond their own social group makes itself so bitterly felt that even one who loves the place has to go away to get a new perspective.

SWASTIKA OVER THE ANDES, by Carleton Beals — The thoroughgoing manner in which the Germans have penetrated Latin America in trade and propaganda, told by an experienced traveler and correspondent.

JIM HOYT'S HIRED MAN, by Maurice Hindus — The well-known writer tells how as a 17-year-old boy he hired out to an upstate farmer, and his amazement at the contrast between American farming ways and those of his native Russian village.

THE MYSTERY OF THE MINO TOMB, by Albert Franz Cochrane — Did the Boston Museum of Fine Arts pay \$100,000 for a masterpiece of Renaissance sculpture or for a worthless forgery? Recent scientific tests have only deepened the mystery surrounding one of the most controversial objects in the art world.

MORRIS ERNST, by Marquis James — Brilliant foe of the censors, Ernst, once a shirt-maker, admits he is an exhibitionist and that he fights many of his cases in the newspapers. He has bested John W. Davis and Samuel Untermyer in legal battles before the Supreme Court, represents many conservative clients and gives his services to many liberal causes.

HIGH HAT, by Henry F. Pringle — The "class magazines" — *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *The Spur*, etc. — cater to fashion and wealth, and persuade advertisers to pay high rates for small circulations.

Scribner's

THE GREAT SPEED-UP, by Gilbert H. Burck — The revolution in railroad passenger traffic which now makes it

possible to go from Chicago to the West Coast in 40 hours and has resulted in shortened traveling time and de luxe equipment on many roads.

MOUNTAIN LOOKOUT, by John Clark Hunt — The diary of a lookout high in a steel tower in the Sierra Nevadas records not only the excitement of spotting forest fires and deer poachers but the capture of escaped criminals and a bout with a thunderbolt.

Among Those Present

George Fielding Eliot (p. 98) served in the Australian Army during the World War and saw service in Egypt, at Gallipoli, and on the western front. He has written numerous military articles for *The Infantry Journal* and *The United States Naval Institute Proceedings*, and, with Richard E. Dupuy, is co-author of *If War Comes*, published last November.

Joseph Kirk Folsom (p. 56), now Professor of Sociology at Vassar, has taught economics and sociology at the University of Pittsburgh, Dartmouth and Sweet Briar Colleges. He assisted last year in arranging the New York State Conference on Marriage and the Family, and is a member of the Governing Board of the National Council of Parent Education, and of the Board of Directors of the American Eugenics Society.

Herman Melville (1819-1891) (p. 115) is perhaps America's most distinguished writer of the sea, and he was the first to lift the hatch and show the world what passes in a ship's fo'c's'le.

Well-born and educated, he nevertheless shipped as a cabin boy, at the age of 18,

on a voyage to England, and spent all his early manhood as a common sailor in a merchantman, several whalers, and a man-of-war. He was held captive by cannibals in the South Seas for four months, was in a mutiny off Tahiti, then returned to New England to marry the daughter of Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts.

By the time he was 32, the scope of his experience rivaled that of Ulysses, and he had won distinction as a novelist. However, though he wrote all his adult life — and for 20 years he worked in the New York Custom House to make this possible — his most brilliant literary achievements were all concentrated in his earlier years. His works include *Typee: A Peep at Polynesian Life*; *Omoo, A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas*; *Moby Dick*; and *White Jacket, or The World in a Man-of-War*.

Isabel Ross (p. 65) has worked on the *Toronto Daily News*, and for more than a decade on the N. Y. *Herald Tribune*. She is a confirmed globe-trotter, author of several novels, and of *Ladies of the Press*, an account of the exploits of outstanding newspaper women.

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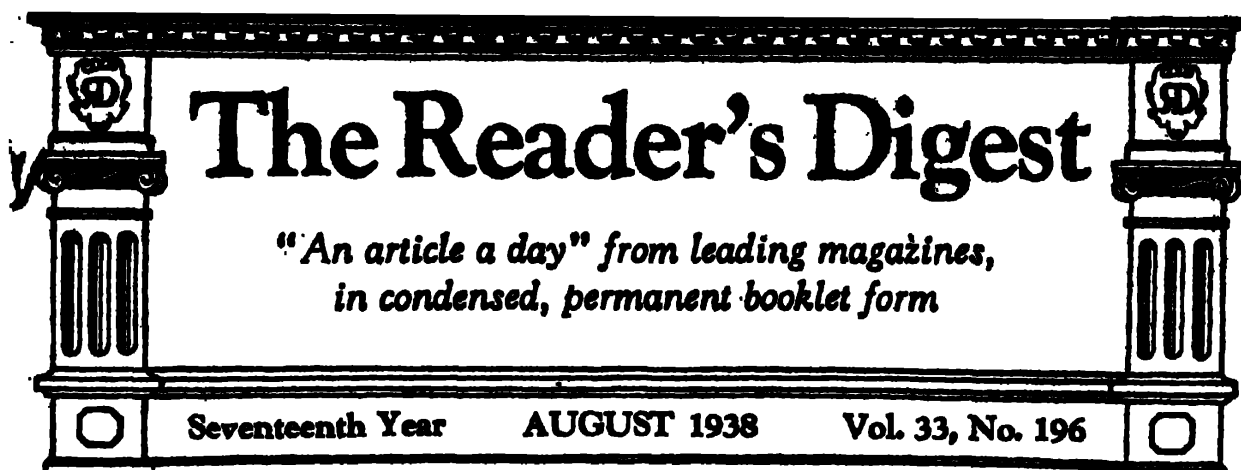
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Diagnosing the Doctors

Condensed from The American Magazine

Beverly Smith

EARLY this spring the U. S. Technical Committee on Medical Care issued a government report indicating that, with adequate care, more than 200,000 deaths a year could be prevented; that medical science, fully applied, could every year save the lives of:

- 7000 women who die in childbirth.
- 70,000 children who die the first year of life.
- 20,000 people who die of pneumonia.
- 35,000 who die of tuberculosis.
- 40,000 who die of the aftereffects of syphilis.
- 12,000 who die of diabetes.
- 24,000 who die of cancer.

That works out to nearly 600 needless deaths a day. And it indicates that the old medical customs of fees and services no longer fit modern society.

Our doctors are probably the

best in the world. They compare favorably with the rest of us in public spirit; many of them give more than half their time to charity work. But some of them high in medical societies oppose all change in the present system of medical care, saying, "Everything is evolving satisfactorily."

The public does not believe that medicine is evolving satisfactorily. It does not blame the medical profession as a whole, but believes that the distribution of medical care is lagging far behind the *science* of medicine. It believes that we need more and better doctors; and it is willing to pay more, in total, for medical care if the burden is more fairly distributed, and if the doctors will organize themselves to give more efficient service.

Many doctors sympathize with this view. Not long ago a committee

of 430 internationally known American physicians called for a national department of health, headed by a cabinet officer; for more preventive medicine; for more public funds for medical education, research, hospitals, and diagnostic services. They emphasized that the planning and use of these funds should be assigned to experts.

The Journal of the American Medical Association cried out in alarm. The proposals meant government control. The N. Y. *Times* retorted that unless the American Medical Association brings forth constructive proposals of its own, "it will have completely forfeited public confidence as a counselor on the social problems of medicine."

What worries the average man is not the ordinary doctors' bills. The thing that preys on his mind is the unpredictable serious illnesses, with their consultations, specialists, hospitals and surgeons' fees.

"We were getting along pretty well," a 42-year-old clerk in a Southern town told me, "until my wife's mother broke her hip. Five months in the hospital, pneumonia complications, specialists' fees. The bill cleaned out my savings, and my son has had to quit his course at engineering school."

Everybody is familiar with similar heartbreaking stories. Under the present system you can't budget for serious illness. I can't predict how much sickness my family

will have next year. But if 1000 or 2000 families get together we can predict fairly accurately how much serious illness the whole group will have.

An astonishingly successful beginning has already been made along these lines. In 1929 the Baylor University Hospital in Dallas, Texas, agreed with 1500 school-teachers to provide three weeks' hospitalization to any teacher who needed it, each teacher to pay \$3 a semester. This worked so well that the American Hospital Association took the plan up in 1933, on a nonprofit basis. Here is how it grew:

1933: 6000 members; 1935: 97,000; 1937: 968,000; this year: *two million* members, and going up as fast as ever. It is in operation in upwards of 40 cities, with the coöperation of hospitals, the doctors and the public. This sensational growth shows what the public and the medical men can do when they pull together.

New York's hospital plan, known as "the 3-cents-a-day plan" which has served as a model for many other cities, is a good example of how the scheme works.* A single man pays \$10 a year; man and wife pay \$18; man, wife and any number of unmarried minor children pay \$24. (These rates are usually lower in smaller cities.) You are then entitled, on the recommendation

* See "Hospital Care at 3¢ a Day," *The Reader's Digest*, September, '36, p. 97.

of your doctor, to service in any one of the 300 participating hospitals in the metropolitan area.

You get: bed, board and nursing service in a semiprivate room; operating and delivery-room service; laboratory analyses; X-ray films and fluoroscopies; ordinary drugs and dressings; anesthesia if administered by a hospital employee; basal metabolism tests, electrocardiograms, serums, and use of oxygen tent. All this free up to 30 days per person per year. Thereafter, a $33\frac{1}{3}$ percent discount on your hospital bill.

Even this still leaves us unable to budget against unpredictably heavy surgeons' and specialists' fees in severe illness. Specialists are necessary, and they are becoming more necessary for deep-seated ailments as medical science becomes more complex. But financially the specialist situation is barbaric.

The patient has no way of judging for himself the quality of the service he is getting. If the specialist recommends an expensive treatment or operation, the big fee draws a veil of distrust between doctor and patient. The result may be an unnecessary operation; even worse, it may cause a patient to decline an operation which would save his life. Fellow physicians may be able to judge a doctor's ability, but by the ethics of the profession doctors are unwilling to testify against one another. This code seems to protect the incompetent

doctor rather than the unfortunate patient.

There is a further question on which I would rather let a doctor do the talking. Dr. Richard C. Cabot of Boston has had 40 years' experience in general and hospital practice and as professor of Clinical Medicine at the Harvard Medical School. Dr. Cabot recently said:

We would never put a judge on the bench under conditions such that he might be influenced by pecuniary considerations. Suppose that if the judge were to hand down one decision he got \$5000, and if he decided the other way he got nothing. But we allow the private practitioner to face this sort of temptation.

The greatest single curse in medicine is the curse of unnecessary operations, and there would be fewer of them if the doctor got the same salary whether he operated or not.

I am not accusing the medical profession of dishonesty, but I am saying that we should be defended from unfair temptation. I maintain that to have doctors working on salary would be better for doctors as well as for patients.

Plans for medical care which get away from the fee system have been springing up all over the country. Several years ago in Los Angeles, Drs. Donald Ross and Clifford Loos established a private group clinic. Now about 20,000 people and their families, more than 60,000 in all, are enrolled. The subscriber, for \$2

a month, gets medical service, hospitalization, ordinary medicines, services of specialists, surgeons and technicians. His family are entitled to medical service at small extra charges. Drs. Ross and Loos have about 50 doctors on the staff.

In Little Rock, Ark., seven physicians who also own and operate a hospital started the Trinity Hospital Group, which gives full medical, surgical, and hospital service for \$2 a month, \$5 a family. It has grown fast and now serves well over 5000 people.*

These plans give a profit to the doctors who operate them. Some persons believe that such groups could be controlled by the patients themselves, on a nonprofit basis, with good salaries for the doctors employed.

One of the most controversial experiments got under way in Washington, D. C., last fall. With the help of a grant of \$40,000 from the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, 2500 employees of this and associated government agencies organized the "Group Health Association, Inc." They established a clinic, equipped it with the most modern apparatus, and staffed it with a carefully chosen medical director, surgeon, an eye-ear-nose-and-throat specialist, child specialist, two general practitioners, registered nurses, and an X-ray and laboratory technician.

* See "Have You Paid Your Doctor?" *The Reader's Digest*, August, '37, p. 65.

The members, who now total about 6000, pay \$2.20 a month for a single man, \$3.30 a month for a man and his family, getting full medical and hospital care.

The medical society in Washington has fought the plan, and has moved to expel its members who are on the staff of the Association. Dr. Raymond E. Selders, surgeon of the Association, has not been permitted to practice in any Washington hospital. This is hard for the layman to understand, since there is no question concerning Dr. Selders' ability and reputation. A spokesman for the medical society explained it by saying that many doctors feel so strongly that the Group Health Association is a bad thing that they consider themselves justified in fighting it by any legal means available. They feel, he said, that it is "the thin edge of the wedge," that it may lead to "socialized medicine."

On the constructive side, however, the doctors of Washington have been energetic in trying to provide better payment plans for people of moderate means. Even before the Group Health Association was organized, they had set up the "Medical-Dental Service Bureau."

By this plan the man who needs medical care and can't pay for it goes to the physician of his choice, has the medical service performed, including hospital specialists, dental work, and technical service. Then

he takes the total bill to the Bureau and states his exact financial condition. The Bureau determines what his spare income is, and arranges for him to pay a part of that margin each month for 10 months, at the end of which time the entire debt is discharged.

When voluntary health associations spring up in a community there are two things the medical societies can do. They can fight them tooth and nail. Or, better, they can work out an alternative.

Many doctors seem to fear that

the net effect of all these plans will be to cut down the income of the medical profession. If this is so it will be in defiance of our whole experience. Whenever, in this country, better service has been supplied on more convenient terms of payment, Americans have bought more of that service and paid far greater total sums for it than before. This has already been indicated in the field of medicine: where group hospital plans have been established, they have been a boon to hospitals as well as patients.



¶ An interpretation of the American attitude toward aggressor nations that aroused international discussion

A Way of Life

Condensed from an Editorial in

The New York Times

THOUGH the United States has lived for two years under a Neutrality Act which expresses its wish to remain at peace, the American people are not neutral now in any situation which involves the risk of war, nor will they remain neutral in any future situation which threatens to disturb the balance of world power.

American opinion today is openly and overwhelmingly on the side of

China as against Japan. American opinion was just as definitely aligned against the seizure of Austria. It is as nearly unanimous today as it has ever been, in any question of foreign policy, in applauding the determination of Czechoslovakia to fight for its independence, if need be, instead of tamely going under. It will be just as nearly unanimous tomorrow and the day after tomorrow, whenever and wherever

something that comes home to the inbred American conception of liberty and democracy is at stake.

The truth is that no act of Congress can conscript the underlying loyalties of the American people. These loyalties have in the past prevailed and may prevail again even over our desire to remain at peace, and statesmen abroad will do well to reckon with this fact. Americans have a habit of choosing sides the moment any issue basic to this country's faith is actually involved.

In the case of China's fight for self-existence against Japanese aggression, American sentiment is tapped by loyalties which come readily to the surface. We sympathize instinctively with the underdog. We cherish a special and long-standing friendship with the Chinese people. We resent the ruthlessness of Japan's attack. We are not ashamed of a frank commercial interest in desiring the continuation of the Open Door.

These considerations are responsible for the fact that American opinion has willingly supported Mr. Roosevelt in the maintenance of the elaborate fraud that no "war" exists today on the continent of Asia — since a finding that "war" is actually in progress would compel us to invoke sections of the Neutrality Act which would react to the disadvantage of China as against Japan.

Thus we have cast our influence

against any possibility that Japan will profit from this adventure with our approval and support. And any American banker or industrialist who dared to propose American participation in any plan to develop the resources of China under Japanese administration would find the opinion of this country overwhelmingly against him.

To that extent, at least, we have aligned ourselves with China in her present struggle. To that extent, and more, we are partisans in Europe; for in Europe we find not only the issue raised by imperialism running wild, but also the issue of dictatorship against our own democracy.

What is Czechoslovakia? For most Americans, a spot of color on the map of Central Europe, a toy country made of the broken bits of an old empire. But also, for most Americans, a country now revealed as a frontier on which men are prepared to fight for the traditions of democracy; for the right to think as they please and to vote as they please; for the right to worship in their own way; for the right to walk the streets as free men who are equals of those who sit in the seats of power; for the right to be secure against arbitrary power, against the verdict of the drum-head court and the dry rot of the concentration camp; for the right to live under a system of government deriving its just powers from the consent of the governed; for the

right to follow, without permission of a ruling clique, the pursuit of liberty as they have known it and of happiness as they have hoped to find it.

The average American may not define in words the loyalties he shares with certain other people. But in the democracies of Europe — in the little democracies in the danger zones; in the more fortunate democracies of Scandinavia; above all, in the great democracies of France and Britain — the average American finds a way of life which he knows instinctively to be the way of life which he himself has chosen.

He knows that these democracies are the outposts of our own kind of civilization, of the democratic system, of the progress we have achieved through the methods of self-government. He knows that if these outposts are overrun by dictatorships of either Right or Left we shall find ourselves deprived of friends. He knows that, despite geographical remoteness and a traditional desire to avoid entanglement in other peoples' quarrels, we are inevitably the natural allies of the democracies of Europe.

The vast power of the United States is not used effectively today in defense of international democracy because the American people do not wish to commit themselves in advance to any policy which involves even a potential risk of war. We have adopted a Neutrality Act

not primarily because we are at heart a neutral people — our whole history belies that designation — but because we detest war, dread its human cost, and fear the consequences it might have for our own democratic institutions. With the other democracies we have trapped ourselves in a paradoxical situation in which our desire for peace is so evident that the aggressor nations are encouraged to resort to acts which bring closer the very war we fear.

It is evident that some of the sponsors of the American Neutrality Act are themselves dissatisfied with the way that law has worked in practice. There is reason to believe that an effort to repeal the law will be undertaken and will succeed in reaching its objective when Congress reconvenes. Certainly that result is greatly to be desired, because repeal of the law would permit the material resources of the United States to count on the side of international law and order. Britain and France would be in a stronger position to resist aggression and to counsel peace in Central Europe if their hands were strengthened by the ability to purchase in this country, in the event of war, the materials to which they have access through their command of the Atlantic.

Beyond repeal of the Neutrality Act, however, no early change is likely in American policy. There is no reason to believe that the Amer-

ican people will agree at any time in the near future to be bound by commitments to help maintain world peace. But the aggressor nations will make a mistake if they assume from our unwillingness to pledge ourselves to a specific course of action that it is safe to leave us out of their calculations. We shall be fully prepared, if war on a large scale envelops Europe, to choose the side of the democracies.

That will mean, at the very least, what it meant in the years from 1914 to 1916: an immense moral support which cannot be regarded as an unimportant factor in the winning of a modern war, and a deliberate policy of favoring our friends in the interpretation of laws which control our relations with other countries and of traditions which govern our policies on the high seas. At most it will mean, as it meant in 1917, a decision on the part of the United States to intervene.

On two occasions during our history as an independent nation a

"world war" has been fought. We were drawn into both those wars because American interests became so deeply involved that it was no longer tolerable even for a peace-loving nation to remain at peace.

It is important that the statesmen of aggressor countries should realize that today, no less than in 1917, there are vital American interests in all parts of the world which would almost certainly be affected by war on a large scale. It is important that they realize the real depth of American loyalty to the whole set of principles and methods and traditions which goes by the name of democracy.

In any ultimate test of strength between democracy and dictatorship, the good will and the moral support — and in the long run more likely than not the physical power — of the United States will be found on the side of those nations defending a way of life which is our own, and the only way of life which Americans believe to be worth living.



Sense and Sensibility

How FEW of us really use our senses! I mean give ourselves fully at any time to the occupation of the senses. We do not expect to understand a treatise on Economics without applying our minds to it, nor can we really smell or hear or see or feel without every faculty alert. I have the feeling — it may be unscientific but it is comforting — that any man might see like an Indian or smell like a hound if he gave his senses the brains which the Indian and the hound apply to them. And I'm pretty sure about the Indian! It is marvelous what a man can do when he puts his entire mind upon one faculty and bears down hard.

— David Grayson, *Adventures in Contentment* (Doubleday, Doran)

Relief from Murder

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Howard Mumford Jones

IN THE COURSE of my job as book reviewer I have recently read a powerful and somber novel, *Slogum House*, by Mari Sandoz. To its indubitable merits I give willing homage, and I shall not soon forget the central character, Gulla Slogum, as impressive an incarnation of insatiate greed as I have met in fiction for a long time.

In the course of the story Mrs. Slogum drives all her daughters save one to prostitution in her own house and, out of greed, drives most of her sons to commit murders of one sort or another. She shields her brother, a fugitive from justice, so long as he is useful to her, and then raises no obstacles to his being "bumped off" by the family. There are various other acts of darkness in the book, and the characters talk with great frankness of defecation and copulation.

As I think over *Slogum House* my eye wanders to my bookshelf, and I take down the first six or seven review copies of other novels I come to. The first of these is diversified by a seduction scene on a golf course, a murder, a lynching, a riot, besides other derelictions. The next

is the story of a bootlegger's daughter. Most of the characters live outside the law, and there are various scenes of violence and cowardice in its pages. The third is dedicated to the proposition that American history is the history of fools; it begins with a savage hunt for witches and it is filled with piratical murders, mob violence, scenes of corruption, bribery, treason, and spoils. The next is devoted to showing how a bereaved husband discovered after his wife's death that she was a female cad. The fifth is laid among tenant farmers in the South; it ends with a murder and includes a seduction or two, a prostitute, an unhappy marriage involving adultery on both sides, and one or two characters who are slightly deranged.

From other novels of recent vintage I have learned to believe that the true pith and marrow of existence is mostly outside the law and beyond the moral codes, and that life in the United States is compounded of boredom and horror, violence and despair.

Now I have no objection to literary violence *per se*, and I also be-

lieve in the freedom of the artist to treat the scenes and create the characters which interest him. I think more harm than good is accomplished by censorship of literature, and that the relation of morality to art is so subtle that it cannot be confined to any formula, however well intentioned.

Nevertheless, I am bored by these novels. I think a great many other readers are bored. I think one of the most exciting things that could happen in American literature would be a sit-down strike among novel readers protesting against this interminable procession of weak and cowardly men, strong and brutal men, oversexed women, undersexed women, frustrated children, bewildered parents, hopeless farmers, and greedy overlords. I have had my fill of cruelty, rape, seduction, incest, lynching, murder, and general hellishness. I long to be introduced to a cultured human being in a story, to enter an ordinary home, to read some merely civilized conversation. So far as I know, I do not say these things because I am a hopeless Victorian or a college professor or a bourgeois or an upholder of a particular moral code. I say them in my simple capacity as a reader of books. I think I have had about all of this diet that my system can assimilate.

The pride of the hard-boiled school is that it is realistic. We do not care, say these novelists in effect, whether you like our picture

of life or not, but this is existence as we find it. As honest artists we are portraying the real life of America — telling you the truth about the tenant farmers and the workers, and about the real thoughts, the secret lust and cruelty and frustration, of ordinary men and women. If you don't believe us, watch a lynching or a labor riot.

Bosh! It is the pleasing delusion of every literary movement that it, and it alone, has got at the truth at last, but I see no reason to suppose that the reigning fashion in fiction is any nearer ultimate reality than any earlier literary fashion.

At the turn of the 18th century there was a popular school of writers known as the Gothic or Terror novelists. We smile at the absurdities upon which they depended for their effects, but it appears upon inspection that we are not entitled to smile very broadly. For what were the ingredients of the Gothic novel? Violence, horror, seduction, murder, incest, adultery.

The only reason why the writers of Gothic fiction did not create a few morons of sadistic tendencies, such as Mr. Faulkner sometimes employs in his extraordinary novels, is, I suppose, because they had not yet learned about morons, but they did what they could. The conventions of this group, in fact, so curiously resemble the conventions of the reigning school of violence that I wonder why they are in the one case dismissed as roman-

tic hocus-pocus and in the other are considered seriously as a disillusioned report on life.

Now of course there is more to contemporary novels than murder and adultery. They rest upon sociological grounds. They picture American discontent, and I do not wish to deny any contemporary novelist the power of honest indignation. The honest indignation of Dickens in *Hard Times*, published in 1854, undoubtedly helped to ameliorate the lot of Victorian workingmen, just as the honest indignation of Mr. Upton Sinclair in *The Jungle* helped to clean up Packingtown. I hope the indignation of contemporary novelists will have similar results. But it will not have a proportionately adequate result if their indignation is conveyed through characters who are dramatic monsters.

The horror school is, the novelists claim, true to important aspects of American life. Is it? Suppose that by the 25th century a great catastrophe has destroyed all vestiges of American civilization, but that an expedition from New Zealand digs in the ruins of my apartment house and finds the contemporary novels on my shelves, and delighted historians set to work to reconstruct our vanished culture. What extraordinary conclusions they will draw! For they must gather from the evidence that the vanished Americans lived in a state of perpetual insanity and violence.

They must draw a picture of a desolate and degraded culture without order or ethics, a country of greed, famine and selfishness.

Now I protest that lust and cruelty do not operate 24 hours a day, even in the United States. I fancy most of us do not begin breakfast by shouting obscenities. I have not, in the course of 45 years of reasonably diversified existence, known any murderers, and I gather that the number of murderers in actual life is proportionately less than the tally of homicidal fictional characters might lead me to believe. A few of my acquaintances have met violent deaths, but most of them seem to live relatively peaceful lives. A few are actually married. Most of the workingmen I have talked with have seemed much more interested in the World Series and the Old Gold contest than they were in bashing in their employer's head with a bloody club. Perhaps I live a sheltered life and therefore don't know the proper people. But have I no rights as a reader?

As a mere reader, I demand — and I do not think the demand altogether unreasonable — that, mixed with whatever instruction and awe, insight and disgust, one of these novelists wishes to give me, he shall also give me a little entertainment, and I am getting to the stage where I am no longer entertained.

I think we are entitled to a new deal in novels. When do we get it?

¶ What actually happens in locked jury rooms?
The search for justice, it seems, often becomes
blindman's buff

Twelve Good Men — Untrue!

Condensed from The Christian Science Monitor

Upton Close

FOR THE first time we have an official "low-down" on the American jury. The Ruth Commission of Pennsylvania, armed by the legislature with authority to subpoena, has put scores of ex-jurors on the stand and made them tell what really happens behind locked jury-room doors.

One result of the Commission's first year of work is that 117 individuals in Pennsylvania, ranging from professional criminals to court employes, lawyers and politicians, are under indictment by Judge Curtis Bok's special "blue ribbon" grand jury. But punishment of offenders is incidental. Of first importance to every American who wants justice is the Commission's factual survey of shocking practices existing all over the United States.

The Commission's report, going to press as this is written, and previewed only by this writer, was very nearly smothered by the bosses in Pennsylvania, who cut off funds with the hope that the findings could not be published. We shall have the report only because the fearless young director of the Com-

mission, Chet Keyes, put aside each month a sum now sufficient to publish the book.

It all began with a series of newspaper articles by Dave Wittals in the *Philadelphia Record*, exposing the probation racket in that city. The legislature took notice, and Governor Earle appointed as chairman of an investigating commission State Senator Frank W. Ruth, pastor of a small-town Dutch Reformed Church.

Most common of the sins of juries, says the Ruth report, is their tendency to regard lightly misconduct in office: a mayor sharing the proceeds of prostitution, a police chief collecting from illicit liquor dealers, political bosses conspiring to deprive the American citizen of his right to vote freely seem to arouse jurors so little that they are willing to determine the verdict by the flip of a coin.

One such case, for instance — and it is only slightly more outrageous than others brought out in the Ruth report — concerned the foreman of a jury at Easton.

"Let's get this over with!" he urged his fellows as soon as the

bailiff had locked them in. "It's all very confusing — none of us really knows whether to acquit or convict. Why not leave it to Lady Luck? I'll toss for each of you. If it's heads you're for acquittal; tails you're for conviction — okay?" All 11 agreed. The foreman tossed for each of his fellow jurors, one at a time. All 11 came up heads. That decided the verdict. Some of the jurors had misgivings, but didn't like to accuse the foreman of cheating. They didn't know then that he was a political henchman of the accused.

Jurors in one instance confessed to agreement in order to get to a lodge dance on time, in another instance to see a ball game. The ease with which one or two determined jurors can swing the remainder was evidenced by testimony after testimony. The ordinary juror seems to assume that one or two of his fellows who take definite stands know more about the case than he.

In one prominent case, a jury of conservative citizens received evidence, including a confession, of an assault followed by death, committed by a young lady defendant. But the extraneous introduction of testimony which, in the minds of the jurors, offended the religious faith in which the defendant was reared made them decide to overlook the killing, although forgiveness was no part of their prerogative. Later, when the Commission subpoenaed the jurors in this case

to find out why they had disregarded legal fact, it got such explanations as these: "There was a lot of argument — I did not know what it was all about." "I not understand English." "How do I know what happened, I wasn't there — see?" "The foreman was very stubborn."

And here is the foreman's logic: "We are not going to convict of murder! . . . If we let her go free she will worry more about her wicked act and really suffer more than if she served a few years' imprisonment."

Is this typical of what goes on in a murder trial jury? The Commission's work shows that such warping of logic and placing of prejudice above duty is all too common.

Justice suffers, too, because courts forget the surprising ignorance of many jurors in such fundamental matters as court language and procedure. Ex-jurors in whose hands had lain the disposition of men's liberty and property admitted under oath that they had reached verdicts without knowing who was the plaintiff and who the defendant, never having absorbed the meaning of the words during trial.

Often the juror is asked to perform unreasonable feats of memory. In one case a jury was asked to bring in verdicts against 53 defendants, of varying degrees of guilt, without so much as a written note on the evidence produced or the impressions made by the defend-

ants at the trial. The baffled jurors couldn't remember them apart! Who could?

In some states (Kansas for one) jurors are provided, when they go into closet, with all trial exhibits and a transcript of the testimony to refer to. In many states, however, a juror must rely on his confused remembrance of what witnesses, lawyers and court said throughout the trial, which may have lasted many days.

How much justification exists for the tradition (rather than law) that jurors may not take notes or carry memoranda into the jury room? There is, of course, the danger that memoranda may be partial, or "loaded" from the outside. Yet judges when serving in the function of the jury work from copious notes. The unfortunate juror, however, is required to recall from memory the gist of 50 contradictory statements! And though he may not have notes, he may have the newspapers, screaming sensational guesses.

The Commission found that only the barest start has been made in rendering simple instruction to jurors. The judges of Northampton County, Pennsylvania, have prepared vest-pocket printed booklets for jurors. In some western states mimeographed instructions are provided. The Commission urges the improvement and standardization of such instructions.

Damaging to justice as ignorance may be, actual corruption is less

forgivable. The Commission found it to be a custom in some counties for a defendant to look up prospective jurors directly or otherwise. Amazing industry was shown by one embezzler-suspect. His first trial brought conviction, but he won retrial on a technicality. By direct visit or through intermediaries he got pretty well around to the members of two complete panels of 90 each. Trial Two resulted in a hung jury. Trial Three in acquittal!

The Commission found the most startling and widespread jury malpractice to be service under false name. This is prevalent in large cities, and our "best citizens" are collaborators. A busy man or woman receives a summons to jury duty and goes to a "friend with influence" to get him out of it. What happens is that a henchman of the local boss turns up for jury duty, answers to the name of the impaneled citizen, and serves throughout the life of the panel for his three or five dollars a day — meanwhile being in a perfect position to "throw" cases damaging to his political machine.

In Philadelphia and several lesser Pennsylvania cities, juror-substitution has become common practice. And it has a charity angle. A ward boss tries to have on hand a few "jury tours" for faithful unemployed voters who appreciate the addition of jurors' fees to their relief dole.

In a sardonic case reported from

Oregon the defendant's wife was on the jury — unknown to all save the defendant and his attorney. But when certain secrets the defendant had hidden from his spouse came out in court, the poor fellow rushed to his lawyer with the demand that he "get that woman off the jury at once!" She was in a fine position to revenge a wife's wounded pride.

The Commission received another shock when it subpoenaed jurors who had brought in a verdict of acquittal in a flagrant larceny case. Jurors testified that they followed the foreman, who blithely admitted that he had once served four years for larceny and shied away from causing similar distress to a fellow being.

This case pointed up an evil existing in many states: the foreman is designated at the start of trial, making him a marked man to those seeking to influence the verdict. In Kansas, for opposite instance, the jury chooses its foreman after it receives commitment of the case.

Legal qualification requirements for juries, varying in the 48 states, add up to a huge joke at the expense of society. Twenty-four states require the juror to possess "good moral character" — or "one or more of the qualities of good moral character"! Thirty states, that the juror be "generally reputed to be intelligent." Eighteen states ask no positive qualities at all, but specify, more or less, against a person with a criminal record. Some say that he

must be "not an idiot." Men of the learned professions — doctors, lawyers and teachers — are usually exempt by statute or get off by custom. No wonder the report says: "By the time the higher type get excused, one out of three or four capable jurors remains. Our methods of selection blow away the wheat and save the chaff."

The panels from which juries are chosen are commonly made up of names drawn by lot from voters' registration lists, tax books, or even telephone directories. This proceeding is designed to insure impartiality of choice, but it offers no guarantee of fitness to serve. In some instances politics enters into the selections, as in Berks County, Pennsylvania, where the panel is "nominated" by the big party bosses: one Republican, one Democrat.

The Commission believes that a fundamental reform — procuring of good jury timber — can be brought about by pre-examination of names for fitness by a semijudicial, semi-citizens' board. In Los Angeles such a board has been established.

After that comes reform of the business of challenging prospective jurors. Attorneys have a certain number of peremptory challenges — varying in the various states — whereby they can dismiss jurors without revealing any reason. Aside from this, they can ask the judge to dismiss any prospective juror whom they can cajole or bluff into admitting that he has set ideas about the

case in hand. The inevitable result is a battle between contending attorneys, each trying to seat jurors susceptible to his own argument. Actual fitness to serve becomes a secondary consideration.

Instead of this scandalous lawyers' game, the Commission would have the judge provided with a brief on each summoned citizen, procured by investigators who cannot know on what case he will serve. Secondly, it would have the reasonableness of all challenges ruled on by the judge. The right of peremptory challenge would be eliminated.

After an improved method of selecting juries, two final reforms are recommended. Bewildered by the inconsistency and even brutality of the law in fixing punishments, jurors frequently return arbitrary verdicts of not guilty or guilty in lesser degree than charged. If all states had the indeterminate sentence law now being tried by California, without minimum and maximum, leaving

length of punishment to decision of an expert penal board according to merit, juries would bring in more honest convictions.

The last reform — which had wide discussion prior to the Ruth Commission's work — would authorize a "majority verdict" of ten or nine jurors. This is being tried now in a few places, in civil cases. It saves many hung juries and consequent retrial costs and time. It enables the thoughtful members of a jury to get past one or two stubborn members, and makes "fixing" harder, since at least three jurors instead of one must be reached.

We Americans are not purposely careless about a matter which touches us so closely as the administration of justice. But we have been at a loss to know how reforms can be achieved. The Ruth Commission's report gives a layman's-language picture of the abuses that exist, and suggests common-sense ways to correct them.



The Tonic of Praise

*P*RAISE is not only gratifying — it is the source of fresh energy which can be measured in the laboratory.

Dr. Henry H. Goddard, in his years at the Vineland Training School in New Jersey, used the "ergograph," an instrument devised to measure fatigue. When an assistant said to a tired child at the instrument, "You're doing fine, John," the boy's energy-curve soared. Discouragement and fault-finding were found to have a measurable opposite effect.

— Greta Palmer

So You're Going to Stop Smoking?

Condensed from *Your Life*

Henry C. Link, Ph.D.

Director of the Psychological Service Center, New York City;
author of "The Return to Religion"

SOONER OR LATER, nearly every cigarette smoker discovers that he is not smoking by choice but by habit, and that the habit is probably harmful. So he tries to break free from it, but finds that he doesn't know how. Sometimes half-heartedly, sometimes earnestly, he wrestles with his addiction — but in vain. His self-control has been perilously undermined by a mere mechanism of habit.

For years he has been practicing daily that mechanism, without realizing that it was becoming automatic, that he was perfecting a whole chain of habitual motions, an irresistible nervous-muscular process. It begins with lifting the pack, extracting a cigarette, tamping one end, placing it between the lips, striking a match, inhaling the first gulp of smoke, and so forth, until the stub reaches the ash tray. Every cigarette consumed involves the same chain of actions and reactions, which seem to set themselves in motion and go on automatically to the end. Often the smoker is not even aware of them. Like an old-fashioned clock wound up to strike, he is set to go

and set to finish, dozens of times a day. Like a robot, he moves at the command of an invisible master.

Is there anything he can do about it?

Behind that question lies an important lesson in psychology. For the habit of cigarette smoking is only a familiar instance of the psychology of all habit forming and habit breaking.

During the last decade the consumption of cigarettes in the United States has increased from 106 billion to 162 billion a year. Today about 60 percent of the men and nearly 25 percent of the women are consistent cigarette smokers. The average consumption for men is 20 cigarettes a day, and for women, 11 a day, with each smoker drifting helplessly toward a still larger quota. This habit of smoking, although it appears to many to be a trivial part of living, may be viewed as symbolic of a fundamental trend in modern civilization. That trend is the increasing frequency with which individuals permit themselves to become the *creatures* of their habits rather than the *creators* of their environment.

To find out what factors enter into this deep-rooted problem of character weakness, the Psychological Corporation has recently completed a sample study of 1000 men who were or had been inveterate smokers. Of this group, 145 had stopped smoking. Of the remaining 855, nearly half had stopped at one time or another but had been unable to give up the habit permanently. While some had by now abandoned hope of success, 28 percent still wanted to stop. *But they could not.*

The reasons they gave were generally as follows:

"I haven't the necessary will power."

"Can't do without them."

"I'm too weak."

"I stopped once, but I can't any more."

"Why can't I? That's what I'd like to know."

Verily, here is a sad commentary on a large portion of our adult population. From the recent studies of Dr. Raymond Pearl at Johns Hopkins, we know that tobacco smokers do not live as long as nonsmokers. Yet, despite the fact that millions of persons comprehend the harmful effects of smoking, they confess their inability to conquer this purely mechanical habit.

The majority of the 145 men who had succeeded in stopping permanently, and many of those who had stopped temporarily, were quick to announce their satisfaction.

"I slept more soundly and didn't cough."

"Better taste in my mouth."

"My sense of smell returned acutely."

"Had more pep and a better appetite."

Even more enthusiastic were comments such as these:

"I can't say how, but I feel better all over."

"Got a tremendous kick out of being able to stop, finally."

"Gave my entire morale a great boost."

Here we have the antithesis of the statements from men who could not stop. Note how the triumph over a confirmed habit gave to many persons a sense of well-being and of strengthened character.

I know something of this feeling personally. For 23 years I had smoked cigarettes incessantly, sometimes 60 a day. In earlier years I had been able to stop for a week or two, but more recently I had never succeeded in stopping for more than a day. After many failures I decided that my studies of this habit-problem had been too superficial. Therefore, before trying again, I decided to write out a plan for breaking the habit.

Herewith is an abstract of that statement, written eight months before I stopped.

The strength of the smoking habit lies in the neuro-muscular chain of acts which is so easily set off. The whole body is involved. When not in

motion, the chain sets up a craving until started, and when started, it has to go to the end. Therefore, instead of trying to stop it, I will interrupt this routine. When I reach for a cigarette I will put it down and wait. This will break the routine. Occasionally I will light up, but before taking a good puff, will put out the cigarette and wait for a few minutes.

At home in the evening, I shall place the pack on the mantel and schedule my smokes. Before the time is up, I may want to smoke, but to do so I shall have to walk to the mantel. By that act the routine cycle will have been broken and at times I shall be able to postpone the smoke. In this way the number of cigarettes per day will be reduced.

In short, I shall contrive frequent interruptions, frictions, delays, in the smooth-flowing chain of habitual action. I shall do this for six months, so as gradually to break down the mechanism I have spent years in perfecting. I should be able to stop, in time, for a day or two without much difficulty; then maybe for a week, and ultimately altogether. I will set no definite date, but feel my way.

I formulated this plan in June, 1937. By January, 1938, I was stopping a day or two at a time. Since February first, I have not taken a puff.

Is this method one which smokers in general might try? Psychologists will agree that no single formula is applicable to every situation. Most of them will also agree that the formula laid down by William James, the great student of habit, is basi-

cally sound. His principles may be summarized as follows:

Make a strong resolution and base it on as many sound reasons as you can muster.

Never permit an exception until the new habit is firmly fixed.

Reaffirm your resolution from time to time, marshaling new reasons in support of it.

In our survey of the 145 men who had stopped smoking permanently and of the 366 who had stopped temporarily, we found that they had relied on three major methods. The most common was the method James advocated — to give up smoking at once and completely, with no concessions. The second method relies on substitutes, *i.e.*, a pipe, cigars, gum or candy. The third method is the well-known one of cutting down on cigarettes gradually.

Although the *abrupt* method was more widely used by the men we studied than the *gradual* method, we discovered that the percentage of those who succeeded in stopping permanently was considerably higher among those using the gradual method. My method of *interruptions* is a gradual method, with this important difference: it systematically practices smoking in ways which will disrupt the smooth flow of the habit chain. It breaks a monotonous series of automatic activities into single, unusual acts, each of which serves as a warning signal to the mind.

All such successful experiments

are in sharp contrast to the expressed despair of the many who now consider themselves helpless victims of the cigarette. The control of this specific habit may not seem to be of any considerable social importance. But a defeatist attitude toward any of the habits of living is actually of vital concern — to parents, to children, and to society at large. It is this attitude which leads individuals to consider themselves victims of circumstances — victims of the depression, victims of politics, victims of miseducation, victims of an indulgent family, victims of unhappy experience.

The person who admits, openly or tacitly, his slavery to habit mechanisms, has lost the sense of self-mastery, and by the same token has become a less responsible and effective member of the community.

When I attended school our physi-

ology textbook contained warnings against tobacco and alcoholism. However, I am unaware of any lessons in the grade schools which teach children even the simplest elements of forming habits and breaking them. Whether smoking is desirable or not, children have a right to be taught the mechanics of the habit *before they have acquired it*. The same is true of many other habits. Our educational system has concentrated on mental development and has failed to give any understanding of the way emotional and personality habits are acquired or corrected.

The student who emerges from grade school, high school or college without the intelligent conviction that he is the creator of his habits, rather than their victim, is educated for defeat rather than power, for slavery rather than for freedom.

Courtesy Cops

ENGLAND has recently put on the roads a squad of 800 mobile police charged with the special duty of keeping erring road-users out of police courts, and of seeing how many speeders, corner-cutters, road-hoggers and jaywalkers they can avoid handing a summons. Every one of the 800 is trained to admonish a reckless driver with a temperate analysis of the possible consequences of his carelessness.

The cards which they hand out read as follows:

You have just had your attention drawn to conduct which might have proved dangerous either to yourself or to other people on the road.

Casualties arising from similar incidents are taking place in large numbers on the roads every day.

The police are doing all they can to reduce these accidents, but safety primarily depends on each individual road-user.

PLEASE HELP US TO HELP YOU.

— *Christian Science Monitor*

¶ John Nance Garner, loyal Democrat; but above that, loyal citizen —
on occasion these loyalties have conflicted

White House No-Man

Condensed from *The Saturday Evening Post*

Henry M. Hyde

Washington Correspondent for *The Baltimore Evening Sun*

AROUND the end of the last century when Jack Garner, then a skinny young fellow with the stiff-legged walk that comes from years astride a cow-pony, first broke into politics, the boys appropriately nicknamed him the Chaparral Cock. This Texas bird can get where it's going faster than anything on two legs and is afraid of nothing. Likewise, Garner has never been out-distanced in a political race; when he faces a dangerous obstacle the feathers on his crest rise, white though they be.

Garner has been in Washington 35 years. He has been and is a partisan Democrat and a loyal supporter of President Roosevelt; so loyal, indeed, that on occasion he has had the courage to "tell the President of the United States the unpleasant truth." White House intimates have said of his blunt Texas way that "nobody ever talked to the President like that man does."

Unauthorized attempts have been made to report some of these Garner protests but, since the election of 1932, Garner has not given a newspaper interview on any subject. He has not made or authorized

a public statement in opposition to any New Deal policy. He has kept the fight — as far as there has been one — in the Administration family.

The courage of the Chaparral Cock, his shrewd earthy wisdom, have long been recognized in Congress — where he served 30 years in the House, rising to be Speaker, and five and a half years presiding over the Senate. Garner's formula for dealing with his fellows is simple. "I'll fight like hell to get a man's respect," he says. He lets what follows — admiration and often affection — take care of itself.

Garner has always stuck to his rule that no man in public life has a right to cash in on an office to which he has been elected. Shortly after he became Vice-President a letter was received from a big broadcasting company. Enclosed was a contract calling for a five-minute radio speech every Wednesday for 52 weeks. The pay was to be \$1000 a week.

He immediately dictated a reply:

Your offered contract is herewith returned unsigned.

You wouldn't pay Jack Garner

\$50 a week and you cannot pay the Vice-President of the United States a nickel.

A magazine editor who offered \$1 a word for a series of articles got an answer of the same kind.

Simple living has made Garner at 69 as strong as most men of 50. He is regularly at his office by eight o'clock, going over his correspondence, most of which is handled by Mrs. Garner, who has been his secretary since he came to Congress in 1903. Every day, whether Congress is in session or not, the Vice-President naps for half an hour, after a simple lunch. Except for a few nights a year, when he reluctantly attends obligatory official dinners, Garner goes to bed at nine.

When Congress adjourns, the Vice-President makes tracks for his home in Uvalde. He puts on a pair of old blue overalls and goes out to see how the chickens and his pecan grove have fared during his absence. Then he is likely to drop in at Ross Brumfield's auto-repair shop. Ross and Mon Fenley, who is a well-digger, are the Vice-President's hunting and fishing companions. Next morning they will start on a three-day trip into the wild mesquite country.

Garner is keenly jealous of the responsibility of Congress as one of the equal branches of the trinity into which the national government is divided. In the early days of the New Deal he was disturbed by the way in which Congress abdicated

its constitutional authority, though he recognized the existing emergency.

Radical reform bills were drafted by the President's unofficial advisers and sent to The Hill with orders for their immediate passage. It is a literal fact that one important bill was rushed through the House when there were only three copies of it in existence and not 10 of the 435 members had had a chance to glance at it. The late Senator Joe Robinson, Administration leader in the Senate, once introduced a folded newspaper as a substitute for a "must" bill that hadn't yet come from the Public Printer.

Last year in the midst of the battle over the Supreme Court, the Vice-President suddenly went home. He was offended at the way in which the court-packing plan had been kept secret. He was opposed to some of its features. And he saw the Democratic Party breaking up into bitter factions as the fight went on.

"I asked the Boss," he said, "and he told me it was all right for me to go fishing." That was the only public announcement he made.

It was not the court fight alone which sent him away from Washington. He felt that his influence at the White House had been destroyed. The insistence of the President that more and more billions must be spent in efforts at pump-priming had roused his fears for the security of the national credit. More than

once, and most emphatically, he had urged that the government's income and expenditures should be headed in the direction of a balance. His advice made no impression.

Then, when the sit-down strikes took place in Michigan, Garner waited for the Administration to declare its implacable opposition to what he considered acts of revolution.

President Roosevelt said nothing. Miss Perkins, Secretary of Labor, airily referred to the "new union tactics." Garner went to the White House and expressed his feelings so bluntly that Senator Robinson felt compelled to step in to prevent an open break. His protest was disregarded. Garner went home.

A few weeks later, when Robinson dropped dead leading the losing court fight, and his body was brought back to Arkansas, Garner joined the funeral train at Little Rock. There were more than 30 Senators on board. The Vice-President canvassed the situation on the way back to Washington.

Early the next morning he went to the White House and told President Roosevelt he had come to talk about the court bill.

"Do you want it with the bark off?" he asked, and explained to the puzzled President that down in Texas, when a man wanted the naked truth, that was the way he put it. The President laughed and said he would take it with the bark off. Garner told him that he was

licked, the court bill was done for.

During the last year the relations between the President and the Vice-President have been officially correct and, in public, almost ostentatiously friendly. But at White House conferences, when given an opportunity, Garner has protested, with added emphasis, against renewed pump-priming expenditures of borrowed money on a huge scale. He has opposed the free digging of wells and the building of water tanks, outhouses and other improvements for farmers, and the making of loans and grants of all kinds to individuals, as tending to break down the self-respect and self-confidence of the people.

Instead of living up to their responsibility to their government, American citizens of all classes, and also big and little corporations — almost everybody, Garner has pointed out, is busy trying to dip up for himself as much as possible of the flood of easy Treasury money that is being poured over the country.

The young New Dealers call Garner an old moss-backed reactionary. That must amuse him, as he recalls how, during his service in the House, he was denounced as radical.

Increasingly the Vice-President tells his friends of his distress at the way New Deal policies are working out. Often he grows vehement in denunciation of what he feels are efforts, intentional or otherwise, to

undermine the foundations on which the government is built. Because Washington is the greatest whispering gallery in the world, the substance of many of these conversations reaches the White House.

Sometimes what purport to be direct quotations from the Vice-President get into the newspapers. A recent caller printed in quotation marks the following statement, which he credited to Garner: "We've been trying this New Deal spending orgy for six years, and what has it got us? More millions out of work, business again depressed, fear returning, economic and financial security tottering, and the national debt increasing to a point where it imperils the very structure of government." Clippings of that kind reach the White House desk. Naturally, they increase the existing tension.

At a recent conference the President called Jack's attention to one such publication. Within an hour the Capitol buzzed with reports that the long-expected break between the two men had finally come. The White House denied it. Garner refused to comment. Sooner or later,

such a break seems inevitable. Garner has an intense loyalty to the party. Open war — and when it comes, it will be bitter — between the heads of the Administration in Washington might complete the disintegration of the party, already badly divided.

Yet the open break may come at any time. For instance, if Roosevelt should announce his candidacy for a third term, it is certain the old Texas cowhand will give a "Yip!" and start shooting from the hip.

But deeper than such political differences is the gulf between the economic and social philosophies of the two men.

"The definition of private property in the United States must be changed," Thomas Corcoran — one of the inner circle of White House advisers — said to me more than a year ago. "We hope to make the change gradually and without disorder."

Balance that against Garner's statement: "I had rather see my party defeated than my country ruined."

Colored Language

☞ TRAVELERS among the Gullah Negroes of the coastal country of South Carolina are often impressed by the imaginative quality of their speech. "Doan' short-patience me," they say, meaning "Don't make me lose my temper." A delicate child is called "a come-see": the child has come to the world indecisively, to see whether or not it wishes to stay.

— Lupton A. Wilkinson in *The North American Review*

Q Fly to England in 12 hours?
You may, sooner than you think

Tomorrow's Airplane

Condensed from Fortune

ONE DAY last December a request went out to eight U. S. aircraft factories for bids on three, six or 12 planes large enough to carry 100 passengers and a crew of 16. They were to have a payload capacity of 25,000 pounds and be capable of flying 5000 miles at a speed of 200 to 300 miles per hour. The request ended: "Each proposal should be addressed to C. A. Lindbergh, Chairman of the Technical Committee, Pan American Airways System."

Thus, with no fanfare, Pan American effectively stated that the day of the big airplane had arrived, the Big Ship that will put Europe within overnight reach of New York. It will be twice as big as the *DO-X*, the largest plane ever built; heavier than a Pullman sleeper and considerably more commodious. Perhaps even smoother, since it will be designed to fly above the weather, because of the greater speed attainable in high altitudes.

Aeronautical engineers can now build such a ship. In fact, they *must* build it if commercial aviation is to operate at a profit. For, since 1934, when their federal mail contracts were abruptly suspended and they learned not to count too heavily on continuing subsidies,

the financial record of the airlines has been gloomy indeed.

Potentially, engineers state, the airplane is the most efficient means of transport and hence *potentially* the cheapest. After a century of evolution, the railroad train is about three percent efficient in passenger-carrying ability; that is, a full train pulls 97 pounds of deadweight for every three pounds of passenger. By the same reckoning an ocean liner is only about two percent efficient. But the airplane of today is about 12 percent efficient. And in the drafting room, designs for ships up to 250,000 pounds show a rising curve of efficiency. So do performance charts on big planes already built. Furthermore, with an ability to fly miles above mountain peaks, the Big Ship offers a degree of safety that smaller planes cannot claim. And safety means more customers.

Suppose, then, that you really will be able to fly the Atlantic overnight in 1941. What will it be like?

The Big Ship will probably fly at 300 miles per hour, at 30,000 feet, with the cabin sealed. Hence, the trip to England should not take more than 12 hours. Suppose you leave the new seaplane base at

North Beach Airport at 5:00 p.m. New York time. After settling things in your stateroom, you will descend the "grand staircase" from the upper deck into the main lounge, or perhaps wander back into the tail of the plane, which (since it cannot be heavily loaded) contains a game room. Then cocktails at the bar in the observation lounge. The view will soon bore you because it consists of nothing but clouds or haze. So you will be ready for an early dinner. Furthermore, it will be dinnertime, for you will have been instructed to move your watch forward 25 minutes each hour in order to keep step with the time belts you are traveling through. By 7:50, after you have been on the plane two hours, it's bedtime — if you want eight hours of sleep. Leave a call for 7:10 as you turn in and you will have two hours for breakfast and sightseeing in the morning before you land at Southampton at ten o'clock.

Since you are paying around \$450 for the trip, you will not be surprised by the roominess and swank of your cabin. In the fairly bumpless upper air you won't have much trouble getting to sleep; and thanks to the sound engineers, you can scarcely hear the noise of the propellers and engines. When you wake there will be a shower for you in the dressing room with hot and cold running water.

The engineers who are on the point of building this ship have a

host of problems ahead of them. The Big Ship will require some 10,000 horsepower, which is considerably more power than has ever been loaded on one plane before. Engines will have to be more efficient. Then, too, no propeller has yet been able to absorb more power than a 2000 horsepower engine can produce. For some reason propellers begin to lose their pull when their tips reach a whirling velocity of 750 miles per hour, a speed roughly that of sound. Apparently compressed air piles around the propeller with the same effect as wet snow piled on the blade of a snowplow. The solution here may lie in an extra propeller blade or in longer blades.

There are plenty of other problems. Even today a few planes have reached such size that power for electric lighting, radio and plane telephone systems must be manufactured independently of the engines. Small gasoline-driven generators are being included, but the inclination is to use steam turbines in the future, the steam to be furnished by boilers attached to engine exhausts.

The controls will make trouble, too. The pilot of a really Big Ship will no more be able to maneuver it by straight manual control than a quartermaster can move the rudder of a 50,000-ton ocean liner. That means special motors for rudder and other controls.

High flying likewise presents dif-

ficulties. At 25,000 feet, outside air pressure is 785 pounds per square foot. To keep passengers comfortable, pressure inside the sealed cabin must be maintained at 1572 pounds per square foot — approximately the air pressure at 8000 feet. The difference between these two figures — 787 pounds — represents the load that each square foot of cabin will have to carry to keep from bursting. There will be pressure of over 1000 pounds on a small window, and a door will have to carry six tons.

Such are the problems that confront the four aircraft manufacturers — Boeing, Consolidated, Douglas and Sikorsky — who submitted designs. All have had experience in building large air liners from which the Big Ship will evolve. By last March 15 these four had among them piled up more than a ton of rough engineering sketches.

None of the entries has particularly freakish lines, since there have been no recent revolutions in the science of streamlining. Apart from the stipulations, the four designs have one feature in common: the

engines are all easily accessible through the wings so that they can be repaired in flight. And all four planes can sustain flight on half their engines, of which the Consolidated has four and the others six. The Consolidated has three decks as against two for the others. The Douglas differs in being unable to take off from the water. With a sealed, seaworthy cabin, however, it can alight in mid-ocean and theoretically stay afloat for days.

The first model of the Big Ship may well cost \$5,000,000, with repeat orders at about \$1,500,000. That sounds high for a plane whose very origin was a demand that it pay its own way.

But it appears from careful calculations that the plane of tomorrow, if booked solid on every crossing, can carry passengers for a smaller cost per passenger mile than any present large air liner: less than one and a quarter cents. If railroads could carry enough passengers to bring their passenger-mile cost down to such a figure, they would not be losing money.



Don't Apologize

APOLOGIZING is a very desperate habit — one that is rarely cured. Apology is only egotism wrong side out. Nine times out of ten, the first thing a man's companion knows of his shortcoming is from his apology. It is mighty presumptuous on your part to suppose your small failures of so much consequence that you must talk about them.

— Oliver Wendell Holmes, *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*

¶ The Human Engineering Laboratory helps you discover what kind of work you'll like, and do, best

They Find Out What You're Fit For

Condensed from The Forum

William Seabrook

FIFTEEN YEARS ago a now famous young Harvard psychologist, Johnson O'Connor, began to test the potential abilities of employees at the General Electric Company. Dr. O'Connor's work has evolved into the remarkable Human Engineering Laboratory at Stevens Technological Institute, Hoboken, N. J.

A good example of the work the Laboratory tries to do is the case of an accountant in a big manufacturing firm who was going to be let out. The head of the department had said to O'Connor, "He's able, but his heart's not in his job." While being tested he said, "I hate accounting!" Yet his aptitude for it proved high; and he scored equally high in engineering aptitude. His work had consisted simply of checking groups of figures. Dr. O'Connor persuaded the company to shift him to cost accounting, which required work with blueprints, graphs, etc., almost like those in an engineer's office. Here he would use his second high aptitude, along with the ability he thought he hated.

At the end of four years, the man was head of the cost accounting de-

partment and now, at the end of five years, he is head of the whole division and boss of the executives who were going to fire him!

Some time ago a grandmother brought her 19-year-old grandson to the Stevens Laboratory. He had flunked out of a well-known preparatory school. His parents, both brilliant, had given him up as hopelessly dull. When tested, the boy excelled in every measurable characteristic — except one. He was poor in clerical aptitude, and consequently did poorly in all written examinations — where attention to detail counted. He had become discouraged, and finally accepted his teachers' estimate that he was dull. Assured now that he had real intelligence, he plugged cheerfully at the detail work and came through with honors.

"When we began trying to sift out the bright and dull applicants for jobs," states Dr. O'Connor, "we found, contrary to general belief, that there didn't seem to be any such thing as 'general intelligence.' We did discover a few basic, highly *specific* aptitudes which some individuals had and some did not."

The Laboratory's staff of 16 men and women, mostly specialists from big universities, has succeeded in isolating ten of these inherent aptitudes. Their aim is to give a person, through a series of ingenious tests for these aptitudes, *a conscious inventory of his potential capabilities*. Of the 20,000 persons tested, about 70 percent have definitely been helped toward better adjustment. Some 13,000 were employees in industry, tested at the request of their employers; about half the other 7000 were adults, and half students. The tests should work at all ages because inherent aptitudes are basic and do not change.

The complete testing takes over two hours and covers such points as observation; type of personality — subjective or objective; engineering ability (structural visualization); accounting or clerical ability; tweezer dexterity; finger dexterity; tonal memory, etc.

The Laboratory may quiz you on your "interest" in one line of work or another, but one of their strange discoveries has been that interest tests are not only frequently inconclusive, but sometimes actually misleading. Many people, "interested" in writing or painting, for instance, fumblingly pursue such careers for years, self-blinded to real abilities in other fields that the tests reveal.

Though personality is not an aptitude in the true sense of the word, it is tested because it determines

whether a person is likely to be more contented in group contacts or in individual work. To decide whether you have a "subjective" or "objective" personality, the examiner rapidly reads a list of disconnected words, with a slight pause after each, during which you call out the first word which pops into your head.

The words read may run *cat, girl, umbrella*. If your automatic responses are something like *cat-Alcibiades, girl-Nellie, umbrella-aunt*, you have a subjective personality, for such responses are highly personalized — you named your own tomcat, some girl you know, recalled that your aunt never goes without her umbrella. This repeated association with yourself indicates that you probably work best when withdrawn into yourself and alone. Subjective personality is found among writers, engineers and scientists.

If you answer in terms of impersonal generalities (*cat-dog, girl-boy, umbrella-rain*), you are objective: you enjoy human contacts, work better with people. This correlates with salesmanship, high school teaching, social group activities and social service work.

For structural visualization the tester places in front of you a block of wood about the size of a thick dictionary. It has been trisected into nine parts, a sort of three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle. He lets you study the lines as it stands assembled. Then he takes it apart slowly,

giving you time to note how it is put together. Then he shuffles the parts and you try to put them together again. If you have an inherent aptitude for structural visualization, you may put them together in a couple of minutes. If you are mediocre and do it by the trial-and-error method, it may take you from six to ten minutes. Surgeons, dentists, die-makers and architects as well as engineers score high in structural visualization.

For accounting or clerical aptitude, they simply hand you a paper on which are printed columns of figures in groups of two each, like this:

412573386

412753386

Same ☐ Different ☐

You glance quickly at them and check whether the numbers are identical or different. The tester works with a stopwatch and your aptitude is judged by your quickness. Accounting aptitude enters into typing, bookkeeping, banking, copy-desk work in newspaper offices, proofreading, and printing.

For tweezer dexterity they give you a flat metal block punched with 100 holes; also 100 blunt, headless brass pins a little thicker than ordinary pins, which you pick up, one by one, with a pair of tweezers and insert in the holes. Again, aptitude is decided by the time you take. This test shows ability to work with any small instrument — a surgeon's scalpel, a scientist's microscope, a

needle, a carpenter's punch or mechanic's screwdriver.

Next comes the test for finger dexterity, with a similar metal block, in which you use the fingers of one hand only and insert similar pins in larger holes, in groups of three pins to each hole. An unexpected result from these tests has been the discovery that tweezer dexterity and finger dexterity have no necessary correlation. You may be good at one and clumsy at the other. Finger dexterity is useful in such activities as handicrafts, factory assembly jobs, etc.

There are other tests less interesting but no less important in sizing up your powers. Dr. O'Connor does not believe vocabulary is an inherent aptitude, but tests for it because it seems to have a greater correlation with success in all fields than any other one quality. High-up executives seem generally to have the largest vocabulary of all — larger than university professors, journalists or authors.

After your test you receive a report on your scores, and a statement of what would seem to be the general sort of endeavor in which you are most likely to be successful and happy. The scores are prognostic, not theoretical. For instance, if you score "A" in a certain aptitude, it means that your skill is on a par with previously tested people who have demonstrated superiority in that field.

The Laboratory's Director, David

Mack, carefully explained to me, "We simply point out to a person certain things he can do well and certain things he can do poorly, and help him locate *some field, rather than any one kind of job in particular*, in which he will be called upon to do the things he can do well and where he will not be called upon to do the things he does poorly."

A young woman doing a finger job in a factory was about to be fired, not so much because her ability was mediocre, as because she was sullen and quarrelsome. The tests showed that while she had learned to do the job with her fingers not too badly, her inherent finger dexterity was poor. On the contrary, she made a high score in tweezer dexterity. O'Connor persuaded the foreman to shift her to a job in which she used small tools instead of her fingers. She not only learned it with ease, but her whole character seemed to change. She became cheerful, friendly and consequently popular. Her ill nature came from a sense of frustration in work for which she had no natural aptitude.

A now celebrated individual had been specializing in radio engineering and wasn't getting anywhere. The tests proved him poor in natural engineering aptitude. Tests in other aptitudes were merely so-so until they reached tonal memory, when his score jumped sky-high. With the help of O'Connor's psychologists he realized that his real bent was music. His subconscious

motive for wanting to break into radio had been love of music, and he had taken up engineering as a means because he didn't dream he had any natural musical ability. He had been a poor engineer, but he soon became an expert in the musical end of radio work — and now he has an important position on a nationwide network.

"Many youngsters never really get interested in education," says O'Connor, "because they have no idea what they are going to do in later life. Our purpose is to help them direct their education toward some objective arising out of their own capabilities."

A boy who at school had failed repeatedly in the languages and had been told to abandon all thought of college scored well only in the Stevens tests indicating aptitude for scientific and engineering work. This was explained to him, and to his prep school headmaster, who planned the boy's next year with care: senior physics and advanced laboratory work, chemistry and geometry — subjects suited to his abilities. Faced with this set-up, he eagerly applied himself and at the end of the year took college board examinations and averaged high.

A young girl had flunked out of one of the top eastern colleges for women. She came in for the tests and proved high in structural visualization. She enrolled the next year for a course in architecture.

The last they heard from her she had won two prizes.

The Laboratory is continually doing field work by request in public and private schools. During the past year it has set up temporary laboratories in more than 30 schools. Tests are also made for various industries, including chain stores, two

New York banks, a national radio organization, and various colleges.

Dr. O'Connor and his associates make no claim to have discovered a panacea, but if a person is fundamentally sound timber, whether he is a square, round or oval peg, they have definitely discovered a way to help him find the right sort of hole.

Business During Altercations

Excerpt from The Saturday Evening Post

WHEN Benjamin Franklin, in 1732, brought out his *Poor Richard's Almanac* in Philadelphia, another almanac maker, Titan Leeds, was already established in the field. In order to get public attention, Franklin included in his contents a Prediction of the Death of his Friend, Mr. Titan Leeds. "Inexorable death has already prepared the mortal dart . . . He dies, by my calculation, made at his request, on October 17, 1733."

News of Franklin's prediction spread, and the circulation of his almanac was enormous. Friends went to condole with Mr. Leeds, who, however, survived the fatal date. He came back at Franklin in his *American Almanac* for 1734: "I have by the Mercy of God lived to write a Diary for the year 1734, and to publish the Folly and Ignorance of this presumptuous author," whom he characterized as a fool and a liar.

Franklin's retort courteous in *Poor Richard* for 1734:

In my last Almanack, I foretold the death of my dear old friend, the learned Mr. Titan Leeds . . . Whether he be really yet dead, I cannot at this writing positively assure my readers, for I was unable to be with him in his last moments. There is, however, the strongest probability that my dear friend is no more; for there appears in his name an Almanack for the year 1734 in which I am called a fool and a liar. Mr. Leeds was too well bred to use any man so indecently, and moreover his esteem for me was extraordinary; so it is to be feared that pamphlet may be only a contrivance of somebody who hopes still to sell Almanacks by the virtue of Mr. Leeds' name. Certainly this is an unpardonable injury to his memory.

When Leeds did pass away six years later, Franklin had captured the almanac-reading public.

—Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach

Personal

Glimpses

IN THE early days of the Standard Oil Company, the late Mr. Rockefeller visited one of the refineries and stopped to watch the intricate machine that was soldering on the tops of the filled oil cans. Presently it developed that he was counting the drops of solder used by the machine on each can: 39 drops exactly. Mr. Rockefeller inquired whether anybody had tested the adjustment of the machine to make sure exactly how much solder was needed. No; nobody had. But then and there a test was made, from which it developed that 37 drops were not quite enough, but that 38 drops would hold the can cover as securely as 39. That one drop of solder was worth, to the Standard Oil Company, some \$50,000 a year.

— *Dun's Review*

IN 1793, President George Washington set an ideal for economy. In approving a requisition for a new chain for a ship in Delaware Bay he wrote: "Approved so far as it respects the new chain, but is there an entire loss of the old one?"

— *N. Y. Post*

DURING the Confederate attack on Fort Stevens, President Lincoln came out from the White House to make a tour of inspection of Union defenses. The task of

piloting him about fell to one Oliver Wendell Holmes, A.D.C. to the general in command. Lincoln wanted to know just where the enemy were, and Holmes pointed them out. The President stood up to look. Standing, and supplemented by his high plug hat, Mr. Lincoln was a target of exceptional visibility, and from the rebel marksmen there came a snarl of musketry fire. Grabbing the President by the arm, the young officer dragged him under cover, saying, "Get down, you fool!"

Admittedly this was not the approved style for an officer to employ in addressing the Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces of his country. The youthful aide's relief from worry came when, just as Lincoln was quitting the fort, he took the trouble to walk back. "Good-bye, Colonel Holmes," he said. "I'm glad to see you know how to talk to a civilian."

— Alexander Woolcott in *The Atlantic Monthly*

YOU INVITE George Bernard Shaw down to your place, commented one of his hostesses, because you think he will entertain your guests with his brilliant conversation; and before you know where you are he has chosen a school for your son, made your will for you, regulated your diet, and assumed all the privileges of your family solicitor, your housekeeper, your clergyman, your doctor, your dressmaker, your hairdresser. When he has finished with everybody else, he incites your children to rebellion. And when he can

find nothing more to do he goes away and forgets all about you.

— Frank Harris, *Bernard Shaw, An Unauthorized Biography* (Simon & Schuster)

SHORTLY after Calvin Coolidge left the White House he was called upon to fill out a card to accompany the payment of his annual dues to the National Press Club. Mr. Coolidge filled in his name and address, and then on the line provided for "Occupation" wrote "Retired." After a moment's thought, on the line marked "Remarks," he wrote, "Glad of it."

— *Christian Science Monitor*

A FEW HOURS before his death Marcel Proust asked his servant to bring to his bed a certain page from his manuscript wherein the agony of one of his characters was described — because "I have several retouchings to make here, now that I find myself in the same predicament." He wrote like a maniac to the end.

— Stanley Jasspon Kunitz, *Authors Today and Yesterday* (Wilson)

DON MARQUIS used to tell of a time in Hollywood when he was taken ill with a heart attack. It was urgent for him to be got to a

hospital at once; all the ambulances were in service, so a hearse was sent to fetch him. In this somber, glass-paned vehicle he was laid in a stretcher and rolled off toward the clinic. But on the way, halted in a traffic jam, the hearse pulled up next to a smart little open roadster in which two frolicsome young women were gaily chattering. In the middle of their mirth, noticing the transparent chariot alongside, they piously withheld palaver, and glanced reverently through the glass panel where Don's burly figure lay decently composed under a blanket.

At that moment he caught their gaze and in spite of heartburn and syncope appalled them with a slow and magnificent wink. He had the large and lustered eye, the heavy reef of eyebrow, which could make a wink seem as physically massive as a shrug. The damsels fell into a hysteric seizure, and as his carriage rolled away he saw them crash into another car and attempt, with screams, to explain to a disbelieving policeman. "I'll bet," he used to add, "they led better lives after that."

— Christopher Morley in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

Shaw in the Lion's Den

MAN is the only animal of which I am, thoroughly and cravenly afraid. I have never thought much of the courage of a lion-tamer. Inside the cage he is at least safe from other men. There is not much harm in a lion. He has no ideals, no religion, no politics, no chivalry, no gentility; in short, no reason for destroying anything that he does not want to eat. — Bernard Shaw

Plea for Tolerance

Condensed from Christian Herald

Henry Morton Robinson

PARIS, 1870. A Prussian army is besieging the French capital. In the Sorbonne, Gaston de Paris lectures brilliantly on *The Song of Roland*. For centuries the world has believed that the origins of this noble epic were French; but the researches of Gaston de Paris have led him to another, inexorable, conclusion. Above the thunder of enemy artillery his closing words ring clear: "My colleagues, permit me again to remind you that the origins of this immortal poem are Germanic, not French. Let no transient hatred impair our appreciation of a neighbor race. In this hour of impending defeat let us proclaim to the world that truth knows no national boundaries."

Gaston de Paris's attitude has always seemed to me a perfect example of tolerance — the virtue by which liberated minds make conquest of bigotry and hatred. For tolerance is more than a mere amenity; and this story indicates something of the courage and fairness that its practice requires.

Tolerance implies more than forbearance. Properly conceived, it is *the positive and cordial effort to understand another's beliefs, practices and habits without necessarily sharing or accepting them*. Tolerance mil-

itantly protects the rights of an opponent. Voltaire's famous aphorism, "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it," is for all ages the perfect utterance of the tolerant ideal.

Tolerance does not mean moral laxity. If we are apathetic in our principles we are not being tolerant; we are merely suffering from spiritual sloth. "Much that passes for tolerance," says John Morley, "is only a pretentious form of being without settled opinions of your own." But we become intolerant when we attempt to force our neighbor to conform to our opinions.

Unenlightened people are notoriously confident that they have a monopoly on all truth; if you need proof, feel the weight of their knuckles. But truth is broader than any individual conception of it, stronger than any fist. Recall too, how many earnestly held opinions and emotions we have outgrown with the passage of years. We shall probably outgrow many more. Renan's remark that *our opinions become fixed at the point where we stop thinking* should be sufficient warning against too stubborn insistence that we are infallibly right.

Viewed in this way, tolerance be-

comes the bulwark of social and individual liberty, and the chief element in any cultural advance that a society may expect to make. We need but glance at Italy and Germany to realize how precious the virtue of tolerance has become to us, and how desperately we must struggle to keep it alive. Our free press, our privileges of free assembly and religious worship, our very form of democratic government, are supported by dikes of tolerance, laboriously built, and held *by the individual*. For when we fail to practice tolerance in our individual lives, we jeopardize the structure for all.

Insidiously, intolerance grows in its place. This does not happen suddenly, but by imperceptible degrees: a privilege is shorn away, a censorship erected, a hatred takes root, oppressive legislation is enacted. If we passively connive in this process, neglecting to protest unless our own rights and opinions are attacked, we shall discover some day that despotism has crept up on us — that we are about to be swallowed one and all by the monster we have helped create.

Signs are not wanting today that intolerance is thus growing in our midst. On all sides we hear murmurings of political persecution, threats to freedom of speech, portents of oppression. Recently a bill was introduced into the New York Assembly to prevent members of the Communist Party from holding public office. The bill passed both Houses;

not until Governor Lehman vetoed it could the advocates of tolerance breathe freely. What a fatal error such a law would have been! Where does our Constitution say that a minority party shall be excluded from office? Next year it may be *our* party that is attacked and excluded; no one is safe when the heavy wheels of intolerance start grinding.

Democracy is the principle of tolerance extended into the sphere of politics. Tolerance *preserves* minorities, instead of destroying them. And these minorities in turn perform a valuable function by acting as a brake upon the party in power. This is a major premise of our government. Take away tolerance and our democracy will not survive.

In whispers that grow louder today we detect beginnings of a religious and racial persecution that should be coldly nipped, else we may someday witness in this country an outbreak of the anti-Semitic atrocities now so common in Europe. If the liberties of even one small sect are abrogated, we shall have taken a step backward to that medieval period of Inquisition and heresy-hounding when, as the historian Muzzey says, "Honest doubt was dealt with as impious rebellion, speculative restlessness as satanic suggestion."

The crying need for tolerance is seen in a hundred departments of our society today. Labor unions in asserting their new powers have too

often shown an overbearing intolerance. Recently, when the harassed railroads asked their employees to take a voluntary pay cut, one union official replied, "To hell with that. We won't even give you the whiskers from yesterday's shave." The most ardent sympathizers of labor will agree that this is not exactly the basis on which to begin tolerant negotiations. On the other hand, there are those among our capitalists who assuredly are not showing a truly tolerant attitude toward their employees.

Too many of us mistakenly assume that a unanimity of thought and action is desirable; in reality, the thing that has made us great among nations is our wide variety of races and differing shades of public opinion. These races and opinions have fertilized our national stock, shown us that the good life can have many translations, and that the Word needs many interpreters.

Let me offer you, as a plea for tolerance, Cardinal Newman's description of the ideal university: "A place in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to

find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. A place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, *by the collision of mind with mind.*" This is the educational way to tolerance, and there is no other.

There is a grave danger, of course, lest we admire tolerance merely in the abstract. We may see that it is needed in government, international affairs, and in business, and overlook the fact that it is needed equally in our own home. It is not enough that we be theoretically tolerant toward another nation if we are narrow toward the man in the next office. All the apostrophes addressed to Tolerance are of no avail if we miss the fact that it is a state of mind — or more accurately, a state of heart — and that it must be personal.

Of all the commandments, "Love thy neighbor" is the least enforceable, the most voluntary. But to break it brings penalties that are not less severe because they are self-inflicted.



Contents Noted

AN OLD WOMAN at the Ulster frontier was asked if she had anything to declare. No, nothing at all. But what was in the bottle? Oh, only holy water, holy water from Lourdes. The customs officer pulled the cork. "Whisky it is," said he.

"Glory be to God!" cried the offender. "A miracle!"

— *The Countryman*

❏ Will the Chinese, modernizing their inland
"provinces of refuge," emerge a unified
and ascendant nation?

Japan Loses the War

Condensed from Redbook Magazine

Pearl S. Buck

Author of "The Good Earth," "Fighting Angel," etc.

WESTERN OBSERVERS in China are saying that whether Japan knows it or not, she has lost the war with China. When it began last August, the Japanese thought it would take three months, perhaps, to bring China to her knees. But the war is a year old now, and Japan is further from victory every day. China is immeasurably stronger than ever. She has munitions and money enough for two more years.

The Japanese obviously did not understand the Chinese when they began this war. Even though their scheme to coöperate with China in a sort of Pan-Asia was good sense, materially, they overlooked basic psychological differences. They complained that the Chinese did not like them; and they decided to intimidate the Chinese into realizing they had to like Japan or else —

At first the Chinese were frightened; they knew they were not prepared for war with a modern military force. And at Japan's first onslaught they fell back in overwhelming defeat.

Then something happened. They realized that it was not as bad as

they feared. People could escape bombs fairly well by digging dugouts. Whole towns made dugouts and went into them. Buildings were destroyed, but the Chinese are not a sentimental race. Any building can be replaced, and the home of the average citizen can be put up almost overnight.

The essential thing is the land, and that the Japanese cannot destroy. They cannot even hold it in any large quantity; for, stretched over the longest battle line in history, the Japanese are holding only railways and railway towns, and the Chinese peasants are back planting their lands again, living in makeshift shelters, ready to leave if they must. As one of them said to me: "After all, the very biggest bomb can only dig up a hole about 30 feet across and 10 to 20 feet deep. They make very good fishponds, those holes." When I murmured something about people being killed, he said: "Famines and civil wars have taught us that nothing can really kill a people if you keep letting them be born."

Knowing, then, that the Japa-

nese can neither kill them all nor hold all their land, the Chinese have settled down to a daily diet of war. Even in their dugouts they go on with their business — eating, sleeping, casting up their accounts, or playing mahjong.

And, they will tell you cheerfully, this war has done a great deal for China. In the first place, it was perhaps the only thing which could have accomplished political unification. The three hostile factions of National Government (personified by Chiang Kai-shek), battling war lords, and Communists have united against a foreign enemy.

Another important benefit — one which, without the stimulation of the war, it might have taken China centuries to develop — is the opening of her interior to modern influences.

Japan has been able to reach — and will be able to reach at best — only about half of China's territory. Bombing planes cannot get to the great inner provinces which stretch in acres of fertility over an area large enough for another continent. There millions of Chinese have lived a medieval life apart from the modern world. The modern educated Chinese has not penetrated to that inner country. He did not need to, for there were jobs and better salaries in the modernized coastal provinces.

But now there is a vast movement inland. Government is moving inland; universities are building

plants in the heart of Szechwan and Yunnan provinces; factories from the great industrial cities of the Yangtze River are moving their machinery inland. Motor roads are being built with incredible speed, and railways as well.

This new inland China has no access to the Pacific, it is true, but she is making new roads toward Europe. A vast highway for trade is being built through to Burma and another through Chinese Turkestan. And modern Chinese merchants are looking toward the West along somewhat the same trade routes that Europe took centuries ago, when Marco Polo went to China.

But what is really winning the war is China's unconquerable spirit. After the first panic, the Chinese morale has steadily improved, until now I doubt there is a single Chinese who fears that Japan will win. They are fighting confidently because they are fighting in their own old ways of guerrilla warfare, nagging and harassing the Japanese by trickery and surprise attacks. Disguised as destitute coolies, 2000 men slip one by one behind the Japanese lines and attack from within. No Japanese lines have yet proved tight enough to prevent such seepage.

And these fighters are not only members of regular armies. There is that army led by a Peiping professor who, unable to endure the Japanese, rushed out into the countryside and gathered together a horde of angry men, and in an amazingly

short time began one of the most successful of the guerrilla campaigns. There are those Chinese farmers who cut the Yellow River dikes and swept a Japanese army away, together with themselves and their houses. Such people cannot be conquered.

The Chinese are too intelligent and sophisticated, however, to believe that there is ever so simple an end to war as victory for one side and defeat for the other. They know that any war ends in compromise. But they are determined that in this compromise Japan shall completely withdraw from Chinese soil. They are already planning how that can be done without making Japan suffer too much loss of face. The Chinese will not make the mistake which the Allied Powers made in the Treaty of Versailles, when Germany was so humiliated that she had no choice but to recover herself by any means she could. China will fight doggedly on until Japan is desperate for peace, and then urbanely

dictate terms which will leave Japan grateful rather than resentful. And to save Japan the humiliation of having to withdraw alone, she will invite *all* foreign troops gradually to withdraw.

When Japan withdraws — for it is obvious that she is not strong enough to finish what she began to do — she will be less powerful in the world's estimate than before she went in. And it may be that in her postwar exhaustion she will have to yield even Korea and Formosa. Thus curbed and clipped, she can hardly hope to maintain her first-class rating as a world power.

And after the war China will be an ascendant nation — with new confidence, new unity, and her hinterlands developed. If any war could be called a good thing for a country, this war has been good for China, if not for the millions of individuals who have suffered horribly from it. China has learned the trick of the phoenix, rising strong for the future out of the ashes of the past.

Treasure Trove

THE BOSSES of a WPA project to provide San Francisco with an aquatic park were first puzzled, then incredulous, finally fascinated by the strange behavior of the men working for them. The laborers were really swinging their picks, working during their lunch hour and overtime at night. When the flurry was over, the story was told. In the rubble where they were digging, one of the men turned up a \$20 gold piece; another found a diamond stud. Coins, baubles, silverware — to an estimated value of \$20,000 — were discovered before the vein was worked out. The men were digging on a site that had been filled in with debris from the San Francisco fire earthquake of 1906.

— *Time*

D'Annunzio—the Italian poet with whom profligacy in money, love and self-esteem was a passion

A Portrait of Extravagance

Condensed from "D'Annunzio"

Tom. Antongini

D'Annunzio's friend and secretary

DURING the 50 years of his active career, Gabriele D'Annunzio, poet and spendthrift extraordinary, established his literary reputation with more than fifty important works; he gave four years and the sight of one eye (lost in an airplane crash) to the World War; he conquered Fiume for his native Italy; he found time to make love to countless women; he became an outstanding novelist and playwright, and the highest-paid journalist in the world; he not only made, but squandered, fortune after fortune. With D'Annunzio the impulse of extravagance was stronger than reason; it was a passion.

Where an ordinary man would go into a shop and buy perhaps half a dozen ties, D'Annunzio would come out with six dozen. The ordinary shopper might examine an article and ask, "Have you nothing a little cheaper?" Not so D'Annunzio. He always inquired: "Have you nothing more expensive?" And he never, under any circumstances, left a shop without making a purchase of some sort. "It is shameful," he insisted, "to go away empty-

handed. It is not the fault of the merchant if he has nothing worth while to sell."

About his personal appearance, which was not very prepossessing, he was wildly extravagant. Had he nothing better to do, he was entirely happy bathing, dressing and spraying himself with perfume from morning to night. He used a pint of "Eau de Coty" daily, and changed his shirts so frequently that his servants had only to refresh them with an iron before replacing them with the tiers of others. I do not exaggerate when I say that he could always count 100 suits in his wardrobe. And although he wore few jewels, he presented jewelry worth more than half a million lire to friends of both sexes.

One of his most notorious extravagances was revealed in a famous letter to the Paris newspapers which intimated that his chief concern in writing the scenario for *Cabiria*, an early cinema success, was to provide for the upkeep of his numerous greyhounds, who were fed daily on prime cutlets and old cognac! On one occasion I saw with

© 1938, and published at \$5 by Little, Brown & Co., 34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. This 583-page biography lifts the veil on the manners, superstitions, amours, writing and war career of the man who thought of himself as an immortal poet and "Prince of Youth."

my own eyes that the riding horses of D'Annunzio and his mistress of the moment were bedded on expensive Persian carpets.

His insistence on exactitude at the opening performance of his play, *Francesca da Rimini*, cost more than money. He had refused to hear of anything but a genuine bombardment for the scene of a siege; and the result remains unique in the annals of the theater. A thick, choking smoke so thoroughly blinded and asphyxiated the unfortunate spectators that they left the theater not hissing but howling. And a large stone, hurled from a catapult, completely demolished one of the walls. The tragedy collapsed, too.

Every day D'Annunzio received an average of 50 letters, 25 telegrams, 15 books and manuscripts; in the course of his career, over a million and a half letters. Had he endeavored to satisfy his admirers, he could have done literally nothing but send letters and telegrams, open and acknowledge gifts, and review books and manuscripts. Fortunately, he simply disregarded most of his mail. Here is my note on its disposition:

"When the Poet sets about the perusal of his correspondence, the envelopes, apart from those he recognizes, are first turned and twisted and even smelled with feline circumspection. The letters he tosses aside, unopened, are never destroyed, but relegated to a box marked

"Letters of Long Standing." When it is full, its contents are taken to a room where letters have been accumulating for years, unread."

On rare occasions I have yielded to scientific curiosity and looked at one of these rejected missives. Invariably I found only requests for photographs, demands for charity, bills; somehow the envelopes containing declarations of love or checks from editors were never missed! However prodigal his nature, D'Annunzio was the most calculating of men when it came to the defense of his interests, and he had a subconscious sense which told him what mail to open.

He himself recognized nothing less than a registered letter as a means of correspondence; for many years he even made use of a messenger, who placed his letters directly in the hands of the addressee. But to the telegraph he owed a debt of gratitude. I have seen him fire off as many as 100 long telegrams at one sitting; and these telegrams, written in the same hour, invariably contained contrary statements, one declaring that he was confined to his bed, another picturing him dismounting from his horse. His spendthrift nature was overjoyed to learn that, in accordance with new regulations, express telegrams could be sent at four times the ordinary rate. From that day on, he delightedly used the new system every time opportunity offered.

One of the Poet's weaknesses

was his fatal habit of making promises, a habit which grew with the passing years. He promised to take part in ceremonies, to write prefaces, to accept high appointments. And nearly every promise he ever made was broken, even when there had been signatures, counter-signatures, solemn undertakings and official stamps and seals. To avoid an official reception in Paris he thought nothing of sending his chauffeur to a remote village to telegraph his host: "Monsieur D'Annunzio is marooned here in an observation balloon. It is still uncertain when he can be released."

D'Annunzio's promises to the woman of the moment were fantastic—all the way from great gifts to proposals of marriage as soon as he could obtain a divorce. Though he lived apart from his wife, divorce was impossible for him under Italian law; yet he made these promises with such sincerity that most women accepted them confidently.

Since it was not always easy to conclude these affairs, the Poet sometimes carried on three or four intrigues simultaneously. Once at Arcachon, for instance, he gave me these four telegrams to dispatch:

SIGNORA X, PARIS. ARRIVED TODAY IN MY NEW VILLA WHERE I AM PREPARING YOUR ROOM. AU REVOIR. GABRI.

COUNTESS M, PARIS. THE MELODY OF THE WAVES CRADLES MY REGRETS. EVERYTHING IS DISTANT AND EVERYTHING IS NEAR. AU REVOIR. THE EXILE.

MADAME B, PARIS. I AM THINKING OF YOU EVERY MINUTE. ARIEL.

MADAME H.R., PARIS. I AM THINKING OF YOU AS OF THE RICHEST BRONZE FOR MY FUTURE STATUES. DO NOT BE SAD. AU REVOIR. AU REVOIR.

And the best and worst of it was that a fifth lady was already at home in the villa!

In view of his physical peculiarities, his success with women of all conditions—all the way from the immortal actress Duse to servant girls—was astonishing. His mouth suffered, for example, from a superabundance of salivation, and he always kept four or five handkerchiefs within reach. He was a wholehearted supporter of all medicines and attributed to them curative powers which surpassed the wildest dreams of the manufacturers. He never refused to try a new potion, and would take a dose of anything at any time. But, in his own spirit, he triumphed over the disabilities of age. "Fate," he once said, "has named me Prince of Youth until the end of my life."

Few men in the world have successively created as many homes as D'Annunzio, though he never built but contented himself with redecorating to his own fancy the furnished houses which he rented.

In creating each of his homes, D'Annunzio called to his aid silks, brocades, hundreds of cushions and thousands of books. Vases everywhere were kept filled with fresh flowers. Daily he studied catalogues

covering every branch of decorative art, not even disdaining household linen. He installed every modern comfort, meanwhile designing furniture and buying endless *bibels*. Finally he sprinkled all the materials with rare perfumes, lit incense-burners here and there — and the house was ready. But only *inside*. Pocketbook in hand, he then transformed the exterior, erecting gates and grilles in wrought iron; planting new avenues, buying trees. And then, after one or ten years, when financial or moral reasons caused him to change his abode, he would abandon all the objects accumulated during his tenancy.

The first of his famous "permanent" residences was the Capponcina on the Florentine Hills, where the Poet wrote most of his masterpieces and loved not only Eleanora Duse but also, as was always the case, innumerable other ladies. With the help of the Florentine antiquaries mobilized by D'Annunzio, it was quickly transformed from a modest villa into a sumptuous Renaissance museum. The villa, for which no one would have given 25,000 lire when D'Annunzio

took it, was worth over 300,000 when his creditors forced him to leave it, and I am speaking only of the building itself.

His last home, the Vittoriale on the Lago di Garda, had the same atmosphere, but with the addition of a warlike decorative element — flags, poniards, proclamations, medals, airplane propellers. Ancient patina-covered vases from Persia stood beside the screw of Da Pinedo's transatlantic airship, a rusty unexploded grenade between delicate amphorae of rare perfume. In the garden the gigantic prow of the destroyer *Puglia*, relic of the Fiume adventure presented to D'Annunzio by the government, miraculously protrudes from a hillside among cypresses and rosebushes.

The Vittoriale, since D'Annunzio's death in March, 1938, has become a Fascist shrine. High up, at the end of the park, there is the "Hill of the Dead," where are buried Fiume's heroes. There now D'Annunzio lies buried, beneath a typically extravagant inscription written by himself:

I AM GABRIELE WHO PRESENT
MYSELF TO THE GODS . . .

Cons of colored comic sheets are stored at the Bush Terminal, Brooklyn, whence they are shipped to the west coast of Africa for sale to trading posts in the jungle. Traders wrap all purchases in the funnies, for the natives won't buy if ordinary wrapping paper is used, and their sales resistance falls in proportion to the amount of color in the funnies. It is not uncommon to see a native striding through the bush, his eyes popping eagerly at the cavortings of Jiggs, or Tillie the Toiler.

— Louis Sobol in N. Y. *Journal & American*

Tapping the Wires

Condensed from The New Yorker

Meyer Berger

THE LATE Dutch Schultz loathed wire tappers. "I hope your ears drop off," he'd say bitterly before he put up his telephone receiver, reasonably certain they would hear him. The obsession grew worse in his last years as boss of New York's policy racket, with federal and city detectives tapping his office and outpost wires, his sister's home line, and his lawyer's phone. Even when he hung up the phone in his office, a small microphone hidden in the earpiece continued to carry his words to the listening posts over wires spliced into the telephone cord.

Most people become merely peevish when their telephones grow faint in the middle of a conversation. Only the "tap-goofy," as detectives refer to a nervous few, believe a bad connection means that someone is listening in. Although they are probably wrong, there is always a chance they may be right. The police sometimes amuse themselves on a job by tapping nearby wires at random. More often, when business is dull, they pick up calls from restaurants, poolrooms and other suspected criminal hangouts. "Blind angling," they call it, and defend the practice on the ground that you never can tell when some-

thing significant in the crime line will turn up.

Given the proper apparatus, almost anyone could tap a telephone. A simple tap merely involves scraping the insulation from a segment of the wires; a receiver is then attached to the exposed portions with metal clips and extension wires. That's the basis of all wire tapping, but the complexity of the modern telephone system and the increasing wariness of criminals have necessitated many refinements in technique.

New York is the center of wire tapping in this country. District Attorney Dewey's office has had considerable success with it in prosecuting rackets. In one instance, while Dewey wire workers were listening in on the bakery racket, they accidentally picked up a conversation that aided materially in securing the conviction of the Druksman murderers in Brooklyn.

Usually Dewey's detectives follow the standard practice of cutting in on a telephone circuit, but for special jobs they use small microphones that can be concealed in a suspect's room and a device with phonograph discs to record conversations. The federal government uses about a dozen such outfits in

Washington, which, next to New York, is the eavesdroppers' most fertile field.

The Lindbergh case was a wire tappers' holiday. They cut in everywhere. Just before the ransom money was passed, they heard Jafsie in conversation with a mysterious "Axel," who announced he was coming to the Condon home. Thinking "Axel" was the kidnaper, the tappers hid around the Condon home until a strange car drove up. They were stunned when their man emerged. It was Lindbergh, who always used the name "Axel" to identify himself to the Doctor.

Wire tapping got its start in New York in 1895 when a former telephone worker suggested that the police listen in on criminals. In those days police wire tappers just walked into the Telephone Company's offices and learned the location of the wires they were interested in without fuss. Lines were usually tapped right in the cellar of the house or at an outside wall box.

Later, during World War days, when eavesdropping was widely encouraged, the government tapped thousands of lines. A complete central-office switchboard had been set up in the New York Custom House, with taps running into it from all parts of the city. Every time a suspected alien lifted his receiver a light flashed and a stenographer, with headset clamped on, recorded the conversation.

When people got wind of the prevalence of wire tapping, the press denounced it, but nothing happened. The furor, however, made the wire tapper's job more difficult, because the Telephone Company refused from then on to cooperate with the police.

But with New York's 1,700,000 telephones, a wire tapper would be unable to find a particular circuit if he did not know the right people in strategic telephone posts. That is why most police wire tappers are former employes of the Telephone Company. They have not only an inside view of the system, but friends in the organization upon whom they count for surreptitious assistance.

Wire tappers are seldom caught at their work. They know they must remove their listening equipment if they hear a telephone subscriber complain to the operator that "something is wrong with the wire." When it is discovered that a line has been tapped, the company for the next five days makes regular inspections of that particular circuit. Detectives are aware of this routine, and when the five-day period has expired they hook right in again.

It's pretty hard to detect a wire tapper. Foreign noises on the line are more apt to be caused by worn-off insulation or dampness in the cables. A good wire tapper is rarely guilty of creating "swing," the professional term for the crackling noise caused by a faulty tap.

Wire tappers as a rule are pretty grave fellows, jealous of the good name of their calling. They spend a lot of their own time and money fussing with new listening appliances. Most of them rig up experimental stations in their homes. Out of such experiments, in 1930, came the dial detector, indispensable in discovering the destination of a call from a dial phone. Just when the dial system was threatening to end the tappers' usefulness, a detective who had been a phone company mechanic came to the rescue. His dial detector, which he made out of secondhand telegraph parts, records as a series of dots on a thin paper tape the clicks you hear when you dial; from these the tapper can read the number called.

The newest wire-tapping contraption is a powerful induction coil which resembles a five-inch firecracker. It is a magnet wrapped in 8000 turns of very fine wire — a sinister contrivance that inhales a telephone conversation without being connected to the circuit, the coil merely being placed near the wires. It will pick up sounds through an 18-inch wall.

No one has ever been convicted of wire tapping, although any layman or private detective caught

tampering with someone's telephone is liable to arrest. Criminal lawyers, whose wires are frequently tapped, have worked hard but unsuccessfully for federal legislation against the practice. Recently the Bill of Rights Committee of the New York State Constitutional Convention voted down a proposal to prohibit wire tapping, but the controversy over it still continues.

Court opinion has been divided on the legality of evidence obtained by tapping wires. In 1928 the United States Supreme Court sustained the conviction of a bootlegger on evidence picked up by wire tappers. The late Justice Holmes dissented, remarking, "Wire tapping is a dirty business." A few months ago the same court decided that federal prosecutors may not use evidence obtained by tapping wires linking two or more states. The results of intrastate tapping, however, remain admissible.

The popular belief that the police would stop tapping wires if evidence obtained by this means were ruled out of all courts is a delusion. Most wire tapping is done to obtain information that may lead to arrests rather than for the purpose of obtaining evidence to be presented in court.

Inscription on a stone in the Hartsdale, N. Y., dog cemetery:

JACK, AS EVER, PRECEDES HIS
MASTER BY A FEW STEPS.

— Joseph Mitchell, *My Ears Are Bent* (Sheridan House)

¶ A backward look at one of the most amazing cultural movements America has ever witnessed

Talent in Tents

Condensed from "Morally We Roll Along"

Gay MacLaren

For many years a "reader" and entertainer on the Chautauqua circuits

IF YOU'RE old enough, you'll remember Chautauqua. How, as the summer approached, a great army of advance men armed with placards, banners and handbills swooped down on the circuit towns to announce the coming of the great week of culture. How the college boy crews, taking this opportunity to earn during vacation and see the country, set up the tents, and acted as electricians, property men and cashiers. And how the institution drew such "talent" (all Chautauqua entertainers were called the talent) as Mark Twain, William Jennings Bryan, ex-President Taft, Elbert Hubbard, Charles Evans Hughes and Schumann-Heink, and, in its heyday, gathered as many as 40,000,000 Americans to its tents in a single season.

The whole movement was imbued with a sense of righteousness and uplift, and many of the performers looked on Chautauqua not as plain work, but as *The Work*, mentioned in reverent tones. The towns on the Chautauqua circuits reflected this attitude, and the performers could always be sure of large and rapt

audiences, who sat patiently for hours on hard benches, fighting mosquitoes. Traveling men arranged their schedules so as not to get in town during the week, knowing that there could be no business while their customers were engaged in getting their yearly supply of culture.

Since the managers maintained that Chautauqua was an educational institution, not primarily interested in profit, and unable to survive without the support of the better element, a minimum guarantee was required before they would come to a community. Hence it often happened that overworked, underpaid schoolteachers, as guarantors of this minimum, had to pay ten or fifteen dollars each to make up the deficit, and sometimes even give up their own chances to hear the programs, in order to sell tickets. But they did not complain. This was what was known as the Chautauqua Spirit.

The carnival companies never could understand why the Chautauquas, with so little to offer in the way of real show attractions, were able to draw such large audiences. Unable to compete, some of them

"*Morally We Roll Along*," an *Atlantic Monthly Press Book*, is
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34 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

advertised as "Carnival Chautauquas" and, since the word "Chautauqua" could not be copyrighted, there was no way to stop them. A poultry show down in Texas once went so far as to advertise a "Poultry Chautauqua."

A genuine Chautauqua program was made up of two thirds music and dramatics and one third lectures. It was served by the greatest aggregation of public performers the world has ever known. There were teachers, preachers, scientists, explorers, travelers, statesmen, and politicians; glee clubs, quartettes, sextettes, and quintettes; elocutionists, monologuists, jugglers, magicians, and whistlers. Instrumental music was provided in every conceivable form, from 40-piece bands to harpists and bell-ringers. Groups of dusky Hawaiians, Filipinos, and Serbians were always popular, and the tents echoed with the Ooo-lea-eee-hooo of Swiss yodelers.

Yet the essential of any Chautauqua program was its moral lesson. Even many entertainment features contained some sort of "message." In the case of, say, a Kaffir troupe from South Africa, great stress was laid on the example they afforded of what the Christian missionaries could do. Humorous philosophers always managed to inject enough seriousness into their talks so that, even though they "rocked the tent," their audiences had a "message to take home with them," for Chautauqua audiences insisted on get-

ting something "worth while" out of each program.

The Chautauqua movement began in 1874, when a young Methodist minister, Rev. John Heyl Vincent, staged the first Sunday School Teachers Assembly on the banks of Lake Chautauqua in western New York State. The original purpose was the study of the Bible, but as the fame of the institution grew, the course was expanded to include secular subjects. Lectures, music, and readings were added to furnish "pure, wholesome entertainment" and boating, bathing, and games were encouraged to provide healthful exercise. Soon leaders of other sects were invited to establish headquarters on the grounds, and Lake Chautauqua became an interdenominational mecca of culture.

The Civil War was over and people wanted to forget and were hungry for things of the spirit. An almost fanatical interest in education took possession of the Chautauqua devotees. Pupils from 18 to 80 began to enroll, men and women who, like Dr. Vincent, had been denied a college training.

As the thousands who flocked to the New York Assembly carried their message back home, Chautauquas commenced to spring up all over the country, in groves and beside lakes. Many drew enormous summer crowds and were in themselves good-sized towns.

In 1904 there appeared the circuits or tent Chautauquas, to take

culture directly to the people. These proved so popular that gradually the summer-long camp meetings gave way before them. The Chautauqua circuits became a gigantic enterprise. By 1920 they were as numerous as railroads, one of them covering a chain of 1000 towns.

They brought with them a tremendous demand for talent of all kinds, but more particularly for musical companies. The talent factories were busy turning out companies of Missouri Merrymakers, Hoosier Quartettes, and Ye Olde Time Choirs. The most prolific of these factories was the Dunbar Productions in Chicago. Ralph Dunbar could turn out almost any kind of company at a day's notice. He kept a standing advertisement in the Chautauqua magazines for young people with talent.

If a company such as the Russian Cathedral Choir were booked on a Texas circuit and a request came in for them from a New England circuit, all the bureaus had to do was to send word to Dunbar. He would consult his files, get busy on the telephone, and by noon next day another Original Russian Cathedral Choir would be on its way, whiskers and all.

Most of the reforms that have blessed or bedeviled our country got their start on Chautauqua. Susan B. Anthony made her first appeal for woman suffrage, Maud Ballington Booth, "The Little Mother of the Prisons," begged support for the

Volunteers of America, and Jane Addams told about Hull House. Anthony Comstock told of the tons of obscene literature he had destroyed, and made the rural youth "September Morn" conscious by condemning her charms from the platform. Carrie Nation, hatchet in hand, blazed the trail to Prohibition with her speechmaking. Judge Ben B. Lindsey told the story of the Children's Court, Detective William J. Burns the story of crime, and Samuel Gompers gave the inside of the labor problem.

There were speakers, too, from foreign countries. Ng Poon Chew brought over the first authentic information about the Chinese Empire, Princess Radziwill told about Russia, and the Hon. James Bryce discussed England while he studied America. Japanese, Persian, Egyptian and Hindu, in native costume, came from overseas with a "message," while our own cowboys and Indians added their color to the scene.

In the early days, religion, temperance and politics were the most popular subjects. Audiences applauded the great preachers, Henry Ward Beecher, De Witt Talmage, and Wendell Phillips, and with equal ardor packed the auditoriums to hear Robert Ingersoll denounce Christianity. Chautauqua audiences loved speakers who denounced or exposed something; and the bureaus saw to it that at least one or two red-hot denouncers were on the

week's program. When one of these gentlemen raised his hand to heaven, forefinger up, and began: "I tell you, my friends, the time has come when we, the American people — " everybody leaned forward and forgot to scratch his mosquito bites. Thomas Lawson denounced Frenzied Finance, and Billy Sunday denounced Sin; Commander Peary denounced Dr. Cook, calling him a liar, and Dr. Cook returned the compliment. The audiences loved it.

But most important of all was the Inspirational Lecturer. He told his audience nothing new, but rather reminded them of what they commonly accepted but did not practice. While other types of speakers were continually negotiating for return engagements, the inspirational talker could go on year after year giving the same lecture to the same audiences. Audiences came to know every word of them by heart, but that did not lessen interest. Like old songs, they had enduring charms.

As many of the early audiences were made up of church people who were violently opposed to the theater or anything connected with it, the only way the plays of Shakespeare could be presented was through a "reading." Thus a play wasn't a play; it was a book or story. "Readers" frequently gave complete plays, acting out all the parts with gusto, but audiences found no taint of the theater in this form of "platform art." There were many dramatic

artists on the circuit who could have made big names on Broadway. A few did. Chic Sale, with his character studies, and Richard B. Harrison, "De Lawd" of *Green Pastures* fame, were Chautauqua celebrities. And the now famous dummy, Charlie McCarthy, made some of his first wisecracks from the pine board platform, starting Edgar Bergen on the road to fame and fortune.

The greatest of all Chautauqua headliners was William Jennings Bryan — the premier Chautauquan of them all. He knew, better than any man of his generation, how to handle an audience. He always came on the platform fanning himself with a big palm-leaf fan. Often he would be accompanied by a boy carrying a block of ice. During his speech he would rest his hand on the ice and, as his bald head began to glow, he would give it a cooling caress with his icy hand.

Bryan Day was always a gala day. A Chautauqua audience of two or three thousand was an everyday affair, but Mr. Bryan's crowds sometimes numbered as high as ten thousand. By his own estimate, in 1921, he had spoken at more than 3000 Assemblies.

Harding was also a headline attraction. Even after he was elected to the Presidency, he did not lose interest in the movement, and the "talent" he had known in his Chautauqua days were always welcome at the White House.

But the Chautauqua idea and

the cities didn't mix. It belonged to the small towns. For instance, there came a time when the tent circuit hit New York City — and with no less a headline speaker than William Howard Taft, ex-President of the U. S., who had joined the circuit in 1917. The circuit bureaus had always longed to show Broadway a thing or two, and now they set up one of their big brown tents on the upper West Side, confident that all New York would come.

But day after day the ladies and gentlemen of Chautauqua exhibited their wholesome entertainment to empty seats. When the expected crowds did not arrive for Mr. Taft's appearance, the manager was willing to call it a day. But the genial ex-President surveyed the 50-odd people huddled on the benches — 50 out of New York's millions — gave his famous chuckle, and spoke his piece. Chautauqua never braved the Big City again.

One of the strange phenomena of Chautauqua was that so many of those engaged in the work — managers, talent, and patrons — seemed to have no sense of values. No matter what the attractions or how famous the talent, they were always overshadowed by the institution and its peculiar evangelical spirit. Instead of giving "the work" a proper place in the scheme of things

— an institution for bringing lectures and entertainment to rural communities at low cost — the promoters held it up as a sacred cause, destined to revolutionize the world and bring on Utopia. This attitude was responsible for the ridicule accorded Chautauqua by many newspapers and magazines. If the "good" it did and the "message" it brought had been a by-product rather than an avowed object, Chautauqua might have fared better at the hands of the press — possibly even at the hands of time.

By 1932, the circuits had gradually given way before the onslaught of the radio, the moving picture, and "the car in every garage." But despite the ridicule that was heaped on it, if we were to broadcast today the average old-time Chautauqua program, it would be about the same as the daily radio output, minus the advertising.

And there is this to be said on behalf of the talent. Today's radio performers are chosen not because of intrinsic ability, but because their voices or songs or gags will sell beans or soap powder or hair oil; but Chautauqua talent was chosen because it filled an authentic hunger and need of the people. Unlike radio, Chautauqua had nothing to sell but itself. In that sense it was certainly more honest.

The unforgivable crime is soft biting. Do not bit at all if it can be avoided; but never bit softly. — Theodore Roosevelt

❏ A grand vacation and a lesson in self-reliance for boys and girls, organized by a Detroit coal merchant

On to Alaska with Buchanan

Condensed from Boys' Life

Myron M. Stearns

FOR MORE than 15 years George E. Buchanan, Detroit coal merchant, has been lending money to boys and girls who want to make a trip to Alaska. He does this as part of a plan to help them learn the art of earning and saving money — an art which he believes should be learned earlier than most people realize, because of its importance in developing the traits of self-reliance, resourcefulness and reliability.

About 30 boys went on the first experimental trip in 1923. Since then about 50 a year — more than 700 in all — have met the terms of the unique offer and made the month-long vacation journey.

To meet Buchanan's requirements, each applicant must earn by his own efforts one third of the total expense. That is approximately \$125 for boys or girls over 11, and \$90 for those who are under and have the advantage of lower rates. The parents put up an equal amount. The final third is advanced by Buchanan.

For this last \$125 there is no legal obligation to repay: merely a gentleman's agreement that the

money will be earned and returned when and if it can be done without undue hardship. It then becomes available for another candidate.

Applicants' ages run from seven to 17. The average is around 13. One Detroit boy who made the journey in 1936 had just turned eight years old. He earned his money for the trip when he was seven and paid off the entire loan before he was nine.

The ways of earning money vary as widely as the candidates themselves. They mow lawns, shovel snow, deliver groceries, exercise dogs, care for children, wash windows, wax automobiles, tend furnaces, caddie at golf courses, deliver papers. One boy constructed alley-boxes, on contract, for nearly all the houses in his block, and then kept the back yards tidy on a per-week basis. He passed the \$100 mark inside of six months.

Buchanan checks carefully on how the money is earned, allows no tips or gifts, frowns on too much help from parents or relatives. If boys need help at the beginning, he stakes them to a modest supply of refillable pencils which yield a com-

mission of about 10 cents apiece. Some boys make and sell their own wares — birdhouses, artificial flowers, flies and lures for fishermen. One made log-carriers out of awning cloth, to carry wood for fireplaces. Girls bake and sell cakes, cookies, hot rolls.

A 15-year-old Puerto Rican lad carved attractive ornaments out of cows' horns and sea shells. A 12-year-old blind boy who made the trip in 1936 wove reed baskets that sold for from 75 cents to \$3 apiece. A Chicago boy used thermos jugs and paper cups to sell ice-cold lemonade, and made his entire share of the Alaska expense in two months at the University of Chicago tennis courts.

Such modest beginnings in themselves constitute invaluable business experience. A Detroit boy who earned his share of the trip in 1931 by delivering papers built up three flourishing routes. Since then he has repaid Buchanan in full, paid all his own high school expenses, bought all his clothes, paid life insurance premiums, and entered college last fall with \$800 in the bank.

The idea for this venture goes back to George Buchanan's boyhood on a Canadian farm. While he was still a lad his father died, and George had to leave school to help run the farm. He missed school, and felt that he wasn't getting the education he wanted, and needed.

Nearby lived a retired Irish stockman, Alec Elliott, whose tales of

Ireland, ocean voyages and interesting people around the world fascinated young George. So George asked Alec Elliott to lend him money for a trip across the Atlantic.

Alec offered to lend young George, not the whole cost of the trip to Europe, but a third of it. George's mother scraped together another third. The balance was up to George.

With a small advance from his mother, George bought some weakling lambs which neighbors considered hardly worth keeping. By taking great pains he raised most of them successfully, and sold them for a good price — enough to pay his third of the journey's cost. Proud and successful, he made the long trip abroad alone. The experience matured him, gave him added knowledge and perspective.

In 1920, nearly half a century later, Buchanan — by this time head of half a dozen successful fuel corporations in Detroit — spent a vacation in Alaska. The trip made him enthusiastic about the country and brought back memories of his earlier trip abroad, of Alec Elliott's help, of how much the journey and the experience of earning the money for it had meant to him. Why shouldn't other boys have the same valuable experience?

In 1922 he incorporated "On to Alaska with Buchanan," thus giving boys all over the country the advantage that he himself had enjoyed — a not-too-distant goal as a stimulus to earn and to save.

For a dozen years On-to-Alaska-with-Buchanan rolled along on a boys-only basis. News of it spread rapidly, and soon inquiries were coming in from boys in all parts of the U. S. Then Helen Kuhn, one of the 11 children of a Detroit doctor, asked why she couldn't go along. Five of her brothers had gone, and their mother thought it was one of the finest things that had ever happened to them. Finally Mr. Buchanan gave in. Five other girls joined up. Now any girl who can meet the requirements may make the trip.

George Buchanan himself is in full charge of the party. A close friend and business associate goes along as banker for the boys' "extra money." A Chicago building contractor who particularly enjoys outdoors, athletics and boys, has made the trip regularly since 1925. Frequently one or two schoolteachers ask permission to join.

Starting from Detroit in mid-July, the 8000-mile trip is a series of unforgettable impressions. A day in St. Paul with a visit to the state capitol. Across the border into Canada and the Rockies: Banff and Lake Louise, snow peaks and glaciers; Kicking Horse Canyon — then Vancouver and Puget Sound.

Three days on a steamer: fishing villages, Indians, huskies and totem poles. Mountains rising more and more steeply from the water, the great Taku glacier, primitive towns built on piles. Skagway, with flow-

ers so big they have to be measured with a ruler to be believed. The narrow-gauge White Pass & Yukon Railroad. Dead Horse Gulch; the inscription at Inspiration Point: "In memory of 3000 pack animals that laid their bones on these awful hills during the Gold Rush of 1897-98." Hour after hour on the Alaska lakes. Panning real gold. Eating moose steak. Then back to the coast where the small towns now seem the height of civilization!

The month whirls past swiftly. Each boy and girl sees something different. With all of them the trip has stirred the desire for further travel, for seeing other countries and learning new things. Fathers and mothers observe: "Andrew really found himself on that trip with Mr. Buchanan. He's so much more interested in things, and so much more independent." In not a few cases the choice of a life work has clearly been influenced by knowledge acquired on the journey, or in the months of earning money that preceded it.

Most impressive of all is the testimony that dollar by dollar the loans made to finance the trip are all repaid, although no efforts are ever made to collect.

"If a boy doesn't pay back the advance," says Mr. Buchanan, "only two people are the losers: the boy himself and some other boy who would be able to take the trip with the same money."

Each boy wants to pass on to

some other lad the opportunity he has enjoyed. Self-respect, honesty, and a strong sense of responsibility have all been developed by the

earning and journeying experience. Buchanan, now 69, buoyant and alive, says, "I get more out of it than any of them."



Irish Wakes

John McCarthy *in* Esquire

A CONSIDERABLE SLICE of Irish social life revolves around those festivities known as "wakes," which are held entirely apart from Christian funeral services, and surpass in community interest even the movies or politics. In the wild country of County Donegal, whole villages will participate in a wake. As soon as news of a relative's death reaches members of the clan, they pack supplies of foodstuffs, spirits and stout to last several days, assemble at a convenient meeting place and, in a group, proceed to the cottage of the deceased. There they spend the entire first night in keening.

Keening is one of those ancient Irish customs, dating back into pre-Christian times, which have outlived both the Christian and Roman inundation in Ireland. Crowded around the coffin, the relatives weep and wail weirdly and in perfect unison, and the effect upon listeners is soul-searing. The first time you catch it, even as far off as I did one summer night, you are hard put to reconcile it with any sound you have heard before. It's so primitive, so eerie, so pagan that you almost believe the Druids are holding a ceremony high up in the hills.

The deceased's friends make their calls the next few evenings. All the people in the home village and nearby towns consider themselves friends. As they enter the house, they go directly to the casket, get on their knees and say a few prayers. Immediate members of the family are lined up close to the coffin. Following his prayers, the caller pays his respects to them, then adjourns to a back room where he settles himself for a night of genuine sociability. The women gather in one room, the men in another.

In Ireland, the mister is still the privileged person. Therefore, in the rooms reserved for men there will be food, whisky and stout aplenty, batches of new clay pipes and lots of tobacco. After a few kind words about the lamented host of the house, the lads fill up their pipes and go to work on the food, spirits and stout. Tongues unloosen. And the wake is on! Every topic known to mankind is discussed; every personage in Irish public and private life is verbally trotted forth and his reputation literally torn to shreds. Not until the sun comes up does it occur to anyone to stop yarning and go home. Even then, they go reluctantly.

Q A St. Louis citizens' committee keeps untiringly at the job of reforming county government

The County That Saved Itself

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Webb Waldron

WE AMERICANS don't anger easily — and we get over being angry too easily. If we discover waste and thievery in our local politics, we hold our patience a long time. Then we explode. "Throw the rascals out!" Often we do throw them out. Then our committees of well-meaning citizens, confident that all will be utopia henceforth, disband — and leave the field to the politicians, who never disband.

But not in St. Louis County, Missouri. Here a voluntary group of men who wrought a revolution in local affairs has been on the job for *almost four years*. This unpaid committee hasn't stayed angry for four years, but it has stayed tough-minded. And its achievement is especially meaningful because it has regenerated a *county*. You often hear of clean-ups in city politics, but not of a county clean-up. There's a reason. The county in most states is the root of power for the political machines of both parties. Bitterly as politicians fight municipal reform, more bitterly, still do they fight county reform. That is why the average American county is a hotbed

of waste and graft. And that is why the St. Louis crusaders have not battled primarily against individuals but against the vicious system that produces bad government. The group has consistently let the office-holders take credit for reforms which the committee itself has initiated. In this it differs from many "good government" groups and offers an illuminating example to other communities: Not to act as growling watchdogs over public officials, but as coöperative, fact-finding helpers. Here, truly, is a new conception of democracy which might be applied with benefit to the entire nation.

In the '70's, the city of St. Louis severed itself politically from St. Louis County and set up an independent government. The county, once primarily agricultural, has in the past 20 years experienced a tremendous influx from the city which has trebled its population and increased its assessed valuations to \$250,000,000. Today, the majority of its 275,000 people work in the city or derive their income from there.

Despite this increase in wealth,

the county even before the worst of the depression was failing to break even. Repeatedly it borrowed money to meet running expenses. Soon banks would not cash the salary warrants of county employes, and they had to peddle them to local merchants at a 20 percent discount.

Perhaps if this had been an average county, nothing would have happened beyond the murmurs that politicians usually disregard. But living in this county were a group of energetic men who in their own businesses took good management so much for granted that they were shocked into action. That action started in the fall of 1934.

The governing body in Missouri counties is the "county court," composed of three "judges." These judges, however, have no judicial functions; they correspond to county commissioners in other states. After the 1934 elections, the county Chamber of Commerce went to the new court and announced that it wished to appoint a committee to coöperate in improving local government. The court agreed. A committee of 12 business men was named, with a lumber dealer, Mansfield C. Bay, as chairman. Immediate investigation showed that the county was \$1,250,000 in the red, and getting deeper all the time.

Bay's first move was dramatic. He asked the 25 elected officers of the county to meet his group in the courthouse. "Gentlemen," he said, "many of you have expressed your

willingness to work with this committee, but we want something more definite. We have drawn up a written pledge of coöperation which we want you to sign." The officials were aghast. Most of them had assumed that this citizens' committee was just another futile bubbling of dissatisfaction. Now they suddenly realized that these men meant business. They signed.

Amazing to the business men were their next discoveries. *The county had no accounting system, no auditing, no budget.* Every department bought what it pleased, at what price it pleased. (Your own county *may* have an accounting system; but few of the 3000 counties in the U. S. have either a budget system or central purchasing.) An auditor got busy and the story became drama tinged with farce. The county clerk, confronted with a shortage, vanished. The auditor sealed the safe and waited. A few days later the clerk turned up and said, "Haven't you found the money? Here it is." He went to an unlocked filing case and produced the missing amount.

When the investigation reached the tax collector, it was found that he had just banked \$164,000 in public funds. "He was carrying it around in his pocket," his attorney stated. "He had a perfect legal right to do so."

The sheriff hadn't any books either, but he did have an agreement with the county by which he

received 75 cents a day for feeding prisoners. "What do you base that on?" the county court asked. The sheriff rushed to grocery stores and came back with invoices of goods he said he had purchased in large quantities. The auditor found that many of the invoices were fakes. The sheriff was cut to 40 cents a day for prisoners.

It soon became apparent that a unified civic campaign was breaking up a vicious political system that made graft inevitable.

During 1935, the committee, every member of which was a busy man, held over 100 meetings and uncovered more inefficiency and waste. Not one of the 20 county saloons and taverns was paying a license fee. The county court named two inspectors, and revenue increased by \$30,000 a year. The committee discovered that \$330,000 of school money had been lent on mortgages, and that for years the taxes on much of the property as well as the interest on the loans had not been paid. By vigorous work the committee recovered virtually the entire sum.

They discovered that the county had placed many charity patients in private institutions at so much per month, but there was no check on what had been paid or was being paid. Payments were being made for people who had been dead for years. They discovered how profit from all such graft had spread from the courthouse, so that there were

hundreds of men in the community who fought to keep things as they were. Bay, the committee's chairman, received threatening letters. His family, frightened, begged him to quit. But he moved ahead faster than ever.

"It was curious," he says today, "how the attitude of those courthouse fellows changed as we went on. First, they thought we had political ambitions. But not one of us would take a political job on a bet. We had only one ambition — good government. It was hard for the courthouse gang to believe that."

The climax of the clean-up campaign was reached in the battle over the county hospital. That institution was a scandal. Its staff was full of politicians; reputable doctors would not work there, graduates of good medical schools refused to serve as internes. Everybody bought supplies recklessly. Silverware and napkins vanished. Employes handed out roast chicken to friends at the back door. Tons of food were wasted. The institution had been black-listed by the American Medical Association and the American College of Surgeons.

For two years the committee fought for a change, backed by public opinion. One of the two judges who was stubbornly defending the status quo went down to defeat in the 1936 elections. The head of the hospital went out and a new man went in. He slashed operating costs \$22,000 a year, though he handled

more patients and bought new equipment. He cut the average hospitalization, yet his mortality rate decreased. Within a few months the hospital went back on the approved list of the A.M.A. and the A.C.S.

Then came a shrewd move. At the October 1937 meeting of the American College of Surgeons at Chicago an announcement was to be made of the restoration of the hospital to the approved list, with high praise of its new management. At Bay's suggestion, the new director asked the A.C.S. to invite the three county judges up to Chicago. There, in an important session of several hundred physicians and surgeons from all parts of the country, the chairman called the three laymen up to the platform and made an impressive speech lauding *them* for making the St. Louis County Hospital one of the best public institutions in the United States! And one of the three had fought bitterly against reform!

Those county officials came back home with a tremendous story that spread all around the community. "Never henceforth, I think," said Bay, "will this county forget the importance of a high standard at the hospital. And the courthouse officials think *they* did it, which is just what we wanted."

Today the county has a budget and is living within it. It has central purchasing. It has cut costs \$200,000 a year, though its service to the public is far better. Last election,

the people approved by a 4 to 1 vote a bond issue of \$800,000 to pay off debts piled up by former administrations. A few years ago this vote would have been impossible, because the voters would have assumed that this money, too, would be wasted or stolen. The citizens' committee has given them new confidence in their government.

A set of men elected to run our affairs is not like a machine which, once started, will go on turning out the desired product automatically. Even with the best of intentions, they need the help of the community to do their job well. A good man will be thwarted and a weak man corrupted by a bad system. But even a mediocre man can do good work with a good system and a spirit of coöperation in the public.

Today, American democracy is under fire on many fronts. Would a *permanent* citizens' committee in every community restore its vigor? It depends on the committee. In Cincinnati, the organization which put over the new charter and city-manager plan has developed into the "Charter Party," and goes to the polls to fight for councilmen who will support the letter and spirit of the charter. In Massachusetts,* committees are successfully working for reorganization of government and lower taxes. In Toledo,** a commit-

* See "Yankee Tax Revolt," The Reader's Digest, March, '38, p. 56.

** See "Civic Progress — Toledo Style," The Reader's Digest, April, '38, p. 27.

tee has put through a new charter and solved industrial strife. In several Virginia counties, committees have installed the budget system and the county-manager plan.

Yet some committees are too often beset by the reformer's complex. Too much indignation and not enough facts. Too many speeches

and not enough energy. Too many headlines and not enough work. They blaze hot, then fizzle out. Politicians count on that. The group of men in St. Louis County reveal, by their intelligence, their self-sacrifice and their persistence, a fine example of civic interest translated into action.



Times Have Changed—V—

Herbert Asbury in *The New Yorker*

THE APPEARANCE of the fashionable lady of the '60's and early '70's depended largely upon the skill of the carpenter, blacksmith and steelworker, who corrected Nature's distressing omissions by artifices constructed of iron, wood, horsehair and wool, all attached to her person by tape or mucilage. Plumpness was then the main desideratum, and an expansive bosom was obtained by a rubber device called a "patent heaver." The dentist filled out milady's cheeks with hard composition pads running upward along each side of the mouth, called "plumpers." They often shifted position so the woman wearing them spoke in a sort of whistling mumble. Shops did a large business in false calves and pads for sharp knees. Large feet were made to look smaller by shoes with very high heels placed well forward — the wearer progressed somewhat in the manner of a rocking chair.

Corsets of great strength, with ribs of steel and strings of piano wire guaranteed a waspish waist. Getting into such a garment required the aid of two maids or one husband, who pulled and pushed while the lady clung desperately to two iron rings embedded in the wall. Over this groundwork was worn a dress so voluminous that it was almost impossible for a gentleman to get close enough to clasp her in his arms for a waltz.

Fashions finally became so extreme that the lady required a whole carriage to herself, and sometimes had to ride standing. Trains from 10 to 20 feet long were not uncommon; some had silken cords attached, and the fair one moved across the room with a gentleman walking on either side pulling the train as if it were a cart. She seldom ventured to dance. When she did, a maid skipped through the intricate figures in her wake, holding the train.

I Like Americans

Condensed from "Distressing Dialogues"

Nancy Boyd

I LIKE AMERICANS.

You may say what you will, they are the nicest people in the world.

The Italians are nice.

But they are not so nice as the Americans.

They have been told that they live in a warm climate.

And they refuse to heat their houses.

They are forever sobbing Puccini.

They no longer have lions about, to prey on Christian flesh.

But they have more than a sufficient supply of certain smaller carnivora.

And if you walk in the street alone, somebody pinches you.

The French are nice.

But they are not so nice as the Americans.

Their mailboxes are cleverly hidden slits in the wall of a cigar store.

They put all their cream into cheese.

Your morning cup of chicory is full of boiled strings.

If you want butter with your luncheon, they expect you to order radishes.

And they insist on serving the vegetables as if they were food.

I like Americans.

They make a lot of foolish laws.

But they give you the matches free.

And their cigarettes are not rolled by the government.

The material of which the French

make their cigarettes would be used in America to enrich the fields.

In the city the French are delightful.

They kiss in the cafés and dine on the sidewalks.

Their rudeness is more gracious than other people's courtesy.

But they are afraid of the water.

They drink it mixed with wine.

They swim with wings.

And they bathe with an atomizer.

I like Americans.

They are so ridiculous.

They are always risking their lives to save a minute.

They are the only people in the world who can eat soup without a sound as of the tide coming in.

They sell their bread hygienically wrapped.

The Europeans sell it naked.

They carry it under the arm.

Drop it and pick it up.

Beat the horses with it.

And spank the children.

They deliver it at your apartment.

You find it lying outside your door on the doormat.

And European hotels are so hateful and irritating.

There is never an ash tray in your bedroom.

Nor a wastebasket.

Nor a cake of soap.

No sweet little cake of new soap all sealed in paper!

© 1924, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and published by Harper & Bros., 49 E. 33 St., N. Y. C.
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at \$2.50 by Greenberg, Publisher, Inc., 67 W. 44 St., N. Y. C.

Not even a sliver left behind by a former guest.

No soap.

No soap at all.

Then there are their theaters.

They make you tip the usher.

And pay for your program.

The signal for the curtain to rise is the chopping of wood off stage.

Then the railroad system.

Especially in France.

Have to get there forty-five minutes ahead of train time, or stand in the aisle all day.

Pay for every pound of trunk.

Never a soul in sight who knows anything about anything.

No place to sit.

No place to powder up.

And before they will let you into the station at all, they insist on your pushing two sous into a slot-machine.

I like Americans.

They let you play around in the Grand Central all you please.

Their parks are not locked at sunset.

And they always have plenty of paper bags.

Which are not made of back numbers of *Le Rire*.

I like Americans.

You may say what you will, they are the nicest people in the world.

Whistling in the Dark

¶ AMONG THE political stories circulating by word of mouth in dictator countries, a favorite concerns three men sitting on a bench. One, who was reading a newspaper, exclaimed "Tch, tch!" The second glanced at the paper and said, "Tch, tch!" Whereupon the third rose and announced, "If you fellows are going to commit the dangerous folly of talking politics, I'm off."

¶ THE BITTEREST of these jokes comes from Vienna, where the officially recorded number of Jewish suicides now totals 1400. Levi meets Cohen: "It's terrible, Moritz has committed suicide!"

"Well, why shouldn't a man take a chance to better his position?"

— Ken

¶ AND FROM Germany: A Jew writes to a friend abroad: "We have a marvelous life under Hitler. Not a hair of the head of a Jew has been harmed. Atrocity stories abroad are lies. Uncle Max, who expressed the opposite opinion, was buried last week."

— John Gunther, *Inside Europe* (Harper)

Earthquake at Messina

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Wayne Francis Palmer

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THE DAWN of December 28, 1908, broke through heavy storm clouds over Messina, Sicily. Gas street-lights were still burning; the tinkle of bells on milk goats could be heard; a few early risers were up and about the streets. It was an eerie time. A few hours before, horses had neighed briefly in their stalls, and dogs had been heard howling. Cattle were agitated, and in the darkness birds took to wheeling flight or uttered notes of alarm. For a distance of 100 miles these symptoms were noted, and were later attributed to micro-seismic movements.

But now, on this Monday morning, the bulk of Messina's 150,000 residents slept peacefully. Somewhere in the distance arose a curious, singing noise. Like a wind-storm which starts on a low whistling note, it grew louder until with a throaty roar it broke into horrible subterranean thunder. Another instant of noise, a bated pause, and then the ground underfoot rose and fell in undulating waves. Messina was shaken as a dog shakes a rat. Buildings were lifted bodily and then let down with sickening jerks and jars. The streets heaved upward. The sidewalks curled. Stone and brick turned to dust. With an

incredible roar a gigantic avalanche of crushed masonry and splintered timbers crashed to the earth. For thousands of sleeping persons, it was the end of the world.

In thirty seconds, what had been a famous city of beauty was turned into a shambles.

After the first rumbling shock, all was quiet save for the shrieks of the injured and dying. Those who could escape from broken buildings darted semi-clothed or naked into the streets and made their way over mountains of wreckage toward the open waterfront. Minor earth shocks continued to shower furniture, blocks of stone, and even human bodies on them. Although many were crushed, several thousand finally gathered along the sea wall, believing they had reached safety.

But in a few moments they saw the water suddenly recede in the harbor and then hurl itself back at them in a giant, foam-capped tidal wave, 40 feet in height, that raced for a quarter of a mile into the city. Fishing boats and iron ships were torn from their moorings and hurled shoreward, keel upwards, spilling their dead and dying crews into the sea. Small craft were smashed to kindling. It was like a typhoon

coming from all points of the compass. Great holes opened in the sea; ships moored in deep water dropped to the harbor bottom, only to have tons of water crash down on them. The breakwater on which survivors had been standing gave way like paper, and when the waters receded they took with them the wreckage of buildings and most of the terrorized horde that had sought safety by the sea.

Even the heavens now entered the conspiracy. Strange sparks and flashes flared up until the universe seemed afire. This weird phenomenon continued until the winds reached hurricane velocity, when abruptly the sky opened floodgates onto the city. For seven days to come, neither the piercing winds nor the drenching rain gave the homeless survivors an hour's respite.

Almost simultaneously with the rain's arrival, fires fed by broken gas mains blazed up, to cast a pallid light over the horrible scene. As the earth tremors continued, the survivors thronged toward the Cathedral, that magnificent edifice that for eight centuries had provided a refuge against bombardments, fires and earthquakes. There, in the midst of destruction, they found calm. At the altar the solemn chanting of the Mass proceeded in comforting monotonies.

Then came a writhing of the earth so severe that the roof and its massive arches crashed down and

destroyed those who had sought asylum in their shelter.

Day finally came, but organized relief from the city itself was impossible. Virtually all the civic leaders had perished. The large military hospital was in ruins, its patients and staff dead almost to a man. All ordinary means of communication were destroyed. Food and medical supplies were not to be had. The only tools of rescue were the bare hands of survivors.

One of the vessels that had ridden out the storm was sent up the coast for help; but it was not until Tuesday that aid arrived. At six o'clock that morning, the Russian battleship *Slava* made her way slowly into Messina harbor. A hundred fires lit the city, and the smell of roasting flesh was overpowering. The sailors could hear the crash of falling floors and walls. Public buildings, offices, shops, homes were rubbish heaps. Bodies and refuse lay everywhere. A heavy smoke pall hung over the desolate scene.

Landing parties fell in. Shovels, axes, and picks were distributed. "You'll need rifles too," an Italian officer warned. "The jails were broken open and the scum of Sicily is looting the ruins."

The Russians landed at a broken quay. A long line of dead had been laid out along the shore, the naked corpses sloshing about in the tide. Silent survivors waded among them, looking for relatives. One of the

searchers halted beside the body of a beautiful girl. "See? Just for the rings." He held up the left hand — two fingers had been chopped off.

The Russian sailors scattered in squads through the wreckage, and whenever a voice was heard pleading from below, they would dig like mad through mortar, wood, bricks, furniture, sometimes 40 feet deep. Meanwhile, recurring earth shocks would send other walls tumbling. Often the Russians would complete hours of tunneling, only to have the walls of the pit collapse, crushing the victim.

The *Slava's* marines saw two women and five children clinging to a piece of floor, still attached to a swaying wall. For 30 hours they had clung there, four stories in the air. With the aid of ropes, two marines scaled the wall. One by one, the women and four of the children were lowered. The last child was wrapped in a marine's coat. The rope was tied and she was being lowered when the earth trembled. The women and children on the ground dashed for safety. The rope with the child swung like a giant pendulum, then the wall toppled. The child and her would-be rescuer were buried together, their shroud a Russian naval coat.

By Wednesday several British ships had joined the Russian rescuers, and later came warships of the United States Fleet, on its way home from the famous cruise around

the world, carrying a large force of men and abundant medical supplies and food. It was high time, for by now survivors roamed the city's streets in wolf-like packs, mad from hunger.

Thousands of the rescued were horribly injured. They were rushed to canvas-covered medical stations set up on the water front, where surgeons from the rescue ships worked hours without pause. With the restoration of train service, the injured were moved out of the city. Maude Howe, the American writer, describes the first train as it wound its way from Messina: "You can never imagine the horror of it. It squirmed through the tunnel like an injured worm, crammed with dying, crushed and bleeding humanity, leaving a trail of human blood. I shall never forget the roar of groaning humanity, wildly screaming for water and doctors. People were dying every moment."

As though Messina had not suffered enough from the thieves ejected from the city's jails, criminals from all over Italy raced to the scene of the disaster. Orders were issued to the international naval forces to shoot looters on sight, but the difficulties were increased when the ghouls clothed themselves in the uniforms of dead Italian officers and joined together in armed bands. At the Bank of Sicily, where \$500,000 in gold lay exposed, a pitched battle resulted in six robbers being killed and six sailors wounded. The

next morning, 20 executions settled this account. Other criminals built up a thriving business in shipping half-stunned girls to the brothels of the mainland.

It was impossible to take time from rescue work to bury the dead. While there was any hope that life remained in the ruins, all effort was concentrated on saving it, so the naked corpses lay everywhere, piled in rows or merely thrown into heaps and left there sprawling shamelessly under the rain. Swarms of buzzards, attracted from miles about by the odor from the decomposed bodies, joined the wild dogs from the Sicilian hills in their gruesome feast.

But finally the time came when even the dead must have attention. At first the working parties tried

burying the corpses in a great community grave, with a thousand bodies piled like wood. But this task was too great. So they turned to the all-cleansing fire. For days, lines of death-carts rumbled along the torn streets toward a huge funeral pyre. The stench of burning bodies was everywhere.

Gradually a semblance of order was restored. Along the shores of the Straits of Messina, where 40 villages had shared the city's fate, over 100,000 people had been killed or mortally injured. In an area of 7500 square miles, hardly a building stood intact, hardly a family had escaped.

But the pitiful handful of survivors once again had food and shelter, and once again could look to the future.

Barnum and His Bricks

*I*N DULL TIMES P. T. Barnum would create a popular mystery in order to sell tickets to his museum. He once hired a man to place bricks along Broadway, one brick at Ann Street, another at Vesey, a third in front of the Astor House, and a fourth in front of St. Paul's. The man carried a fifth brick, and, walking from brick to brick, methodically exchanged the one in his hand for the one on the pavement, without saying a word to anybody. At the end of every hour, he presented a ticket at the museum door, walked through the building, and out again to continue his bricklaying.

Half an hour after the man began his rounds, hundreds were watching him, trying to understand his actions. Thousands followed him into the museum, in the course of several days, hoping to find the explanation inside. At last the crowds so blocked the streets that the police had to intervene; and Barnum and his bricks were well discussed in the newspapers for weeks.

— M. R. Werner in *N. Y. Times Magazine*

THE TALK

Excerpts from

Cure

THE MORALE of the Café de Paris, one of the nicest restaurants in London, was all but shattered by a wispy young man who came in at the height of the luncheon hour and demanded a table. The headwaiter told him they were all reserved, but he wouldn't take that for an answer. He picked out a table and firmly sat down, ignoring the "Reserved" sign, and as he had a rather wild look in his eye, the headwaiter let him remain. There was a scene when the waiter handed him the menu. He read it through carefully, then said in a loud voice, "I shan't order. There's nothing here I could *possibly* eat." He got up, shook his head scornfully, and departed.

Everybody at the Café de Paris felt terrible about this, but they felt even worse two days later when another young man appeared at luncheon and went through substantially the same performance. At intervals during the next week three more men did the same thing; it finally got so bad the staff winced whenever a stag entered the restaurant. Then one day the first of the dissatisfied young men showed up and ordered a dinner which he seemed to enjoy. "It seems that monsieur has changed his opinion of the restaurant?" said the headwaiter.

"Oh, yes," the fellow said. "I suppose I owe you an apology. You see, my psychoanalyst made me do that. He sends all his patients to two or three of the big restaurants, and they're supposed to make a scene. He says it builds up self-confidence. And I must say," he concluded happily, "I've felt more sure of myself lately."

Pin Money

THE FATHERLY PRESIDENT of a big publishing house called one of his young men on the carpet recently. "You're dressing pretty expensively," he said, "and last night I saw you having supper at the Plaza. Don't you think that's flying too high for \$27.50 a week?"

"Oh, not at all," the young man said. "You see, I really make between \$50 and \$60 a week by raffling off my check to people in the office."

As the Bot Flies

FOR SOME MONTHS there has been rather bitter controversy in scientific circles as to how fast a male deer bot fly can fly, and now the subject is beginning to crop up in after-dinner conversation. We therefore present the known facts in the great schism. The deer bot fly is to deer what the horsefly is to horses; it resembles a small thin bumblebee and is found on the upper slopes of the North American mountain ranges. It is the contention of Dr. Charles Townsend, entomologist, that the male deer bot fly is the fastest of all living organisms; he says he has clocked one at 818 m.p.h. It is the contention of Dr. Irving Langmuir that 25 m.p.h. would be pretty good going for a bot fly. Both gentlemen are scientists of impeccable standing.

The Museum of Natural History more or less precipitated the present argument by publishing a chart showing the comparative speeds of various

THE TOWN

New Yorker

living creatures and man-made objects; at the top was the male deer bot fly, second was the female deer bot fly, with the airplane and racing car far down the list. This provoked a reply from Dr. Langmuir (a Nobel Prize winner), who had taken time to experiment with a lead pellet shaped like a bot fly. Twirling this at the end of a string, says Dr. Langmuir, he found that it became invisible at 64 m.p.h. And, since 818 m.p.h. is faster than the speed of a rifle bullet, why hadn't people ever been killed by speeding bot flies? Dr. Townsend replied simply that the bot fly went 818 m.p.h. — said it showed up as a long streak on a film when photographed with a fast shutter, which permitted "practically accurate" calculation of its speed.

The Museum people are a little inclined to side with Dr. Townsend, pointing out that lots of insects can perform feats impossible to man — ants lift ten times their weight, grasshoppers jump 50 times their height, and so on. The truth will never be reached until they get a male bot fly in a wind tunnel with photoelectric timers.

The Crumb Problem

A GENTLEMAN who attended a large and formal luncheon at which Emily Post was also present tells us that the lady has met and conquered the problem presented by those very crumbly rolls so frequently served. She gets as many crumbs as anybody, but

43 St., N. Y. C.

has a neat method of disposal. Using a place card, she scrapes them into the palm of her hand and then tosses them down her throat with a motion not unlike that of a man swallowing a couple of fingers of whisky neat.

Dither's Diet

A KINDLY young lady who lives in a New York garden apartment decided one Sunday morning that her good deed for the day would be to catch some of the ants that were running over her flower bed and give them to an anteater. She collected almost 100 in a paper bag and drove happily up to the Bronx Zoo. Just as she was preparing to shake the ants out into the anteater's cage, a keeper ran up. "What you got there, lady?" he asked. "Ants," she said, "for the anteater." "My God!" the fellow cried. "Don't give her no ants! She isn't supposed to eat them."

It seems that Dither, the Zoo's anteater, gets along fine on a prepared diet which includes raw hamburger, eggs, and evaporated milk. The keeper is positive she likes this better than ants, because ants run in and out of her cage all the time and she never bothers about them.

Tact

ON THE bulletin board of the Willard Hotel in Washington, where a society of liberal-minded attorneys was holding a convention, there appeared this somewhat wistful notice: "At the invitation of Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, the Hudson County delegation of the National Lawyers Guild will convene at 6 p.m. for dinner.

Members are urged to treat the host with courtesy."

Professional Interest

THE OTHER NIGHT, at the Versailles Restaurant, a light-hearted young couple ordered supper and started dancing. Pretty soon their waiter came right out on the dance floor, and said they'd better come back to their table. "The dancing goes on forever," he said austere, "but the meat grows cold."

Peace Calls

SINCE 1936, Mr. A. Pickus, president of the Majestic Oil Co. of Cleveland, has pleaded for peace by long-distance telephone with at least 15 diplomats in London, Berlin, Rome, Paris, Geneva and Washington. His bills for transatlantic communication have amounted to \$2000. His biggest moment came when he put through a call to Adolf Hitler in Berlin. Apparently not even a busy European dictator, when his secretary tells him the U.S.A. is calling him, can help wondering "Now who would *that* be?" Anyway, Hitler grabbed the phone and said, "Hallo?" Mr. Pickus was elated. "Is this A. Hitler?" he cried. "This is A. Pickus of Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A. I have an average American mind, I was wounded in France with the A.E.F., and I'm interested in peace. What do you think of a general election in Spain to settle the war?"

Hitler at this point had the call switched to Baron von Neurath in the Foreign Office. Mr. Pickus repeated his suggestion about Spain, and the Baron replied, "I would not want to commit myself on the subject." Then Mr. Pickus told him, "In the next war Germany will be wiped off the face of

the earth." After that, he heard a click and gathered that Von Neurath had hung up.

Mr. Pickus later carried his suggestion directly to General Franco, whom the overseas operator managed to locate for him. He also got a call through to Count Galeazzo Ciano, Rome's Foreign Minister. Mr. Pickus asked him to withdraw Italian troops from Spain.

Just how much peace Mr. Pickus has been responsible for would be risky to estimate, but he has a concrete reward for his efforts in a batch of correspondence on fancy letterheads and some newspaper clippings. The first Pickus long-distance effort to calm an angry world was on April Fool's Day, 1936, when he called Hiroshi Saito, Japanese Ambassador in Washington, and surprised himself and many others by getting from him personal assurance that there would be no war between Japan and Russia.

Mr. Pickus called Anthony Eden in Geneva to discuss events in Palestine, and was amazed when Mr. Eden's secretary cut him short while he was criticizing Mussolini. Soon afterward the Cleveland District Attorney's office suggested to Mr. Pickus that he desist, telling him gently that he could be fined \$5000 and sent to prison for three years if, as a private citizen, he negotiated in any way for a treaty with a foreign country.

Mr. Pickus suspects the action was precipitated by the State Department, but he didn't let it bother him — just kept right on telephoning, cabling and letter-writing. He can't see how the law could affect him. "I don't negotiate," he says. "I just give an opinion." — Helen Kay

"Foreigners" Are News in Cleveland

Condensed from "My America"

Louis Adamic

Author of "The Native's Return," "Cradle of Life," etc.

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IN 1927 a young Rumanian immigrant, Theodore Andrica, appeared in the editor's office of the *Cleveland Press* with an idea. In broken English, he remarked that Cleveland newspapers were missing a bet when they paid so little attention to the foreign-born. About 60 percent of the city's population, he went on, consisting of immigrants of some 40 nationalities, and their American-born children, were often referred to as "foreigners." Their existence was almost never recognized except when some Slovak, Pole, or Czech got in trouble with the law.

This neglect, maintained Andrica, was causing an unhealthy segregation by nationalities, and as a result Americanization was slow. Foreigners, feeling that the old-time Americans looked down on them, showed a tendency to hang back, not to take part in civic affairs. Yet they had a good deal in them which might be useful in the long run.

Andrica produced a batch of scribblings about recent affairs in a dozen foreign groups, and said he believed American readers of the *Press* would be interested. He offered

himself for the job of reporting immigrants' doings. The editor hired him, with the understanding that it was to be an experiment.

The experiment was an almost immediate success. Andrica became acquainted with leaders of the 30 largest nationality groups in the city, and brought daily to the office bits of news about the play in rehearsal by a Slovenian dramatic club, the colorful marriage of a Polish couple, the lecture before a Swedish or Jewish group. These items received as much space in the *Press* as similar doings of native Americans. The paper's circulation in the foreign quarters went up at once.

Andrica then suggested that the *Press* sponsor a public festival to bring together national groups having a background of more than 25 years of activity in Cleveland. Why not call the affair "The Dance of Nations," as dancing was something in which all immigrants shared a common interest?

On the night of November 12, 1927, over 14,000 people packed the vast Public Hall to watch 800 dancers, male and female, perform. All but three of the groups brought

their own orchestras. They showed the large audience that each country's dances were beautiful and interesting and worthy of being perpetuated in America.

The next year the *Press*, in co-operation with the City Recreation Commission, repeated the Dance on a larger scale. More than 1000 dancers, in the picturesque peasant costumes of their native lands, performed before a crowd of 100,000 in the natural amphitheater in Brookside Park.

In 1929 the All Nations Council, sponsored by the Recreation Commission and with Andrica as secretary, was formed for the purpose of staging an All Nations Exposition in 1930. The exposition took place in the Public Hall, lasted a week, and consisted of 29 full-size reproductions of Old-Country homes. In these buildings were exhibited 50,000 handmade articles — tapestries, rugs, pottery, wood carvings, lace, paintings, etc. — most of them loaned by nationals living in Cleveland. In the Hall were 20 kitchens where visitors could buy typical foreign foods, prepared on

the spot according to ancient recipes. Evenings were given over to folk-dancing and singing. More than 100,000 visitors learned that the foreign groups had more things to contribute to civic culture than even Andrica had predicted. Thanks to his efforts, Cleveland at last was getting acquainted with itself.

Today, the *Press* and the other Cleveland papers (the *Plain Dealer* and the *News*) are taking a genuine interest in the city's immigrant population. The foreign-born and their children have a much stronger sense of belonging to the community than do similar groups in other cities, because they are receiving recognition from the big English-language newspapers. Meanwhile, the old-stock Americans are inclined to accept their fellow citizens with fewer misgivings, with less stupid prejudices. In consequence, there is less unhealthy inversion in the foreign groups, and a stronger tendency to the kind of Americanization which does not involve suppression of the good qualities and potentialities inherent in immigrant strains.



TO PROVIDE more Western color for the streets of Tombstone, Arizona, the Boothill Boosters Club have pledged themselves to grow whiskers in the style of the '80's, and to wear at all times at least two such articles of Western clothing as high-heeled boots, bright shirts, ten-gallon hats, etc. They are also arranging a horse-and-buggy ride system so that visitors and townspeople will be able to drive about the town in 19th century conveyances. — Tombstone (Ariz.) *Epitaph*

¶ The political boss who is convinced that his own righteousness places him above the law

Dictator—American Style

Condensed from St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Marquis W. Childs

Author of "Sweden — The Middle Way"

WHAT HAS happened in Jersey City may be dictatorship. There is considerable proof that Mayor Frank Hague rules his community of 350,000 with a tyrant's disregard for the law. But one thing is certain: the circumstances that created Hague, the boss, could hardly have occurred anywhere else in the world. If this is Fascism, it's the American brand.

Hague himself is as American as a hot-dog stand. This comes out in his talk about his city, and the picture he has of himself in relation to it.

"I made the city," he says. "Nobody cared a damn about it before I came along." He tells you about the free service in the Jersey City Medical Center, the psychiatric clinic for maladjusted children, the abolition of prostitution. He has taken care of his people, after his fashion.

"You take that time of the big coal strike," he says. "Why, the Chief of Police came to me and said people can't get coal, schools are shutting down. I said to him, I said, 'You go and find out whether there's any coal in town.'

"Well, he came back and said Burns Brothers had some coal, but they were shipping it to New England. I said to him, 'You go down to the ferries and stop that coal.' Then I told the head man at Burns, 'You're going to sell us coal.' He didn't like it but finally agreed. Say, we sold 5000 tons to the people for five cents a scuttle."

Aggressiveness marks Hague's manner. Holding an ordinary conversation, he thumps his listener's chest for vigorous emphasis. No orator, he roars through a speech. Hague didn't go much beyond the sixth grade in school; his speech, except when polished for state occasions, is devoid of grammatical pretensions.

There is little sham about the man. In his own eyes he is armored in righteousness — no drinking, no smoking; a sound family man. A devout churchman, he gave a resplendent \$50,000 altar to St. Aedan's Church in Jersey City.

And what of all this money which his critics intimate he has taken from somewhere? They say he lives like a millionaire, and owns a summer home for which he paid \$125,000. He goes to Europe in de luxe

suites on de luxe liners. For years this has been going on, while Hague has never made more than \$8000 annually in public office.

Hague frankly admits he has made money, although he refuses to go into details. A successful man, he says, is always in a position to make money, he is put in the way of making money.

The government, not only of Jersey City but of the entire state, is Mayor Hague's private domain. He and his associates have taken it over just as one might acquire the peanut concession at the state fair. And now all of a sudden after years of peace some interlopers have turned up who are trying to sell peanuts on Hague's side of the street. He resents these CIO poachers. No, this is not Fascism. It is more nearly feudalism, a kind of feudal survival possible only in America.

To realize how it is possible to gain such a complete vested interest in the government of a community of this size, one has only to examine the city itself. Jersey City is New York's backyard. There are more than 500 industries here. People work in the factories, the warehouses; or they commute to New York to work in lofts and offices. If by chance they accumulate a little money, they move away. In Jersey City there is virtually no middle class. On street after street there are rows of tenement houses that have a tired, slightly dilapidated look. The big money that comes

from the manufacture and commerce of Jersey City goes to owners and stockholders who live elsewhere.

Frank Hague, a second-generation Irish lad, was born in 1876 in the tough Second Ward. He showed an early aptitude for the rough and tumble of ward politics. His first political job was as head janitor in the City Hall. Shortly after, in 1911, he was elected to a place on the water board at \$3000 a year. Six years later he became Mayor.

At this time he formed a partnership with A. Harry Moore a personable glad-hander who a few months ago began his third term as Governor of the State, under Hague's expert tutelage.

Once Mayor, Hague built up his machine by methods essentially the same as those used by other American bosses. Since he first took office, city payrolls have been greatly increased, the jobs going to political henchmen. A careful ward-by-ward and house-to-house organization was perfected.

Permanent registration of voters has apparently aided the Hague machine. People who have moved away, people who have died, people in insane asylums, all are listed as voters in the poll books, according to repeated charges. At present, it has been shown, there are more voters listed on the registration books than there are adults eligible to vote in the entire city. The registration machinery is in Republican hands, but this means nothing. The Re-

publican faction in power coöperates very obligingly with Hague. Superintendent of Elections John Ferguson recently declared publicly that nothing short of the militia could insure a fair election in Jersey City. Through the years Ferguson's deputies have been intimidated, beaten and thrown into jail.

Against New York gangsters, who used to hide out in Jersey City, Hague developed a method that was to prove very effective later against unwelcome labor organizers. The gangster was arrested, denied bail, and usually sentenced to 30 days or more — all on the same day. By the time an appeal could be taken to a higher court, the gangster had served his sentence.

That this procedure violates constitutional guaranties apparently did not matter. It worked. Therefore the Mayor used it against all and sundry who invaded his domain.

It was comparatively easy for Hague to extend his domination to the rest of the state. Here, too, there was the indifference that grows out of absentee ownership. Because of less stringent corporation laws, New Jersey was the happy hunting ground for industrialists seeking to dodge strict regulatory laws. Much of it was an industrial wasteland inhabited by immigrants and the children of immigrants. Thousands of the more alert New Jersey citizens, commuting into New York to work, were indifferent to Jersey politics.

Hague began by giving the big

boys what they wanted most: an assurance of industrial peace — no labor trouble. This may possibly be the reason why wages in New Jersey are so low today. The State Labor Department recently reported that 292,000 women and minors were receiving less than the \$17 a week minimum recommended by the Department; and that some 80,000 workers receive less than \$8 a week.

Hague describes his own way of handling labor disputes: The head of an industry that fears labor trouble reports to the Chief of Police that a strike is expected, and what the trouble is about. The Chief calls the labor leaders together and asks them about the dispute. He warns them of the rules — only so many pickets, no signs, no mass picketing. And they can't have their strike headquarters too near the plant. No disturbance, now. If any "outsiders" come in, they get rushed out of town in a hurry.

Once Hague had succeeded in electing a Governor, he was able to dominate the courts, since the Governor names the Chancellor, the County Judges and the County Prosecutors. Vice-Chancellors, named by the Hague machine, have handed out sweeping injunctions against labor time after time.

Never failing to re-elect himself to office, Hague's success, as he says, attracted money and clever men who wanted to make money. One of these was Theodore M. Brandle, labor "czar" of the build-

ing trades unions in Jersey City for many years. The rule was that you paid Brandle or you were very likely to have a strike on your hands. Hague's police saw to it that no strikebreakers got into town. The Federal Government caught up with Brandle and collected more than \$90,000 in income taxes he had neglected to declare. When, a little later, the Government caught up with Hague on tax charges, Brandle handed over \$60,000 as a loan to compromise the case.

But open warfare developed between these two friends when Brandle tried to stop work on the Pulaski Skyway (the great overhead highway into New York City) because iron works contracts had been let to non-union contractors. This time Hague's police protected the strikebreakers. On the desolate Jersey flats there was bitter fighting, and finally a non-union man was killed. Hague's police arrested 30 men and charged most of them with manslaughter. That was the end of Brandle.

In defending his regime, Hague always comes back to the service he has given his people. "I've been in office for 28 years," he says. "You can't fool the people that long."

The number of individuals going in and out of the Jersey City Medical Center — patients plus relations and friends — is almost equal to the entire population of the city. And a large part of the service is

free. "Have your baby on Frank Hague." Of course they are grateful.

But this form of government by benevolence is expensive. The government of Jersey City cost last year \$27,262,870, as compared with the cost of government in Kansas City for the same year of \$6,732,317. And Kansas City is more than half again as large. Jersey City's indebtedness is 40 percent greater than Kansas City's.

The more Hague talks, the more plain is his disregard for the law. One of his stories is how he shifted the tax burden from small home owners to corporations doing business in the city. He called in Standard Oil and said: "Your assessment from now on is \$13,000,000." They said they would fight it in the courts. "All right," said Hague, "then it's \$26,000,000." So Standard Oil came to terms.

No one before the CIO had seriously challenged Hague's rule. Over and over his police have violated fundamental constitutional guarantees of free speech, free assembly and free press. A city ordinance forbids the distribution of printed matter in any fashion whatsoever without a permit. Another ordinance forbids any assembly anywhere without a permit. Obviously, only "right" people can get a permit. Hague courts, the highest in the state, have upheld these laws.

Hague regards the nationwide prominence, which his recent con-

flict with the CIO and Civil Liberties Union have given him, with the air of a small boy who has been unjustly put upon. Why did they have to come over to Jersey when everything is going along all right? "They," the leaders of the CIO and Civil Liberties Union, are "out-

siders," they don't belong in Jersey.

Although he is vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, Hague has no national ambitions. All he wants is to be left alone in the domain he has carved out for himself.

*Home
Was
Never
Like
This!*

The House That Just Grew

TO DIVERT her mind from her grief over the loss of her husband, Mrs. William Wert Winchester, young widow of the head of Winchester Arms, was advised by her physician to build herself a house without employing an architect. Hiring workmen only by the day,¹ she started building near San Jose, California, and continued without intermission for 36 years until, at her death in 1922, the house rambled over acres of ground and had cost around \$5,000,000;² many of the workmen who had hoped for two weeks' work when they started didn't lose a day in 20 years, and made enough to retire on.¹

The house is a jumble of 160 rooms, few of them on the same floor; and there are five different heating systems. One stairway has 42 steps two inches high, seven turns, and takes you up only ten feet. In Mrs. Winchester's bedroom, a door hides myriads of gongs, push buttons, wires and signals, all so mixed up that no one knows what they were used for or where they lead. There are 47 fireplaces, many of them blank; and 13 bathrooms with glass doors. One bath has two heating units and no other fixtures. Another room has four fireplaces and five hot-air radiators; some of the doors have golden hinges. As the house grew, its bewildering maze of rooms, passages and blind stairways made it almost impossible for the servants to find their way about; and a housekeeper who had been there 18 years confessed that even she had never been over the whole house.²

— 1. Weldon Melick. 2. Edna May Brown, *A History of Winchester House*

Embalmed News

THE UNIQUE Paper House of Elis Stenman on Cape Ann, Massachusetts, owes its existence to its owner's dislike of throwing away the day's news. After years of experimenting with paper preservatives, he perfected a process that makes it possible to fold or roll newspapers

tightly and fashion them into panels or furniture. The type remains legible, and the paper furniture can be taken apart and read at any time. In 1922 Mr. Stenman started building his house, using newsprint panels 21 5 sheets thick for the walls, similar to present-day prefabricated walls. Except for wood doors, window frames, roof and floor, the entire house is made of newspapers — 100,000 separate copies. •

Gravure sections of Boston and New York papers make the 11-foot mantel; Lindbergh's flight to Paris is recorded in the newspapers of 1927 which make a writing desk; newspaper history of the World War is embalmed in a bed. Newspapers from 48 states make a grandfather's clock, those from 67 countries a bookcase, *Christian Science Monitors* a desk.

The house may be taken apart and shown at the 1939 World's Fair in New York.

— *Literary Digest*

Death Valley Palace

FIVE YEARS and two million dollars were spent in building a baronial castle — part Spanish, part Norman, part Moorish and part pure Hollywood — which nestles on the side of Grapevine Canyon in Death Valley, the lowest, hottest place in the United States, more than 50 miles from the nearest railroad. It is composed of nine turreted structures, dazzling white, connected by a maze of underground passages and roofed with bright red tiles. The place is approached through gates of wood and wrought iron, and over a bridge across an artificial lake. Three-foot concrete walls insulate it against a desert heat that has been known to reach 134° F. Within are stables large enough to shelter a troop; underground caves for the kitchen; an enormous living room containing a waterfall; a swimming pool; a two-story music room equipped with a \$50,000 pipe organ. A glass tunnel following the lake shore has a beautiful underwater view, lighted at night in color. Innumerable fountains, fig, palm, and olive trees, and an Italian temple decorate the various gardens.

This is the desert "shack" of the famous "Death Valley Scotty."

Sound Idea

AN EMPLOYER had spent a great deal of money to ensure that his men should work under the best conditions. "Now, whenever I enter the workshop," he said, "I want to see every man cheerfully performing his task, and therefore I invite you to place in this box any further suggestions as to how that can be brought about."

A week later the box was opened; it contained only one slip of paper, on which was written: "Don't wear rubber heels." — *The Hartford Agent Magazine*

Q The Constitution says they can't do it, but the states are erecting trade barriers against each other

State Against State

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

John T. Flynn

Author of "Graft in Business," "God's Gold," etc.

BACK IN 1933 the politician-economists were telling us that the trouble with America was that she had lost her frontier. Maybe she has. But she has gained 48 new frontiers.—one for every state. For the states have gone in for protection of home industries and have been busily building tax barriers around themselves to keep out the hated merchandise of their sister states.

The Constitution says the states cannot impose duties and imposts on products from other states. But that doesn't prevent the State of Kansas from having 66 ports of entry — more customhouses than the federal government has around two oceans and a Class A gulf. And it doesn't prevent about 17 other states from splitting themselves off into as many little economic republics surrounded by border patrols to keep out salesmen, trucks, gasoline, liquor, cigarettes and other kinds of merchandise sold by "foreigners."

This parade began about 1933 when Kansas found that a lot of bad bootleg gasoline was flowing into the state and was being sold free of the Kansas tax. It was per-

fectly natural to guard against this abuse. So border police were posted on the highways leading into the state. The idea turned out to be a good one. First, it gave work to about 175 people. Next, the border patrol could be used not merely to keep bootleg gasoline out of the state, but also to make difficult the entry of all sorts of competitive products. Then the railroads discovered that they had a neat little weapon with which to swat their most hated enemy, the automobile. The truck that wants to go through Kansas must now pay a tax of 1½ cents per ton-mile. The driver of a 5-ton truck told me he had to fork out \$31.50 for a 420-mile trip through the state, plus \$16 in gasoline taxes — \$47.50 for two days in Kansas!

The transcontinental traveler who sets out for the Pacific Coast in a car must brave these custom and inspection guards as he enters and leaves Kansas, Colorado, Utah and California and, if he chooses the Southern route, New Mexico and Arizona.

On entering some states that have large gasoline taxes, the trucks, and in some cases private cars, are com-

pelled to pay a tax on the gasoline in the tank. This is to force "foreigners" to buy gasoline within the state.

In other states, like Oklahoma, the out-of-state car is stopped at the state border and the driver must declare his cargo of cigarettes, beer or gasoline — all subject to a state tax. At other ports of entry an out-of-state truck must take out a regular state license, paying an application fee of \$25 and one twelfth of the usual yearly plate fee. And in most places there is a special lookout for the traveling salesman — the symbol of the monster Trade who is taking business away from the "native" merchant to make a profit for the "foreigner."

Even though all the 17 states have not actually put their laws into effect, some of them being merely retaliatory threats, the trend is toward increasing the number of states and the number of uses to which the ports of entry are put. The whole movement marks one of the most dangerous drifts in business that have appeared in this country in years.

Of course it is entirely possible that certain special individuals may be, temporarily at least, aided by these devices. But the movement is based upon a complete disregard of the fact that every town and village is not a little market to itself. In Iowa a great cereal factory makes its product out of Iowa corn and spends its entire payroll in Iowa

labor, but sells almost all of its product outside the state. It may be all right for Iowa to set up barriers to prevent the people of other states from "taking good Iowa money" out of the state, but Iowa would be in a very sad condition if it were prevented from selling its products in other states and bringing good New York, Illinois, and Alabama money into Iowa.

It has happened here before. In fact, we started this country off that way. Massachusetts began it, right after the Revolution, by putting a tariff on British ships and goods. New Hampshire and Rhode Island joined her. This hurt Connecticut, because it kept out all British goods, which Connecticut needed. So Connecticut put a retaliatory tariff on Massachusetts and threw her ports open to Britain. Pennsylvania made discriminatory regulations against Delaware. New York slapped a duty payment on fuel brought in from Connecticut, and the merchants of Connecticut replied by not shipping *anything* to New York.

Where all this would have ended no one can say, except probably in the establishment of 13 isolated little republics.

To put an end to this the Constitution provided that "no state shall lay any impost or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws . . . and all such laws shall be subject to the revision and control of the Congress." And

the next paragraph provides that no state without the consent of Congress shall lay any duty on tonnage. How they manage to get around these provisions must be left to the constitutional lawyer.

The isolationist states do not stop at the port-of-entry laws. California is a great wine state. But if her citizens drink beer she wants them to drink California beer. So California imposes a special tax on beers made outside California. Wisconsin is a great dairy state, so she adds a special tax to the federal tax on oleomargarine to keep out butter's greatest rival.

In 1935, Washington State adopted a two-percent sales tax. Whereupon Washingtonians went outside the state to do their buying. To offset this, Washington devised the "use tax." Now if you bring an article into the state you will have to pay a two-percent tax for the privilege of using that article in Washington.

When Uncle Sam was building the Grand Coulee Dam, the Washington tax collector loaded use taxes on all the contractors' purchases of machinery and supplies from other states. The contractors took the matter to court, claiming that it was a tax upon the operation of interstate commerce. The Supreme Court said it wasn't. When goods start from Pennsylvania and travel to Washington they are in commerce while they are moving. When they get to Washington commerce is over. And this was a tax on the

use of the goods after they got there.

Since Washington got away with that, at least eight of the 24 states with sales taxes have gone in for use taxes — California, Colorado, Ohio, Oklahoma, Iowa, Kansas, Utah and Wyoming. And in good time, doubtless, most of the others will. For nothing can come into style so fast as a new tax in this country.

And now a new and dangerous idea makes its appearance — a by-product of the minimum-wage battle. The proposal is that once a state adopts a wage standard for its factories, it shall be permitted to exclude the products of factories in other states which have lower wage levels. Thus, South Carolina would not be permitted to ship into Massachusetts. Alabama would not be permitted to ship into Michigan. In turn Michigan might be prohibited from shipping into Massachusetts. This, of course, is the protective-tariff principle applied to the states. And it would mean, if adopted, the creation of 48 independent states, each nestling behind a wall of embargoes and trade restrictions and tariff taxes.

The big question is — where will all this end? The utter blindness of communities to their real interests where sectional emotions are aroused is startling. A farm association secretary in a small Iowa village once told me that that town was, as to all essentials, completely self-sustaining. "We could put a wall around ourselves and we would have eatin'

and sleepin' and wearin'." That is probably true. But they wouldn't have much. Because, as that town is organized, its one source of revenue is corn and hogs; and, save for a trivial amount, all the produce of the farmers, on whom that town depends, is sold outside. That town and all other towns that produce anything whatsoever must tap the pockets of people in every state of

the Union. In turn they must submit to a little tapping themselves.

The development of this country has been built on several forces. But certainly one of them has been its vast, free market. If we are now to turn back the clock 150 years and are to break the country up into 48 small markets, and even hundreds of smaller markets, the end of our progress is in sight.

And So They Married — III —

Excerpt from "Richard Harding Davis — His Day"

Fairfax Downey

ONE DAY in London, Richard Harding Davis, famous reporter and novelist, still unmarried at 35, was writing notes, while a small, trimly uniformed messenger boy of 14 waited to deliver them.

"Jaggers," Davis directed, "take this to the Duchess of — and this to No. — St. James's Square, and" — he picked up a third letter and his eyes twinkled — "take this as quickly as possible to Miss Cecil Clark, Prairie Avenue, Chicago, U.S.A."

Jaggers stepped up and accepted the letters without batting an eye. "Yes, sir. Very good, sir," he replied imperturbably.

Davis had no idea the affair would become known, but several days after Jaggers slipped away from London, the pride of the boy's father let the secret out, and soon it was all over town; cables flashed it across the At-

lantic. Speculation was rife on the contents of the letter — surely it contained an engagement ring or at least a proposal. It held neither, for such matters had already been broached to the lady without success.

Jaggers beat the mails by several hours, and in 18 days, with 8400 miles behind him, was back in London to be met by cheering crowds. A duchess pinned a gold medal on him, and the Queen herself received him at a fête.

The letter, which Jaggers had placed, along with a bunch of violets, in Cecil Clark's hands, won a reply, and later a cable suggesting that Davis come back. He and Miss Clark were married that spring — May 4, 1899. A toy figure of Jaggers occupied the center of the wedding cake, and Jaggers himself came from England to fill the post of "but-tons" in the household of the bride and groom.

(Scribners)

BAMBOO, the strangest and most valuable grass in the world, is now being grown successfully in our southern states, where there are more than 50,000,000 acres of wasteland suitable for its cultivation.

For more than 30 years, plant hunters roamed the Far East seeking varieties that could be grown on a commercial scale in America, for we import annually \$2,000,000 worth of bamboo. It is used in an infinite variety of products: bird cages, canes, fishing rods, wheelbarrows, flutes, fans, ropes, candlewicks, brooms, bottles, water pails, art work, etc. By stimulating its production here, Department of Agriculture officials hope to supply much of this demand. Already there are flourishing groves in Florida, Georgia and California.

One of the best types for our soil and climate is the giant timber bamboo, which is more than three feet around and sometimes attains the height of an eight-story building, shooting upward during the rainy season at a rate of a foot a day. Other varieties make ornamental plants for windbreaks, hedges and gardens; still others are excellent food.

— Edwin Teale in *Popular Science*

A BIRD-PROOF cherry has been developed by Paul Stark, the horticulturist to whom came Luther Burbank's undeveloped plant secrets. The fruit is a golden yellow and very sweet, but apparently the birds don't think it as juicy and ripe as the red variety.

Perhaps most surprising among Mr. Stark's discoveries is a dwarf peach tree, which grows no larger than the av-

New Fashions for Old Crops

erage geranium plant and can be kept in any sunroom. Yet it bears peaches of the usual size and flavor.

— E. B. Garnett in *Kansas City Star*

A NEW PLUM which will not fall off the tree even when

fully ripe, and a new apple which will keep for a month without cold storage, have been developed by the University of Minnesota fruit breeding station.

— *N. Y. Times*

THE DALMATIAN pumpkin, a new variety introduced by A. F. Yeager, a North Dakota horticulturist, is not only good for pies, but has seeds which, roasted in butter and salt, rival nuts as an after-dinner tidbit. — *Successful Farming*

FROM ROCKY, cut-over pineland, and from soil so poor that it would bring a snort of disgust from a northern farmer, southern Florida is going to market with a new fruit that may become America's most profitable tree crop — the Persian lime. It is grown south of Miami, in a narrow strip 20 miles long and less than 10 miles wide. The tree bears three heavy crops annually. The fruit is dark green, thin-skinned, seedless, filled with juice of the most delicious flavor and aroma.

— *Country Gentleman*

SOME YEARS AGO Rudolph Boysen, Superintendent of Parks at Anaheim, California, began cross-pollinizing blackberry blossoms with raspberry and loganberry pollen, and the Boysenberry, which is rapidly gaining popularity, is the result. Its flavor is superior to any of the brambles, the fruit runs approximately one inch through and more than

one and one-half inches long, and the vines bear prolifically. The first of the new fruit was distributed in 1932 to the nurseries, and they have been propagating from the original stock ever since to keep up with the demand for plants.

— *Market Growers' Journal and The American Fruit Grower*

THE WORLD'S first large-scale orchards of tung, for whose crop there is an insatiable domestic market, are on the Gulf borders of Florida, Texas, Louisiana and Mississippi, the only part of the U. S. which has the soil and climate that these trees require. Mississippi alone has 75,000 acres of orchards. Tung oil is practically indispensable in the making of paint and varnish, electrical supplies and airplane accessories. It has remarkable elasticity and powerful drying qualities. Its purgative powers are a hundred times that of castor oil; tung leaves, bruised, are used by the Negroes working around the orchards to heal open wounds. A by-product is a balanced fertilizer whose value is similar to that of cottonseed meal.

Tung trees have no known enemy in the form of insects or blight; they require practically no cultivation, no fertilizer. The tree reaches peak production in eight years and keeps steadily to the mark for about 40 years. In China, where the trees exist on a starvation diet, they average seven pounds of oil per tree. Transplanted to virgin soil in the United States, they average from 10 to 20 pounds.

— *Country Home and Business Week*

WHEN GENGHIS KHAN swept down from the high Asiatic steppes his enemies marveled at the toughness of his hordes of Mongolian ponies, which

had grazed on crested wheat grass. Centuries later, an American plant explorer found this grass in Siberia; sent seeds of it home in 1898. Now it promises to be worth more than all the Khan's treasure, with power to redeem millions of acres of arid land on the northern great plains — formerly grazing land, but plowed up for wheat during the World War. In two years' time it has done a better job of regrassing wrong-side-up Montana land than nature is able to do in 50 years. Crested wheat yields twice as much forage as native grass in extremely dry years, produces twice as much beef, chokes weed growth, shows no bad effects from heavy grazing.

There are no records of this grass ever having been killed by cold or drought in the United States, once it has been established.

USING a secret process of treating seeds, James F. Craven of Glendale, California, has created an entirely new type of plant that has all the characteristics of the original species — except size. His tiny rosebushes reach a total height of two inches at maturity and bear fiery-red roses half the size of a dime. Fir and spruce trees, grown from treated seeds, are only a foot tall, though normal trees of the same age would tower 100 feet. Some of Craven's trees have yielded edible fruit. His tiny oranges, for example, have an excellent flavor. A full-grown pine tree, small enough to decorate a living-room table, has cones smaller than caraway seeds. At first glance, you would think his midget oaks were simply young. But close inspection reveals gnarled, twisted trunks, thick bark on the branches.

— *Popular Science*

¶ A new drug holds out hope for eliminating our South's most insidious disease

Will We Wipe Out Malaria?

Condensed from *Country Gentleman*

Paul de Kruif

Author of "Microbe Hunters," "Men Against Death," etc.

IT IS no longer a question of whether we can wipe malaria out of the United States. It has become the tougher question — will we?

Malaria, which kills 3,000,000 beings yearly in an unending worldwide massacre, is not even beginning to be conquered in our South. It kills thousands of our people every year; it rots the blood of millions more, draining their energy so that they're less than half alive. It does more to wreck the development and prosperity of our rural South than all other diseases put together.

Malaria spreads in just one way: by one kind of she mosquito. This insect sucks the blood of an infected person; then she bites and spits the microbes back into healthy people.

Why can't our bug hunters, using oil, Paris green and drainage ditches, destroy all mosquito breeding places? Such measures made the Panama Canal possible. But — aside from the enormous cost — if our South were thoroughly drained of all its waters that hatch malaria mosquitoes, the land, with a greatly lowered water table, might no longer support its millions of human beings.

Yet the man-to-mosquito-to-man chain must be broken. If mosquitoes can't be kept from giving malaria to men, why can't we keep men from infecting mosquitoes?

Another weapon is quinine, which has saved millions from malarious death. It cures individual cases wonderfully. Yet quinine has dismally failed to prevent malaria's wrecking the blood of our Southern millions. Malaria microbes are tough, and in many a human being the curative doses doctors have to use are so terrific they're dangerous. Many prefer the disease to the cure! Thus the chain of infection survives, and malaria continues in the community.

When it became evident that the man-to-mosquito-to-man chain couldn't be broken by quinine, a team of German microbe hunters began to seek a synthetic drug which would do the trick. By 1925 they had cooked up a chemical which, in experiments with malaria in canary birds, was real poison for male and female microbes. Here was power that quinine lacked. But there are two kinds of malaria microbes, sexual and sexless neuters. These neuters are the real killers.

Yet, strangely, it is the male and female microbes that perpetuate the chain of malarious death. It is these that a mosquito sucks into her stomach, where they beget myriads of malaria-microbe children which Mrs. Mosquito injects into the blood of healthy people.

To test this new coal-tar chemical — “plasmoquine” — on humans, German microbe hunter Roehl hurried to Spain where malignant, tropical malaria was raging. June, 1925, he sent an excited telegram back to Germany: **PLASMOQUINE KILLS SEXUAL MALARIA PARASITES IN HUMAN BEINGS!**

But plasmoquine was feeble against the murderous sexless microbes. Quinine could cure malaria but couldn't powerfully prevent it. Plasmoquine could prevent malaria from going *via* mosquito from man to man. But couldn't cure it.

Our searchers struck off on a new chemical trail — something that would kill these sexless microbes. And in 1930, after five years of toiling, they developed a complicated drug which they called “atabrine.”

Like wildfire, beginning 1932, the little yellow pills of atabrine spread over the tropical world. And no death-fighting remedy — with the possible exception of salvarsan for syphilis and insulin for diabetes — has ever had such a roaring *Yes* of scientific approval. From India, from Africa, from the Dutch East Indies, from Central and South America — from all dangerously malarious

tropical regions — came scientific cheers for atabrine.

Compared to quinine, these pills were harmless. At worst, they colored some people's skins yellow for a while. Babies could take them safely. And it was amazing how little atabrine you needed to cure most malarious people. One little pill, by mouth, three times a day, for five days or at longest seven. Atabrine magically brought people moribund with malignant malaria back from the grave. It began to be reported in many a tropical pest-hole that doctors no longer feared even that most sinister form of malaria, “black-water fever,” in which shivering grows more and more violent, fevers fiercer and fiercer, the blood dissolving and running out of the doomed one in horrid dark red urine.

Georgia's State Health Commissioner T. F. Abercrombie heard of the miracles atabrine was performing in the tropical hospitals of the United Fruit Company. In 1933 he sent State Epidemiologist Daniel Seckinger, armed with these new-fangled pills, to Calhoun County, Georgia. Here malaria was so vicious that hardly a white family could live in its rural regions. Here 80 out of every 100 rural school children, in 1932, showed their blood peppered with malaria parasites.

May, 1933, when the mosquitoes began their sinister humming, Seckinger split these farm people up into two gangs: To half the families, in

which he found any case of malaria, he gave the 15 pills of atabrine. And since the county was notorious for its malignant malaria, he fed those same families very tiny amounts of plasmoquine three times a week all summer to keep them from giving mosquitoes that deadly infection.

That autumn there was no doubt of the answer. The persons who did not take atabrine suffered six times the amount of malaria suffered by the families under atabrine. Having thus proved the effectiveness of atabrine, Seckinger gave his magic pills to cure all who were sick.

In the bad malaria of 1934 that followed, it was plain that this 1933 atabrine dosage hadn't left many microbes for the 1934 mosquitoes. While malaria was epidemic over the rest of Calhoun County — death rate at the terrible high of 109 per 100,000 — in all of Seckinger's 54 square miles there wasn't much malaria. And not one person died of it.

In February, 1934, Glynn County's Health Commissioner Dr. M. E. Winchester started another experiment. Aided by seven FERA nurses and FERA funds to provide free atabrine, he canvassed every last home of Glynn County's rural families. Forty percent of them gave a history of undoubted malaria the year before. Winchester set up four health centers, with nurses to examine, teach and treat all who came complaining of "dumb chills and

innard fever." The nurses enforced a rule that if any member of a family was malarious — *everyone* in the family got the 15-pill treatment.

That summer and autumn there was at least 90 percent less malaria, and no deaths from it in Glynn County. Less than 50 people had to come back for a second treatment, and the schoolteachers were amazed because no children had to be sent home from school with chills and fever.

In 1935, Winchester extended his tests to notoriously malarious parts of McIntosh County, again with conclusive results. The health record of these former pestholes was maintained through the summers of 1936 and 1937.

Meanwhile the systematic 15-pill treatment in the Glynn County health centers every spring, *of all members of all families with any member malarious*, had reduced that ancient, perennial, lifesapping plague to hardly more than a memory. And in the blood-test surveys Winchester made each year from 1934 to 1937, in no year did the positives reach one percent. This record for that invincibly malarious corner of our Southland is unprecedented.

Despite this, there are malariologists high in authority who admit they still have to be shown. Dr. L. L. Williams, Jr., of the U. S. Public Health Service, points out that malaria has up-and-down swings in periods of years. He fears that Dr. Winchester's experiments

began on a downswing in 1934, and that when the upswing starts, atabrine may be powerless.

To such criticism Winchester replies: "If I'm wrong, I'm anxious to be shown. The Georgia state laboratory examinations of the people's blood show there's very little malaria. People aren't losing work time from malaria. They aren't dying from it. What I want to find out is what's wrong with the experiment."

Winchester is building Exhibit A

for all Southern rural regions that can't wipe out malaria by wiping out mosquitoes. If men no longer can give malaria to mosquitoes, the man-to-mosquito-to-man chain is broken, and malaria should disappear in a few years.

No great organization would be necessary to carry this fight to a finish. Physicians working with health men and nurses in a county could fight this war for not much more than \$10,000 a year. Is that extravagant?



Plumage for the Male

ONE OF the most dangerous ideas undermining the foundations of this republic today is the belief that an American woman can deck herself out in the colors of the rainbow with impunity, but that an American man who shows any desire to get a little color into his ensemble is lacking in virility. A man has just as much feeling for color as a woman and needs color just as much. No man can go about indefinitely in brown worsted or pepper-and-salts without suffering the consequences in a lowering of morale and a gradual depletion of optimism.

In Revolutionary times American men were always dressed as though they were about to escort Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken to a Beaux-Arts Ball, and nobody thought any the worse of them for it. Benjamin Franklin, in his

snuff-colored smallclothes, was a horrible example of what the well-dressed man should not wear.

When a woman feels low in her mind she goes out and buys some bright new kickshaw to wear. It dispels her blues and gives her courage once more to face the buffetings of fate. When a man gets into the dumps he cannot have that relief. I have to satisfy my craving for color in the privacy of my home. I have a red dressing gown speckled with white dots, and nothing refreshes me more, after a hard day at the verb foundry, than to put on that red dressing gown.

The day will come when color-starved American men will kick over the traces, doff their sober tweeds and serges, and cut themselves suits from cloth of gold.

— Frank Sullivan in *The New Yorker*

I'm Afraid I'll Never Be a Beauty

Condensed from *You*

Cornelia Otis Skinner

IT'S NOT that I don't want to be a beauty, that I don't yearn to be dripping with glamour. It's just that I don't see how any woman can find time to do to herself all the things that apparently must be done to be beautiful or how anyone without the strength of mind of a foreign missionary can keep up such a regime. To read the accounts of all the elaborate pains the well-known It-girls take to make themselves a menace to every happy home — how they pat their chins with one kind of cream, rub their temples with another, apply lip-rouge with a Japanese paintbrush and sit for hours with their elbows in fragrant oil — is indeed inspiring. But how do they manage to do it? Maybe they don't have husbands who when they're in the midst of a little retiring facial yell out, "Aren't you ever coming to bed?" And maybe those same husbands on beholding them creamed and anointed don't utter cries of pain and tell them to go wash their faces.

I try. About three times a year I go in for one of those sybaritic debauches known as a "facial." I do it because, while it may not lift my face, it does my morale. To recline in a boudoir fit for Peggy

Hopkins Joyce while a creature who might be Miss 1938 slathers the face with scented creams and lotions is sheer opiate bliss. It is very helpful if the cook has walked out or if a Harvard senior tells you he likes you because you remind him of his mother.

When I am in this vulnerable state the young lady asks me just what I've been using on my face in a tone that implies she suspects it's scouring powder. She tells me that what my skin cells are crying for is their new "Wonder Crème," composed of water lilies and the female glands of South American turtles. She then dabs on something that feels and smells the way Marlene Dietrich looks, explaining how it turns wrinkles into dimples and creates such sex appeal that it can be employed only sparingly.

Then I'm covered in thick layers of goop and gently mauled until I almost fall asleep, thinking peacefully I'm glad I came after all. But suddenly, sneaking up from behind, she clamps some pungent cloth over my face, ties it tightly over my head. I can't swallow. I can't see. There's one fearful moment when I'm afraid I can't breathe. And she goes away and leaves me in this horrifying beauty mask. But as I

finally start to summon the manager, back she comes as though nothing had happened.

Quelled, I allow her to soothe me with a few more lotions, and lie there inert while she makes me as beguiling as Manon Lescaut with subtle eyeshadow, subtle face powder, not-so-subtle rouge and downright hussy lipstick. When she finally permits me to look at myself in a mirror, I chirp like a newborn sparrow, amazed that this beauty is actually me. She sells me so hard on my own possibilities that invariably I leave with my arms full of creams and lotions and my soul full of determination to do right by myself. But I never do.

Whenever I do lie down for half an hour with a mud pack on my face and pads on my eyelids, the phone rings. Or if the phone doesn't ring, my child enters and on seeing me screams with fright.

However, I continue to have spasmodic attacks of beauty culture brought on by the cosmetic ads for which I am a complete sucker. These fall into two lines of sales talk, the "glamour" and the "scientific." The former presents the picture of some ravishing creature in an attitude that implies she's about to be yet more ravished. And in the blurb below, which is the

"tropic-seas-night-of-love" sort of thing, the purchaser of the product is assured of romance, seduction and general hell-raising. In fact, with every jar comes a free ticket down the primrose path.

In the "scientific" ad we see an enlargement of the cutaneous and subcutaneous layers, revealing those hungry little cells clamoring for their morning cosmetic. Below is the photograph of a research laboratory which has consecrated itself to bringing a perfect complexion within the reach of every woman. After years of research they have hit upon an ingredient that can be likened in importance only to the discovery of radium — and that extra ten bucks meant for the savings bank goes into a jar of "Dynavite Miracle" which in all probability I shall never find time to use.

One never-ending joy about these products is the wording of the directions that accompany them. The face is not cleaned, it is *cleansed*. A skin softener is said to be *satinizing*. Rejuvenation has been supplanted by the incredible word *youthifying*, and even an old-fashioned pimple is referred to with averted eyes as an *acne condition*.

Ah me! It is all most exquisite and I do wish I could manage to fit it in!



Chauncey Depew, asked what kind of exercise he took, answered: "I get my exercise acting as pallbearer to my friends who exercise."

— Thomas Collison in *Portland Sunday Telegram*

Crime-Proofing the Countryside

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine

Gretta Palmer

"IT'S OUR JOB to figure where a criminal plans to operate and then get there ahead of him," said George O'Reilly, of the New York State Police. We were rolling along in an all-white police sedan near Troy, N. Y., on a routine patrol; and the very fact that it *was* routine demonstrates effectively the new crime-proofing technique now employed by the police of New York and half a dozen other states.

Our first stop was at a new gas station. O'Reilly welcomed the proprietor to the neighborhood, looked around a few minutes, and then launched into a lecture on holdups.

"Your telephone's out of sight from the road. That's fine. You may want to use it without being seen, sometime. But those telephone wires up the wall are too exposed: anybody with a pair of shears could cut you off. Get the company to enclose them in a conduit.

"I notice you left a monkey wrench on the ground by the tank. Any bandit can use it to knock you out. And that pump handle unscrews too easy. It'd make a tough weapon. Better have it welded on.

"And whenever a car pulls up

late at night, remember it may be a holdup. Jot down the license number before you come outside. Don't have much cash around at night. Five dollars in change ought to be plenty. No sense in tempting the neighborhood boys. And I see those toilet doors have keys. Lots of bandits have locked the owners inside while they got away. Why don't you throw the keys away and put on inside bolts? And here's our telephone number. Don't be afraid to use it."

O'Reilly's next stop was at a poultry farm, off on a side road. The farmer had heard that a gang of chicken thieves over the state line had been gassing the birds, and wanted to know how to meet this new threat. Some State Police are using a system of tattoo marks similar to cattle branding. Farmers are assigned numbers which they tattoo onto the wings; if their birds are stolen and offered for sale, they can be traced to their proper owners.

"You'll get a warning," O'Reilly told the farmer. "They always send out a scout first, to study the layout. Write down the license number of any stranger who comes around.

He may be trying to buy junk or sell magazines."

O'Reilly explained that chicken stealing varied with poultry prices, for the law of supply and demand works in the underworld as elsewhere. Before the price of scrap iron rose, nobody stole plumbing pipes from summer homes. But thieves have been busy ever since Japan started buying scrap iron for munitions.

The Trooper shortly pulled up in front of a chain grocery. A gray-haired manager greeted us and while O'Reilly looked around, he told me he had recently accepted a bad check for \$10 worth of groceries, and that O'Reilly's fellow troopers had caught the crook. The extent of crime-proofing against such offenses is suggested by the fact that the Michigan State Police are now asking merchants to fingerprint strangers wishing to cash checks. New York's handling of merchants was revealed by O'Reilly's talk.

"Your telephone's kind of close to the front door," he said. "Why don't you move it into a back room. Some Saturday night, when the store's full of customers, you may have a holdup, and anybody working at the back might have a chance to slip out and phone us the alarm. And, John, don't ever stay here Saturday evening without at least two men clerks in the store.

"Now, the safe. You've got it in a dark corner. Why not drag it to

the front of the store and keep a light burning over it all night? When we pass on patrol, we can glance in and see if the light's on.

"Another thing: get a 50-cent burglar alarm for both doors. Even if nobody else hears it go off, it'll scare a burglar, and ten to one he'll run away."

I asked why the State Police didn't urge merchants to send their money to the banks—use the night depository after hours. O'Reilly said that few men know how to blow a safe, "but any punk can hold up a messenger carrying money to the bank." This was in line with the basic theory of crime-proofing which Chief Inspector Albert Moore explained to me when we got back to troop headquarters. He said that "all criminals are lazy"; that any man will steal a million dollars if it is made safe for him, but if stealing is turned into hard, dangerous and unprofitable work, few men will even try it.

The criminal's tendency to repeat himself helps the police in their crime-proofing plan. For example, car thieves who habitually steal Chevrolets will never take a Plymouth or a Ford. This combination of laziness and habit helps the police. When O'Reilly stopped at a roadside restaurant to warn against a gang passing counterfeit \$10 bills, he could tell the proprietor that they invariably ordered hamburgers and always had them brought to the car.

Crime-proofing has a thousand phases. The very conspicuousness of a brightly painted police car is a crime deterrent. The marksmanship of troopers in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts has driven many criminals to the West. The police teletype, now enabling as many as seven eastern states to blockade every highway leading out of a town, has caused bank robbers to be particularly chary of daylight holdups in this section.

In New York the police request hardware stores to put guns and ammunition in a safe before locking up. They ask garage owners to make a record of any car brought in with broken headlights or fresh dents. They encourage the use of tear-gas tubes in small banks (the tubes are placed behind the bars of the cages so the teller can release them by pressing a foot pedal). And they ask homeowners to let the Troopers know when they are closing their homes — whereupon the police put up signs warning intruders that Troopers will be dropping in at irregular intervals. This type of crime-proofing has eliminated 80 percent of summer-home crimes.

In New Jersey, the State Police have elaborate holdup drills for bank employees. In case of a holdup each man is responsible for observing everything that happens in a small area near where he works: he must be able to report afterwards

on the criminals' peculiarities of speech, gait, dress, the make of car they use, etc. Tellers are also asked to place small marks inside the cages, beginning about five feet from the floor and going up six inches at a time, so they can judge the height of any bandit who faces them.

Like other criminals, bank bandits are creatures of habit, said Inspector Moore. The New York State Police warn bankers that there are three types of holdup men: those who pull their jobs as soon as the bank opens in the morning, before there are any customers around; those who choose the lunch hour, when some of the employees are out; and the greedy gangs who operate just before three o'clock, when the cash drawers are full. Bank employees are trained to be especially alert at these times.

The New York State Police had a bank holdup recently at 11:30 in the morning: at once they analyzed it as an amateur job. In blockading the roads by which the gang might escape, they didn't look for high-powered bullet-proof cars or desperate men with sub-machine guns. They sought — and found — an old Ford sedan with a crowd of scared farm boys who had never tried to rob a bank before.

"What structure do you think has the lowest crime appeal in a town?" Inspector Moore asked me.

"A school," I said.

But I was wrong. Last year a

free-lance burglar in Oneida County, N. Y., took in around \$100 a week, rifling schools over weekends. Most school principals kept the children's savings-account money in metal lockers, instead of safes, until the State Police warned them. This ingenious thief is now in jail alongside another specialist -- a man

who stole nothing but slot machines from poolrooms.

The safest building in a town is the U. S. Post Office. Crooks have learned to fear the G-Men. And they are rapidly coming to respect the whole measure of the menace that the State Police offer them today.



What's New in Sports

BICYCLE ARCHERY, which is providing new thrills for bicycling fans, is played on tandems. One rider concentrates on the pedaling, the other does the shooting. Competitors are sent away from the starting line at a signal from a timer, ride at top speed toward the targets, then swing down the firing line, releasing arrows at straw-filled objects placed at fixed intervals. Then the contestants return at breakneck speed -- the time required, as well as the accuracy of their hits, figuring in the scoring.

— Thomas V. Haney in *N. Y. Times*

THOUSANDS of Russians are making flights from a "parachute-catapult" in Leningrad's Kirov Park of Rest and Culture. The apparatus, which can handle 70 people an hour, consists of a powerful motor with a screw-fan revolving in a horizontal plane, with a metal grating above, on which the jumper stands. The fan generates a tremendous vertical air current, which fills a specially designed parachute and drives it into the air until it reaches a point at which the force of the current equals the downward pull of the jumper's weight. This "ceiling" varies with the weight of the jumper; usually it is some 260 feet. The jumper lands just as if he had leaped from an airplane.

— *Illustrated London News*

It is not miserable to be blind; it is miserable to be incapable of enduring blindness. — John Milton

Seventy-Five-Mile Gun

Condensed from Esquire

Fred C. Kelly

JUST 20 years ago this spring, Paris witnessed a scientific miracle — one which everyone, including the best scientists, agreed *couldn't* happen. On March 23, 1918, explosive shells from a mysterious source fell in the heart of the city. To believe that they were fired from behind the German lines, 70 miles away, seemed almost as fantastic as to assume they had come from the moon. But the incredible soon had to be accepted as fact.

Almost as astounding as the mysterious bombardment itself was the speed with which the French discovered the exact source of the shells. Within three hours after the first explosion, French General Headquarters knew the approximate location of the guns (there were three carriages and seven guns). And within 30 hours French artillerymen were retaliating so accurately that the position of Gun Number One, which had fired the first shell, had to be abandoned.

When the first explosion occurred, near the Quai de Seine, no one was injured; but 20 minutes later, a mile and a half away, near a busy subway entrance, a second explosion killed eight people and wounded thirteen.

News of this disaster quickly

spread to all parts of the city, together with the wildest rumors. A common theory was that the bombs had come from a new type of plane flying too high to be discovered. Others believed that German spies had captured pieces of French artillery and were firing from within the French lines.

Explosions continued during the day, about 15 minutes apart, and planes of the Paris Defense Service searched the sky for raiders. But soon military experts had rejected the idea of air bombs, because when the projectiles struck buildings it was always on the northeast side. Presently the theory of gunfire was confirmed. A shell had passed completely through the wall of a building without exploding until it had also made a hole in the floor. These two holes gave the exact direction from which the shell had come, as well as the angle of its descent. Mathematicians could now plot the path of the projectile and determine approximately its starting point. The evidence pointed to a little corner section of the German front, about 75 miles from Paris, near the city of Laon. Moreover, sound-detecting instruments indicated the same spot.

Next the investigators turned to

their maps. Particularly good aerial photographs had recently been made of the Laon area. The French knew that the huge gun they were seeking would have to be moved by railroad, and sure enough, the photographs showed a little spur leading off from the railroad at a wooded spot near the place the calculations had indicated.

The French had reason to think they were "getting warm." Two heavy railway guns were ordered to Vailly, where they began firing toward the point where the big gun *ought* to be. Although they made no direct hit, one French shell hit a tree near the Number One Gun, killing an officer and injuring six of the gun crew.

If a French spy could have wandered into that heavily wooded area he would have seen a giant gun, long enough to reach to the top of a 10-story building, mounted on a huge steel framework 25 feet high. This vast diabolical device and two others, built in the forest with the utmost secrecy, represented the culmination of two years' work.

Early in 1916, Dr. von Eberhardt, one of Germany's leading physicists, had convinced Director Rausenberger at the Krupp works that it would be possible to build a gun capable of sending an eight-inch projectile 60 miles. The seven guns finally constructed had a range of 80 miles! Though weighing hundreds of tons, each gun was made with the precision of a watch.

Almost as much care as went into the designing of the guns was devoted to concealing them. To begin with, they were placed in St.-Gobain Wood, the densest forest available. Each of the three gun emplacements was reached by railroad; but, to mislead aerial observers, a fake spur was built, with the ties laid as conspicuously as possible. It was this spur which showed on the photographic maps; and it was probably responsible for the failure of the French gunners to score direct hits. The railway spurs actually used were painstakingly hidden. Only those trees directly in the path were cut and then the tops of the taller trees were drawn together with wire. Small trees and saplings were stuck between the ties; and the rails were covered with grass and brush. Over each gun position was stretched wire netting covered with green cloth.

In firing a cannon of such behemoth proportions, ordinary artillery calculations were not nearly enough. Even astronomers were called upon for aid. Since the shell would be in the air three minutes, there must be corrections for the rotation of the earth, as in that time the target would have moved eastward. Moreover, the curvature of the earth had to be considered in computing the exact distance of the target. Then there had to be precise allowances for the density and temperature of the air, for the direction and velocity of the wind, and

even for the temperature of the powder. And because of the rapid deterioration from heat and erosion, each gun had to be sent back to the Krupp works for rebor-ing after 50 or 60 shots.

The 265-pound shell left the gun under nearly a million pounds pressure, at a speed of nearly a mile a second. As it mounted into the rarefied atmosphere where air resistance was less, it lost speed because of the pull of gravity until at about 24 miles above the earth it was traveling at less than half a mile a second. Then in its downward course it picked up speed once again until it struck the heavier atmosphere nearer the earth, when it actually slowed down.

When the Number One Gun was firing its first shots into Paris, the designers and also the Kaiser were present as spectators. If the Kaiser had come a day or two later to see the opening shots of the Number Three Gun, the course of history might have been modified, for the gun blew up and killed 15 men.

The Germans had expected these guns to play an important part in winning the war, as indeed they might have. But by midsummer the Allied advance, with American aid, had forced the Germans back so far that the big guns could no longer reach Paris.

Apart from the 256 lives lost and 620 persons wounded, the material damage inflicted by the big guns was less than the more than \$14,-

000,000 that they cost. Moreover, the Germans had estimated wrong on French psychology. The bombardment of Paris only aroused greater determination to fight on — just as has been true of the much-bombed people in Madrid.

What became of the big guns? The Germans managed to get them back to the homeland during the big retreat. No Allied officer or soldier ever laid eyes on them, though one railway gun carriage was captured. The Versailles Treaty provided that the Germans should open all their war archives to the Allied intelligence services. But before the Treaty was signed the guns were all taken to the Krupp works and melted, and a special law was hastily passed making it an act of treason, punishable by death, to disclose any data about them.

Not until 1925, by the devious methods of espionage, did information about them fall into non-German hands. The data, when finally obtained, were fairly complete, however, including calculations, diaries of members of the gun crews, plans and photos.

Just one important secret still remains. The powder used could stand higher pressures and therefore developed greater explosive power than any other powder known to be in use today. The chemical formula — which was *not* found with the other data — is a secret military men in several countries would like to know.

Sit-Down Talk vs. Sit-Down Strike

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Webb Waldron

LAST WINTER a prominent actor complained to Actors Equity, the theatrical union, that a new sign advertising the show on Broadway did not give his name equal prominence with that of the leading lady. This, he insisted, was contrary to the terms of his contract. Fortunately, the contract contained a clause that disputes arising under it should be referred to arbitration. Attorneys for Actors Equity and the producer speedily got in touch with the American Arbitration Association. In less than an hour the Association had a panel of three prominent men ready to arbitrate the case.

The actor gained his point, the sign was changed, the play went on. A recent development in industrial self-government had again proved its worth.

During recent years a number of inexperienced employers and unions have signed collective bargaining agreements, only to discover that a contract does not guarantee harmony. Grievances pile up, knotty points need final interpretation. Matters often trivial in themselves lead to strikes and lockouts, with

their high toll in lost business, lost wages, and ill will.¹

To cite a few actual cases: If X may be discharged only for incompetence, does his transfer to a less skilled job violate the agreement? Can a waiter be discharged for getting into an argument with a troublesome customer? If an agreement grants employees a vacation with pay, are workers who are laid off before vacation entitled to vacation pay? Such "incidents" can cause endless trouble if there is no mechanism for dealing with them.

More and more unions and companies are writing into their contracts a clause agreeing to arbitrate disputes, and to meet these circumstances the American Arbitration Association created a special industrial tribunal to deal with labor cases.

The Association's creditable 12-year record in the field of arbitrating commercial contracts has made possible this extension of its services into labor disputes.² Founded

¹ See "What the Workers Really Want," The Reader's Digest, March, '38, p. 60.

² See "Why Not Arbitrate?" The Reader's Digest, August, '36, p. 21.

in 1926, the AAA is a private, non-profit organization, supported largely by contributions of citizens, and by the membership of companies, individuals and organizations who use its facilities. Its creed is this: that much of our public litigation is a social waste, that it is both more economical and more dignified to talk problems over in private than to fight them out in public, and that trained, impartial experts are best qualified to assure justice.

In choosing its arbitrators, the AAA has endeavored to get men of the professions who have been identified neither with capital nor labor. It now has a panel of 7000 arbitrators throughout the United States. All serve without pay. Apparently there is a peculiar fascination to playing Solomon, for even men who are known to dodge jury duty gladly volunteer to sit as arbitrators.

Only a few weeks ago I was admitted to one of the most interesting cases so far conducted. It was a distinctive and vital 1938 drama, involving not only the CIO, but the impact of the recent recession on union agreements.

In the summer of 1937 the CIO had organized the employees of a chain of retail stores. In late fall, the CIO called a strike. Well over half of the working force went out. The strike lasted a month. Then employer and union got together on a contract. The company granted a 13½ percent wage increase and agreed to take back all strikers and

to discharge everyone hired during the strike. Strikers must be back by a fixed date, unless adequate excuse was given. The company agreed further that when layoffs were necessary, they should be strictly on the seniority basis.

So the strike ended.

Then came the winter of 1937-38, with a more than seasonal slump in business. The union charged that the layoffs which began were far more drastic than necessary, that the company laid off only union members. Furthermore, the union held, many strikebreakers were never discharged.

On one side of the long table sat the officers of the company. On the other side, facing them, the officials of the CIO and their attorney. At the head of the table, the arbitrator, a trim, thoughtful man with a kindly face.

Witnesses were called up, sworn, cross-examined by both sides while the arbitrator sat there listening, making notes and sometimes asking questions. There was none of the constant objection to testimony which you hear in law courts. Or if an attorney did make such an objection the arbitrator almost always said, "Let the witness tell the story in his own way. I'll judge whether it's relevant or not." Free of intimidation and harassing yes-or-no questions and without the pressure of a crowded, curious audience, witnesses spoke freely and simply.

Chain-store men and union offi-

cials lounged in their chairs puffing cigarettes. Now and then, true enough, there was a savage flash of anger across the table, revealing the bitterness the strike had left behind. But as a whole the thing was good-natured. The very fact that these people had written arbitration into their contract and had agreed to abide by the decision, proved that there was something more powerful than the old bitterness stirring in them and overcoming that bitterness.

There were more than 50 instances of alleged discrimination to be examined and passed upon. The arbitrator was a busy lawyer, giving his time without pay, and yet after two days and a half of hearings, when there was a question of a certain discharged polisher named Komroff who had not turned up for the hearings, the arbitrator said, "I'm willing to come back at the end of the week for another hearing on Komroff. It may mean his job, and jobs are important these days."

Some of this chain-store testimony seemed, as I listened to it, to show obvious discrimination by the employer against people who had been out in the strike. Other instances seemed doubtful. In others the employe's position plainly was weak.

And so, as it happened, went the arbitrator's decisions, when they came through a week later. Some were for the union, some against. All seemed fair as a working compromise.

When employer and union bring a dispute to the AAA, the first question is, Have you a contract to arbitrate? That is fundamental. If there is no contract, the first step is for the parties to enter into a signed agreement to arbitrate. In either case both sides must get their exact matters of dispute down in writing before going any further.

Then the Association submits to both parties identical lists of arbitrators from its panel. Employer and union strike off the list any names unsatisfactory to them. Out of those left the Association chooses the arbitrator. If union and company want a board of three, each side may name one and the Association names the third.

Valuable by-products have come from arbitration under the AAA. It has, for example, awakened many unions and employers to the necessity of drawing their contracts with more care. Many times disputants find that the difficulty arises out of ambiguity or lack of detail in the statements of rates of pay for different work, hours, conditions of layoff, reasons for discharge, and so on.

The speed of AAA arbitration is one of its advantages. Recently employes in a rayon mill protested that layoffs were not being made according to seniority. One afternoon the union suddenly threatened to tie up the plant. The only thing that averted a strike was the fact that the attorney for the mill assured the

union that he could get an AAA arbitration on the layoffs within 24 hours.

"If I should take one of these cases to a court of law, I'd probably be months in getting it through," an attorney who has represented several employers in arbitration remarked to me. "And," he added, "even before the state mediation board it might take weeks. Here at the Arbitration Association I can get it through in 48 hours or less.

Speed is vital in these things. It may mean a tie-up of a factory and lost wages for hundreds of people."

In the AAA cases thus far decided, roughly half have been won by labor and half by employers. "We've lost more cases than we've won over at the AAA," the business manager of a CIO local told me, "but we're going to keep on taking our troubles to them. We think they're giving the fairest deal there is between boss and worker."

It's All in Your Point of View

¶ MY FRIEND Mrs. Smithwick was a shy, lonely little body, with few interests in life, and she spent most of her waking hours in a windowless kitchen in her four-room flat. One day she said to me: "I often get thinkin' of you, lovey. It don't seem right you should have to live on that back street."

Now, I was then living in an apartment on a street of fine old trees, with a fine view of Lake Michigan. "It isn't a 'back street,'" I protested.

"There are no streetcars on it," declared Mrs. Smithwick, for whom I felt sorry because she lived at an intersection

of two carlines in a very Babel of din.

"Well," I retorted, "you can't see the streetcars on *your* street."

"No," she admitted, "but I can hear 'em goin' by, and they're real sociable." — Clara E. Laughlin, *Traveling Through Life* (Houghton Mifflin)

¶ A CHINESE merchant of the old school, whom I met one day when coming from a few strenuous sets of tennis in Shanghai's hottest weather, surveyed my sweat-saturated garb and said to me, "I know you are not a very rich man, but surely you could hire some coolies to do all that for you?"

— George Digby, *Goose Feathers* (Dutton)

The doctrine of human equality reposes on this: that there is no man really clever who has not found that he is stupid. There is no big man who has not felt small. Some men never feel small; but these are the few men who are. — G. K. Chesterton, *A Miscellany of Men* (Dodd, Mead)

☞ Bones have stories to tell which help to solve crimes, fill gaps in history, and check on the health of the living

The Skeleton Speaks

Condensed from Scientific American

Wilton Marion Krogman

Associate Professor, Anatomy and Physical Anthropology,
Western Reserve University

THE SKELETON of a human being, alive or dead, reveals infallibly to the scientist a personal physical history. Race, sex, age, height, serious illnesses and sometimes the cause of death are recorded in skull, pelvis and the "long" bones of the arms and legs—even though the bones may have been buried for centuries. The method of extracting this story is so accurate today that it is of prime importance to the criminologist, the historian and the archaeologist, and is even applied to the living skeleton by X rays as a check on growth and health.

The skeleton yields its secrets principally through comparative measurements. Racial characteristics, for example, show clearly. Thus, Negro skulls are long and flat, eye sockets far apart, the facial plane slanting strongly; the arm bones are long in proportion to the legs. These elements are quite different in the white race. The anthropologist not only identifies each type with ease but, if the

subject is not "pure," can usually determine the degree of intermixture.

Recently, some children playing in a ditch discovered several human bones. After study, the anthropologist produced a full-length anatomical portrait of the dead person. She had been a female mulatto, 33 years old, 5 feet 6½ inches tall and had weighed about 120 pounds. These clues led to identification of a missing colored woman, whose measurements were on file with the police. According to the actual records, the deceased had been half-Negro, half-white, 33½ years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall and had weighed 125 pounds!

This startling accuracy was no fluke. Sex shows itself plainly in a skeleton, the skull alone determining the factor in nine out of ten cases, while the pelvis will do it 98 percent of the time. The two together give *positive* identification. The female skull capacity is some 200 cubic centimeters less than that of the male; the eyebrow ridges

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(*Scientific American*, August, '38)

and mastoids are less prominent. Woman's pelvic bone is wider, and her whole skeleton finer and more graceful.

The anatomist is able to compute the stature of a dead person by a formula based on the length of the thigh bone. Statistics show that the height of a man will be 1.88 times the length of this bone, plus 813.06 millimeters; of a female, 1.945 times the length, plus 728.44 millimeters. Similar formulae may be applied to the human structure from the Ice Age down. The Neanderthal Man of 100,000 years ago, for example, was only 5 feet 4 inches tall, while Cro-Magnon Man, 75,000 years later, had achieved a full 6 feet. Shortly afterward an adverse environment must have overtaken him, for he dropped back to 5 feet 7 inches. Today, the younger generation in America is taller than its parents, and the parents in turn top the generation behind them.

The ability of science to determine the *race* of a skeleton meant a fortune to a half-breed Indian in Oklahoma not long ago. His son had disappeared at the age of 18, leaving behind a tract on which oil was later found. The father's claim to the royalties was contested because it could not be proved that the boy was dead. It was known, however, that a youth answering the general description had been killed riding a freight in Arkansas,

and the court ordered the body exhumed. After three days, anthropologists established that the skeleton had belonged to a Negro-Indian male, about 5 feet 7 inches tall, between 18 and 19 years old. Other bone measurements corresponded so closely with the description of the missing youth that the court accepted the proof of his death. A fortune in oil was turned over to the father.

More is known about age than any single item of identification. All the long bones grow from maturation areas, or "centers," by the addition of calcium and other materials. From birth to the age of five years these centers appear in order. From five to 12 years they grow in size. From 12 to 21, they unite with each other. By noting the changes it is possible to determine the age of anyone under 21 to within a few months.

After 21, other data must be sought. The 23 bones of the skull are separated by divisions called "sutures." As age advances, these sutures disappear one after the other, according to a rigorous schedule. The three on top of the head begin to fuse, the first at 22 years, the second at 24, the third at 26. They are completely erased at 35, 42, and 47, respectively. During this quarter century, the state of the sutures reveals age to within a year or less.

The texture of the bones is another guide, for after 30, the flat

ones begin to lose their blood supply. They become dry and brittle; sometimes they shrink. These characteristics remain intact even after thousands of years in the tomb. The age of Tutankhamen was accurately read from his skeleton to be about 18 years, and of his father-in-law, buried nearby, only 30. The two were also found to be related, for their bones bore a family resemblance. These facts helped Egyptologists complete their picture of an ancient dynasty. Thus the anthropologist often fills a gap the historian cannot close.

The skeleton also carries with it evidence of disease, which may appear in the texture of the bones or in their size and shape. A few years ago the skeletons of two children were found in an Indian mound in Missouri. Examination showed them to have been white, aged two and five years. Wrought-iron coffin nails indicated a burial about 100 years before. Why had they been buried here, in what must have been hostile country? Study disclosed that both had been victims of malnutrition. The picture re-created by scientists was of an emigrant family trekking westward across Indian-infested plains, their

throats parched, their bodies emaciated. Finally the children had died, to be buried in the one place the Indians would be least likely to find them.

Today the scientist's knowledge of bone growth is turned to answering the all-important question: What is a healthy child? He can tell, almost to the day, when this bone or that should increase in size, change shape and texture; he can tell whether the bones are absorbing minerals and salts as they should. If the X-ray shows that the bones contain the telltale white lines of arrested growth, or that they have wandered from the norm, then the danger signal has been hoisted. Health history is checked, the diet is remodeled, and treatment is started before it is too late.

Thus the mute and nerveless skeleton, which seems to the layman the one unvarying human constant, is a telltale index of our health, our way of life, and frequently enough the manner of our death. It is science's best indicator of the changing history of the individual and the race. To the trained eye of the anatomist, it provides data which could never be found in any other way.

"After-dinner" speeches in Japan come before the meal. The custom not only relieves the speaker's nervous tension but also limits the length of the speech, as the serving of the meal interrupts a long-winded orator.

“Hot” Dogs

Condensed from The Family Circle

Frederick Tisdale

DOG SNATCHING has become a sizable racket, operated by professional gangs with specially equipped cars and fences for disposing of the loot.

When a dog disappears, owners usually assume that it has wandered off and gotten lost. But Mrs. Daisy Miller, founder and head of the Animal Protection Union in New York, which has traced many thousands of missing dogs, points out that it is easier for a dog to find his way home than for the average human. Her experience shows that 90 percent of “lost dogs” are really stolen. The remaining 10 percent jump from cars or are otherwise lost at a distance from home.

Ten years of radio broadcasting for lost or stolen dogs made Mrs. Miller the country’s best known figure in this field. Humane societies, officials, members of her Association, persons who remember her programs still use her office as a clearinghouse for information on dogs that have disappeared, been picked up, or seen under suspicious circumstances.

Stolen dogs are usually sold through unscrupulous pet shops, whose pro-

prietors will “locate” for you any kind of dog you want. Your order is passed along to the underworld suppliers who promptly snatch the type of dog specified.

A recent case illustrates the racket. Specks, a valuable Dalmatian, was missed from his Long Island home. The owner phoned the Animal Protection Union. A certain shabby pet shop on Third Avenue, New York, was under suspicion by the Association. Specks’ master was given the address and careful instructions. At the shop he said that he was thinking of buying a dog. The proprietor asked what kind.

“Well,” said the prospect, “I’d kinda like to have one of those spotted dogs. You know, the kind you see around the fire houses.”

“Dalmatians,” the shopkeeper explained. Unfortunately he had no Dalmatians in stock, but he could have one there at three o’clock the following afternoon.

Just before the appointed hour, a furtive character came down the street leading Specks on a leash, and was pounced upon by Specks’ owner, an S.P.C.A. inspector and a city detective.

The man caught with the dog proved to be another petshop operator. He said that a "foreigner" had left Specks with him to board, but had failed to leave his name or pay the bills. Pet Shopkeeper No. 1 also protested innocence. He had merely happened to learn that Pet Shopkeeper No. 2 had a Dalmatian for sale. Nobody could be convicted.

This is the way it usually happens when a dealer is caught. A "man left him," or a woman brought the animal in because she was leaving town and wanted the pet sold to "somebody who would give him a good home."

In most big cities, dealers in stolen animals usually have small stores with a few cages. A few mongrels are kept around to give the place a look of respectability. Stolen dogs are kept where they can be brought in on short notice. Prices are kept low to assure quick sales. Dogs worth hundreds are sold for \$20 or less. Dog seekers are warned by authorities against purchasing full-grown, housebroken dogs at bargain prices in obscure shops. They are probably stolen pets.

The racket is a minor one, but widespread and well organized. The thieves work wealthy residential districts surrounding large cities. Usually there are two or three of them with a motorcar. They make preliminary surveys of the lay of the land, the habits of the intended victims, the routes of escape.

Most effective decoy for male dogs

(the usual objective) is a female in heat. Sometimes the bitch is carried as an accomplice, sometimes her scent is transferred to the thief's clothing. Another lure is liver in the cuff of the thief's trousers. When no one is in sight, the dog is approached. Attracted by the scent, he follows his abductor to the car, where a driver is waiting for the getaway. A new wrinkle is the removal of cushioning in the back of automobile seats for secret compartments capable of hiding small dogs.

Breeds most imposed upon are the wire-haired, Scottie, Boston terrier, cocker spaniel. Females are seldom stolen. Demand for them is light and it is harder to pick them up. No sex lure can be employed; moreover, experts will tell you that the average female has more common sense than the average male.

Traffic in stolen hunting dogs is extensive. Since it takes time and money to educate them properly, the market is always good for a well-trained dog "at a bargain." Police recently arrested the men in charge of a farm near Wilmington, Del., whence stolen animals were being distributed to the hunting districts of the South.

Thefts of valuable dogs for rewards is a special branch of the racket. Often servants are in on the job. Watch is kept for advertisements offering rewards. After a few days of separation an emotional owner will often pay a ransom of \$100 or

more and "no questions asked." Police officials speak indignantly of cases where such sums have been paid to confessed thieves.

Often stolen dogs are disguised. Iodine is used to paint in brown spots or cover white ones, and henna or calcium is employed to redden or lighten coats. There is the case of Rags, cited by the superintendent of Cleveland's Animal Protective League. Rags was a brown-white-black "spitz mongrel," adored by his family. His disappearance was a tragedy. One day after hope had been abandoned his master heard a familiar uproar at the kitchen door. There he found a black dog with the chewed end of a rope dangling from his neck. It was Rags. The thief had changed the dog's complexion by immersing him in a black textile dye.

Admittedly, neither local ordinances nor state laws can eliminate the dog thief. His car carries him swiftly into new jurisdictions, and the federal government is hope-

lessly entangled in human problems. Local police frankly don't like hot dog cases, which usually mean much work but meager results. Courts hold that witnesses must see a person take a dog before convictions can be obtained. Owners are a problem too. They don't care to be bothered by court proceedings once they have recovered their pets. Sometimes, too, they are warned by threatening notes not to testify.

American cities might emulate Montreal, which has an ordinance requiring complete records of sales and purchases by pet shops. The proprietor must deliver to the nearest police station a daily report of all transactions, and every dog must be kept in the shop at least six days before it can be sold. But the greatest hope of stamping out the racket lies in an increase in the number of dog protective leagues and similar organizations. A complete coverage of the country by such groups, with a coöperative plan for exchanging reports on thefts, would help a lot.



Mass Diplomacy

THERE WAS a day when nations concluded agreements, then kept or broke them according to plan. The chess of diplomacy had its rules.

But nowadays the masses, the millions, receiving through eyes and ears, by radio, newspaper, and cinema, a continuous stream of world life, have rushed into foreign policy. They want to know and have a say in all that is done — a change for the better in many ways, but one which makes world relations unpredictable. Diplomatic relations are no longer a game of chess; they are rather like the mighty movements of tides — save that they are made of human waves and are not beyond the influence of storm-raisers.

— Don Salvador de Madariaga, Spanish Permanent Delegate to the League of Nations

Indians to Gallup

Condensed from New Mexico

Anna Nolan Clark

THE LITTLE TOWN of Gallup, New Mexico, sprawls in the sun; its up- and downhill streets, like narrow silver ribbons, festoon the hills of sand. Under the blue August sky, white men are busy digging huge barbecue pits, bringing in sheep and goats and quarters of beef—preparing for the annual Inter-Tribal Indian Ceremonial.*

Far away, across the alkali flats, beyond the mountains, at every campfire, pueblo and tepee, Redmen are recording the passing days. A knot untied from a row of knots on a cord, a stone tossed from a heap of stones by the waterhole; thus the Redman marks his time.

The Ceremonial is an Indian occasion, for the Indian, by the Indian; the citizens of Gallup play host, do the work and foot the bills. The celebration came into being in 1921 after the Indians' part in the annual county fair had become surprisingly popular. It has grown to be a world attraction, bringing thousands of visitors from every state in the Union and from a dozen foreign countries.

As the last week in August ap-

* Held each year on the last Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in August.

proaches, "The People" come trekking into Gallup. Straight tall men, slender women ride through a world of yellow sand and cactus, gashed by red-banked arroyos; ride through deep silence, torn by the thin high cry of some desert horseman on an unseen trail: "*Ko la re ne.*" And across the miles another rider answers, the echoes trailing off to whispers up and down the deep cañon walls.

Navajos ride in from the mesas and mountains of their 15,000,000-acre reservation, singing, dancing the nights through till the stars pale and a cold wind blows over the desert, announcing the birth of day. From the seven villages of the "People of Peace" file the small, strong-winded Hopis. From Arizona come the Apaches, once raiders and killers but now traders in horses and beautiful baskets. From Taos to Zuñi the Pueblo Indians come. These peaceful, agricultural people till the soil that their great-grandfathers tilled before them. They speak five separate languages. The Taos are large, handsome and arrogant; the Tewas are small, fun-loving and friendly; the Queres are violently independent; the Zuñis are primi-

tive, mystical folk, and the Hopis are peaceful and solitary.

From Colorado and Utah ride the wary Utes. Oklahoma sends the gorgeously beaded and feathered Kiowa, Pawnee, Comanche and Kaw. South Dakota sends the stalwart Sioux.

Seven thousand Indians, 30 tribes, arrive at the camp grounds on foot, horseback, in covered wagon or bus. The ground throbs to the beat of drums. Cedar smoke hangs heavy in the air. The Apaches have their wickiups; Sioux sleep in smoky tepees and the Navajo has his saddle for pillow and for his blanket the stars.

The opening parade through the streets of Gallup is a three-mile spectacle of primitive splendor. The Navajo men are in white trousers, gay velvet shirts bedecked with hammered silver and copper, turquoise and shell. Kiowas are like birds of plumage with swirls of feathers on forehead, arms, ankles and back, and beads and little bells and tiny flashing mirrors. The Apaches in the devil dance masks have a fierce brutal beauty. Zuñi girls walk by, large earthen water jars balanced superbly on their heads. The butterfly girls from Hopiland are next, little sprigs of living green held upward in their doll-like hands. Taos women in bright dresses and black shawls waddle along in wide-topped white deerskin boots, their tall, proud men swathed in snowy white sheets beside them. Here are

Redmen from almost 60 million acres of Indian country.

Tom-toms and bells and gourds, swinging voices and swaying feet, three miles of Indians dance through the town.

The Exhibition Hall is hung with priceless Navajo rugs. There are baskets and pottery, hammered silver and copper, shell ornaments and turquoise — precious and sacred. In the center of the Hall at sunrise on each of the three days of the Ceremonial, a Navajo medicine man begins some symbolic picture-legend of religious significance. He makes his picture on a bed of clean brown sand with lines and bands of colored clays. The painting tells the story of some legendary hero. It is very intricate and beautiful and it must be finished by sunset. Then, after being blessed by prayer and pollen, it is swept away.

Afternoons are given over to races, games and feats of skill. All around, Indians are singing, roasting sheep, goats and beef, visiting, dancing, betting on horses and bartering. Dust and smoke and laughter fill the air.

The sun sets; dusk falls over Gallup; an orange autumn moon hangs low. White people crowd the grandstand; far back in the darkening shadows Indians sing. Huge bonfires are lighted at the ends of the dancing arena; flames crackle and dance and throw weird, fantastic shadows.

A stir ripples through the gath-

ered thousands of spectators in the grandstand. A swish of feathers, the soft treading of moccasined feet and the long line of dancers, the solo singers, the chanters come within the circle of yellow bonfire light.

Drum beat, rattle and gourd, swaying bodies and stamping feet, the night throbs with emotion as color, movement and sound blend in intensity. Taos people give their hoop dance, their bodies flashing through their hoops like water flowing. Zia crow dancers cause laughter by their perfect mimicry.

Night lengthens. The dancing keeps on. The Kiowas with synco-pated jerking rhythm fascinate with hypnotic charm. The Pueblos give their hunting dramas, their prayers for increase. The devil dance of the Apaches is sinister. The war dance of the Utes sets the heart pounding and the blood racing.

Then Navajo magicians appear. They plant a seed of corn and to their chanting it grows out of the ground, up through a blanket and waves in the night wind, tall and

tasseled and green. They stand a feather in a basket and their voices charm it to sway and dance. Suddenly out of the darkness rush naked, gray madmen circling the fire, leaping over it, bathing their bodies in the flames. Round and round they run, beating themselves and one another with firebrands. Round and round, faster and faster, then out into darkness again.

Quiet reigns abruptly. White men shiver slightly in the cool night wind and hasten to parked automobiles, glad to touch again machine-made reality.

At sunrise on the morning following the last night the Redmen start on the home trail — singing all the way to their farms and ranches, to their 'dobe-walled ancestral strongholds, to their campfires by far desert waterholes.

The Navajos go last; and long after they are gone, when even the dust has settled tiredly in their tracks, come back, faintly, words of their songs: "*Piki yo-ye*" — "Thither go I."

Word Torture

¶ O. O. McINTYRE once asked in his column who could tell, without looking it up, the present tense of the verb of which "wrought" is the past participle. At first I thought it so easy that I passed it by, but somewhere in the back of my head a mischievous little voice said: "All right — what is it?" From that day on I have been muttering to myself. I'll be darned if I'll look it up, and it looks now as if I'll be incarcerated before I get it. — Robert Benchley, *After 1903 — What?* (Harper)

BOOK SECTION

*An engagingly frank account of one city couple's
enthusiastic—and highly individualistic—back-
to-the-land movement*

R. F. D.

A condensation from the book by

CHARLES ALLEN SMART

Author of "New England Holiday," "The Brass Cannon," etc.

THREE YEARS ago the author, who had been editor, teacher and novelist, and who describes himself as "a fairly typical urban intellectual and malcontent," inherited a small farm in Ohio. He immediately went out to take charge of it, and *R. F. D.*—a Book-of-the-Month Club selection which has enjoyed a brisk popular sale—is an account of his experiences as an "immigrant farmer."

"*R. F. D.* is a book that every townsman who has ever thought of moving to the country will want to read," writes Charles Poore in the *New York Times*. "It is stirring in its true enthusiasm for the land, marrowy in its informing chronicle of the farmer's triumphs and disasters, and uncommonly candid in its personal revelations."

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70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

R. F. D.

IF YOU ARE one of our guests, you drive west from Chillicothe on U.S. Route 50, more pleasantly known here as the Cincinnati Pike. Two and a half miles out you come to a narrow road beside a red barn. There you will find our R.F.D. mailbox. Up this road at the brow of the hill stands a simple, rectangular stone house, with solid wooden shutters. Behind the house are some neat gray sheds, and an old unpainted barn whose boards have turned silver.

Friends coming to see us are greeted by a salvo of barks from a collie and three cocker spaniels. They come in first to a large hall, running through the house, and glacial in winter. On the right there is the library, and back of this an old parlor, now unused except for potatoes, apples, odd pieces of furniture, and the like. In the winter we live in the dining room on the left, and it looks it: a couch before the fire, desk, tables, chests, corner cupboard, a few curious pictures, bittersweet, a funny old hour-day-month clock on the mantel, knitting, books, papers, puppy toys, an odd glove on the floor.

In its 97 years, this old house at

Oak Hill has seen a good deal of eating, drinking, sleeping, working, laughing, quarreling, love-making, child-bearing, sickening, dying, and weeping. It has also known emptiness, and silence, except for banging shutters, insects, and rats. It was built in 1840, from stone quarried on the place. Like other early houses in this region, it was placed on a hill because there was much malaria in the valleys.

It was by the grim irrelevance of a will (my aunt's) that I became owner of Oak Hill, and of a few thousand dollars. I had fallen in love not long before, and the following winter Peggy and I were married.

When we got "home," to Oak Hill, the countryside was brown and dreary, with dirty remnants of snow and a heavy winter fog. I was so excited that I could hardly contain myself, although I knew that for Peggy this "home-coming" must be something very different. She had seen the place only once, in the warm green glory and peace of the summer before.

Now the house was as cold and damp as a tomb. Poor Peggy! She caught a cold, which was followed

rapidly by intestinal grippe and asthma. She retired to bed, where she was more or less cared for by a strange husband, a strange Negro servant, and a strange doctor. There was no plumbing, no heating except by grate fires, and no electricity. There were rats in the wainscoting, and icicles in the privy. The water in the cisterns was low, gray with soot from the snow on the roof, and of doubtful sterility. At this point one cistern caved in. Things like this went on for months, until spring. All in all, the beginning of our new way of life was not encouraging.

SINCE those days our guests have often asked us: "But how did you learn so much so quickly?" This is an embarrassing question in the presence of our neighbors, because of course we have learned very little indeed. Learning in the country is immeasurably slower than in the city. In the publishing business, and again as a teacher, I learned more in three weeks than I have learned about farming in my first three years on a farm. The reasons for this are that the life processes, which only expose error, are so slow, and that isolation keeps one from being checked up on by colleagues and bosses. So it may take 30 years to become a passable farmer.

Meanwhile, we try everything that seems reasonable, watch the costs and results carefully, pester the lives out of our neighbors for

advice, consult our very helpful County Agricultural Agent and the State University, and read the invaluable pamphlets of the Department of Agriculture. We have been doing this for three years, but even so, hardly a week passes without our being confronted with some new problem that makes us feel like complete tyros.

Academic farmers like myself are apt to be seduced by the simple delight of learning. Often I have been reading about fruit flies, or artificial insemination, when my own chickens or garden needed attention. However, I am not wholly ashamed of this, because my neighbors err in the other direction, and because if my farming is a mess, I always find it a most entertaining one.

Once, on a bus, I got to talking with a movie publicity man.

"What I can't get," he said, "is what these hicks *do* with themselves. They can't work all the time, and they ain't got no money. What the hell do they *do*?"

The answer is that even the poorest and most ignorant of them probably get more fun out of their work, itself, than most city workers get out of theirs.

Boredom is a mysterious matter. But it seems to me that it would take the most extreme lack of curiosity to make country life dull. There is too much to learn.

The variety of knowledge demanded, if you are going to stay off

relief, is astonishing. You may not know what the words mean, but you have to have a working knowledge of genetics, agronomy, chemistry, physiology, hygiene, carpentry, mechanics, bookkeeping, economics, and so on.

Often a farmer is so close to his animals that he knows what they need without any kind of thought at all. Sometimes, when — as at lambing time — I spend a lot of time with the animals, and brood over them, I can begin to feel, a little, what is going on inside them, and if there is anything more exciting than this feeling, I don't know what it is. And it is open to everyone.

BEFORE I talk briefly about the business of farming, I must emphasize a few of my own disqualifications so that the reader may be able properly to discount what I have to say.

Not only have I been farming only three years; my farming is extremely small potatoes. Most of Oak Hill's 63 acres is in pasture and woods. The only people I know who make what city people would call a decent living have farms of 1000 acres or more. My kind of farming is possible only for people who have no interest in "getting ahead," who like animals and plants more than machinery, processes more than figures, solitude more than most company, and a hunting cap more than a derby hat.

Not that we can escape decisions and management: far from it. We find ourselves involved in intricacies of management that, however petty in scale, are not fundamentally unlike those that confront Boards of Directors. We can wear dungarees, and do our figuring on the backs of envelopes, but we too have to scheme, calculate, and manage. Already, I have acquired a few basic ideas for my guidance.

The first idea is fairly simple: Under present circumstances, every farm should be as self-sufficient as reasonably possible.

This implies, first, that the land should be conserved. In one way or another, nearly everything that is taken away must be put back. Otherwise, your farm will run down, more rapidly than you think, and then where are you? On relief.

The second major corollary is: Buy as little as possible, of fertilizer, tools, labor, food, clothing, and everything else. Every penny you spend, you have to earn by growing and selling something, and on a farm, using is much easier than selling.

The third is: Sell as little as possible; push the product along toward use as far as you reasonably can, on your own place. This makes the best use of waste for conservation, of by-products for feed, and of equipment and labor all the year round.

I do not advocate this policy to a fanatical extreme. Once I called

on a man who had a farm on which he hoped eventually to be quite self-sufficient. He was not only butchering and canning; he was carding, spinning, weaving, sewing, and making tools, soap, and everything else that he could. The investment in equipment was colossal and he didn't have time enough for any one thing. He had reduced the whole idea to absurdity.

Whatever his ideas, a farmer's work is determined by the quantity and nature of his land, and by his own experience.

Our fields are not large or good enough to attempt the familiar corn-wheat-hay rotation of the bottoms. An orchard or vineyard would be feasible, but the requisite knowledge and capital for either are well beyond us. A dairy would be possible, but we doubt whether we should have the necessary stamina. Peggy and I are in our thirties, not towers of strength, and relatively ignorant. Since we prefer working with animals to working with crops, we have chosen to concentrate on breeding. We have had from six to a dozen head of cattle, including two or three cows being milked. We bought 17 sheep; now we have 36, and shall let them increase, perhaps, to 40 or 50. We have a garden, poultry for our own use, four pigs to eat garbage and skim milk, and the dogs for companions.

We have not yet achieved the ideal of self-sufficiency. All year we have a hired man, whom we pay

\$11 a week. One summer, with guests and illness, we also had a girl in the kitchen at four dollars a week. We also have certain fixed charges to meet — the upkeep on a big old house, life insurance, taxes, medical charges, etc. — which require a cash outlay. But in the matter of feeding as completely as possible from the place itself, we are fairly successful. The livestock supply us with milk, cream, butter, and a little money for groceries. We have also sold cattle, old ewes, wether lambs, chickens, wool, a few eggs, a little cream, instruction in French, and words on paper.

Oak Hill is now run at a loss, which we have diminished steadily, and could eliminate by not having any hired help. The gruesome fact is that we need \$3000 or \$3500 a year to live in the luxurious style to which we are accustomed. Our first year, we spent a good slice of our capital; the second year, we "made" enough money almost to stop capital expenditure; and this third year we are hoping to keep out of the red with my specialty, words, and are thinking of putting most of the rest of our money into further land and equipment.

The final principle, I think, for small and new farmers, is a specialty, a trained and marketable ability that can be combined with farming. It is this problem of the "cash crop" for small farmers that keeps them awake at night. I am thinking of raising only purebred

sheep, in order to sell the bucks for more than lamb. Peggy has experimented with dogs, and is now investigating chickens. We may some day run a sort of summer school. Some day before I get too old I may study veterinary medicine. In any case, some specialty is eventually necessary.

UNDERSTAND that every spring, in Plymouth, Mass., a little procession of people, in Pilgrim costume, commemorate an event of three centuries ago by going out and planting some corn. For fertilizer, a fish is planted in each hill, with the seed. The minister of the First Church says a prayer. Every year ten million other farmers, and I, in this country, do certain profoundly strange and important things, and sometimes have strange thoughts and feelings about them, and this little ceremony in Plymouth is the only one I have heard of that recognizes, in any way, their religious significance.

The first preparatory rite is hauling out the manure, in the autumn or early spring. My hired man, James, and I are able to handle ours with my little truck. Then the plowing, dragging, and harrowing, then putting in spring grass seed. A couple of washtubs full of grass seed are as exciting as, say, a publisher's stock room. I plunge my arms into that cool, clean seed, and look at those mysterious, hard little grains, and I see thousands of

rolling acres of grass, with roots gripping the earth, and the wind caressing the green, and herds of cattle and sheep eating it, lying down in it to rest and chew, and growing fat and strong. I hear the grasses murmuring, I feel them drawing up the water and the richness . . .

On a clear warm day in March, without wind, when the pools of water have mostly disappeared, but the earth is still damp, I do my sowing. It's an easy job. The sack isn't heavy, and I can sow 13 acres in less than a day. The seed flies out like hard rain, and stings your hands red. You walk steadily over the earth, in the sunlight, looking up, now and then, at the hills. You imagine the grass growing. It doesn't have to be cultivated, and with any kind of soil and dampness at all, it spreads. It's good food; it has a fine useless beauty, too. You think of Johnny Appleseed, moving west in this very country, when it was a lovely wilderness. You wonder whether, if you do something like this, the figures in your book are so terribly important after all. You have brought your animals through the winter alive, and you know that from now on the earth is going to help you, and them, free, gratis, for nothing.

Like most religious ecstasies, this one is followed by doubt. Is the damned stuff going to grow after all? Was that clay too wet? Then the tiny seeds begin to sprout, and

take root, and one day you notice a fine new stand of grass!

THE FEEDING of the farm animals is hard physical work, but it is fun, and unless I am too busy, or away, I generally do it along with the milking. Eight or nine head of cattle will clean up a shock of corn fodder in an ordinary winter day, and another half or whole shock on a very cold day. A good shock of fodder weighs several hundred pounds. Ordinarily it is hauled in from the field, and set up near the barnyard, but last year the fields got too wet for my little truck, and James and I had to carry it in our arms to the barnyard through the mud. This is hard work with a vengeance, but not unpleasant. I used to do it mostly in the late afternoon. The dogs always came along, to hunt field mice in the shock-bottoms, and winter dusk is often beautiful. All I had to do to enjoy it fully was to remember winter evenings on commutation trains.

When you have only two or three cows, milking them is not a hard job, but it is the core, somehow, of all the morning and evening chores. Milking, of course, has to be learned, but it is like swimming, or riding a bicycle, in that once the knack is acquired, it is never lost.

I always like to fetch the cows, because it makes such a pleasant walk at the two best times of the day. I like to see the condition of the pasture, and to make mental

notes of odd little jobs of fence repairing, or weed cutting, or brush gathering, waiting to be done. There is always something nice to watch, like a rabbit making fun of the dogs, or a covey of quail taking off like a squadron of planes, or an exquisite little skunk driving the dogs crazy, or a long black snake going his own mysterious way.

NEVER BEFORE have I been so conscious of the possibilities of disease, and the necessity of hygiene. Yet I must confess that like most farmers, I find it easy to forget cleanliness, and to rationalize my indifference by saying that I have done all I can do. And like most intelligent women, Peggy has hygiene almost constantly on her mind. If Peggy had her way, we'd think of nothing but bacteria, and be completely miserable. If I had my way, we'd never think of them, and be dead. Between us, we are still alive and happy.

Our old barn has a gravel floor, and the law quite rightly forbids us to sell milk. With some care, a liberal use of straw, lime, sheep dip, and fly spray, I can keep the old dump moderately clean. Peggy keeps the icebox scrupulously clean, and every utensil that touches milk or butter is washed with boiling water and dried with special towels.

Early in our career, for \$300, we had the cisterns largely rebuilt, with new filters and connections. Whenever we suspect the water, we have

it tested by the Board of Health, and use boiled water in the interim.

The small cellar, under the kitchen, has been a worry as long as I can remember. In a wet season it is half full of water, and makes the whole house damp. When the house was treated for termites, the cellar was sprayed heavily with creosote; and it has also been cleaned and doused with lime. So far, we have been able to do nothing more about it.

The old privy had a mere hole, within 50 feet of one cistern. Lime, or disinfectant, or both, were dumped into it almost every day, and it was washed carefully once a week. In the summer, it was also sprayed for flies. A few weeks ago, we found we could have a new and better one built by the WPA by paying for materials only. We went ahead, and our new WPA project is fairly splendid. It cost about \$20.

NO MATTER what precautions one takes with animals, sooner or later one is confronted with a question of cure. A farmer has a good deal of nursing to do by himself. We try to do everything we can, but every now and then we have to call our veterinarian, Dr. Ames. He will tell me anything he can over the telephone, and is very glad to show me how to do anything I can possibly learn how to do. I used to be fairly squeamish about blood, and giving pain, but now familiarity, and the inherent interest of

veterinary medicine, permit me to do almost anything, and lead me, before I know it, into boring and shocking people who haven't the same interest. These things seem so marvelous, so real, so close, somehow, to what matters, that I lose all perspective.

Sheep have a most peculiar combination of delicacy and hardness. They are subject to many diseases and accidents, yet they seem to survive and multiply under most adverse conditions. Almost all of them have stomach worms, many have diseases of the intestines, some have diseased feet, all have ticks in season, and many have difficulty in lambing.

To the farmer as nurse, lambing time is one of the most arduous in the year, and one of the most exciting. A week or so before the time of that memorable first lambing, James and I clipped the wool off the ewes' udders and backsides, and began to pray for good weather. All the ewes had been bred, and I had fed them well. Some looked much larger than others, and we tried to guess which would have twins, but it turned out that we guessed wrong in most cases.

The first ones, twins, came one fine afternoon, several days early, when Peggy and I were in town. James was on the job, and got them into a pen. As soon as Peggy and I got home, and had gaped and cheered at the funny little accordions in chinchilla, James and I got several

other ewes, that looked near, into other pens.

The purpose of making pens, and of keeping ewes and lambs in them separately, is to protect the lambs and induce their mothers to own them. Often they don't, and a disowned lamb is a job and a half. A ewe tells her lambs by smelling their rumps, and refuses, in most cases, to let any other lambs nurse her. Sometimes ewes who have lost lambs are induced to take on other disowned ones by covering the latter with the skins of the dead lambs.

We had only one disowned lamb, out of 23, the first year. This one was the second of twins, and was born, to my surprise, at least two hours after the first. We had a supper party that night. I was not on the job for several hours, and when I returned to the pens, I found this second twin disowned. Several times a day, for days, I held the ewe for this lamb, which we called Pip-Squeak, to nurse, and then I began with a bottle, and made sure that he got all he could drink. But Pip-Squeak seemed to get no nourishment from his food, and remained an accordion. In about a fortnight, he died. Another was premature, and a third was stepped on by cattle and paralyzed. Three lost out of 23 lambs from 17 ewes was not bad, that year, for this region. Dr. Ames said I might never again be so lucky.

In animal midwifery, mother knows

best, and when watched carefully, has a lot to teach. No help is better than fussing. That first year, only one of my ewes had trouble. You are supposed to wait half an hour before helping. I waited three-quarters, disinfected myself, remembered the pictures in my book, and finished the process and the pain. This lamb became the biggest of all. We called him Jimmy. I was quite alone with those sheep in the middle of a cold, raw night, with one flashlight. Along with moments of writing, my first trick alone at the wheel of a ship, my first class as a teacher, and a few others, that simple little act was one of the major excitements of my life.

Lambing time is not a good time for parties, or for anything else. For about three weeks I could think of nothing else, do nothing else. During one week, when they were coming fastest, I didn't sleep for more than two hours at a time, and took off my clothes only to bathe, and to put on clean ones. Peggy, at the time, simply had to have some teeth pulled and spent that week in bed. I'm afraid I wasn't very good as company, or as a nurse, and I smelled to high heaven.

Ten calves, including one pair of male twins, have been born on the place since I have been here, and with one exception they have been no trouble at all. The most exciting birth of a calf, so far, and for no special reason, was one that

took place last winter. Peggy and I went to a rehearsal at the Little Theater in Chillicothe that evening, and drove home, about 11, in a snowstorm. For the time being — and this is the chief virtue of the Little Theater, for us — we had forgotten all about our livestock, but on the way home we wondered about Anne, the expectant mother. As soon as I had put the car away, I got the lantern and went to the barn. There was Anne, large-eyed and nervous, and there beneath an open window, with snow blowing in on him, was the new calf, not more than a half-hour old, and a beauty. I closed the window and went back to the house to get a pail of water for the mother, and a cloth of some sort to rub down the calf. I called the news up the back stairs to Peggy, who had undressed, but who threw on some clothes and came out to the barn with me, to see for herself. The little chap was still weak in the legs, but I got him on his feet and rubbed him down. Like all new calves, he was a little uncertain whether his first meal was at his mother's bow or stern, so I helped him to the connection, and we waited to make sure that he got some warm milk in his belly. Then we closed the door and came exulting back to bed.

Why exulting? We could claim no sort of credit for this, the most banal of nature's *tours de force*. This calf wasn't going to make our fortune; on the contrary, more than

likely, sooner or later he and his fellows would eat us out of house and home. I don't know. Raise livestock yourself, and find out. Look at any farmer, no matter how old, tough, and experienced, when he is taking care of his calves, or colts, or lambs, or pigs, or whatnot. Look at him, look at the small fry and their mothers, and feel the pulse of something beating. If odd things don't happen to your own circulation, stay in a penthouse, and be damned to you.

UNTIL I came out here to live, I was conscious of the weather only as a mild nuisance or excitant. But on the farm this great and indifferent power affects every decision we make, every moment of our work, and all its tangible results. It also affects the quality of every waking moment. In my case I have found that next to fine weather of gentle rains and sunlight the easiest to adjust to is the extreme, the freak weather. This is generally disastrous economically, but it gives one the exhilaration of knowing the worst, of testing oneself to the limit.

As a sample, I quote from a journal I kept last winter:

"The other evening, the bottom dropped out of the thermometer and the wind rose to a gale. We were fairly comfortable, close to the fire, and Peggy beat me at chess the second time running. I went out to the barnyard at nine, and found

all the animals intensely uncomfortable, but not in danger, despite the big cracks in some of the older buildings. I went out again at 11, and by that time the thermometer had dropped to 22 below. Hunter, the young calf being weaned, alone in his little shed, was shuddering with cold. The others, and the sheep, still seemed safe. I succeeded in getting a steer in with Hunter, to share body heat, but instead, the steer kept butting the calf and chasing him around, which was just as effective.

"With the help of the dogs, I chased the whole herd around through the drifts for a while to warm them up. Finally I went back to Hunter, to give him a last rubbing up the spine. I thought I was probably being fussy and foolish, until I learned that a neighbor lost six calves that night."

IN SPITE of our inexperience, our farm has brought us a few results. Nothing startling, you understand, nothing to discourage the Administration about crop reduction — but something. The fine old word "harvest" is rarely used: wool is clipped or sheared; hay is cut and made, wheat is reaped and threshed; corn is cut and husked, or shucked. Still, I am going to use the old word anyway.

Except for early garden produce, the first harvest of the year is the wool from the sheep. The shearing is done soon after the last really

cold weather. By that time, the wool is nearly three inches long, some yolk or grease has risen in it, and it is not yet fouled by burrs and tags of manure.

I was a little ashamed of being unable to shear the sheep myself, until I discovered that most sheep raisers have to call on outsiders. Dr. Ames told me of an efficient shearer. To keep the sheep dry, I penned them up the night before he came. From an old table-top, I made a shearing platform about 18 inches high, and six feet square.

The shearer, a tall, thin, powerful young man, brought hand shears, which he preferred. We put the platform near the doors, and he set to work. I caught the sheep for him, weighed the fleeces, and put them in a huge bag.

Shearing is an extremely nice job. The wool has to be clipped close to the skin, which is loose, tender, and not sharply different from the base of the wool in color. There is no shearer in the world who can work without any nicking at all. But my shearer knew his job thoroughly and made not more than a dozen nicks on 17 sheep, and only one bad one. The yolk is itself a disinfectant, and most farmers don't bother with anything else, but I had ready a weak phenol solution, which my shearer was glad to use, although he pointed out that cuts and scratches on his own hands were always healed by the grease from the wool.

The shearer sits the sheep on its rump on the platform, leaning against his own body, and held by his left knee and upper arms. Then he begins to clip beneath the right ear and works down and out, taking the fleece off in one piece, just like unbuttoning and slipping off an overcoat. It is one of the neatest little feats of manual dexterity I have ever seen.

As the job progressed, there was more and more bleating in the shed and outside, because the lambs could not recognize at first these new, thin, clean creatures, their shorn mothers, but the mothers could recognize their proper lambs, as always, by smelling their rumps. There was some fighting between ewes, who did not recognize each other. They say bucks that are old friends will fight savagely after being shorn.

As soon as the job was done, I paid the shearer his 20 cents a fleece, loaded the huge sack of wool, with a crate of old hens I had decided to sell, onto my little truck, and drove to town. Farming has its low moments, but this act of delivering the goods that people need is not one of them.

OUR MOST important field harvest here is the hay, and I like making it, no matter how small and poor the crop is. Even now I can smell it, the hot sun feels good to my very narrow and soul, I like the violent exercise, with sweat stream-

ing from every pore, and I like to think of how good even those few tons will look in the winter. It is fun to work like that, with a good man who doesn't talk except when he has something to say, and with all the dogs playing around and resting in the shade beneath the wagon when it stops. When everything is at last cut and every wisp of grass is cleaned up, the sod looks like yellow-green linen, fitted tightly to a beautiful body.

But the real victory is in the harvest of the corn. On these enormous fields, drilled with such precision, kept clean with such care, with the green pennons and tassels waving all summer in the wind, and harvested with such a fight, all of us, here and elsewhere, eat and live. These heavy ears keep the big parade of hogs and cattle moving from pasture and barnyard to stockyards, slaughterhouses, kitchens, and dining-room tables.

In September we begin to cut fodder in the field. First you find the four central hills in an area 14 hills square, bend down the tops, and tie them all together. The "gallus" thus formed, which is not to be cut until the fodder is hauled in, is the core of the shock, and provides something against which to lean the first armfuls of fodder. Then you begin to cut, hacking away with the formidable corn knife in your right hand, and gathering the tall stalks, heavy with their ears, into your left arm.

One soon learns to balance that heavy load on the hip. It is well to tie the left cuff to the thumb, or to a glove; otherwise a few hours of cutting will rub the wrist raw. When a shock is finished you pull it tightly together and tie it with binder twine. Then you go on, for hour after hour, until finally your field is no longer a West Point parade, but an even array of fortresses, with ripening pumpkins in between.

Corn-cutting, like most farm work, is hard enough. But it is a constructive, satisfying release of all the sadism frustrated and stored up for a year. The air is fine, with the smokiness and slight chill of early autumn, and the work itself is like fighting all day with a cutlass.

HOW WILL it be, we sometimes wonder, when working all day, and coming in tired, but not too tired, and eating and drinking with gusto, and laughing, and going to bed in very love, are memories only?

But we only think such things when we are tired. The worst effect of fatigue is its insidious corruption of all one's attitudes and emotions, of all one's waking hours.

When we are exhausted, we find it easy to worry about all the bad things that must be happening to the animals and the land, easy to magnify the long chances we are taking, and to imagine ourselves sinking through illness, bankruptcy, and dependence, to death. But there is a cure for worry in the re-

laxed, alert fatalism that is slowly created by the very nature of the work. Here, if anywhere, with these mighty enemies and allies, one can learn to feel: "If it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all." And so of death.

On a farm, death is always waiting to touch, gently and decisively, the trees and animals and plants that one cares for. Hardly a month can go by without something dying, and having to be chopped down and rooted up, or buried. Sometimes the pain is surprisingly, disproportionately keen, as when Peggy's dog was killed; but often, as when chickens die, there is no pain at all: simply a dull ache over one's incompetence to face this enemy. In any case, there is that moment when a small life gasps a little, or squirms a little, and is gone . . . so completely gone that one wonders whether it ever really existed. There is that extraordinary, that marvelous little organism, but it is already becoming cold and stiff, and if one does not quickly get the shovel, there will be maggots.

The familiarity of this experience removes much of its pain. Death seems closer here than in a city, and less nasty. One seems to hear of more people living to sound old age, and then dying peacefully and naturally. Not long ago, one of our neighbors, a very old woman, died quietly, almost happily, and was buried, simply, by her neighbors

and friends. Even the violent deaths of men in the woods, from shot-guns, or bulls, or lightning, seem less horrible, more natural, than violent deaths in the cities. Here, the hazards are more obvious, and at best, every living thing has its season, and its end.

Often enough, it is true, I turn the little burying jobs over to James, hoping that he is not thinking, as I am, of slower, more pretentious burials. Sometimes there is something weak and frightened in me that keeps fighting this transience, this waste of life and beauty, something that cries out in fear for the lives of my friends and comrades.

Then I think of the Homeric sailors, who wept, unashamed, and then ate well, and drank, and slept beside their little boats in the starlight. And then I pick up the limp and stiffening small body of a lamb, or puppy, and get the shovel, and do what I have to do, and go about my work.

IN SUCH a life as we have here, there is an unquestioned loneliness. Our pasts, and our strange purposes, isolate us from almost everyone. Yet we have several neighbors who mean a great deal to us. One of them is Mr. Gabriel Oak, a dairyman and general farmer who has done me countless kindnesses.

I shan't soon forget a very few words I exchanged with him when I first moved out here.

"You're coming home to live?" he asked.

Whether I'm sentimental or not, I admit that those words hit me squarely in the throat. I had never thought of it that way, nor had it occurred to me that anyone else could.

"Yes," I said.

"Good," he said.

Mr. Sam Kincaid is another farmer whose quality is not easy to define. It is not merely his honesty, competence, cleanliness, and long life of severe but not unhappy toil. It may have something to do with his deep reserve, his solitude, and his cunning with the soil and with all living things, his very fine, yet unbreakable, moral fiber. I have known enough working men to know that manual labor and poverty are no more likely to result in quality than are leisure, wealth and family trees. But the fact is that whenever I introduce my friends to Mr. Kincaid, I wonder not what they will think of him, but what he will think of them. If there is anything false or cheap in them, it may appear, and I am always just a shade nervous about this rigorous test of myself.

Mr. Kincaid, Mr. Oak, and all the others like them, and their strong wives and children — they are not just neighbors. They are the America I love. One thing I definitely do not like about them is their quite unconscious faculty of making so very many people I

know, who speak more of my language, look like children, dreamers, thistledown on the wind.

For farming is so hazardous and absorbing, so rich in values, that for all those who love the earth and animals and growing things, it offers a deep-rooted and superbly satisfying way of life. Perhaps I

have made it clear by this time that a small farm is a very poor place to earn a living in the ordinary meaning of that phrase, and a very rich and splendid place to earn a living in every other meaning of it. And many farmers are what in truth they all might be — the happiest men on earth.



Toward a More Picturesque Speech

WHAT as dated as a calendar (George Jean Nathan) . . . As silent as a man being shaved (13th Century Italian) . . . As inefficient as a brand-new towel . . . As eloquent as a travel folder (Richard Sherman) . . . As still as an image in a niche (W. Somerset Maugham) . . . As inquisitive as an X ray . . . As homeless as a poker chip (H. C. Witwer)

A MOVIE STAR of the first pulchritude (H. E. Dolan) . . . Beginning to cut his pinwhiskers (Edwin K. Warner) . . . A red-tape worm in one of the government bureaus (Erich Rath) . . . He and his wife are idiosyncronized (A. L. Mackin) . . . Smotherly love . . . Trying to live up to their yearned income.

— † —
*How Else
Would
You
Say It?*

BIRDS began to pay heaven for their night's rest (Anthony Thorne) . . . Candles made the darkness visible (L. V. Redman) . . . An eyelash moon (William B. Robey) . . . Water-dust at the foot of the falls . . . It was so hot the shadows shrank under the bushes (Frank Norris) . . . A huge wall of water towered over them — you could measure it only with your horror (W. Somerset Maugham)

HER FACE was her chaperon (Rupert Hughes) . . . She had the comforting capacity of making molehills out of mountains (A. J. Cronin) . . . She didn't want advice: she only used you as a waste-basket for her worries

(Elizabeth Cambridge)

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The Bedquilt

Condensed from "Hillsboro People"

Dorothy Canfield

Author of "The Bent Twig," "The Deepening Stream," etc.

OF ALL the Elwell family Aunt Mehetabel was certainly the most unimportant member. Not that she was useless, for she took upon herself the most tedious of the household labors. On Mondays she shared the washing of the men's shirts, stiff with dirt from the fields. Tuesdays she never dreamed of being allowed to iron anything pretty, but stood all day pressing dishcloths, towels and sheets. In preserving-time she sat in a corner and stoned cherries, or hulled strawberries until her fingers were dyed red to the bone. The Elwells were not consciously unkind to their aunt, but she was so utterly insignificant that they bestowed no thought on her.

Aunt Mehetabel took this treatment quite as unconsciously as they gave it. It was to be expected when one was 68 and an old maid. She gathered crumbs of comfort from their occasional careless kindnesses, and tried to hide the hurt of her brother's rough joking. In winter when they all sat before the hearth, roasted apples, drank mulled cider and teased the girls about their beaux, she shrank into a corner,

happy if the evening passed without her brother saying, "Ask your Aunt Mehetabel about the beaux that used to come a-sparkin' her!" She had been the same at 20 as at 60, too timid for anyone to notice.

Her sister-in-law Sophia, a big hearty housewife, was kind in an offhand way to the shrunken little old woman, and it was through her that Mehetabel was able to enjoy her life's one pleasure. Even as a girl she had been clever in patching bedquilts. During years of devotion to this one art she had accumulated a store of quilting patterns. Sometimes the neighbors would ask "Miss Mehetabel" for such and such a design. It was with an agreeable flutter at being able to help someone that she went to her bare room under the eaves and extracted from her crowded portfolio the pattern desired.

She never knew, later, how her great idea came to her. Sometimes she thought she must have dreamed it, sometimes she wondered reverently, in the phraseology of prayer-meeting, if it had not been "sent" to her. She never admitted that she could have thought of it without

help; it was too great a project for her humble mind to have conceived. Even when she finished drawing the design with her own fingers, she gazed at it incredulously. At first it seemed only a lovely dream. She did not think of putting into execution so beautifully difficult a pattern. But as she lived with this creation, the longing grew stronger to give it material life with her nimble old fingers.

When this idea first swept over her, she put it away as a sinfully selfish notion, but she kept coming back to it. Finally she thought compromisingly that she would make one square, just to see how it would look. She dared not do even this without asking Sophia's permission.

Sophia listened absently. "Why, yes, Mehetabel," she said, "start another quilt if you want to. I've got a lot of pieces from the spring sewing that will work in real good." Mehetabel tried honestly to make her see that this would be no common quilt, but her emotion stood between her and expression. At last Sophia said, "Oh, don't bother me! I don't care what pattern you go by."

Mehetabel rushed up to her room, and in joyful agitation began preparations. She had but little time from her household drudgery for this new occupation, and she did not dare sit up late lest she burn too much candle. So it was weeks before the little square began to show the pattern. Then Mehetabel

was in a fever of impatience. She rushed through her housework with a speed which left her panting. Finally she could wait no longer, and one evening ventured to bring her work to the fire where the family sat.

Sophia glanced at it carelessly. "Is that the new quilt you're beginning on?" she asked with a yawn. "Let's see it." Up to that moment Mehetabel had labored with disinterested devotion to an ideal, but as Sophia held up her work and exclaimed in amazement and admiration, she felt an astonished joy.

"Land sakes!" ejaculated Sophia. "Why, Mehetabel Elwell, where'd you git that pattern?"

"I made it up," said Mehetabel quietly, but with unutterable pride.

"No!" exclaimed Sophia. "Why I never see such a pattern in my life. Girls, come here and see what your Aunt Mehetabel is doing: Land! Look at all those tiny, squinchy little seams!"

The girls echoed their mother's exclamations, and Mr. Elwell himself came over. "Well, I declare!" he said, looking at his sister with eyes more approving than she could remember. "That beats old Mis' Wightman's quilt that got the blue ribbon at the county fair."

Tears of joy moistened Mehetabel's old eyes as she lay that night in her hard bed, too excited to sleep. The next day her sister-in-law amazed her by taking the potatoes out of her lap and setting one

of the children to peeling them. "Don't you want to go on with that quiltin'?" she said. "I'd like to see how you're goin' to make the grapevine design come out."

By the end of summer the family interest had risen so high that Mehetabel was given a stand in the sitting room where she could work in odd minutes. She almost wept over such kindness, and resolved firmly not to neglect her work, which she performed with a fierce thoroughness. The whole atmosphere of her world was changed. Through the longest task rose the rainbow of promise of her quilt.

She was even able to bear the extreme honor of having the minister and his wife admire her project. The family felt quite proud, as Minister Bowman said it was work as fine as any he had ever seen, "and he didn't know but finer!" The remark was repeated to neighbors. The family especially plumed themselves on the quilt's slow progress. "Mehetabel has been to work on that corner for six weeks, and she ain't half done yet," they explained to visitors.

The old woman sat up straighter and looked the world in the face. She joined in the conversation and was listened to. The children were even told to mind her when she asked some service. One day some strangers drove up to inspect the wonderful quilt which they had heard of, even down in their end of the valley. After that, such visita-

tions were not uncommon, and the Elwells saw to it that their aunt was better dressed than ever before. One of the girls made her a pretty cap to wear on her thin white hair.

A year went by and a quarter of the quilt was finished; a second year passed and half was done. The third year Mehetabel had pneumonia and lay ill for weeks, overcome with terror lest she die before her work was complete. A fourth year and one could really see the design's grandeur, and in September of the fifth year, the eager family watching her, Mehetabel quilted the last stitches. All looked at it in a solemn silence. Then Mr. Elwell exclaimed: "By ginger! That's goin' to the county fair!"

Mehetabel blushed. She had not dared to entertain this thought. One of the boys was dispatched to the chairman of the village committee. He returned with radiant face. "Of course he'll take it. Like's not it may git a prize, he says, but he's got to have it right off, because all the things are goin' tomorrow morning."

Even in her pride Mehetabel felt a pang of separation as the bulky package was carried out of the house. As the days went on she felt depressed without her work. The family noticed it and one day Sophia said kindly, "You feel sort o' lost without the quilt, don't you, Mehetabel?"

"They took it away so quick!" she said wistfully. "I hadn't hardly

had one real good look at it myself."

Mr. Elwell made no comment, but a day or two later he asked his sister how early she could get up in the morning. "I dunno. Why?" she asked. "Well, Thomas Ralston has to drive to West Oldton, four miles beyond the fair. If you can leave here at four tomorrow morning he'll drive you over to the fair, leave you there for the day and bring you back at night."

It was as though someone had offered her a ride to the gates of heaven. "Why, you can't *mean* it!" Mehetabel cried, paling with emotion. Her brother laughed uneasily. Even to his careless indifference this joy was a revelation of the narrowness of her life. "Oh, 'tain't so much to go to the fair. Go git your things ready."

All night a trembling old woman lay and stared at the rafters. She, who had never been more than six miles from home, was going to drive 30 miles. She, who had never seen anything more exciting than a church supper, was to see the county fair. To Mehetabel it was like a tour of the world.

The family all gave her conflicting advice. Sophia told her to see the preserves. Her brother said not to miss the stock, her nieces talked of the fancy work, and her nephews said she must go to the races. They all stood and waved good-bye as she drove out of the yard. She waved back, but she scarcely saw them.

On her return she was pale, and so tired that her brother had to lift her out, but her lips were set in a blissful smile. They crowded around her with questions until Sophia told them Aunt Mehetabel was too tired to speak until she had had her supper. This was eaten in enforced silence, and then the old woman was helped into an easy chair.

"Now, Mehetabel," said Sophia, "tell us all about it!"

Mehetabel drew a long breath. "It was just perfect!" she said. "Finer even than I thought. They've got it hanging up in a sort o' closet made of glass, and one of the lower corners is ripped and turned back so's to show the seams."

"What?" asked Sophia, blankly.

"Why, the quilt!" said Mehetabel. "There are a whole lot of others, but not one can hold a candle to it, if I do say it. I heard lots of people say the same thing."

Mr. Elwell asked, "What did you think of that big ox?"

"I didn't look at the stock," returned his sister indifferently. "That set of pieces, Maria, from your red waist, come out just lovely!" she assured one of her nieces. "I heard one woman say you could 'most smell the silk roses."

"Did any of the horses in our town race?" asked young Thomas.

"I didn't see the races."

"How about the preserves?" asked Sophia.

"I didn't see the preserves," said

Mehetabel calmly. "You see, I went right to the room where the quilt was, and then I didn't want to leave it. I had to look at it real good myself, and then I looked at the others to see if there was any that could come up to it. And then people begun comin' in, and I got so interested in hearin' what they had to say I couldn't think of goin' anywheres else. While I stood there didn't the head of the hull concern come in and open the glass door and pin 'First Prize' right in the middle of the quilt!"

There was a stir of congratulation and proud exclamation. Then Sophia returned to the attack. "Didn't you see anything else?"

"Why, no," said Mehetabel. "Only the quilt. Why should I?"

She fell into a reverie where she saw again the glorious creation of her hand and brain hanging before all the world with the mark of highest approval on it. She longed to make her listeners see the splendid vision with her. "I tell you it looked like —" She paused. Vague recollections of hymnbook phraseology came, but they were dismissed as being sacrilegious and not sufficiently forcible. Finally: "I tell you, it looked real *well!*" she assured them, and sat staring into the fire, on her tired old face the supreme content of an artist who has realized his ideal.

Relief and Taxes

Harry Scherman in N. Y. Herald Tribune

THE TRUE COST of government is not what taxes are collected, but what the government *actually spends*. A study by the Twentieth Century Fund shows that, on this basis, we lead the world in per capita cost of government. United States, \$133; Great Britain, \$123; and France, \$103.

The error of our notion that Americans are better off, tax-wise, than others, arises from our reliance on indirect taxation. Only about one ninth of our taxes consist of personal income taxes. As to the other *eight ninths*, few of us ever recognize them.

A close estimate of total government expense in the current fiscal year would be \$16,500,000,000. This is an average expense for government, in the United States, of \$523 *per family* — a tidy sum for any family to pay out without knowing about it.

Relief is often presented as the excuse for this enormous load. But we need not feel conscience-stricken when we call for government economy, if we bear a simple fact in mind: only \$90 out of this \$523 in the present fiscal year will represent relief, both state and federal.

Reader's Choice

A Selection of Articles from the General Magazines for August

SELLING ROOSEVELT TO THE PARTY, by James A. Farley — The Postmaster General tells the inside story of the Roosevelt campaign for the nomination in 1932, throwing new light on the "break" with Al Smith, how the vice-president was nominated, and other political incidents and personalities. The first of a series in which Mr. Farley hopes "to present honestly my own views and understanding of the events and men and women who have had a hand in making present-day history."

SPEAKING OF SHRINKING VIOLETS, by James Street — It's Mr. Whalen again, his fabulous career in the limelight, and the grandiose job of showmanship he is doing on the New York World's Fair.

A RAINBOW WITH A MILLION ENDS, by Charles B. Driscoll — Pirate gold and buried treasure have a continual fascination, and there's a lot of hidden wealth still lying around these United States, the object of persistent search by many people.

ESCAPE TO THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, by Philip Aquila Kempster — The South Seas have stirred longing in the hearts of thousands who desire a more leisurely life in an exotic setting. Here is a couple who found the lure not imaginary — and they lived there on \$50 a month.

THE MYSTERIOUS ENGLISH HOME, by H. W. Seaman — The English think they are the only ones who know what a home is, yet most of them are renters rather than owners and their slum clearance projects are ruining the countryside and creating new slums, declares this Britisher.

American

PAROLES OVER THE COUNTER, by Martin Mooney — How politicians pay political debts and line their own pockets by ob-

taining paroles for convicts, many of them habitual criminals. Those who really deserve parole are frequently the last to get it, the author says, because they have no "connections," and only eight states are equipped to handle the problem in anything like an impartial or scientific manner.

HORSE-AND-BUGGY DAYS, by John Kieran — Harness racing has regained its early popularity, with the Hambletonian run at Goshen, N. Y., in August as the climax of the season. Men and women, amateurs and professionals, engage in the big events, in which a little girl of 11 has established three world records.

A DOG'S LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD, by J. B. Griswold — Many a movie dog is worth his weight in gold, and most of them come from the kennel of a former movie comedienne who gave up pictures to train dogs.

The American Mercury

THE JURY HAS REACHED A VERDICT, Anonymous — Some of the jurors regarded their work as an honor, some as a

lark, but all were eager for their pay and willing to postpone a verdict so that they could get a free meal off the county or have a few rounds of poker.

GROUP LEADERS OF DEMOCRACY, by Edward L. Bernays — Business must first find and win over leaders in farm and labor organizations, in education and club activities before it can gain broad public support for its point of view, declares this publicity expert.

WHY WE DO NOT BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS, by Ralph Adams Cram — Reprinted from an earlier number because the editors believe it throws important light on "the social and political disintegration now so markedly in progress here," Mr. Cram's essay attacks the ideas of progressive evolution, Protestantism and democracy as "the most calamitous happenings of the last millennium." It will be followed shortly by a sequel.

THE LEFT KIDNAPS AMERICAN YOUTH, by Harold Lord Varney — Communists have taken over the American Youth Congress, Mr. Varney charges, and have made of it a pressure group claiming to represent all

American young people and continually agitating for utopian benefits and subsidies.

WANTED: AN AMERICAN UPPER CLASS — Using the Whitney case as an example, the editors deplore the lack of an upper class which exercises its true function as an example of self-imposed integrity, honor and decency. They blame it on the American worship of money and on formalistic middle-class morals, which encourage a man to get all he can as long as he remains out of jail.

THE DOCTOR'S HONEYMOON, by M. O. Gannett — Pathos and cynicism, fun, companionship and hard work mark the life of an intern in a big city hospital.

PITTSBURGH: WHAT A CITY SHOULDN'T BE, by Dwight Macdonald — The business community has evaded its social responsibilities as the ruling class, charges this author, with the result that politically, educationally and socially Pittsburgh is one of the most backward of American cities.

HITCH-HIKE PASSPORTS, by Chapman J. Milling — A suggestion for supplying credentials to hitch-hikers; so that the motorist can still be generous to the worthy pedestrian wanting a ride.

HOW GOOD IS PAROLE? — A debate between J. Edgar Hoover and Sanford Bates, head of the Boys Clubs of America and former Superintendent of Federal Prisons. Mr. Hoover favors the theory of parole but strongly attacks the way it is administered in all but six or seven states. Mr. Bates, on the other hand, points to statistics showing that less than one percent of all those now being arrested for crime are on parole and declares that parole is a method of protecting the community rather than a demonstration of leniency toward the prisoner.

FORUM

THE CASE FOR BUILDING AND LOAN, by A. D. Theobald — Reply to a previous article attacking the savings institutions.

It asserts that the criticisms do not apply to societies holding some 80 percent of the total assets which are the chief means by which small homes are financed efficiently.

PSYCHOLOGY CURES ALCOHOLISM, by Edward A. Strecker — Abnormal drinking is an attempt to escape reality, and while medicines, sanitariums and various physical up-building measures have their place in its treatment, it can be dealt with effectively only by psychological weapons. Methods of psychological treatment now most successfully employed are cited.

FLIGHT FROM SLANDER, by Marion Joyce — Pseudo-science and tabloid gossip have distorted the public mind regarding friendship between women and have ruined many women's lives, declares this author who relates her own bitter experience.

WHAT THE NEGRO MOTHER FACES, by Cecelia Eggleston — A sensitive Negro woman considers the fate of her children in a world of race discrimination.

AMERICA'S MEDIEVAL WOMEN, by Pearl S. Buck — Women are badly treated in America because they are given educa-

tion equal to that of men but are narrowly restricted in their opportunities for self-realization. The American woman has been shown tantalizing vistas, but her place is still in the home — and it's no wonder she's neurotic.

THE NAZI PRIMER — Excerpts from the standard textbook of the Hitler Youth, presented by the editors as an intellectual curiosity.

'WHEN I WAS A YOUNG COUNTRY DOCTOR, by Arthur E. Hertzler, M.D. — Beginning practice in a Kansas village 40 years ago, Dr. Hertzler traveled through blizzard and mud, often on the road 16 hours a day. He reformed the town drunkard by a practical joke, and observed human nature at its most heroic moments.

DUTCH TREAT, by John Gunther — A meal in Dutch colonial Java is not only a feast but a ritual.

Harpers MAGAZINE

ONE HUNDRED BILLION A YEAR, by Roy Helton — Industrialism has come of age and its curve of growth is flattening

out, declares Mr. Helton. This is not to be deplored, for it means that we can now find time to live if we will only realize that indefinite mechanical expansion is not our only reason for being.

HOKKAIDO IS JUST LIKE AMERICA, by Helen Mears — Touring in Hokkaido, "the Playland of Japan," with a party of Japanese revealed to this American woman many curious aspects of the national character. She notes their failure to colonize this rich section of their own islands — although the climate, to an American, is ideal — while they cite population pressure as their reason for wanting Manchuria and China.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, by George R. Leighton — This second part of a study of the city relates its history from the fall of Populism to the rather depressing present — an example of how absentee ownership drains the life from a community.

BOAKE CARTER, by A. J. Liebling — A study of the popular radio commentator who cherishes his British accent and believes in putting himself "out on a limb" in his broadcasts, who is condemned by both the CIO and retired admirals, who believes he is in danger of suppression and who likes to chin with Father Coughlin.

ONLY THE ONE I'M AFTER, by Alvaro De Silva — A first-person experience on 57th Street. Principals: the author, who retrieves cigarette butts and has a special passion for those marked with lipstick, and a smartly dressed lady who steps on his fingers.

Scribner's

SURREALISM IN OVERALLS, by Frank Caspers — Greeted with hoots and smirks when it first appeared in America eight years

ago, surrealism, the maddest of all art fads, has now been taken to the bosom of the advertisers who appeal to the luxury trade.

TRUE STORIES, by Harland Manchester — Bernarr Macfadden and Captain Billy Fawcett have widely divergent personalities but both have made a fortune out of the confession magazines which sell sin-and-suffering to one in every 15 Americans. Here is the story of how these magazines started, how they are edited, and who buys them.

Among Those Present

Ladislav Adamic (p. 71) was born of peasant stock in what is now Yugoslavia. At 14 he ran away to America, and though at first entirely without English, he managed to earn his living as an itinerant laborer. After painfully educating himself in this new language, he achieved a reputation as a writer, and his *Laughing in the Jungle*, published in 1932, brought him a year's study abroad from the Guggenheim Foundation. From his visit to Yugoslavia came the widely popular *The Native's Return*. Adamic's latest book is *My America*.

Nancy Boyd (p. 62) is a *nom de plume* sometimes used by Edna St. Vincent Millay, author of *The King's Henchman*, *The Buck in the Snow*, *Fatal Interview*, and other popular volumes of poetry.

Robert Greenleaf (p. 79) is the pseudonym of a recent student at a midwestern university, who was editor of the campus publication and otherwise prominent. After the publication of his article in *Scribner's*, confessing to ghosting other students' themes, the resultant publicity brought about a faculty investigation, and he was refused the Phi Beta Kappa key which his grades had earned. He graduated last June and now has a job on a Kansas newspaper.

William Marion Krogman (p. 104) has been Associate Professor of Anatomy and Physical Anthropology at Western Reserve since 1931, and has been studying bones, here and abroad, for the last ten years. He is U. S. secretary of the International Congress of Anthropology and Ethnology, has published over 50 technical articles on anatomy and physical anthropology in America, England and Germany, and has been called in as expert witness in numerous famous criminal cases involving skeletal remains.

Wayne Francis Palmer (p. 64) was formerly an officer in the U. S. Navy. He resigned his commission in 1922 and has since given his time to writing, principally on naval subjects and the sea. He is the author of *Men and Ships of Steel* and *Death on the Baltic*.

Charles Allen Smart (p. 113) was born in Cleveland, son of a newspaper man. He came east with his family in 1917, graduated from Harvard in 1926, and for three years worked in the publishing house of Doubleday, Doran. He then turned to writing and produced two novels, *New England Holiday* and *The Brass Cannon*. In 1934 came the change in his life — his inheritance of a farm in Ohio — which led to the writing of *R.F.D.*

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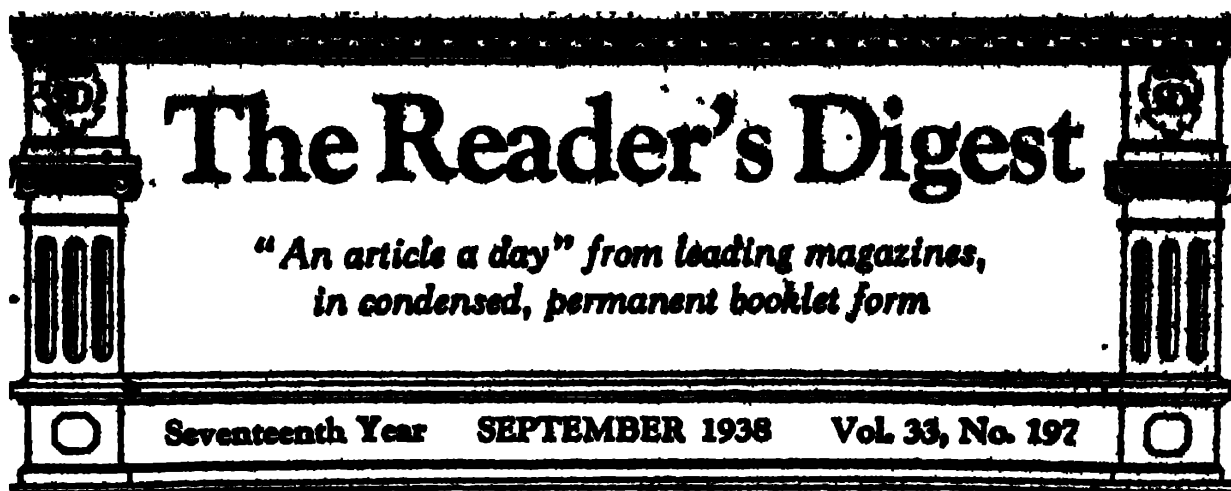
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Our "depression" may only be the sign of a maturing civilization

The Ceiling Over the Head of Industry

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Roy Helton

IT SEEMS TO BE taken for granted in the United States that our happiness and our destiny are both tied up to an unlimited growth in the production of mechanical things. Our President and his advisers believe, just as thoroughly as do big and little business men, that the picture of life formed in our minds between 1914 and 1929 is the true American picture, and the one to be calculated from in framing large national policies. But is this a sound useful notion of our destiny?

Business charts show that the growth curves of steel tonnage, railroad track mileage, automobile registrations and electric power — four of the most important factors

in American economic life — have leveled off since 1917 (despite abnormally speeded production between 1925 and 1930), just as our population curve flattened out early in the 19th century. This is not a phenomenon of any so-called business depression of mysterious or political origin, but rather the result of the maturing of our mechanical culture, which cannot be induced to continue its former rate of growth any more than a man of 22 can be made to grow like a youth of 14 by any medicine or system of exercise.

It was inherent in the headlong speed of our mechanical development that we should reach a ceiling some time, a point beyond which

our progress would be necessarily slower, more normal and more mature. It was also inherent in our national character that we could not believe that fact when it arrived, that we should fight it in the old pioneer spirit. We fought it industrially first, with new devices of production. (The World War coming at that time gave us the illusion of victory.) Then we fought financially. Later we fought it politically, by direct government action. We produced fluctuations, but the growth rate was not noticeably affected.

The converging and leveling of these rates of growth means that a new America is being born. There is no pessimism in this statement. A continuously rapid growth would mean a supermechanical saturation such as could hardly presage a happy future for man.

Between 1914 and 1930 the artificiality of American life rose as decisively as did the national income and consumption. The American people adapted themselves to the use of roughly \$600 worth of manufactured goods a head per year.

It is still assumed that all of us prefer this necessarily more artificial life of high industrial production and consumption, and that it is the state's business to promote it. It is assumed that in a year such as 1937, when bank balances were higher than at any time in our his-

tory except in '28, '29 and '30, and savings accounts larger than ever before, it was only fear which prevented the stubborn consumer from consuming, and the stubborn capitalist from expanding his investments in industry.

But how do we know it was fear? How do we know it was not a general and still scarcely conscious indigestion of material things, and an impatience with the kind of life they lead to? In a country where nothing has been operating at capacity for seven years (except airplane factories and now and again textile plants in rush seasons), where we have too much of everything for those who have money to buy them, it would seem that our machinery is not stalled by a lack of capacity but by a lack of effective demand.

Much has been done to improve the distribution of our national wealth. But the fact remains that when we speed up production, as we did in 1936, and distribute the wages of production, which are higher relatively than ever before, and insure the prosperity of agriculture as we never did before, even then demand falls off, and the wheels of production stall.

There is nothing mysterious about this slowing down. It is my view that we are approaching a saturation point in our mechanical development and are trying desperately, and on the whole vainly, to

ignore the fact and its consequences. What we are now calling a depression is in reality the culmination of our industrial growth and the beginning of a new chapter in our history.

A man who sells me eggs may call every week and be welcome. But a man who sells heating equipment need call only once or twice in my lifetime, and he has called. Perhaps every American would enjoy having a new motorcar every year. But cars are durable, and the market is glutted with good used cars from which pleasure and use may still be had. Ceilings are close over the heads of every great American industry except the manufacture of airplanes and implements of war.

Another factor in our decline in growth rate is this: we have exported machinery to compete with our own production — machinery which is largely self-perpetuating. The world is growing up industrially. We are no longer the industrial pioneers of the world. Our neighbors now fend for themselves.

Furthermore, our population growth has been proceeding in the past few years at only one quarter of its pioneer rate; and when population growth slows down, that fact reacts on an industrial growth which has always been paced to a rapid expansion of demand.

A fourth factor — the one, I feel, we shall have finally to reckon with most — is a new sales resistance

among men of the middle classes. For the past 20 years we have held to the ideal that every family should have an electrified home, a washing machine, an oil heater, a new car every year, a telephone, a radio, and in time an air conditioner and a television receiver. But big business and government in the business of stimulating consumption have run up against a psychological barrier — the inherent inability of men to want advantages if they involve a larger individual struggle than men are satisfied to make. It seems to be forgotten that the United States has produced not only a Henry Ford but a Henry Thoreau, and that the two men are not basically very different.

If a man has to labor or to worry more for a higher standard of living than for a lower he should also get a proportionally higher return, or in time the process that forces him on will fail of its effect. And there is a limit beyond which more of the same kind of things will not entice him to increased effort. The evidence is clear that many of us passed that limit between 1914 and 1929. More clothes, more golf, more alcohol, more gasoline, and more bridge, however illimitably offered, failed to drive men on into the promised land of still more golf, alcohol, etc.

Our main mechanical needs are filled. Additional inventions become necessarily more special and complex, and the time arrives when further devices become less and

less important. Television, for instance, is more complex than radio, but it does not add so much to life as radio did. It may bring the stage and the moving picture into the home, where the moving picture can already be had. It may transmit the daily news more vividly than we can now get it from our broadcasters or the papers. But what else can it add to life?

We cannot expect to make a new age out of the pursuit of mechanical toys, however ingenious or profound the theories on which those toys are constructed. There are too many human pleasures which an overabundance of machinery interferes with. Conversation is one; walking, reading and sleep are others.

If the facts mean what I take them to mean, much that now seems merely a perversity of fate becomes intelligible. But that meaning points to a future world quite different from that predicted by those who are still intoxicated with machinery. The diffusion of advantages, rather than the creation of new ones, will be its chief social problem. Its object will not be to stir up a new boom, but to insure steady progress toward a general happiness, not built on debt.

In that world, industry will be supplying all reasonable needs with a constantly diminishing man power. What will the rest of the men and women be doing? Because we are so conditioned by our mechanical

dream that we cannot imagine an answer in terms of our present world picture, we are inclined to reject the possibility altogether. It is far easier to picture people as whisking about aboard rocket ships, on God knows what errands of cosmic salesmanship, or playing ball with atomic bombs. But in this unknowable future, so close round the corner, it seems to me that the problem will be solved very simply if we begin to solve it now.

What do we need most? In that question lies the secret of our destiny. Is it really more motorcars? Is it really television? Is it really a new product? What we need most are more teachers and nurses, more doctors and dentists, more surgeons, more scientists studying the problems of life and health, more foresters and bigger forests for them to work in, more cabinet-makers who can turn out an article that is a real 1938, and not a slavish duplicate of a million other pieces; we need more hand-wrought things of every sort.

We do not need less machinery, but we do need more civilization. Business and government have not yet digested that fact, but we ourselves are digesting it and proclaiming it, and are forcing a new kind of civilization to appear. It is not jobs that make needs, but needs that make jobs. And so long as we think of general needs as purely mechanical, we are likely to remain stalled.

We have preceded other nations in the mechanical conquest of nature. Ahead of us lies the possibility of a better and a more contented world than any that we can remember. Millions of men have labored through this industrial era fighting for time to live. Thousands who have attained that goal have never discovered how to use the time they have won. We have hints already in the growing demands for decentralization of industry, national forests, better game laws, small pleasure craft, that the use of time, lost for many men in the grim production struggle we are now emerging from, is being slowly rediscovered.

If America is to pioneer in anything memorable during the second third of the 20th century,

it is my guess that it will pioneer in a return to natural social pleasures for all.

Industrialism has come of age. It can no longer live on itself alone. Those who are not needed in factories will have to be taught occupations that bear on the way men live, and not occupations that derive from more and more machinery and equipment.

The great boom is over. What we have been waiting for is here — a maturely growing civilization that has mastered nature and can now set about using that mastery for its own happiness. But if we insist that mechanical expansion is still our only reason for being here on this lucky spot, every good now within our grasp may be destroyed by our childish folly.

Acting the Part

Clark Gable

WHEN I played my first love scene, I was scared to death. The director said to use a longing expression — and I did my best. I tried to think of a big, tender, rare steak. And it worked so well that I've been using it for romantic scenes ever since. — Quoted by Jimmy Fidler in *Cleveland Press*

Charles Laughton

ONCE I was cast in a play in which I had to wear smart clothes and go around the stage kissing the women. I came home one night in a state of despair and said to Elsa, my wife: "I know they won't stand for this. I have a face like an elephant's behind and in this play I have to do the big sex act." She turned on me like the proverbial tiger and whipped out: "How dare you presume you are unattractive! Hold your shoulders back, keep your head up and smile, so that I can hold my head up with other women." Can you beat that? I owe her plenty.

— *The Atlantic Monthly*

Crash in the Desert

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly

Antoine de Saint Exupéry

Author of "Night Flight"

During a test flight from Paris to Indo-China this distinguished French aviator and his mechanic crashed in the Libyan desert. For a day they explored the torrid waste. Then, back at the plane but with supplies exhausted, they seemed doomed to perish amid an infinity of heat and mirage.

THAT FIRST DAY we had covered 36 miles of dazzling expanse, suffering terribly from thirst. By nightfall our last drop of liquid was gone. We piled up fragments of a broken wing and lit a signal fire. Only too well I knew that no one would see it.

Next morning we mopped up the dew on the wings of our plane with cotton waste, and squeezed out a few spoonfuls of water foul with grease. It tasted horrible, but it moistened our lips.

"It's as well we have a revolver," Prévot observed.

I swung round on him in a sudden fury. But Prévot had spoken without emotion as if he had said, "We'd better have a wash!" Indeed, we were of the same mind, and the sight of the leather holster the day before had set me thinking, too.

However, with the coming of daylight we started exploring again, going off in opposite directions.

As I walked I pieced together all I could recall about the Libyan

Desert. In the Sahara the humidity in the air is 40 percent; here it drops to 18 percent, and life goes up in vapor. Bedouins and colonial officers say that a man can survive for 19 hours without drinking. When in the twentieth hour his eyes begin to flood with light, the end comes swiftly. To the damp northeast wind, abnormal in these parts, we obviously owed the prolongation of our lives. How long a reprieve would it accord us before our eyes began to glaze with light?

Suddenly I shouted wildly. I had just seen a man waving to me. No. Another mirage. Now all the desert was coming to life. How hard it was to deny the evidence of sight — to refrain from running toward the caravan slowly moving yonder! "There it is," I murmured, "as large as life." Mirage after mirage created by my imagination beckoned me on.

The coming of twilight sobered me. I halted, appalled to realize how far I was from our base. "Quite

likely Prévot has been spotted by a caravan," I thought.

After two hours' tramp I saw a glow on the horizon; Prévot, panic-stricken at the thought I might have lost my way, had built a fire. Another hour's walk; 500 yards to go, then 50.

I halted in sheer stupefaction. Joy surged up in my heart. There, in the firelight, Prévot was chatting with two Arabs.

"Ahoy!" I cried exultantly.

The nomads gave a start and stared in my direction. Prévot hastened toward me. I flung my arms out wide. Prévot caught and steadied me — was I tottering?

"So they've come?"

"Eh?"

"Those Arabs over there, damn it! The ones you were talking to."

Prévot eyed me strangely. "There aren't any Arabs."

And now it seemed no use fighting back my tears. . . .

For 24 hours we had had only a spoonful of dew water to drink; so we spread out a parachute, hoping to catch more dew. At dawn, when we wrung the parachute out into a tank, we found we had collected almost two quarts. The long agony of thirst was ended; we could drink our fill!

The water was a brilliant yellow-green, and at my first gulp I found it so acrid that, thirsty as I was, I could not swallow it.

Prévot was walking round and round, his eyes fixed on the ground.

Suddenly he bent forward and vomited. Thirty seconds later I followed suit. Our last faint hope was gone. (I never found out if this mischance was due to the coating of the parachute or to some chemical deposit in the tank.)

It was high time to make a move. We would turn our backs on this accursed place, abandon the plane, and walk across the desert till we dropped.

"If I were left to myself," Prévot remarked, "I'd just lie down and sleep."

But we set out, side by side, heading east-northeast, not knowing whether with every step we were approaching a caravan route or plunging deeper into the unfathomable desert.

Of that day all I can recall is an impression of desperate hurry toward an inevitable breakdown. I kept my eyes fixed on the ground; the mirages were more than I could bear. Now and again we corrected our course by compass; now and again, lying on the sand, we took a breather.

At nightfall Prévot suddenly exclaimed, "That's a lake over there, I'll stake my soul on it. There can't be any mirages at this hour."

I did not reply. I had long since given up believing my eyes.

"I'm going to have a look. It's not 20 minutes' walk."

I *knew* Prévot would never return. He would collapse out there, to die in his tracks . . . as here I should die in mine. Anyhow — what difference did it make?

How far gone was I, I wondered. I tried to summon up some saliva on my palate — but none would come. When I closed my mouth some gluey substance sealed my lips, forming a solid crust. However I could still swallow, and as yet no flashes of light had developed in my eyes.

Darkness came and my thoughts drifted to Prévot, my lost companion. A fine fellow. Never once had I heard him whimper.

What was that? There he was 500 yards away, swinging his lamp. He must have lost the trail. I stood up and shouted. He did not seem to hear. Then another lamp flashed out 200 yards from his; then a third. So that was it — a search party!

The three lamps went on signaling. "I'm sane," I murmured. "There's nothing wrong with my sight." And a gust of panic swept over me as they seemed to turn away. "Wait! I'm coming!"

An answering call — at last! My breath caught, but I kept on running toward the voice. It was Prévot. I stumbled, fell.

"When I saw all those lights I couldn't help . . ."

"What lights?"

Then I saw — he was alone. And now I felt no despair, only a rankling sense of outrage.

"Yes," Prévot said at last, "we're in a damned bad way."

The night was turning cold. My teeth began to chatter, my limbs to twitch convulsively. An

icy chill numbed my body and my limbs gave way. I dug a trench, lay down in it and blanketed all but my face with sand. Prévot declined to bury himself, thinking it better to keep on the move. He was wrong. The cold no longer troubled me; my body was asleep. . . .

And now the dawn was rising and I was feeling better. "Let's make a start, Prévot. Our throats are open still, and we'd best keep moving while we can."

There was no dew that night and a west wind, the wind that desiccates a man in 19 hours, was blowing. My tongue felt like plaster of Paris and there was a foul taste in my mouth. Motes of light were dancing in my eyes. I tried sipping some pure ether we had brought along; it was like swallowing a razor. Then a little 90-degree alcohol, but it closed my gullet.

Desperate, we set off at a quick pace, to make the most of the cool early hours. Only too well we knew that when the sun was high we should walk no more.

We couldn't walk more than 500 yards without lying down. But always something urged us on. After a while the landscape changed. A mile or so ahead was a line of dunes, dotted with low shrubs. Now we broke down every 200 yards.

"Let's carry on," I whispered, "as far as those bushes."

We were at the end of our tether. I was sure my legs would carry me no farther.

"Yesterday," I mused, "I abandoned hope; today the very word is meaningless. We are walking mechanically on, like oxen harnessed to a plow. Yesterday I dreamed of paradisaical orange groves; today I have lost faith in paradise, I do not believe in oranges . . ."

Suddenly . . . what was it I had seen? I stared at Prévot. He seemed to share my stupefaction, and to be equally unable to clear up his impressions.

I had seen footprints in the sand!

Then suddenly I heard a cock crow. "Now my *ears* are playing tricks on me," I thought.

Prévot gripped my arm. "Hear that?" he asked.

"What?"

"A cock."

Then — there was no disputing now — we were saved!

On a low dune some distance ahead a Bedouin suddenly appeared; both of us racked our throats shouting to him.

But our voices did not carry 50 yards. The Bedouin moved slowly out of sight, and we had no strength left for running after him.

Another Arab showed up on the dune. We shouted to him, but our voices failed again. Then we waved our arms. But the Bedouin persisted in looking away. At last, with an agonizing slowness, he swung round. The miracle had come to pass! He was walking toward us across the sands.

He merely glanced at us. Then,

laying his hands on our shoulders, he pressed us down on the sand. At that moment racial distinctions, difference of language, were of no account. All that counted was the poor nomad of the desert, laying angelic hands upon our shoulders.

For a while we waited. At last he came to us with a basin of water and, lying on our bellies, we plunged our mouths in it like cattle at a pool. We were too far gone to stand. (When, a week later, we retraced our tracks, we found that all told we had walked 120 miles.)

The Bedouin conveyed to us as best he could that there were Europeans in the neighborhood. Mounted on a camel's back, we set out to join them, but after three hours' jolting we persuaded our rescuers to leave us in a camp while they went ahead to fetch help. Toward six in the evening a car manned by armed Bedouins picked us up. By midnight I was in bed in Cairo. . . .

I awoke to find myself between white sheets, with the sun, an enemy no longer, stealing past the curtains. I buttered a roll and spooned honey on it; I found it tasted exactly like the rolls and honey of my boyhood. And with it, the childish sense of living in a perpetual wonderland had returned to me. My eyes strayed back to the telegram lying on the counterpane; four common words, yet, coming from those dearest of all to me, most wonderful of messages: — "We are so happy . . ."

The Yawn Comes In Like Thunder

Condensed from *The New Republic*

Robert J. Landry

THE BRITISH believe that an occasional interval of silence on the radio is no disgrace. Not so the Americans. The American radio is devoted to the principle of something doing every minute. The show must go on — and on — and on.

It is in the good old summer time that radio schedules are most profusely dotted with yawning holes that must be filled — usually with an extraordinary amount of plain and fancy gibberish. Let us consider some of these forays into unexplored entertainment country.

A year or two ago singing mice turned up all over the country. Though none of the talented rodents ever reached radio stardom, they made program-builders lovers of living critters. From then on radio filler-inners had a definitely zoological leitmotif.

There was, for example, a contest, conducted by a Washington, D. C., station, for the parrot with the best diction and personality. In Philadelphia, Station KYW broadcast the milking of a snake. A hive of bees playing a theatrical engagement in a New England studio got

loose and caused excitement which the station indignantly denied was a press agent's stunt. Station KWK, St. Louis, matched a coyote with a radio announcer in a yowling contest. The coyote's high C completely outclassed the announcer.

In Boston there was a broadcast of a troupe of trained fleas just arrived from Europe. The amusing little immigrants, not speaking a word of English, had to be approached through their trainer-interpreter, who told all about their tastes and eccentricities. They had, he was happy to report, survived the ocean voyage extremely well and were looking forward to getting acquainted in the United States. Boston could not believe its ears. The episode has since become known as the Boston flea party.

Radio did not overlook the entertainment possibilities in hog-calling. That in turn suggested variations. Husband-calling, dinner-calling and junior-calling had sessions on the air. The scouts never found a hog that was good at farmer-calling.

Cincinnati's WKRC assigned an announcer to participate in a picnic

prank involving a race between heifers. The announcer held a portable microphone in one hand, the cow's tail in the other, and running as fast as possible, he attempted to tell the world all about the race. At this same sporting classic Station WSAI had its representative astride a jackass to give a ringside report of a mule derby.

In the spring radio stations lightly turn to thoughts of trout. Picture the rustic scene by a creek as the first angler baits the first worm and goes after the first fish — while a radio announcer stands by to paint the scene with the same tense emotion he would use to describe a championship prizefight. If a trout obligingly nibbles within the allotted time period the program is a big success. Even hay fever time is observed by WMT, Cedar Rapids, with a "sneezing troubadour" program.

On any hot summer day some station may decide to fry an egg on the pavement. WEEL, Boston, did this in July, 1937, with the sidewalk roped off, a weather man to discuss the heat, an expert to discuss the hen that laid the egg, finally a professional chef to comment on the condition of the sun-fried egg. There was no spokesman for the street-cleaning department.

On Friday the 13th it is typical for radio to set up a ladder in public and invite passers-by to walk under it, break a mirror, and be interviewed on their pet superstitions.

When two girl woodchoppers arrived in New York City in 1935 the National Broadcasting Company was inspired to turn pioneer. An aged tree in Central Park was donated by city authorities. The girls rolled up their sleeves and began demolishing the tree, while an NBC announcer solemnly gave a blow-by-blow description. Never in history was there a tree whose last moments were so exhaustively considered! The whole episode was exploited from every angle of interest, if any.

This is probably the only country in the world where forcible public interviewing is one of the hazards of everyday existence. Since the development of portable transmitters, radio is forever thrusting a microphone under the average citizen's nose and crying, "Hey, mister, meet the United States." One station began the day by seizing the postman as he flatfooted in with the morning mail. He was promptly and thoroughly interviewed on his opinions and bunions. This nicely took care of an open quarter hour.

Once the ringing of the American doorbell heralded the presence of a young man working his way through college; today it may be a radio announcer working his way through the building.

"Good evening, ma'am. You're on the air!"

Questions may vary from life and love to Mussolini and malted milk.

They may be frivolous and casual or grim investigations into the citizen's education culminating in a demand that he or she spell chrysanthemum or get the gong.

"Please speak directly into the microphone, ma'am. The world is eager to hear every word."

In several cities, radio visits the marriage license bureau and corners matrimonially-bent young couples. With enchanting friendliness

the announcer asks the self-conscious pair how many children they plan to have.

Such are the enduring monuments marking the battles between American broadcasters and their old adversary, silence. In terms of radio entertainment they may not be ear-worthy. But technically, at least, the broadcaster has emerged victorious. No intermission has occurred, silence has been averted.

Something to Remember Us By

¶ A GARBAGE-PAIL LID responding to toe pressure is spectacular to anyone witnessing it for the first time. It is more than a mere labor-saving device; it is a soul-satisfying one. A distinguished Frenchwoman, visiting the United States, was dutifully shown skyscraper cathedrals, cocktail bars, vehicular tunnels, and other evidences of our national greatness. She was politely unimpressed, till she chanced into her host's kitchen one morning and observed the garbage pail in action. When she returned to France, a genuine American garbage pail was the only trophy of her trip to the new world.

— *The New Yorker*

¶ WHEN I returned to Japan after several years in the United States, the wife of a successful Japanese oil merchant came to call. After a long, ceremonious bow and the usual complimentary inquiries regarding the health of family and relatives, she produced a package wrapped in exquisitely embroidered crepe. With an elaborate manner, every movement in accordance with the strictest etiquette, my guest removed the wrapping and presented, modestly but with evident pride, a large imported paper box, on which was printed in fancy English letters:

Imported Dainties

*A Foreign Delicacy Possessing the Fragrance of Flowers
Used by Ladies and Gentlemen
in the*

Cultured Society of Europe and America

It was a large, wholesale package of ordinary chewing gum.

— Etsu Inagaki Sagimoto, *Daughter of the Samurai* (Doubleday, Doran)

More and more college graduates are eagerly striving for.— and winning — public service careers

Internes in Government

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Webb Waldron

RECENTLY an ambitious Texas college grad hitch-hiked 400 miles to the state capital to interview a man who might give him a chance to work in a federal bureau in Washington for a year without pay! When he landed the job his fellow townsmen were so proud they chipped together to pay his living expenses for the coming year.

Fifty college graduates, boys and girls, are in Washington this autumn doing the same thing — working in government departments without salary. They are called “internes.” Like internes in hospitals, they learn by watching and doing. Some of them are paying their own expenses; some have fellowships from colleges; some are financed by the home-town folks. A Toledo girl, for example, is having her expenses paid by a group of Toledo clubwomen. Internes are busy, too, in many state and city governments.

Youth itself started this eager reaching toward public service. Four years ago a committee of delegates to the National Student Federation asked themselves why

something practical could not be done to open government careers to college graduates. Out of their demand grew the National Institute of Public Affairs, with headquarters in Washington. Its aim is the tie-up of college and government by a system of federal internes. The first year's experimental work was so successful that the Institute obtained a Rockefeller Foundation grant for enlarging its activities.

Each spring the leading colleges with courses in public administration send in a list of their most promising students who hope to get into public service. The director of the Institute, Dr. Frederick M. Davenport, then journeys through the country interviewing them.

“We demand not only prime scholarship,” said Dr. Davenport. “We want to know what the student has done outside of class. Has he taken a prominent part in the student council, athletics, journalism? Has he shown qualities of leadership? We want the type that makes things happen.”

In Washington, I found these keen, enthusiastic internes at work

on an astonishing variety of jobs. Here was a lad who captained the Wisconsin crew for two years, was president of the student athletic board, went to Minnesota on a fellowship in public administration. He's in the public utilities division of the Securities and Exchange Commission. His ambition is to get some administrative post that has to do with government regulation of utilities.

In the Department of Commerce, I found a pretty girl, A.B. Bryn Mawr, M.A. Radcliffe, answering inquiries from business men on foreign trade. She plans to go into a business office next year, to get its point of view, then return to a government job.

One of last year's internes spent part of his time with the Interstate Commerce Commission, part with the American Association of Railroads, part with a trucking company association. Now he is back at Harvard, working for his advanced degree, training himself for an important ICC job or for the secretaryship of a big trade association.

Dr. Davenport is glad to have some of his internes go into commercial life. It is invaluable to get men into key positions in industry or trade who have some understanding of governmental problems.

John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is enthusiastic about the interne system. With a special Rockefeller Foundation grant, Col-

lier is trying out a dozen young men in the Southwest. One, for example, is analyzing the standards which should control Indian traders. Another is working on the grazing problem, studying the conflicting claims of white man and Indian. Those who show they have the stuff will be in an excellent position to qualify for important jobs in the Indian Service.

The federal bureaus have been so impressed with the caliber and value of the internes that most of these young people have a choice of several federal jobs when they finish their internship.

In Albany, the New York State capital, I encountered another set of lively young internes, and I found out how they got there: About a year and a half ago, Dr. William E. Mosher, director of the School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University, came to Mark Graves, New York State Tax Commissioner. Mosher thought that his advanced students might be assigned by the head of a state bureau to do special investigating. He asked whether Graves would like to take on some of these Syracuse boys.

Graves, a man distinguished for his work for the improvement of government personnel, persuaded the New York Civil Service Commission to allow the state departments to take, for a limited period, a certain number of young men as junior clerks, at \$75 a month.

The plan has more than justified

itself. "There are men in the government of this state," said Graves, "who entered as clerks and have worked up by seniority to quite responsible jobs, but never had a new idea in their lives. That's why I welcome these young fellows, with their fresh, trained minds. They often see improved ways of doing things that we old-timers have overlooked."

The University of California has a program by which a certain number of students, chosen by competitive examination, combine graduate study in public administration at the university with work in the personnel office at the state capital. They have one-year appointments on the state pay roll at a nominal salary.

Los Angeles County operates a plan of its own. Each year it holds examinations, open to all college graduates, for student investigators and researchers. Internes receive \$50 a month for one year. After that, the student is qualified to compete in an open examination for administrative assistant. All the internes thus far who have taken the examination have qualified. The majority are landing permanent jobs in the Los Angeles County civil service.

At the University of Cincinnati, graduate students in public service operate on a coöperative plan: they spend half their time in study at the university, half as employes of the city or Hamilton County. Of 34

students who have completed the co-op plan, 24 now have permanent jobs with city, state or federal government. The others are in college teaching, or research work.

In Wisconsin an agreement has just been reached between the state and the State University by which students of exceptional ability are picked for public service scholarships. To these students the University lends up to \$400 in their senior year. In return, the student agrees to serve the state after graduation for one to two years as an apprentice in a job assigned by the state personnel director. These apprentices get \$125 a month. Deductions are made from this salary till the loan is repaid. By the end of the apprenticeship, during which time the students also carry on graduate work in public administration at the university, they are prepared to take an examination for a permanent civil service position. Thus a progressive commonwealth is bringing into its government brilliant students who ordinarily are enticed into private industry.

Today 61 colleges have set up separate programs in public administration, and the leading schools are beset by far more applicants than they can admit. For government in America in the past five years has gained a power and drama it never had before, an importance it is likely to continue to possess. Public service now carries an adventure which used to be found in

business when it had more of the aspects of exploration and empire-building.

Along with this the elders of our generation are beginning to realize that since government is interpenetrating our lives as never before, and is likely to go on doing so, whether we like it or not, we ought to look sharp to the quality of people who administer our laws.

Many of these young people step quickly into important jobs. A lad from Syracuse went as interne with the revenue department of Kentucky a year or so ago. Now he's assistant director of the department, fighting with a reform group for the abolition of the fee system in county government. A Minnesota graduate served as interne with the city manager of Austin, Texas, and did such a fine job on a housing survey that the city of Houston asked to borrow him for a similar survey.

In England, the government for years has regularly picked exceptional university men and systematically trained them for top policy-determining jobs. Hitherto, in America, a filing clerk, stenographer or botanist who stayed at his job long

enough and was reasonably competent, might rise by the sheer inertia of seniority to a high administrative post, though he had none of the qualifications for a managerial job. But fortunately for the young aspirant to public service, our federal government is now really beginning to recognize the job of administrator — the need for men who can plan, coördinate and direct the work of bureau specialists.

To make this a real opportunity, the U. S. Civil Service Commission should set up an examination for "Junior Administrative Assistant." This would be designed especially for college graduates who have specialized in public administration, and have spent an internship in city, state or federal government. Such an examination would attract exceptional students and draw the attention of government chiefs to them.

Open government to this stream of youth, eager for public service, trained and inspired by distinguished teachers, and the effect on America will be momentous. It will give government a new efficiency and tone. It will give our people a higher respect for government.

*H*ONORÉ DE BALZAC lived many years in a cold and all but empty attic. There was no flame in his fireplace, no picture on his wall. But on one wall he inscribed with charcoal: "Rosewood paneling with commode"; on another, "Gobelin tapestry with Venetian mirror," and in the place of honor over the fireless grate, "Picture by Raphael."

— Edwin Foley, *The Book of Decorative Furniture* (Nelson)

❏ Is Victorian reticence perhaps preferable in discussing sex with children?

Intrusive Parents

Reprinted from *The Commentator*

Anonymous

SOME YEARS AGO my husband and I mentioned, among a group of intimate friends, our satisfaction at the forthright way our generation handled the subject of sex with its children. For modern, progressive parents, we said, complete frankness was so obviously the healthy and proper attitude, we couldn't understand why it had taken people so long to realize it. Suddenly one woman spoke up:

"I would rather have my son learn the facts of life from writings on a fence, than hear them from me."

We assumed, of course, that she was joking.

"I mean it," she said. "Why should you force information on your children which they can acquire more naturally from their contemporaries or from life itself? It seems to me far more important that children should be taught reticence and a respect for privacy than that they should know the correct terminology for the sex organs!"

The rest of us were shocked and silent. After she had gone, we spent some time wondering what dire happening in her life had produced so abnormal a reaction.

Yet today, I feel there was much truth in that woman's explanation of her position. The actual results of the frank and enlightened approach my husband and I took with our children have convinced me that we sacrificed something infinitely valuable. Not that we were especially radical in our attitude; nearly all parents with children born just after the war agreed that it was wise to tell them everything and tell them young.

My telling Elizabeth, for instance, happened quite naturally when she was about six, after a visit from a friend of mine who was pregnant. When she left, Elizabeth said:

"She's going to have a baby, isn't she, Mother?"

I agreed, adding that the woman had recently been married.

Then, with startling sophistication, Elizabeth asked, "But there are unmarried ladies who have babies, aren't there?"

This was my golden opportunity, I thought, to explain carefully how conception takes place, and the significance of the marriage ceremony. After listening gravely, she said, "Well, Mum, I can understand why

I wasn't there when you and Daddy started me, but where was I when you started George and Dorothy?"

Elizabeth could not understand why she had been deprived of two such interesting spectacles. Intensely discomfited, I pretended lack of memory as to her whereabouts. I was, at the time, heartily ashamed of my modesty.

"How could you be so dishonest?" a friend said to me later.

"Because," I replied quickly, "for all our modern education, I begin to suspect that there is an emotional factor involved in the love between a man and a woman which children are too young to grasp."

It was my first reversion to Victorianism!

In general, however, my belief in frankness persisted. I remember listening with delight to an imaginary telephone conversation of my second daughter, Dorothy, aged five, in which she gave a fairly accurate account of the whole procedure of childbirth. We thought it splendid then that there was so much solid information packed into her imaginings. Our children were not brought up on fairy tales but on facts! What we did not realize, however, was that Dorothy talking about obstetrics at the age of five would turn into Dorothy, at 17, completely unaware that there were any words or expressions not suitable at all times. I shudder now as I hear her talk with her contemporaries. She has no more restraint than if she had

spent her life in the gutter. If she is reprimanded for some particularly vulgar expression, she looks up in bewilderment and caps it with another even worse, not because she means to give offense but because it is part of her background and training to speak with utter frankness. It is a very real problem, and one which I know now we brought on our own heads.

Much of my smug complacency left me as I watched my three children pass painfully through adolescence. When our boy went to boarding school, my husband explained to him every detail of possible sex complications. He told George that anything but a clean and wholesome life would interfere with his athletic prowess and his work.

"But," he continued, "don't think there is any hell fire waiting if you do have an occasional slip. And no matter what happens, I want you to tell me. I want you to believe that nothing you could do would shock me more than the loss of your confidence."

So off George trudged to school, carrying, we thought, this weapon for his defense. After five years there, I wonder now if it was not far too heavy a burden for his undeveloped mind and spirit. My first suspicion came when George began to show a complete lack of reticence in discussing his first personal sex manifestations. There was little left to our imaginations as to the discomforts through which he was passing.

Then, after a period in which George didn't write us at all, we received one day a passionate, confused, detailed account of a number of sex escapades — all of them unfortunate, to say the least.

My instant reaction was to write him a scorching letter, telling him to stop being a nasty little boy and to grow up. But my husband thought otherwise. The wonderful thing, he said, was that George had hidden nothing from us. Indeed, he had hidden nothing — not one sordid, miserable detail; and my husband's blandness about the child's lack of restraint disgusted me. When I learned that George had also kept a diary of the dates of his sins and their commission, I decided it was time to throw theories to the wind. I made a hasty trip to the school and took George for a walk which I am sure neither he nor I will forget.

It was not that I felt these episodes would blight his life for all time. But I was lashed to fury by his scientific interest in what he had done, and his smug assumption that, because he talked about his escapades, he was no longer responsible for them. He literally had no standards, and what was worse, he was getting his emotional kick not from an illicit business, but from the fact that he wrote it all down and also told us about it.

Suffice it to say now, some years later, that although he has come out of the experience, it did — most unfairly — bewilder him about his

parents and shake his sense of security in all that he had been taught.

My own parents were more than a little right, I think, to assume that there were some things about which one did not talk; some things one's children would not do. By holding out such an ideal it seems to me they made it easier and not harder for us to maintain a proper standard. Then, if a misdemeanor occurred, they were in a position to administer, at the very least, a lecture on the sanctity of sex — and have it mean something. I believed in the sanctity of sex, in a relationship between a man and a woman so rich and full that it was the hub around which life revolved. Yet, faced with training my own children toward such an ideal, I was jockeyed into a position of utter inadequacy by having been so outspoken and progressive.

If I had to bring up my children again, I should instruct them in the fundamentals of procreation and childbirth when they were old enough to understand. I should surround them, probably, with animals whose habits would make the "facts of life" readily available. *And there I would stop.* I would eliminate all discussion of the emotional side of sex.

Learning the art of living — man and woman together — is a little like learning to swim. You may be taught — or should be taught — the fundamentals. After that, it is up to the swimmer to feel and sense his way to success. Whether bitter or

sweet the experience, we learn that sex is something which takes a great deal of living and a very grown-up adult to understand in all its delicate nuances. Why then did we expect, poor, blundering parents that we were, that our boy and our two daughters would understand it and know what use to make of the information we gave them?

In our own youth, our parents did not deprive us of our first romantic awakenings. They left us alone with our dreams, and our dreams were mysterious and beautiful — not bristling with scientific facts. Certainly we fell into error, but we were allowed to be alone with our perplexities, and out of them we were able to build later for real love. Had I to do it again, I should never, never rob my children of their privacy. That ought to belong to them as much as their minds and bodies.

I think my husband and I have been able to correct most of the mis-

takes we made with our children, but it has been a costly experience for all of us. Because of our belief in complete frankness, we pushed ourselves with lack of taste into their privacy. We made them smug, instead of searching and eager for life. We did everything possible to rob them of true ecstasy by trying to substitute the knowledge of textbooks and science for the wisdom which only life can bring. When they are grown men and women with children of their own, I shall tell them so. •

Then, perhaps, my husband's honesty and mine, which has some virtue still, may be tempered in them by some of the Victorian wisdom of their grandparents. Then, too, perhaps, with a greater sense of proportion than we had, they will be willing to stand by in case of need, watching and guiding and suggesting, but chiefly letting their young grow up as Nature intended they should.

They Chose Their Weapons

AROUND the turn of the century, the swashbuckling Richard Harding Davis challenged a *Sun* reporter to a duel. The ungallant young man, who knew his rights, chose the weapons — custard pies at six paces. America laughed, and scarcely a citizen declined to raise his hat to the poltroon thereafter.

— *The Literary Digest*

ISRAEL PUTNAM, the Revolutionary War General, was once challenged to a duel and given a choice of weapons. He chose an open barrel of gunpowder with a candle burning at its top. The last to leave would be the winner. His opponent decided not to insist on a duel, after all.

— *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*

Armchair Newsreel

FILMS SHOWING the facial reaction of audiences during speeches of British labor leaders are being handed round among the leaders through an organization known as "Mass Observation." These pictures startle speakers by showing the audience frequently yawning or reading programs during the supposedly most effective bits, and listening with strained, delighted attention to passages previously thought dull. The speeches of some orators are now being "keyed" to the results shown in the films.

— Claud Cockburn in *Ken*

IN PARIS, to get the latest news any hour of the day, you simply dial INF-1 on the telephone, and a three-minute bulletin — sponsored by two Paris newspapers — comes over the wire immediately.

— N. Y. *Times*

IN LONDON's bustling Euston Station, a friendly, well-trained dog carries a brass box on his back from one train compartment to another, collecting money for charity. He comes from a long line of thoroughbreds who, for the last 25 years, have plied the trains in Euston Station.

— Hoyte McAfee in *Charlotte (N. C.) Observer*

MOTOR TRUCKS can be operated in trains with as many as 10 trailers on Italy's new special express roads. A concrete ridge in the middle of the road is straddled by the truck, which has rollers that fit against the sides of the ridge. The guidance is so complete and

so automatic that the driver may leave his seat, while his train is in motion, to inspect the trailers.

— *Barron's Weekly*

BULGARIANS who have crimson ears are not blushing. They are freed pickpockets whom the police have earmarked for purposes of future identification with red, indelible ink.

— *Parade*

VERY IMPORTANT Chinese newspaper enjoys a secondary circulation. Shanghai newsboys often sell their papers on a rental basis. The paper is first delivered to Mr. Wong who works for a foreign firm and therefore has to appear at the office at nine a.m. When he leaves his home, the paper is collected by the newsboy and delivered to a reader of more leisurely habits. This procedure is carried on until, a week later, the same copy may be in the hands of a provincial reader a hundred miles away.

— *Printers' Ink*

POCKET-PICKING is a recognized profession highly unionized in Egypt. When King Farouk was married last fall, the King of the Thieves issued a proclamation in the newspapers, in which he promised, as a friendly gesture to the other King, to call off all his thieves during the nuptial celebrations. And not a pocket was picked.

— *Rob Wagner's Script*

PARISIANS strolling in the Bois one day recently were startled by the music of ukuleles and harmonicas, and wild cries of "Yipee! Yipee!" Drawn by these unfamiliar sounds into the Bagatelle Polo Grounds, they saw about 30 young men and women in outlandish foreign dress — broad-brimmed hats and broad-legged pants, loudly checked

shirts and brass-studded belts. They were riding horses and twirling ropes.

This was the first big show of the three-year-old Club de Lasso, founded by Serbian-born Paul Coze Dabija, who is a student of Red Indian lore. The club meets weekly at a fashionable riding club.

The members, dressed in authentic cowboy clothes ordered from Denver, Colorado, learn bronc riding, West-

ern music, plain and fancy roping. The only requirement for membership is sincere interest in *Le Wild West*

— *Time*

THE HOTELS in Helsinki, Finland, display over the main entrance the national flags of registered guests, so that a foreign visitor can tell at a glance if a compatriot is in town.

— Agnes Rothery, *Finland, the New Nation* (Viking Press)

So That's How It Started! — XIV —

Jack Horner's Plum

Edna S. Sollars in Coronet

*Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie;
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I."*

COMPOSED during the reign of Henry VIII of England, this favorite nursery rhyme was originally a stinging political lampoon.

Henry had claimed for himself the wealth of the Holy Catholic Church. On pain of confiscation and dire punishment the rich monastic properties were ordered into the private coffers of the king. The Archbishop of Glastonbury bowed to the inevitable, and deeds to 12 magnificent estates were sorrowfully placed within a great pie — this being a popular method of presenting gifts.

John Horner was commissioned to place this fabulous bit of pastry in Henry's hands.

When the emissary returned from court, he had with him the deed to Mells Park, Somersetshire, whose ancient stone buildings had been the favorite retreat of the Archbishop. The people refused the explanation that Horner had bought the property from the king. They believed that during the long trek to London, Horner's cupidity had been tested beyond its strength, and that the trusted gentleman had torn a hole in the pie's crust and carefully removed the deed to Mells Park, which thus became the historic "Plum" of the jingle. And so the old rhyme was written and sung lustily in derision of the theft.

❏ Slow reading is a bad habit;
fast reading, an attainable skill

To Speed Up Your Reading

Condensed from *The Scientific Monthly*

William Burnett Benton

Vice-President, University of Chicago

WE AMERICANS pride ourselves on being a nation of readers. But despite our high degree of literacy, few of us actually know how to read any better than a child should in the eighth grade. More than half of all school failures are traced to bad reading habits, and even scientists and scholars often read no more efficiently than uneducated day laborers.

To aid us "reading cripples," teachers and psychologists have been trying since the turn of the century to devise new and more effective methods of reading. Finally, Professor Guy T. Buswell of the University of Chicago perfected two machines by which our faulty habits may be diagnosed and cured.

A few weeks ago I visited Dr. Buswell's laboratory. He put me on a stool in front of the rambling apparatus called the "eye-movement camera," which resembles the testing machine you see in the oculist's office. My head was fitted snugly into place on a chin rest. About a foot in front of me was a printed card. The professor told me to read it aloud. As I began reading, I heard

the whir of a movie camera. A couple of inches to the side of each eye was a small mirror with a beam of light trained on it. The mirrors reflected the movement of my eyeballs into a long tube resembling a stovepipe. At the far end of the tube was the camera, making a movie record of my eyes as they worked.

When I finished reading, Dr. Buswell took the film from the camera and developed it. The print showed a series of short, jagged lines, each punctuated by irregular jerks and jumps. "That," he said, "is the way you read. Each short line represents a line of type. Each jerk shows where your eyes jumped from one word or phrase to another."

I learned that as we read, both eyes sweep across a line of print, not smoothly, as you might think, but jerkily, in a series of kangaroo jumps, "fixating" successive points along the line. For we are blind while our eyes are moving; they have to *stop* to see. And though we ought to cover an ordinary line of type in three jumps, most of us take six or eight. For maximum reading speed, these stops should be about

one sixth of a second; actually many of us pause for a second or more. These overlong pauses, plus needless backswings of the eye, retard our reading speed anywhere from 50 to 90 percent.

The reason why most of us read so wretchedly, says Dr. Buswell, is that almost every man and woman over 35 was taught to read by the oral method. Our teachers had us read aloud in order to teach us how to pronounce. Since we pronounced only one word at a time, we learned to *see* only one word at a time. As a result, most of us read about half as fast as we should — and with twice as much muscular work for our eyes.

To remedy these faulty reading habits Dr. Buswell has devised a second machine, much less complex than the first. It consists simply of a regular home film projector and a small screen. The projector flashes a story on the screen, not a word at a time, not a line at a time, but *a phrase at a time*. Each phrase is about a third of a line. The "patient" practices absorbing the phrase at a single glance. When he has mastered this, he is reading a line of type in three eye-jumps; and not only has he become accustomed to reading by phrases, but he has overcome the habit of glancing back.

For the first lesson, Dr. Buswell flashes phrases at about the patient's customary reading speed, say 200 words a minute for half an hour. The next day the speed goes

up to 225 or even 250. After 20 or 30 lessons a story is being run off at 650 words a minute for those who make the most progress.

After the series of lessons, another movie of the patient's reading is taken with the eye-movement camera. The difference between the "before" and "after" usually shows that the individual is reading twice as fast, and with less eyestrain. Dr. Buswell finds that some older people (many of his volunteer patients are over 60) can step up their reading speed as easily as the young. The normal adult, says Dr. Buswell, can easily learn how to read 500 words a minute and understand fully what he's reading. Today we average about 300.

Do you ever wonder why your eyes tire easily? Do you think it's because you've read too much? More likely it's because you've wasted your eye-power. Listen to Dr. Buswell: "Eyes were made for the distant view — for looking at sheep on far-off hills. When we focus them on something close, like a newspaper or a book, we give them hard muscular work. Our eyes make an average of 240 jumps in covering a single page of a book. Try wiggling your finger 240 times, and you'll understand the workout your eye muscles get on every page."

Some day reading projectors like Dr. Buswell's may be standard equipment in schools, libraries and adult education centers. But for those who want to start their train-

ing right now, the professor has a few pointers:

When you read, don't "vocalize"; that is, don't say the words to yourself. Vocalizing is to reading what the hunt-and-peck system is to typing.

Try to grasp whole phrases at a glance, instead of single words. Rhythmic reading is *good* reading; a metronome, or even beating time with the hand, helps at first in acquiring smooth, even eye-jumps.

Force yourself to read at a pace a little faster than is comfortable. "You're never learning when you're comfortable," says Dr. Buswell. At first you may find yourself backtracking oftener, but soon you will become accustomed to the new speed.

Approach your reading with an attitude of genuine concentration. The more purposeful your reading, the more rapid it will be.

Mere improvement in one's technique of reading is no guarantee that a person will have a richer,

more meaningful reading experience. But experiments by Professors Dearborn of Harvard and Dodge of Columbia have shown that reading becomes more pleasurable and profitable when the optical difficulties accompanying it are reduced to a minimum. If we don't know how to use our eyes, we learn painfully and slowly. Speeding up our reading means speeding up education — not only in school, but in later life.

This doesn't necessarily mean racing through a book or a magazine article; pausing to reflect on what we've read is one of the most valuable parts of the educational process. But as anyone can see, that's quite another matter from reading laboriously and inefficiently. Until large sections of the adult population learn to read more rapidly and skillfully, they will be incapable of that independence of thought which comes only from a wide and intimate knowledge of the printed word.



The Day T. R. Couldn't Grin

Theodore Roosevelt, immediately after his nomination for Vice-President of the United States in 1900, wrote his friend Leonard Wood:

BY THE TIME you receive this you will have learned from the daily press that I have been forced to take the veil. Good-bye to all my ambitions! Four years of total eclipse, and then nothing remains but to become a professor of history in some third-rate university, or return to the practice of law which I despise.

Sorrowfully,

T. R.

— William Dana Orcutt, *Celebrities Off Parade* (Willett, Clark)

The Anatomy of Courage'

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine

Anonymous

I ONCE watched a poor young cripple dragging her misshapen body laboriously along, and I remember saying to myself, "If I were so pitifully crippled as that, I should never have the courage to come out. I'd rather kill myself than live like that."

Today I am a cripple. For more than two years my only mode of getting about alone has been by pushing on the wheels of my chair; and whenever I wish to go up or down stairs, to get into or out of an automobile, I must be carried. I do "have the courage to go out," at least to my daily work (teaching in a boys' school); and I have not killed myself.

When I examine my state objectively, I am just as amazed at my own ability to live this way as I was at the crippled girl's determination. In her case I should have called it courage, and because so many of my friends think that I am courageous, I have tried to analyze the power that has enabled me to go through a devastating experience.

I awoke one morning with a strange numb feeling in my left foot. During two years the sensa-

tion of numbness and tingling spread from left foot to right, from feet to legs; then it appeared in both hands at once.

It was this slow and inexorable advance toward helplessness that was far worse than being confined to a wheelchair as I am now. It was the frantic effort to believe that the physicians could help me, despite the dull certainty in my mind that I was going to be paralyzed, perhaps to live helpless for years. (I was only 35.) It was the terrible vision of my wife fighting to support our impoverished family, with my useless body a dreadful burden to be kept alive at the cost of all the comforts and joys that life owed to her and the two children. I was not afraid to die — I was afraid to live!

Not for an instant did I feel consciously brave. The nearest approach was the determination not to reveal the terror that filled me. Sometimes it seems, as I look back, that, most of all, a blind desperate anger at my fate possessed me.

At last my mind was made up. My insurance would care for my family until the two children could support themselves. I would not live on to crush in them and in my

wife the joy of living. My duty was clear. Three days before I became totally helpless I dragged myself into the kitchen and turned on the gas to try its odor. I shut it off; it was not bad. I must choose a time when the family was out and when the children would not be likely to return alone; there was a memory that I must not bequeath to them.

The time I was waiting for did not come soon enough. On February 1, 1935, I was taken to a famous hospital, my body totally paralyzed from the waist down, and my hands nearly useless.

I was hurried out of the house on a stretcher after a casual good-bye to the children. In the train I parted from my wife. Tears glistened in her eyes, but there was no scene — civilization has taught us not to intensify the anguish of certain moments, either by dramatizing them or by releasing the gates by which we have learned to stem our emotions. That is not courage — or is it?

Perhaps I would die before my wife could make the 200-mile journey to the hospital; what of it? In a thousand years we could not have completed the saying of what we felt. Our 11 years of perfect marriage had taught us what each held in his heart — no words could have added to an already complete certainty. An onlooker knowing the facts might have exclaimed, "How courageous!" I can only say, "We kept our self-control."

I did not die. After three and a half months in the hospital I came back home to life in a wheelchair. But before that happened I saw a great light. I realized that wild anger against a "malignant fate" was childish. I was simply, like others in the hospital, a victim of bad luck. And I began to train myself not to think or feel about myself, to practice a kind of mental and emotional numbness where I was concerned, and to reach out toward the lives, the interests, the problems of those about me for the activity that a long-trained intellect demanded. This direction of my attention to others kept me contented in the hospital.

Gradually I began to gain weight, to be able to use my hands a little better, to hold myself in a sitting position without toppling over like a gigantic rag doll. I looked forward at last to returning home and to salvaging what I could of an originally active existence.

At home again, I had four months to get strong enough for school. There were books that had waited long to be read, there was sunshine to flood over me while I sat on the lawn, there were friends and family to lend their time to the gentle art of conversation. My wife had been fortunate in finding radio work which she loved, and I was gradually improving, though slowly. I had trained myself not to look forward, not to hope, just to wait.

When school opened I was able

to go back, teaching in my wheelchair and bursting with happiness at being among people again and in the work that I loved. But don't think that the first day was easy. For seven and a half months one of my hardest struggles had been against self-pity, which I hold one of the cheapest of human emotions. Now I feared even more the well-meant pity of the adolescent boys with whom I would be surrounded. I saw their surprised sorrow when I was carried in, but I kept my poise. They came to greet me. The moment passed. We plunged into the work of the year.

The story ought to end here. My pursuit of the nature of courage has perhaps been as successful as could be hoped. But the course of events held out one more anguish.

In December, 1935, our 10-year-old daughter died after two weeks of heart-breaking illness. Was it courage that enabled us to regain our balance after one tottering moment when time held its breath and reason was not? Her gaiety, her winsome comradeship, her searching love that reached out to the neighbors' little children as she played at mothering, and that came home

day and night to seek us — these remain in our memory to shame us from faltering. Her quick, sparkling interest ought to have lived to brighten this dull world. Why it should have come if it was not to stay is not intelligible to me. It may be that time will bring some comprehension of this new loss. I do not let myself ask. I only wait.

And so, day by day, we go about our work; and because we find much to occupy our minds, we smile, we seem normal, and people are surprised to find us unchanged. I must confess that I am surprised too. But our inner life is like a hall of statuary with many niches empty. Often we go there silently by ourselves, but we do not stay too long; we turn outward again to activity.

Perhaps I do not know the nature of courage at all. You could get a better answer, I know. You might ask a woman who has stood beside me in these eventful years, who has maintained her calm faith, who cannot tell why these things are, but accepts them, whose composure may break sometimes, but not in my sight or hearing. She might talk to you about courage — but then again, she might not.

The cruellest lies are often told in silence — a man may have sat for hours and not opened his teeth, and yet have been a disloyal friend or a vile calumniator.

— Robert Louis Stevenson

¶ The shadowy system, still veiled in mystery, by which thousands of slaves were spirited northward

The Underground Railroad

Condensed from *The North American Review*

Henrietta Buckmaster

FROM AN obscure trickle of private humanitarianism to a powerful interstate organization that helped fan the flame of civil war — this is the almost legendary chapter that the Underground Railroad wrote into American history. An elusive and shadowy system of escape for runaway slaves, the Railroad was shrouded in a mystery that endures to this day. Our knowledge of its methods is derived chiefly from the reminiscences of a few of the men who actually ran it.

The physical property of the Underground Railroad was a strategic line of farms zigzagging northward from the slave states to Canada. Its personnel comprised thousands of men and women who were willing to fight slavery with their lives and property. Drastic laws made the road illegal. But its agents, generally Quakers or Calvinists, set "God's law" of universal freedom for mankind above the law of the land.

For decades before the War Between the States, such men and women, motivated by an almost mystical fervor, began to help fugi-

tive slaves gain their freedom. One of them would establish a "station" in a hayloft or corncrib. Perhaps a night's journey away was another Abolitionist, willing to give food and refuge to the escaping slaves who, in increasing numbers, were fleeing by night toward Canada with only the North Star as guide.

By 1815, regular stations were established in Ohio; the organization had become widespread by 1840. But its greatest work was done after the passage of

the second Fugitive Slave Law in 1850. Nearly 20,000 slaves made the journey to freedom during the next ten years. The District of Columbia alone complained that in this period the number of its slaves was reduced from 4694 to 640 by "underground railroads and felonious abductions."

The Railroad assumed the aspects of a vast secret service; 3200 persons are known to have been engaged in its operations. Codes were used; rigid discipline was maintained; nothing was put into writing that might lead to conviction.

The "conductors" of the Railroad

*Vignettes
of
History
—XLVI—*

— the field agents who penetrated the Deep South and whispered that miraculous word "Freedom" into the slave's ear — were daring and resourceful. For example, there was John Hansen, peddler of lace and cheap jewelry, whose real name was J. T. Hanover. He seemed a nice young man, and when he presented the lady of a Southern mansion with a piece of lace and asked permission to show his trinkets to the slaves, she raised no objection.

Hansen was an outspoken advocate of slavery; and obviously his livelihood depended on trade with the Big Houses. Nobody thought to link him with the trickling escape of slaves between his recurring visits. Yet had his mail been opened, his peddler's business would have seemed complex indeed. "Dear Sir," one of his letters read, "by tomorrow's mail you will receive two volumes of *Irrepressible Conflict*, bound in black. After perusal, please forward and oblige." Or, "Uncle Tom says if the roads are not too bad you can look for those fleeces of wool by tomorrow. Send them on to test the market."

Best integrated of the Underground systems was the Anti-Slavery League, centering its operation in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania, where the traffic assumed enormous proportions. Generously subsidized by Abolitionists, the League covered the ground thoroughly. Some of its conductors were peddlers; others posed as school-

teachers, map-makers, musicians — any guise that would create a plausible opportunity for mingling with the Southern population and learning the topography of the region. Rial Cheadle of North Dakota made frequent trips to Virginia, posing as an imbecile. He was never suspected, despite the fact that after his visits numerous slaves would be missing. Levi Coffin, Cincinnati business man, sometimes called the "President" of the Underground, once conducted 28 fugitives from Cincinnati to Cumminsville by arranging a long and solemn funeral procession.

When a conductor had learned the trails in forest and swamp, the streams and caves, he would cautiously approach an intelligent and trustworthy Negro and casually question him about his desire for freedom. The Negro, in turn, would be equally cautious. The mere thought of freedom conjured up visions of pursuit by dogs and armed men, the whipping post and possibly death.

Once two or three slaves were ready to take the risk, a meeting place was arranged for a moonless night. From there, another Underground agent led them through woods, fields and the beds of streams; if the party was unable to reach shelter by dawn, he hid them in caves or the deep woods. If the worst came, he was prepared to arm his fugitives and shoot it out. Meanwhile the original agent remained in the neighborhood of the plantation to obviate suspicion. He would turn

up at the Big House and, being told of the slaves' escape, would sympathize with the master and perhaps offer false clues for pursuit.

Even in the North, the runaways were in danger. Fearing the Fugitive Slave Laws, they traveled by night from one Underground station to another, and were hid by day in attics, secret rooms and barn lofts. Some of the stations were elaborate. For instance, the house of Joseph Morris in Ohio had a complicated network of false walls, a cellar with secret chambers large enough to hide dozens of refugees, and two tunnels from the cellar to the barn and corncrib.

Fleeing Negroes used all manner of disguises; men put on women's clothes, and women dressed as boys. Occasionally a Negress, her face covered by a mourning veil, her hands gloved, was put into a railway coach. Special wagons were built with false bottoms to hold the runaways, while farm produce was spread above them. Slaves were even boxed up and entrusted to an unsuspecting express office.

Once in Canada the Negro was safe. Pursuers who crossed the Canadian border were actually shot down. The Canadians helped the Negroes find work and gave them aid in establishing farms. Levi Coffin made frequent trips to Canada, assisting in the rehabilitation of the Negro refugees.

But under the fugitive slave laws in the United States there was little

safety even for free Negroes. A runaway who had escaped and lived in the North for years could be seized and tried before a federal commissioner. The law allowed the commissioner \$10 for every decision against a Negro but only \$5 if in his favor; the commissioner might surrender a fugitive to the person who claimed him, whether he had seen the claimant before or not; the Negro could not testify in his own behalf; fine and imprisonment confronted any citizen who gave shelter to fugitives. Thomas Garrett, a Delaware Quaker and a leader in the Underground operations, paid \$8000 in fines, but had the satisfaction of aiding some 3000 slaves to escape.

As feeling increased in the North, contributions were made to the Anti-Slavery League for the purchase of farms in southern states. On these farms fugitives working northward were given shelter and passed off as slaves. Many such farms became suspect and were seized, but new ones were immediately purchased; communication between the depots was intensified, and the stream of fugitives increased. Ohio, because of its strategic location, was the center of greatest activity. There were 20 stations along the Ohio River, and there were 1543 operators in the state. At Lake Erie the road operated a line of boats to Canada.

As the number of escaping slaves grew, large rewards for their capture enticed shiftless bands into the business of slave-catching. They

gathered at strategic points, such as the bridge over the Raritan River where four roads converged on Jersey City, the most important Underground transfer center in the East. The New York slave-hunters watched all incoming barges and ferries. But the ever-faithful conductors were always present to defend their charges, and often pitched battles resulted.

As the great convulsion of war came close, bloodshed along the border states increased, and enforcement of the fugitive slave laws became more difficult. In fact, the federal government's inability to enforce the laws constituted one of the chief causes leading to Secession.

After hostilities began, the work of the Railroad continued. As the

war spread farther south, many slaveholders fled, taking only their able-bodied Negroes and leaving the old and infirm to shift for themselves. The Union armies, moving into evacuated territory, found despair and starvation.

The survivors were transported northward; at Cincinnati Underground agents and colored people took the refugees into their homes or tried to organize relief for them. General U. S. Grant, then commanding in the west, authorized free transportation, through the Underground Railroad, for those who could be assigned to camps and colonies. Thus at last the Railroad came out into the open as the Aid Commission, and began an ambitious and fruitful program of rehabilitation.

Imagination on a Lark

¶ GELETT BURGESS, author of the famous "Purple Cow" verse, has spent seven years perfecting his Mechanical Moron, a complicated machine made of knitting needles, orange sticks, paper clips, pillboxes, pins, toothpicks and matches, and run by an electric motor which causes the odd miscellany to jump about in an awe-inspiring fashion. Christened "A Woman Talking," it is guaranteed efficiently to produce nothing — hour after hour.

— *American Weekly*

¶ TO ENABLE people to fulfill their frequently expressed desire to kick themselves, Commissioner Tom Haywood of New Bern, North Carolina, built a kicking machine. Placed in front of his home, it was used by many passers-by.

— *The Express Messenger*

¶ A ONE-EYED New Yorker of independent mind has a set of glass eyes of progressive degrees of bloodshotness. When he attends one of Manhattan's gayer parties, he discreetly changes his glass eye at fitting intervals to match the increasing redness of his real eye. The 13th eye has, instead of a clear blue iris, an unfurled American flag.

Americans Are Queer

Condensed from The Forum

Stephen Leacock

AMERICANS are queer people: they can't rest. They have more time, more leisure, shorter hours, more holidays, and more vacations than any other people in the world. But they rush up and down across their continent as tourists; they move about in great herds to conventions; they invade the wilderness, they flood the mountains, they keep the hotels full. But they can't rest. The scenery rushes past them. They learn it, but they don't see it. Battles and monuments are announced to them in a rubberneck bus. They hear them, but they don't get them. They never stop moving.

Americans are queer people: they can't read. They have more schools and better schools than all Europe. But they can't read. They print more books in one year than the French print in ten. But they can't read. They buy eagerly thousands of new novels. But they read only page one. The last American who sat down to read died in the days of Henry Clay.

Americans are queer people: they can't drink. They have a fierce wish to be sober; and they can't. They pass fierce laws against themselves, shut themselves up, shoot themselves; and they can't stay

sober and they can't drink. They got this mentality straight out of home life in Ohio, copied from the wild spree and the furious repentance of the pioneer farmer. The nation keeps it yet. It lives among red specters, broken bottles, weeping children, penitentiary cells, bar-rooms, and broken oaths.

Americans are queer people: they can't play. They want their work as soon as they wake. It is a stimulant — the only one they're not afraid of. They eat all night, dance all night, build buildings all night, make a noise all night. They can't play. They try to, but they can't. They turn football into a fight, baseball into a lawsuit, and yachting into machinery. The little children can't play: they use mechanical toys instead — toy cranes hoisting toy loads, toy machinery spreading a toy industrial depression of infantile dullness. The grown-up people can't play: they use a mechanical gymnasium and a clockwork horse. They can't run: they use a car. They can't laugh: they hire a comedian and watch him laugh.

Americans are queer people: they don't give a damn. All the world writes squibs like this about them and they don't give a damn. Foreign visitors come and write them

up; they don't give a damn. Lecturers lecture at them; they don't care. They are told they have no art, no literature, and no soul. They never budge. Moralists cry over them, criminologists dissect them, writers shoot epigrams at them, prophets foretell the end of them; and they never move. Seventeen brilliant books analyze them every month; they don't read them.

The Chinese look on them as full of Oriental cunning; the English accuse them of British stupidity; the Scotch call them close-fisted; the Italians say they are liars; the French think their morals loose; the Soviets call them ruthless.

But that's all right. The Americans don't give a damn; don't need to — never did need to. That is their salvation.

The Deep's Deepest Mystery

Excerpt from "The Log of Bob Bartlett"

THE *Mary Celeste* sailed from New York to Genoa in November, 1872. The master was a man with a splendid reputation both as a mariner and a gentleman, and his family was with him. The ship made a good passage at first; early in December two vessels recorded in their logs that they had sighted her 300 miles off Gibraltar. Then on December 5, the captain of a British brigantine that fell in with her noted that her course was queer and sent a boarding party over to see if she needed help.

On deck all was silent. Not a living thing was in sight — nor a dead one. The visitors called out, but got no response. Every soul aboard had simply disappeared. The ship was in perfect condition. The cargo was well stored and in good order. There was plenty of food and water aboard. The cash box

was intact. In the forecabin were the seamen's chests and clothing, dry and undisturbed. Some underclothes had been hung out to dry; in the mate's cabin was a piece of paper with an unfinished sum on it. A child's dress was still in the sewing machine, and there were four half-eaten breakfasts on the table.

The *Mary Celeste's* lifeboat hung on its davits. There was no sign of violence, nor of any sort of trouble. The ship's papers and chronometer were the only articles of importance that were gone. The ship's log contained not a hint of tragedy. There was not a clue that might lead to the solution of the riddle of where those two score people had gone, and to this day, there has never been a word which threw sensible light on the extraordinary mystery.

(Putnam)

The British Are Queer, Too!

Condensed from "With Malice Toward Some"

Margaret Halsey

May 30th

HENRY has an exchange professorship at a small college in Devonshire, and we are sailing tomorrow. Henry is tranquil. He has been to Europe several times and is by nature as unruffled as a dish of jello in a flat calm. But having never traveled, I am wrought to such a white heat of excitement that I could be put on an anvil and hammered into any shape you want.

June 2nd

HENRY'S stomach and mine are both behaving like perfect little ladies. As a matter of fact, I rather like that long, powerful, upward swing and the creaking, downward plunge, though the boat does have a horribly front-line-trenches atmosphere about it.

June 5th

THE OTHER passengers consist of some priests and nuns; a handful of harassed, pathetic fathers and mothers who peer shudderingly down the ventilators in search of missing children; and a large group of beautiful, shiny-looking young people whose voices are distressingly reminiscent of seagulls discovering floating orange peel. We have not talked

very much with these citizens, as most of the secular ones seem to be in the midst of an impromptu mating season.

June 7th

GETTING OFF the boat involved a great deal of standing in line and filling out cards and blanks. There is something about filling out printed forms which arouses lawless impulses in me, like putting in

RELIGION. *Druid*

Today, when one of my blanks said OCCUPATION, I wrote *none*, though I suspected this would not do. A severe but courteous official confirmed the impression. So I crossed it out and wrote *parasite*, which, not to be too delicate about it, is what I am. This made the official relax a little and he himself put in *housewife*. "Be a prince," I said. "Make it typhoid carrier." But he only smiled and blotted out *parasite* so that it would not show.

The porters, customs men and railroad attendants have been taking care of us with a solicitude you could not hope to receive in the United States unless you were either the President or noticeably pregnant. The porters did not look

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When Margaret Halsey went to England, much that she saw seemed to call for applause, and about an equal amount for malicious humor. "With Malice Toward Some" is the Book-of-the-Month-Club selection for September

at their tips, only smiled and raised their caps. I half expected them to say if they had known we were coming, they would have whipped up a cake.

I am partial to English trains. The locomotives are only about 34 inches around the bust, but they can pull a string of cars 80 miles an hour.

June 8th

TODAY Henry and some of the faculty and I lunched at an Exeter restaurant. It was a bad lunch. In order to keep body and soul together, I asked for a glass of milk. The waitress was staggered.

"Milk?" she said incredulously.

"Why, yes," I replied, almost equally incredulously.

She wheeled off in the direction of the kitchen. In three minutes she was back again.

"Please," she asked, "do you want this milk hot or cold?"

I blinked a little and said I wanted it cold. "You Americans," one of the Englishmen said. We resumed our conversation, and in a short space the waitress made a third appearance.

"Do you," she inquired desperately, "want this milk in a cup or a glass?"

"Just roll it in a napkin," I answered thoughtlessly, and then was sorry, seeing how confused she was.

Another waitress came to take the dessert order. The milk project was abandoned.

June 11th

THE MANNERS of educated Englishmen are the most exquisitely modulated attentions I have ever received. Such leaping to feet, opening of doors, fleet handing around of tea and coffee, lightning flourishes with matches — it is all so heroic, I never quite get over the feeling someone has just said, "To the lifeboats!" Poor Henry, more often than not, is poised in the background, looking well disposed but not very well organized.

English conversation, so far as I have heard it, has a boneless quality — all form and no content. Listening to Britons dining out is like watching people play first-class tennis with imaginary balls. No awkward pauses, no sense of strain. The talk spins effortlessly on: gardening; English scenery; innocuous news items; yesterday's, today's and tomorrow's weather. I rather like this verbal thistle-down. It is so skillful and so remote. These people do not talk, as so many Americans do, to make an impression on themselves by impressing somebody else. They have already made an impression on themselves and talk simply because they think sound more manageable than silence.

June 13th

IN THESE PARTS it is the ancient things — the worn old churches, the white cottages and the quiet, immemorial lanes — which enjoy all the prestige, and rightly so.

But our modern house is an exception. Surrounded by a high, moss-encrusted wall, it turns its back on the village, the principal rooms looking down on a half acre of picturesque English garden, an enormous cedar tree and a bend in the road. Beyond the garden is an orchard, and beyond that, assorted Devonshire hills. It all seems to call for a calendar pasted beneath. England is lovely to look upon beyond anything I had imagined. Now and then, however, I do get hungry for sunshine in this dim aquarium of a country.

June 18th

OUR DOMICILE belongs to Mrs. Emmeline Turney, a small, elderly widow who has much more force than most of the Englishwomen I have met, these latter having had the strength drained out of them by the effort to be English Ladies. The poor things spend half their time gardening and the other half being respected and avoided by English men. They run off their dinners with a suavity which makes American hostesses look like victims of St. Vitus's dance, and they have brought their maids to such a state that they can ring the bell and, certain that it will be done, order Smithers to go down to the lily pond and feed herself to the carp.

Nonetheless, their housekeeping (even to my uncritical eye) would be the better for a liberal dose of New World efficiency.

July 5th

NO ONE in this country ever appears to be in a hurry. Time, the English believe, drops like manna from heaven, and there is plenty more where that came from. Henry and I have fallen fathoms deep into this attitude and are idling about the country, reading and walking.

July 6th

I SHOULD JUDGE, from my observation of the clothes worn by Englishwomen, that there must be thousands of British females every year who are absent-mindedly collected by the laundryman. The trouble goes deeper than a lack of feeling for line and color; fundamentally, it is that Englishwomen are ashamed of having legs and waists and breasts, and so muffle up their bodies as if they had to be smuggled through the customs. I suppose the English reply to this is that American women spend too much time on their clothes, which is true. But what do Englishwomen spend their time on instead? I, who have eaten their cooking, ask.

I have a theory about their hats. I think they keep them suspended on pulleys from the ceiling and when they pull a rope, one drops smack on top of the head. Then, without touching a finger to it, they march out.

July 9th

A TRAVELER in England has to fight his way through crowds of sunny menials who are everlastingly whisking his shoes away to be

polished. When the shoes come back, however, they are only smeared amateurishly with paste. I admire profoundly the English sense of leisure, but one can hardly help seeing that the reason they have more time is because they stop before they have finished a job.

A good many jobs, I suppose, stand in no essential need of finishing. It is not a law of nature that toilets should refrain from looking as if they had been whittled out of the village stocks. Yet it seems to me the English pay dearly for their repose in slovenliness, discomfort and incuriosity. My fantastic countrymen work themselves into tatters trying to establish one hundred percentness in a universe geared to incompleteness. The English, taking the opposite tack, lie quietly down to let the universe roll over them.

July 23rd

A VISITOR so disposed could see most of London by swinging from branch to branch. The moist climate accounts for the greenness, but the fact that the parks are so neat must be due to the instinctive good manners of the London population. Perhaps also the long love affair between Englishmen and the English soil has something to do with it.

London salespeople take the soothing attitude that customers just drop in to say hello and any purchasing is a pleasant little irrelevancy. If this is Old World culture, I like it.

July 31st

ENGLISHWOMEN'S shoes look as if made by someone who had often heard shoes described, but had never seen any. I have just bought a pair of English bedroom slippers and I not only cannot tell the left foot from the right, but only after profound deliberation am I able to distinguish the front from the back.

August 2nd

WE ARE in Surrey in the midst of a fragrant English weekend. The following things are beautiful: the house, the countryside, the children, the dogs, and the hostess. The children are little in evidence but when they do appear, are so polite and courtly as to make me feel by contrast a veritable lumberjack. We all go for walks, and when it begins to rain, come in and dawdle around a tall white fireplace. I begin to understand why English weekends are so long. It is no more possible to stop them than to wake oneself from a drugged sleep.

October 7th

LIVING in provincial England must be like being married to a stupid but exquisitely beautiful wife. Whenever you have definitely made up your mind to send her to a home for morons, she turns her heart-stopping profile and you are unstrung again. The garden still spouts roses and snapdragons and Michaelmas daisies which I cut and arrange at great length. I also read a great deal, which takes more time here than at home, owing to

the necessity for shifting every five minutes either nearer the fire or farther away, and poking the blaze four or five times an hour. But I perform these offices tranquilly. After half an hour of Devonshire air, your nerves are so relaxed they drag on the ground.

October 17th

AT THE Wadhamses last night there was no fire in the dining room and I came close to asking Mrs. Wadhams if she had trouble with stalactites. After dinner Henry vacantly started to follow Mrs. Wadhams and Auntie and me out of the room. I gave him an infinitesimal push in the stomach and he caught on and turned back.

Alone in the drawing room, Auntie and Mrs. Wadhams talked about the servant problem while I listened.

"That wretched Holcomb woman," said Auntie, "has lunch an *hour* earlier on Sundays so the maids can get out."

I smiled back uneasily. The English treatment of servants — underpaying them, overworking them, "keeping them in their places," and talking about them in a fashion that makes you surprised, when the maid comes into the room, to see that she has vertebrae — used to arouse in me more indignation

than it does now. The servants ask for it, insist on being bullied and exploited. It convinces them they are working for gentlefolk. Even our Phyllis is horrified at my cleaning my own shoes, though she is on the job from six in the morning till ten at night, while I do nothing much all day long.

October 18th

THE ENGLISH we meet as equals have been trained from childhood to patronize Americans. They say, as if it were the ultimate in compliments, "Of course, *you* aren't like other Americans." There are exceptions, but generally speaking it is impossible for an American to get through an afternoon with English people without hearing at least half a dozen hints that, culturally speaking, his compatriots are running neck and neck with the anthropoid apes.

November 21st

MR. PRIMROSE, the exchange professor who took Henry's place in America, warned us that just about next June we will discover which people we would really like to know. I realize now how right he is. English life is seven eighths below the surface, like an iceberg, and living here for a year constitutes merely an introduction to an introduction to it.

THE ONLY MAN who behaves sensibly is my tailor; he takes my measure anew every time he sees me, whilst all the rest go on with their old measurements, and expect them to fit me.

— Bernard Shaw, *Man and Superman* (Constable)

¶ Why corrupt parole boards overlook the first offender and free the hardened criminal

The Parole Racket

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Martin Mooney

The newspaper reporter whose work in exposing New York's rackets precipitated the appointment of Thomas E. Dewey as special rackets prosecutor

EVERY DAY 100 criminals are paroled in the United States. And almost every day we read of a slaying, robbery or assault by some paroled convict. Paroled men have been involved in every major kidnaping in recent years. With only one exception, every federal agent shot down by gangsters has been killed by men turned loose from prison on their "honor" — among them such desperate outlaws as John Dillinger, Clyde Barrows and Clyde Stevens.

The idea of giving a well-behaved convict an opportunity to rehabilitate himself is certainly sound. But I have known literally hundreds of paroled convicts, have talked with dozens of parole officials, and I have found ever-increasing evidence that the *wrong* convicts are getting paroles, that the system is shot through with corruption; that politicians pay off their obligations by using their influence on parole boards; that paroles are "fixed" with as little concern as parking tickets. And the fact is incontrovertible that the increase in the number of paroles has brought

a corresponding increase in crime.

Moreover, I found that often hardened criminals are freed by parole boards through the efforts of well-meaning clergymen and welfare organizations that permit sentimentality to run away with judgment.

Such was the case with "Slim," a criminal twice paroled who when I met him had a \$2200 job in a county clerk's office of an Eastern state.

He had been jailed seven times on minor charges before his first major sentence of one to three years for bludgeoning a shopkeeper and rifling his till. By that time he had learned how to work for an early parole. "Listen, Bud; it's a racket," he told me.

He explained how meticulously he'd observed the prison rules. Then, too, a women's reform group was active in the prison. "Whenever you find a setup like that, it's in the bag," he said. "I acted nice and brushed my hair, and the dames took a shine to me. They told the board what a fine guy I was, and within 11 months I was paroled.

"Once out, it was gravy. I chucked the shipping clerk's job they got for me and joined up with a couple of guys I'd met in jail who had some easy pickings staked out."

Because the parole officers already had too many cases to supervise, they didn't bother Slim. After a while, he was nabbed hijacking a truck.

"They gave me one to six years in the pen," he said. "But I could go before the parole board at the end of eight months, because you get a third off for good time. There wasn't any welfare dames in the pen but my family went to church regularly, and for their sake the minister passed the word to a couple of big shots who like him to be on their side at election time. I got my parole."

The case of "Mark" shows how not only the clergy, but prominent laymen are "used" in putting through a parole. Mark, at 17, went to the reformatory for burglary. He was paroled and in the next eight years was arrested 17 times, convicted five times but served only two jail sentences. Then he held up a bank and was sentenced to 25 years.

After six and a half years he was paroled. Less than five months later he brutally beat the owner of a jewelry store and killed the man's son.

This murder led to an inquiry into the facts behind Mark's parole.

In the parole board's file were nearly a score of letters recommending Mark's release. Tracing these letters disclosed that Mark's parents and a chorus-girl "friend" first approached a man connected with several political and fraternal organizations. As a result of his influence, the parole board received five letters asking for clemency. Not one mentioned Mark's past record.

The family also appealed to various clergymen. Result: more letters. Meanwhile Mark made a good impression on the prison chaplain who sent out appeals on his behalf to prominent persons. A series of letters followed from people who had never before heard of Mark and knew nothing of his past record.

Some time later, a clergyman who had "recommended" Mark to the parole board wrote to the prison chaplain:

My dear brother:

I am now informed that this is Mark's third term in a penal institution. This is a surprise to me. I had been led to believe that this was his first trouble. Is there any mistake in the matter? Blessings on everybody.

That letter never went into the parole board's file.

Another that did not go into the file was from the judge who sentenced Mark. The judge wrote the petitioner who asked him to say a good word for Mark: ". . . If this is the man who was sentenced for a

bank robbery at in 193— I do not care to recommend his parole."

Thus with many favorable letters and no unfavorable ones in its file, the parole board was able to show itself in the clear. At the same time, it had granted a favor to prominent persons, and that, in the last analysis, meant votes. Thus parole becomes legal tender in the economy of politics. I have even been told, by men high in the service of the nation, of governors who "paid off" political debts by granting a parole favor for every 1000 votes rounded up by the district leaders who worked for their election. There have been paroles granted for as little as \$50 paid a ward heeler.

Professional criminals without influential connections often devise ingenious schemes to win parole. Most of these entail winning the good graces of the warden by acting as stool pigeon, "framing" another prisoner and then exposing him.

The general laxity of supervision over paroled criminals was strikingly revealed recently in a western state. A man I will call Smith had been a parole officer for three years. In common with his co-workers, he was underpaid and sometimes had as many as 300 parolists to supervise. The board considered his work satisfactory. Then one day they learned that Smith himself was a convict out on

parole after serving part of an embezzlement term in another state.

Some months after Smith had passed the examination for parole officer he had been visited by two racketeers. "We know all about you," they said, "and you're going to play ball with us. If not, you'll be exposed."

For two years Smith worked hand in glove with them. Then one day he unintentionally failed to okay the record of a man in whom the crime group was "interested." Thinking he had been double-crossed, the "boss" tipped off the parole board to Smith's past.

It happened that the governor who had appointed the board was up for re-election, and the newspapers were already asking why so many paroles were being given to "wrong" men. Hence, Smith was quietly transferred to the highway department, at a slight increase in salary.

And the crime syndicate had a better setup than ever. Threatening exposure of the Smith story, they blackmailed the parole board into continuing to hand out paroles in accordance with their wishes.

Even states with the best parole records admit their systems of supervision are necessarily lax. In no states are there sufficient parole officers. The need for a sweeping revision of the whole parole setup is indicated by a \$1,000,000 federal survey started two years ago by

the Department of Justice. Their figures show that of 14,000 habitual criminals, 5000 had been paroled one to *ten* times. The figures show that the average term for murder, because of the existing parole system, is only *three and a half years*.

The survey clearly shows the need for more jails. In many states, parole boards have granted hundreds of paroles for only one reason: to keep the ever-increasing line of criminals moving. If prisoners were not turned loose there would soon be no room in the jails.

Offenders who are not habitual criminals and for whom the parole system was originally adopted are often the last to get it. It is the hardened criminal, the murderer and the gangster, having political influence to "get to" the parole board, who are released.

There are honest boards which try to see that only deserving convicts receive paroles. Some of them can point definitely to cases where paroled ex-convicts have for years been earning an honest living. But even these boards are usually hampered by inadequate records and continued political pressure.

One New England board, for instance, insisted upon saying "No" when murderers asked to be paroled because they had served their minimum sentences and had been good boys every minute of that time. Then prisoners with "connections" complained that the board was

getting "tough." As a result, the governor's advisory council "suggested" to the board that discretion wasn't its job; it was to act only on known facts and not bother itself with digging into the past records of applicants for parole.

But the board remained obdurate. Obviously it would have been too raw to throw out the whole parole board and put in one that would see its duty in a different light. But there were other means of bringing pressure.

A series of disorders started in the state prisons, fomented by convicts who had stuck to good behavior only so long as they believed it would count with the board. There were battles between convicts, assaults on the guards, a series of attempted jail breaks. Blame for all this was laid directly at the door of the parole board by the council, which declared: "Prisoners eligible for parole are sowing seeds of discontent. . . . Either the board must go or we will continue to have riot and bloodshed in our prisons."

It took just one month to bring that parole board into line.

What is a good parole system? One noted authority defines it as "one in which releases are granted only by qualified honest officials who make this work a full-time profession; one in which the fullest possible information about the criminal is obtained; one in which the staff of officers is large enough to

give real supervision to every individual on parole."

Suppose all parole boards were chosen by the method used in picking a "blue-ribbon" grand jury. Such boards could act, not as rubber stamps for political bosses, but as juries — weighing evidence in

the case of each prisoner. Suppose each case had to be presented just as evidence is produced before a jury in court, and that this evidence were made public. How many hardened criminals would be prematurely turned loose on society under such circumstances?

Gentility in Warfare

❧ UNTIL RECENTLY, well-conducted wars were run with a proper regard for personal comfort. One Empress of China strictly forbade the discharge of guns — on pain of execution — if she had a headache; and it was her pleasant whim to send a basket of vegetables daily to the army she was besieging.

In Mong Mao, a small group of states on the eastern frontier of India, they fight with the utmost ferocity till someone is hurt. And both sides knock off for all meals. They would never dream of refusing an enemy passage through the lines if he wanted to go home to his wife, or passage back next day.

— *Indian Railways Magazine*

❧ DURING a revolution in Santo Domingo, when an insurgent force threatened to attack a town in which Americans had interests, the U. S. naval commander notified both sides that he would not permit any fighting in the town, but that he would appoint a place where they could meet and fight it out, and that the victors should have the town. The commanders agreed, the fight came off at the appointed place, and the victors were given the town.

— Theodore Roosevelt, *An Autobiography* (Scribners)

❧ DR. GEORGE MUDD of Bryantown, Maryland, a Union sympathizer during the Civil War, often asked in for a card game some Northern officers, who were in the neighborhood looking for a Confederate spy.

"Your spy came to my house last night, all tuckered out," he said to them one evening. "I fed him and put him to bed same as I would anybody."

The officers jumped from their chairs. "Which way did he go?"

"He's still upstairs — asleep; and you're not going to touch him. He's my guest; and we're not fighting the war tonight. Let's wake him and deal him in."

They played cards all evening; and next day gave the spy an hour's start. Then they were after him again.

— John Mudd, quoted by John Patric in *The National Geographic Magazine*

What's Good in Germany?

Condensed from *The Spectator*
London Conservative Weekly

Douglas Reed

THE MAIN ANSWER to the question, what's good in Germany, seems to be that the German has a civic sense, an inbred feeling that his country belongs to the nation first and the individual afterward, and that the land is one big national estate which must continually be improved and adorned. This is not a product of Hitlerism; nor a question of capitalism, socialism or any other ism. This overriding sense of duty to the community has existed for centuries, and it has made the German great. If it did not stop at frontiers it would make him even greater.

The practical result of this civic sense is a constant striving toward the beautification of the land, toward the preservation of amenities for all. Every German feels that beautiful surroundings ennoble and should not be the luxury of the wealthy few, that light, sunshine, air, trees, flowers, and buildings coördinated to a harmonious plan are more important than picture theaters built like Babylonian temples, cheap sweets, and gigantic department stores, the three main solaces of the Londoner for the dreariness of his surroundings. The

careful planning of towns as they grow; the preservation of the countryside as they trespass upon it; the maintenance of easy access to the country for the town-dwellers; these are three things which should commend themselves to everybody, but which only the Germans among the great nations efficiently practice. The Swiss and the Scandinavian peoples are not far behind them.

A slum, as an Englishman understands the word, you will not find in Germany. It would horrify the German's sense of propriety. He has a word, *Schandfleck*, which means, approximately, a disfiguring spot. It might be used about wasteland on which billboards were erected. The German could not stand that: out, damned spot! The German is as keen as any foreigner to get at the coal and iron beneath the surface of his country; but he has left no Black Country nor Distressed Areas. Somehow the big manufacturing cities contrive to be bright industrial settlements; somehow the coal mines manage never to be very far from green fields and woods.

Thus the German townsman is never the prisoner of bricks and mortar in the city; for five cents the

poorest Berliner, after half an hour's ride, may be among the trees of the Grünewald or on the lakes. The countryside is largely his; there are no golf courses, few big estates, but everywhere great State forests free to the pedestrian, with special paths for cyclists.

The sense of common ownership of the land which leads to this admirable preservation of the amenities of life has produced the noble cities of the Rhineland, of South

Germany, of the seacoasts, cities which grow better as they grow bigger. The comparison with the disfigured English coasts, with the enormous mass of London, where many inhabitants must abandon all hope of tasting fresh air save on rare sorties by charabanc, is profoundly disturbing. Undoubtedly this good stewardry seems the most important of all the good things in Germany, one that gives the greatest benefit to the greatest number.

Who's Who in the Animal Kingdom?

By Archibald Rutledge

1. What great animal gives birth to its young during the long twilight sleep of hibernation?

2. What is the only bird that can fly straight up, down, sideways, and backward?

3. What is the largest creature this earth or its waters have ever known?

4. What creature has the curious habit of swallowing some hard, indigestible substance such as a stone, a brick, or a tree-knot, before it hibernates?

5. What wild animal is the hardest to trap?

6. What bird is always in continuous flight while away from its nest?

7. What animal made many of the trails over the hills and plains of North America — routes so perfect from an engineering standpoint that many of

our highways and railways have been built upon them?

8. What wild animal refuses to eat food that he does not carefully wash?

9. What animal thumps on the ground with its feet to communicate with its fellows?

10. What bird will plunge at full speed into a snowbank in order to escape the rigors of a winter's night?

11. What three natural enemies in nature will sometimes be found together in the same burrow underground?

12. What two creatures carry their young in skin pouches?

13. Why are many male spider lovers perfectly terrified of the females?

14. What creature of the sea nurses its young?

15. What American big-game animal is the longest jumper?

(For answers, turn to page 78)

Country Home calls this "The Most
Amazing Success Story of the Year"

A Farmer Bags a Million Dollars

Condensed from The Country Home Magazine

George Kent

FOR 10 years, up until 1935, Lester Pfister's neighbors in El Paso, Illinois, were convinced that he wasn't quite right in the head. They couldn't understand why any sane individual should spend hours in a field under the boiling sun tying paper bags on corn tassels. When his farm went to ruin because he couldn't give it the time it required, fatherly old men used to stop him on the road and beg him to quit his foolishness.

And then, after years of ridicule and going about ragged and half-starved, Pfister drove his "crazy" experiment through to a successful conclusion. In 1935, while his neighbors were averaging \$2000 for a season's work, Pfister took in \$35,000 — payment for corn seed that he had developed. The following year he sold for \$10 a bushel every kernel he could raise, and took in \$150,000. Here was a corn that would out-yield anything ever grown in Woodford County by anywhere from six to 35 bushels! Orders rolled in from every state in the Corn Belt, and in 1937 he grossed \$400,000. This year advance orders backed by deposits point to a take of half a million.

Pfister's quest for hybrid corn began in 1925 after a chance meeting in Des Moines with Henry Wallace, then an Iowa farm editor, now Secretary of Agriculture. The two men talked corn far into the night, and Pfister learned the new gospel of the corn breeder. Ear selection, he heard, was like breeding cattle and ignoring bulls. No breeder, outside of a few professors, had ever tried to control tassel pollen to produce better corn. Wallace sowed in his companion a great enthusiasm. When they parted, at two in the morning, Pfister said, "I'll get going tomorrow." And he did.

To avoid ridicule, Pfister began planting back of a hedge. But farmers, standing high in their wagons, were able to look down and see the field all decked out in paper bags.

"Maybe he figures to keep the shucks from freezing," they said.

Into the black earth Pfister had tucked the seed from 388 ears of top-notch Krug corn. On each tassel that sprang from the stalks he tied a paper bag. On the ear-shoots he tied another. When he figured the tassel bag was full of pollen, he slipped it off. This he inverted

quickly over the silk of the ear on the same stalk. Then he snapped off the tassel. This was inbreeding. During his experiments he used 100,000 bags, made 50,000 hand pollinations.

At harvest time he discovered the many strains that had been blended to make Krug corn. Here were stalks thick as a baseball bat that wouldn't stand erect; here, tassels without pollen, cobs without kernels. A few bore runty ears, but were rooted deep and stood straight and strong. Ruthlessly he discarded the weaklings, saving only 115 ears that showed promise. The following spring he planted them.

For five back-straining years he planted, bagged and eliminated, in addition to operating the farm for his living. In 1929 he was down to *four* ears. These were the twisted, misbegotten children of five inbred generations, but they were tough, had root systems that bored deep and made the most of the minerals in the earth; they stood erect in high winds and went through the summer unmarred by disease. He shelled these four ears, and was ready to make his first crosses.

The corn was planted in three rows. He designated the middle row the sire or pollinator, and this time he snapped off the tassels on the female stalks as fast as they appeared. The male tassels were free to shed their pollen in the silks of the rows on either side.

No rain fell and the sun was desperately hot. Stalk after stalk wilted.

But Pfister, advised to irrigate, said simply: "If they can't take it, let them die."

His farm ran down and he made little effort to do anything about it. His arrival in town became a signal for snorts and laughter. But nothing could turn this thin, pale man from his purpose.

That winter he looked at the ears of his first crosses. No longer the undersized, gnarled offspring of cousins and sister and brother matings, these ears were wonderfully filled down to the tips with evenlykerneled, heavy corn. From experiment stations he obtained federal inbreds to cross with his own. He was still dissatisfied.

During 1931 and 1932 Lester let his corn ride out grasshoppers and chinch bugs as he had let it ride out drought. "Let the weaklings die," he said.

His life became steadily more difficult. Having no crop, he obtained loans from his sisters, his brother and the bank. He was now \$32,000 in debt. His hair turned white that year, and his weight dropped to 115 pounds. Day in, day out, all his children had to eat was corn meal mush. In the winter the family huddled over a smolder of corncobs, and Pfister, his sheepskin in shreds, put cardboard over the holes in his boots to keep out the snow and cold.

All that sustained him was his pile of corn. That, and one inspiring sentence he had once read. He re-

cited it to me, a little awkwardly: "On the plains of hesitation bleach the bones of countless millions who, at the dawn of victory, sat down to rest, and resting, died."

Receiving notice of foreclosure from his bank the following spring, he wheedled a six-months' postponement by showing the bank officials some of his precious ears. The bank officials knew corn and were impressed. Urged by his wife, he sold his remaining hogs and made out a money order to a paper-bag manufacturer.

At harvest he shucked 225 bushels of the finest corn ever seen in Woodford County. Passing farmers jumped off their wagons to take a look. To some, Pfister gave a bushel or two.

These were all double-crosses, that is, a mating of the single-crosses of the preceding year — and they were bigger, heavier, fuller. Pfister had corn that would outdo anything he knew, and when his wife came to find out what was keeping him from

dinner, she burst into tears. Their troubles were over.

That winter a man with a half section of land proposed that Pfister permit him to raise seed for him, on a 10 percent royalty basis. Now 25 other large farmers produce each year a quarter of a million bushels, all of it marketed under Pfister's name.

Pfister now has a 580-acre farm, free of debt. He rents another 800 acres. His seed business will probably soon gross \$1,000,000 a year.

This Illinois farmer is enjoying his success, for it means that his six children will not be obliged, as he was, to break off their schooling in the eighth grade. More than that, it means that every bushel of the hybrid corn that he sells will enrich the buyer. Now planted on more than 2,000,000 acres in Iowa, Indiana, Illinois and Ohio, his corn will, he figures, put \$10,000,000 in farmers' pockets this year that would not otherwise have been there.

No boy can tell me two lies running; he gives himself away by his manner. But little girls look at me with starry eyes and take me in every time. Ladies with whom I have discussed this question say that it is merely a matter of sex — they are equally unable to detect boys in untruths.

— Canon Peter Green, quoted in *Medley*

A SOUTHERN LADY once observed to me that gaiety is one of the surest marks of the aristocrat; and it is one of the unwritten laws of French politeness that a long face is a breach of manners.

— Richard Le Gallienne

Escape to the South Sea Islands

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Philip Aquila Kempster

I SHOULD LIKE to be on a liner ploughing southwest through the Pacific. As the water became a more and more brilliant blue each day, as the soothing trade wind became warmer, I should be filled with an inner content. I should feel, despite the fact that my native city lay half a world behind, that I was coming home.

The legend of the South Seas has persisted for generations. Almost everyone has been touched by the alluring vision of an island paradise, particularly when modern life becomes most oppressive. It is strange that only the merest handful have realized their dream. But there have been a few . . .

Some time ago, my wife and I decided that we weren't getting as much out of life as we should, so we packed up and followed the sun. We lived for nearly two years on the island of Moorea, 12 miles across the channel from Tahiti. Our home, which we rented for \$6 a month, was in a setting of exquisite beauty—green mountains towering at our back, coconut palms around the house, and a stretch of white sand and turquoise water in front.

The house consisted of one large room, about 30 feet by 20, built off the ground on stilts. There was a little veranda in front facing the beach, with overhanging eaves of palm thatch. The walls were plank for three feet, and above that, young bamboo reeds through which sunlight and fresh air filtered constantly.

We partitioned the place off with curtains. From packing cases we built bookcases, shelves, etc. Two beds, a table, a few old chairs, a gasoline lamp and a secondhand oil stove about completed the furnishings. The lot didn't cost more than \$30.

We lived in what would probably be called a primitive style, but I wonder if you in the big cities, and you who are hard put to it to make ends meet in rural areas, are, despite the conveniences of your so-called civilization, any happier. In our island home we had just about everything we wanted, and we spent no more than \$35 a month after the first month. They were the happiest two years we have ever known.

There is just one catch to pulling

) 1938, *The American Mercury, Inc.*, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.
(*The American Mercury*, August, '38)

up stakes and coming to these French-owned islands — you can't make a living down there. Therefore, your first requisite is a certain amount of cash or an assured income. But dollars stretch a long way, with the franc so cheap. Your greatest outlay will be steamer fare — \$120 one way from San Francisco or Los Angeles. The French authorities insist that you either have a return ticket or deposit \$90 when you land — to be returned when you leave. This is insurance against the islands being overrun with penniless beachcombers.

When you arrive in Papeete, a sleepy little French village of about 4000 souls, you will probably go to a hotel for a week until you get your bearings. A comfortable room will cost 60 cents a day. In a week you'll meet most of the foreigners worth knowing and hear all about the rest. You probably will solve the transportation problem by purchasing a secondhand bicycle for \$10.

Meals at the hotel cost about 40 cents, but you can get good meals at the Chinese restaurants for 20. Your breakfast, consisting of coffee, rolls, butter and fruit, will cost about six cents. The early morning open-air market will be a revelation to you. Natives and Chinese travel all night bringing their produce for sale. The fishermen display a rare assortment, from the large meaty food fish to octopus and a sort of sea-centipede which looks horrible

but is a delicacy to the Chinese.

Out in the country, where it is cooler, and rents less expensive than in town, you probably will pay 10 or 12 dollars a month for a house in which you can live comfortably. It will be fairly well furnished in simple style. Water will be piped from a mountain stream to a shower bath and the kitchen sink. There will be an outhouse in the rear.

You need not become accustomed to strange foods. You can get pretty much the same as you're used to at home. Meat and ice will be delivered at your door every other day. From a nearby Chinese truck gardener you can buy for 10 francs enough vegetables for a week. Tropical fruits cost next to nothing. Avocados, mangos, papayas, bananas, oranges and breadfruit are plentiful.

Tinned New Zealand butter costs 30 cents a pound. Excellent French bread is delivered to you daily for three cents a loaf. Your coffee, raised nearby, costs ten cents a pound, and if you roast it yourself in a pan over an open fire and then grind it, you will have a delicious brew. You can get your favorite American cigarettes for a dime, for they are minus the government tax stamp.

Clothing is no problem. A man can get a pretty good white suit made by Chinese tailors for \$5. When in town I usually wore shorts, a polo shirt and Chinese sandals

costing 50 cents. Most of the rest of the time I went barefooted, with a *pareu* wrapped around my waist and twisted to form a pair of close-fitting trunks. Shorts, shirts, sandals, lounging pajamas, and a cotton dress or two suffice for most of the foreign women in the islands.

Your house will be only a stone's throw from the sea, and the swimming in the lagoon is as fine as any in the world. The waters teem with game fish. You can catch them with hook and line or get a pair of goggles and a spear and go out with the natives. There's a knack to it that way, but you'll have a lot of fun learning.

All this can be yours at a cost of \$50 a month — for two. If you are single, you can get by on \$35. If you have a bit more money you can rent a furnished house with two or three bedrooms, fancy plumbing, electric lighting and all modern conveniences in Tahiti for \$40 a month.

The Polynesian natives are a lovable, charming, if somewhat decadent people. Treat them right and they are your friends for life. Their ways may be different from yours but — look around and see which is happier.

Language will be no obstacle. Much English is spoken, and you'll soon pick up enough French and Tahitian words to get by. Practically all the storekeepers speak a

little English and you will learn quickly to bargain with the Chinese in a pidgin dialect.

You will not find much night life along the unpaved streets of Papeete. You can go to the one motion-picture house for a couple of francs and see films of yesteryear, resurrected to delight the Polynesian audience. Boxing programs and horse races are staged frequently. On your \$50 a month you will be able to enjoy these little luxuries.

Probably one quarter of the population is white or part white. You will soon have a wide circle of acquaintances. They will drop in at your house frequently, and you in turn will enjoy visiting them.

You may hear lurid tales of the rainy season, but don't let them scare you off. A lot of water falls in December, January and February, but it's not too bad and there is fine weather between rains. The rest of the year is magnificent.

Life in the islands is simple and satisfying — if you're the right person. If you can't do without all the little conveniences of the machine age, don't go. If you're the ultra-gregarious kind, stay home and mill around with your fellows.

But if you're another sort, you'll find in the South Seas a happiness that's pretty hard to put into words; something real and vital that you'll never forget as long as you live.



❏ Why can't we follow Mussolini's example in banning automobile horn-blowing?

The Horns and the Dilemma

Condensed from Public Safety

Jerome Beatty

MUSSOLINI lost his temper on the afternoon of December 14, 1934. It was a lucky thing, because he not only silenced the nerve-wracking clamor of motorcar horns in Italian cities, but incidentally discovered a way to reduce motorcar accidents. The incident in Rome may yet have its effect on motorists in America.

On that momentous day Mussolini was deep in matters of State. Through his open windows poured the inimitable uproar of an Italian street — horns barking resentfully or blaring in full, rich triumph at every crisis. The uproar "got" Il Duce. He rang a bell.

"There shall be," he declared, setting the famous jaw, "no more automobile horns blown in Rome."

Later he explained that he hadn't intended to be taken quite so seriously. He meant only that he would like a little less noise. But before he could indulge in second thought, the edict was in effect.

For the first week, a policeman would stop a tooting driver and explain "the silent circulation of automobiles." Thereafter, the law was enforced. Citizens began to enjoy a

silence they never had believed possible. Tourists are fined \$2.50 per toot, Italians more, depending on the toot's volume. Some offenders lose their licenses for a month.

I was in Rome for two weeks and never heard a single honk. Impulsive drivers who can't trust themselves have switches on their horns, and when in Rome turn off the current. The improvement is incredible. Moreover, in all Italian cities now, night tooting is forbidden. In most, a tiny honk is permitted in an emergency. Taxis are allowed only bulb horns which squeak a faint, pleading note.

For three years Italy watched the experiment. To make the cities quiet was fine, but not if accident rates went up. Miraculously, they went down. Today Italy is one of the few countries where accidents are decreasing. From 1935 to 1936 Italy reduced accidents in which people were killed or injured from 39,997 to 34,905. Rome followed the same marked trend in those years — 5259 to 4389.

Not perfect, no, but moving in the right direction, while American figures mount yearly. After a thor-

ough investigation, the Royal Automobile Club now states officially that "silent circulation" is there to stay, that it has cut the accident rate.

Why don't American cities try this? Havana forbids horns between midnight and five in the morning. Bombay prohibits the sounding of horns on stationary vehicles — a singularly wise idea. Bucharest outlaws horns at all times. The habit is spreading around the world; yet in the United States, New York alone has made a feeble gesture toward it. Commissioner Valentine announced that his men had issued 20,163 summonses and 292,500 warnings for promiscuous noise-making while the anti-noise drive was on in 1937. But the drive didn't "take."

Today an average 60 seconds on Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street will contain 43 blasts; and there are many minutes in the day and many corners in the city. Current laws are hopelessly inadequate, and it is plain that without more aggressive legislation and more active public opinion nothing of consequence will be accomplished.

The greatest obstacle is the mistaken belief that the use of the horn is an aid to efficient driving. Listen to Dr. Miller McClintock, Director of the Yale University Bureau for Street Traffic Research. "Many of the best drivers I know," he says, "don't use their horns more than half a dozen times a

year. If you go blasting your way along the roads, you identify yourself as a second class driver. Pride, if nothing else, should prevent you from doing that. The essence of good driving is to foresee difficulties far enough ahead so that you prepare for them calmly and evade them smoothly. It is usually perfectly possible to do that. Even if another car pops suddenly out of a hidden road — well, a really alert driver would have spotted that road and unconsciously have visualized the possibility of a car's sudden appearance. In passing another moving car you may be justified in blowing, but many times if you feel you have to give a warning signal you shouldn't pass at all."

Nowhere is horn-blowing more completely futile than in city driving. A count of horn toots on a New York street corner some time ago showed that 97 percent of the blasts were wholly unnecessary. They were simply contemptuous and ill-mannered shouts at other people to get out of the way. Perhaps, as has been suggested, this irresponsible and dangerous practice can be checked by educational campaigns. Perhaps. But taking away the horn buttons in cities would save a lot of educational effort.

"Silent circulation" is coming some day, sure as sunrise. What American city will first reap the fame of pioneering?

¶ The story of Princess Jane di San Faustino, born Jane Campbell, of Bernardsville, N. J., who transformed the social life of Rome

She Didn't Have to Be Rich

Condensed from *The North American Review*

Jerome Beatty

ALTHOUGH the world is well dotted with princesses, few of them have a life story as exciting as Rome's recently deceased Princess Jane di San Faustino, once of Bernardsville, New Jersey. Born Jane Campbell, she went to Rome 44 years ago — and without much money, but with a wealth of ingenuity and charm, became the ringmaster of society in the Eternal City.

Before the depression took most of her income she ruled from an antique Roman palace. Then she moved to a five-room, \$75-a-month flat — and people continued to come to her. Nearly every afternoon in her modest salon could be found such bigwigs as the former King of Spain, Prince Christopher of Greece, and Count Joseph Visconti, intimate friend of the King and Queen of Italy. When American millionaires arrived in Rome, they laid themselves out to charm Princess Jane, for unless she found them interesting they weren't invited to the best places.

Jane Campbell was born in New Jersey in 1863. When she was 18 she had made up her mind that

she was going to marry a rich husband and become a social leader like Mrs. Astor. When her father moved to New York City, she quickly became popular with the younger set; but though often a bridesmaid she was never a bride. She was not pretty and she was much too clever and dominating.

So Jane went to Italy to visit her aunt, the wife of the Netherlands Minister in Rome. She found Roman society so formal that its gatherings were extremely dull. Quite soundly she reasoned that a few sparkling parties would establish her as a public benefactor.

After the death of her father, she returned to Rome to begin her campaign, at the age of 31. More than a dozen wives of American millionaires had already tried to climb into Italian society and failed; Jane was attempting it with a comparatively small income.

Almost at once she met Dr. Axel Munthe who, years later, wrote *The Story of San Michele*. They became close companions and he had a profound effect upon her life. She spent hours each day with him in the squalid slums of Rome,

where she saw hundreds of children dying of tuberculosis, mothers bearing children in filth, families whose week's food was a handful of crusts. Jane gave them clothing, sold jewels to buy them food, helped nurse them.

Then, realizing that her desultory charities were not very effective, she went to the Italian Red Cross and asked what she could do. They told her that Rome was in dire need of a sanatorium for tubercular children. She energetically whipped Roman society into taking part in charity balls and card parties; she collected thousand-lire notes from dinner partners. Eighty children now go to school in "The Italian Red Cross Prophylactic Colony of the Princess Jane di San Faustino," and through the years hundreds have been aided by it. At the time of her death the Princess had raised more than \$200,000 for the home.

After the earthquake of Avezzano which drove thousands of homeless refugees into Rome in 1913, she housed and fed more than 100 people in her own apartment through the winter. During the war she directed a soup kitchen and put most of Rome's society girls to work in it.

Meanwhile she had completely conquered Roman society. Her parties were small, but they were the talk of Rome because she kept things bouncing. Prince d'Avella once told her, "It is because we

never know what you are going to do that you have us at your feet."

She took charge of the conversation, interrupting kings and ambassadors, abandoning a topic instantly when the talk became dull. She loved to startle listeners with mild profanity. She made fun of herself and her close friends — but never behind their backs.

One afternoon, in her home, she took the arm of a young American girl who didn't seem to be having a good time. "Come on," she said, "let's watch the King of Spain play bridge."

The former King looked up from his cards and smiled.

"We won't learn anything about bridge," she told the girl, "but it's fun to look at a king."

A few minutes later a workman arrived to repair the fireplace. She had asked him to come that afternoon, and quite in character, had forgotten that guests would be there. Most hostesses would have told the workman to come another day. Not Princess Jane.

"Come, come," she said quickly to the bridge players. "This man's time is valuable. You'll have to move your table."

So they moved back and the former King and three other titled gentlemen continued their bridge while the workman dragged in his tools and, almost under their feet, hammered iron and bricks until the job was finished.

Her daring made Rome gasp.

At a painfully formal British Embassy costume ball the guests were to come dressed as their ancestors. The sons and daughters of the great families of Italy dug beautiful Renaissance costumes out of their attics and arrived in solemn splendor. Jane came as a sea monster. She was in long green scaly robes and on her head was a dragonlike mask with electric eyes that flashed when she pushed a button. She went around saying "Boo!" to royalty and scaring them half to death.

At the time of her first formal dinner to the diplomatic set she called in a secretary of the Italian Foreign Office to arrange the seating. When he had placed the guests according to Rome's all-important social precedence, she said, "Good lord! What a dull table! Nobody sitting next to anybody he'd like to talk to." Whereupon she rearranged the cards to suit herself. Any other hostess in Rome would have received frigid telephone calls next day from the insulted embassies warning her that the diplomats would never come to her dinners if she did it again. But they kept on coming to Princess Jane's.

Learning one day that an American diplomat didn't know that Michelangelo had painted the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, she organized a series of lectures on Rome for new residents. She made the meetings important social events for several winters, and because

she sponsored them, people *bad* to come.

Before Jane had been in Rome two years she met Prince Carlo di San Faustino, handsome, athletic and pursued by most of the girls. Short of a spirited polo pony, he had never met anything like her. Within three weeks he proposed; and she accepted as soon as she could get her breath.

Through all her successive social triumphs she remained simply herself, Jane Campbell, American. She dressed simply, and never tried to act like a great lady. Tall and slender, she stood among her guests like a queen — a queen charged with thoroughbred vitality. She never smoked and for the last 15 years did not taste alcohol. Because she truly loved her husband and their two children, she could not reconcile herself to his Continental attitude toward women friends. When she was 51 she was overwhelmed with a desire to see Charles' mistress. Learning where the Prince was to dine with the girl, she stood for an hour on the rainy pavement outside, staring through the window, noting bitterly that Charles was gayer than she had ever seen him. She went home and cried herself to sleep.

When Charles died five years later, his mistress telephoned the Princess and asked permission to see the body before it was brought home. Princess Jane quickly sent her maid to take the girl to the

hospital. The Italians were dumfounded. "I'm a sentimentalist," was the only explanation she ever gave.

A short time before her death she said to some close American friends, "When I die I want only

Americans around me." Then she added, smiling, "Because I never would be able to die in Italian. I'd get the wrong verb forms in my farewell speech and instead of saying something heroic, it would only be silly."

Letters

Thomas Bailey Aldrich
to
Edward Sylvester Morse

IT WAS very pleasant to get a letter from you the other day. Perhaps I should have found it pleasanter if I had been able to decipher it. I don't think I mastered anything beyond the date (which I knew) and the signature (which I guessed at). There's a singular and perpetual charm in a letter of yours; it never grows old, it never loses its novelty. Other letters are read and thrown away, but yours are kept forever — unread. One of them will last a reasonable man a lifetime.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich
to
William Dean Howells

WE HAD so charming a visit at your house that I have about made up my mind to reside with you permanently. I am tired of writing. I would like to settle down in just such a comfortable home as yours. I am easy to get along with. I have few unreasonable wants and never complain when they are constantly supplied. I think I could depend on you. Ever yours, T. B. A.

— Ferris Greenslet, *The Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich* (Houghton Mifflin)

Benjamin Franklin
to a relative
on the death of his brother, John

A MAN IS not completely born until he is dead. Why then should we grieve that a new child is born among the immortals. We are spirits. That bodies should be lent us, while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge or in doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes and afford us pain instead of pleasure, instead of an aid become an encumbrance, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which we may get rid of them. Death is that way.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was ready first and he is gone before us. We could not all conveniently start together; and why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow and know where to find him.

The House of a Democrat

Condensed from "Roosevelt: A Study in Fortune and Power"

Emil Ludwig

Eminent biographer of Napoleon, Bismarck, Lincoln

Translated from the German by Maurice Samuel

A EUROPEAN would not suspect that the White House is the residence of a chief of state. All our European republics have placed their presidents in the castles of the kings who once governed, and the visitor passes through haughty railings between gloomy guards and is led across scarlet carpets into the lofty, ornate inner rooms of the chief executive, even if the latter happens to be a socialist; thus it is from Paris to Moscow, from Warsaw to Rome.

The White House is different; not splendid enough for a castle, but more striking than a private home, the patrician aspect of this house is at once almost princely and yet private. One would say that here lives the father of a country, for it is evident from the open site of the house that he does not have to be afraid, like a king or a dictator. Every citizen and every foreigner can go through the wide-open gates and stroll around the grounds as far as the white steps — and the fact that the house is white again distinguishes it from all other official residences in the world.

The third difference lies in the complete absence of uniforms all around, whether they be the bearskins of Buckingham, the red caps of the Kremlin, or the steel helmets of Berlin. In place of the glowering sentinels forever marching to and fro under the windows of all the castles I have known, I saw here only happy squirrels playing on the lawn. The European learns with envy that it is possible to guard the honor of a state and the security of its chief without military coxcombry and pretentious pomp.

Politicians enter the White House like tradesmen, through the office door. There at last stand two policemen, but they are not stationed like archangels; they are placed behind the door, and even so they are adorned with few buttons. There are also a few plain-clothes men sitting on watch in the armchairs in the hall, and actually they can be recognized by the bored expression with which they read their newspapers. The floor of this hall, which looks like blocks of black and white marble, is only linoleum.

In the offices of the President's

secretaries the visitor meets the President for the first time. He stares down from the chimney in plaster, a vast hydrocephalic head with pince-nez above a slender figure, a fishing rod three times as big as himself in his hand, laughing immoderately. Such a caricature of a chief of state, hung above his door in full view of every visitor, would be unthinkable in any European capital. I mention this statuette to the glory of the United States.

What finally astonishes the European most is that the house echoes with laughter. It rolls from the mouths of Senators and journalists,

judges and officers, secretaries and stenographers. In the corridors, vestibules, waiting rooms and work-rooms the air is filled with it. An atmosphere so humanly informal is, again, distinctly American.

One has but to reflect on these comparisons, and on the superb democracy and unostentatious simplicity of the White House to perceive the essential difference between a democratic system based on consent, and a dictatorial system based on force. And one is more than ever convinced of the startling and truly unique quality of the American achievement.

The Voice of America

EACH AFTERNOON at five o'clock in the General Electric studios in Schenectady, N. Y., John R. Sheehan becomes the voice of America as he broadcasts to the world a program known as "American News Tower." It is an unbiased and uncensored report of what has gone on that day, not throughout the world, but in the United States.

Until recently this country has been poorly understood in South America because of the constant barrage of German and Italian propaganda. A study last year showed that nine of our 12 short-wave radio stations were rarely heard in Argentina or Brazil, while a German station frequently blanketed out the three most powerful of the

American stations. But that situation was changed when the government granted additional licenses to General Electric for its stations, W2XAD and W2XAF, two of the most powerful short-wave stations in the world. The effectiveness of both stations is more than tripled by a special antenna that shuts out the German beam. The two beams are arranged to split South America between them.

Most of the broadcasts are in Spanish but the one planned to reach Brazil is in Portuguese. Besides the news broadcasts, the programs include travelogues of the United States, entertainment features and much music.

— David Dietz in *Cleveland Press*

¶ To destroy China's industrial life and live off the corpse — is this the Japanese plan?

Japan's Vampire Policy

Condensed from *The China Weekly Review*

Nym Wales

Pseudonym of wife of Edgar Snow, Far Eastern representative of the London Daily Herald and author of "Red Star Over China"

A FEW DAYS AGO I drove out to see the war areas around Shanghai. The complete desolation everywhere was accented by the systematic looting and burning of every small workshop and large industrial plant owned by Chinese in the whole area. Portable machinery has all been transported to Japan and the rest of the equipment blown up. Whole city lots full of twisted ruined machinery are all that remain — collected for shipment as scrap iron to Japan.

It took the Chinese many years of painful struggle to develop this industrial base. Now 6000 factories have been intentionally razed to the ground by the Japanese; some half million workmen who manned these plants wander idle and half-starving through the streets, just as much waste as the ruined machinery. In Tsingtao there are another 100,000 idle, and from every coastal city hundreds of thousands of all classes have rushed for safety into the interior, where they have no productive work to do. Now that there are no Chinese factories for these idle people, the Japanese hope to utilize them at slave rates.

Japan's policy is clear. It is to destroy all Chinese industry in Central China and turn the area into a market for her own manufactured goods. And in the north it is simply to remove all the natural resources as raw materials for Japanese industry.

But if this happens, China will be turned into a ruined desert. With their factories destroyed the people will have no means of earning money with which to buy goods. All Japan can do is drain away for her own use at home more and more of the already depleted resources of China, and leave the nation as barren as the Dead Sea.

To realize the plight of China, one must realize that wars today are fought not only by the military, but by the people in the rear who keep the economic organization of the nation functioning. Soldiers march in exact time with the transportation of supplies from this rear. If China's economic defense is destroyed — and it is being systematically destroyed — she has no defense at all.

The Chinese have always believed they will survive by virtue

of inertia and sheer bulk. But where are the dinosaurs? They went the way of other anachronistic forms of life.

For many years China has been slowly losing her economic self-sufficiency and becoming dependent upon industrial production. Village handcraft and small local industry have been withering away. It was to destroy Chinese industry in the big cities, upon which the

entire country is dependent, that Japan launched her present vast expedition.

Long ago Genghis Khan had much the same idea that Japan has today. He wanted to kill all the people in North China and turn it into a pasture land for the ponies of the Mongols. But Japan's idea is to let the people survive in a macabre state, and to live off the half-dead body of China like a vampire.

China's War Children

THOSE who will fight the invaders, set your hands to work," sang the leader. "All the Japanese robbers cannot stop our iron fist," shouted the chorus. It was the finale of a performance by the Children's Drama Group, a unique Chinese propaganda organization. These traveling companies, made up of children from 9 to 19, have come from the refugee camps "to help win the war." They are trained by professional actors and go by steamer, rail and small boat all over China, bringing their enthusiasm to disheartened peasants and losing no political points in their entertainment.

—James M. Bertram in *Asia*

WOLF CHILDREN are on the prowl in Shanghai — singly, in pairs, and in packs up to 15 or 20. They are war orphans; they hide in alleyways, in unused lofts and hallways. They

scavenge the gutters, they beg from pedestrians. To ignore them is to have your clothes yanked and a black little foot try to trip you. They run beside rickshas, cluster at motorcar doors, hurling abuse and refuse — and then disappear like magic. They crack showcases and steal the contents before merchants know what has happened; clerks have to be stationed to guard all open counters, especially if food is displayed on them.

Schooled by hunger and trained by fear in the desperate struggle to maintain their slender thread of life, most of these "wolf children" — reliably estimated at well over 2000 in Shanghai — have come to be suspicious of any show of friendship and kindness. They kick and bite hospital attendants and health officers who try to take them to refugee camps and child hospitals. —AP

❧ Fear and worry and inherited weak nerves
cause half the cases of "stomach trouble"

Nerves and Indigestion

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Walter C. Alvarez, M.D.

The Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota

Author of a book on "Nervous Indigestion" and one of America's leading stomach specialists,
Dr. Alvarez wrote this article at the special request of *Hygeia*

WHEN A MAN or woman begins to suffer with indigestion, what is its most likely cause? Will an examination show disease, or will physicians blame nerves, worry or eating too fast? Actually, much depends on age and sex. Young people, particularly young women, are more likely to suffer with nervous indigestion than old people; but persons past middle age who only recently have begun to have abdominal distress, are probably suffering with organic disease.

Particularly alarming is the indigestion that comes suddenly to the older person who has always boasted of a "cast-iron stomach." Obviously something has gone wrong: perhaps a tumor has begun to grow, or a gallstone, or the heart has begun to fail. Every person past middle age who, after years of good health, begins to suffer with indigestion or abdominal pain should hasten to have a careful examination, including an X-ray study of stomach and bowel.

The digestive tract is supplied richly with nerves which connect

one part with another, and with the brain. This connection with the brain, once useful, is now largely a nuisance. When a man's life depended on his ability to beat a tiger to a tree, his nerves helped him by shutting off all unnecessary activity in the digestive tract, and by pouring into his blood powerful drugs (such as adrenalin) which helped him to run or fight. Today when a man fights for his life in our economic jungle the old nervous processes still stop his digestion; the powerful chemicals still pour into his blood. But since he doesn't use them up in muscular action they remain to irritate his colon and to make him feel sick.

It is this nervous interference with the normal processes of digestion that causes numberless persons to complain of "stomach trouble." And even in the cases of organic disease, a doctor may have to combat psychological influences if the patient is to be helped.

For instance, a man gets a pain in the pit of his stomach at 11 in the morning and five in the afternoon,

a pain which he can relieve by a little food or an alkaline tablet. He probably has a duodenal ulcer, an organic disease. But the chances are that every acute flare-up of the trouble is the direct result of worry or unhappiness. In prescribing treatment, the physician insists upon three things: rest; the avoidance of psychic upsets; and the taking of some easily digestible food every two hours. The average ulcer can be healed by this treatment, but a new one commonly forms if the patient does not find mental and emotional peace.

Inflammation of the gall bladder usually causes gassy indigestion with occasional attacks of agonizing colicky pain. Although the disease is organic, many of the colics follow emotional excesses and fits of temper, which probably cause spasm in the ducts that carry the bile to the bowel. Although some gallstone sufferers can be helped by diet, many must be operated on sooner or later. There is no way of dissolving the stones, and their presence always constitutes a menace.

Another organic cause of indigestion is *cancer of the stomach*. The symptoms vary, but whenever a person, healthy for 50 years, begins to suffer with indigestion and to lose weight and strength, a careful examination should immediately be made, because cancer can often be cured when treated early enough. Unfortunately the average person waits too long.

Organic causes for indigestion often lie *outside* the digestive tract. Here, for instance, is a man in his 50's who, after a large meal, cannot walk half a block without getting a cramping pain under the left breast. Sure it is due to indigestion, he goes to a stomach specialist, but he really should consult a cardiologist because his pain is due to a narrowing of the coronary arteries which supply the heart muscle with blood.

In 50 percent of indigestion cases, the specialist can discover nothing wrong with the digestive tract. He is faced here by the functional type of indigestion, in which a seriously upset nervous system causes untold misery. The commonest causes of nervous indigestion are fatigue, worry, hypersensitiveness and insomnia. *Functional indigestion is common, nothing can be found to explain the symptoms, and the patient never comes to any bad end.* When nervous invalids learn these important facts they will save themselves an untold amount of suffering and expense. They must learn to believe a good clinician when, after a careful examination, he assures them that there is nothing seriously wrong.

When a worrisome woman is told that she hasn't a gallstone, she commonly refuses to believe that her suffering could be without organic cause. Usually she cannot bear to think of the months of self-discipline against worry necessary to peace and health.

I do not wish to imply that the nervous patient is *imagining* her distress. No, it is very real, and probably more trying than the pain of ulcer. I often think of two women who came into my office together. The mother, a gentle old lady with a cancer of the stomach, maintained that she was not suffering and that she needed no treatment. But she was concerned about her daughter who for three weeks had been vomiting everything she had eaten. What was the matter? Nothing but fear. She became ill the minute she heard of the mother's trouble. Here, then, was one woman with the worst form of organic disease and no complaint to make, and another with no organic disease, but a painful illness requiring hospitalization.

Many persons who can understand how acute fear may upset the digestive function fail to understand how chronic anxiety often explains their ill health. Fretting over a sickly child, grieving for a wayward husband or constant worrying about an insolvent business — all may seriously affect digestion. As the great psychiatrist Maudsley used to say, "The sorrow which has no vent in tears may make other organs weep."

Financial worry ranks as a chief cause of nervous indigestion. Every day I see patients who need no other medicine than a little more money to free them from miserable situations. How fruitless to prescribe diet or sedatives for them!

Unless they can get the needed dollars which would solve their financial problems, they are often doomed to a life of racking headaches and other violent forms of nervous indigestion.

The weak nerves that cause stomach derangements may be inherited as well as acquired. Often, mentally unbalanced, alcoholic or misfit ancestors hand down an instability of the nervous system sufficient to cause most of the handicaps which hound millions of nervous, sickly and unemployable persons in this country today.

This miserable inheritance accounts for much of what we physicians call "constitutional inadequacy" or an inability to stand up to the strains of life. Such inadequacy, unfortunate enough when the victim is rich, is doubly tragic in the shop girl, the schoolteacher, or the stenographer who has to keep working or starve. These patients, facing a lifetime of discomfort and frustration, often desperately beg surgeons to "operate for something." Unfortunately, what they want is impossible — an operation that would make a new personality.

But the situation of these inadequate persons is not hopeless. Charles Darwin, for example, was so frail that he could never work more than three hours a day. Any small excitement, such as a visit with friends, sent him to bed with a shivering fit and nervous vomiting. His life demonstrates that by accepting one's

handicap, and by working within one's limit of strength, the constitutionally inadequate person can round out a happy and useful life.

Many sufferers with functional indigestion can get well if they will bravely face the fact that they cannot do all the things their stronger fellows do. First they must stop looking for a quick way out via surgery. Many must settle down to a long course of self-discipline. If for years they have overdrawn on the bank of strength, staying up late and frittering away energies, they must begin to live so quietly that each day they can put back something of what they have borrowed and spent.

Men who have gotten jittery from overwork can "come back" if they will only get away for a month of complete rest, and then return to work for half days until their old energies return. Women could often cure themselves of functional indigestion if they would only spend

mornings quietly in bed for a few weeks. With rest and relaxation would come lowered irritability and less trouble from jangling nerves. Often when I tell a patient this, she replies, "Rest! I've done nothing else for months and I'm no better!" Usually she is wrong: she may not have been working but she wasn't resting. All day and part of the night her mind was racing painfully from one fear to another: fear that the real disease hasn't yet been found, fear of cancer, or that her husband — a few minutes late for dinner — has had an accident.

Most of the fears that bring on nervous indigestion are silly, and the good patient knows it. At first it is hard to fight them but gradually they can be conquered, and health regained. During this period of re-education, patients can profit much from the help of a kindly, sensible physician, but ultimate success depends on the determination with which the individual sets out to remake himself.

Migratory Beekeeping

THE BEE is the most effective insect cross-pollinizer of orchards and fields (sufficient bees can double or treble a crop). Many beekeepers travel with their hives about the country and frequently make \$5 a colony by renting hives to orchardists. Beekeepers from neighboring states may winter their bees in California on eucalyptus, move them through orange and sage districts in the spring, then take them home to gather nectar during the alfalfa flow. Migratory beekeeping is carried on on a large scale in the West particularly; one company operates trucks from Mexico to Idaho, from California to Nebraska. — *Fortune*

V I E W P O I N T S

I HAVE DISCOVERED a simple and sad truth about alcohol — it prevents drunkenness. For by intoxication I mean utter self-forgetfulness and happiness and indifference to the world. Alcohol is a depressant. How many times have I seen my gay companions, already flushed with the intoxication of ideas or love, suddenly sobered by a cocktail, the sparkling eye, the divine recklessness chilled, the soaring spirit brought to earth.

I have never been less sober in my life than since I stopped drinking. The other night I strayed into a café for a cup of coffee, and as I sat there I realized in a dreary whiff of memory the hundreds of hours I had spent there in the past, with people I did not like, waiting in deadly boredom, hour after hour, for something to happen. Nothing ever did happen except that somebody ordered another round of drinks. I saw them, or people like them, sitting there now — sober, ineffably sober, waiting for something to happen. . . . Well, they could wait if they liked. As for me, I was going to get drunk on the moonlight outside. And I did.

— Floyd Dell, *Looking at Life* (Knopf)

IT IS the fashion for wives to berate the Other Woman as the villain who wrecks their lives, but I consider the Other Woman a great moral agency. Because fear of her, of what she may be doing for their husbands by flattering them, dressing up for them and listening to their same old stories over and over again, keeps more wives on their toes than all the Ten Commandments. If the Other Woman has broken up some homes, she keeps thousands of others intact.

— Dorothy Dix in *Woman's Day*

I NEVER PITY animals in captivity because I have seen too many wild animals suffering from starvation and other things. I remember polar bears emaciated to extreme weakness because the ice had gone and with it every chance for them to hunt food. I have seen caribou exhausted by fear, and around them howling wolves forcing them to run and run until they lost sense and strength and became an easy prey. In nature, every animal is merciless toward every other.

In captivity, on the other hand, I have seen animals of breeds which in the wild state are frightened at everything around them,

grow up full of confidence, learn to love human beings, and even eat out of their hands. Often in zoos you see the lions pacing back and forth to get exercise, and people who have read about life in the jungle compare these caged beasts with themselves, thinking how horrible it would feel for them to be put behind bars, and attributing the same emotion to the lions. Well-kept animals in a zoo not only eat better, but live far longer than they ever would in their native haunts.

— Peter Freuchen, *It's All Adventure* (Farrar & Rinehart)

IF YOU WISH to add to your charm, bear in mind that you appear more youthful standing than sitting down. When seated — especially in modern, low-slung chairs, not only are you tempted by love of comfort to assume an incorrect posture, but you are in a passive state and less alert mentally. More than this, you are in a position of physiological disadvantage. When standing up, you are likely to be positive, alert, ready to act. The clever woman will let her younger rival sit down while she remains standing.

— Gelett Burgess, quoted by Antoinette Donnelly in *Washington Herald*

VANITY does not quite deserve the harsh names it has been called. It interpenetrates everything a man says or does, but it interpenetrates for a useful purpose. But for vanity the race would have died out long ago. There are some men whose lives seem to us as undesirable as the lives of toads or serpents; yet these men breathe in tolerable content and satisfaction. A man receives the shocks of life on the buffer of his vanity. Vanity acts as his second and bottle-holder in the world's prize ring, bringing him smilingly up to time after the fiercest knockout blows. Vanity is to man what the oily secretion is to a bird, with which it sleeks and adjusts the plumage ruffled by whatever causes.

And in its lighter manifestations, vanity is the great sweetener of social existence. Out of man vanity makes *gentleman*. The proud man is cold, the selfish man hard and griping — but the vain man desires to shine, to please, to make himself agreeable; and this amiable feeling works to the outside in suavity and charm of manner. The French are the vainest people in Europe, and the most polite.

— Alexander Smith, *Dreamthorp* (Doubleday, Doran)

No man has a good enough memory to be a successful liar.
— Abraham Lincoln

Neilson of Smith

Excerpts from an article in Harper's Magazine

Hubert Herring

The following excerpts from Mr. Herring's article present the lighter side of a distinguished scholar and administrator, William Allan Neilson, president of Smith College.

THERE IS a story, cherished on the Smith College campus, which tells of a bounding freshman off for Christmas vacation who deposited a bowl of goldfish on the steps of the president's house, with a scrawled note: "Dear Mr. Neilson, please take care of my fish until I return."

Mr. Neilson did.

A frantic father of an erring offspring once asked Neilson, "Have you a daughter?" "Yes," said Neilson, "2000 of them." And it is true. An alumna remembers the day she was stopped by the president, who remarked that her shoes should be fixed — the heels were worn down.

He talks to his girls as a wise and witty parent, and when it is known he is to speak the chapel is filled.

"You slump," he tells them one day. "Sitting on your shoulder blades to read will lead to lumbago and sciatica." Another day he will describe the way in which students march down the streets of Northampton four abreast, "jostling feeble members of the faculty, like myself, and honorable citizens into

the gutter." Again, he will describe the train from New York on which they returned from vacation, and his "impression that the train was owned by Smith College — yet you certainly had not paid for all of it." When students frame a petition for more entertainment on the campus, he reminds them of "the spoiled brats of Park Avenue bored by nurses who are trying to entertain them. . . . If you don't know how to entertain yourselves, cut out all entertainment until you have acquired a fresh appetite."

Again, facing the student body freshly returned from Christmas vacation, "I wish you all a very good New Year and a much healthier one than I am really hopeful about with all the coughing in this hall. The advice I gave you before you went away about moderation in your pleasures and plenty of sleep has apparently been ignored."

He wins the students because he can meet them in every mood, and he makes the students' cause his own. When Northampton neighbors complained that girls did not lower their shades when undressing, he suggested to the townspeople, "Pull down your own shades." When a ribald student paper of a neighboring college announced that Smith

girls were easily kissed, angry Smith students eagerly discussed revenge. But Smith's president did the revenging in just one sentence in chapel. "My advice to a daughter would be, kiss only gentlemen, for gentlemen don't tell."

His contact with the students does not end with chapel. Girls go out of their way to pass the president so that he will speak to them. And his is more than a formal greeting, as witness a breathless freshman who reported to her roommate, "A funny old man with a pointed beard tried to pick me up on the campus."

For many years Smith students were barred from smoking. As president, Neilson upheld the rule as long as it was on the books. He did it in his own way. "Smoking," he told his students, "is a dirty, expensive, and unhygienic habit — to which I am devoted." When the smoking ban was finally lifted, his advice was explicit: "Smoke if you must — but smoke like gentlemen."

When two girls, in an excess of hospitality, took two Yale visitors for a swim in the Northampton reservoir, he had to dismiss one of them, for she was a senior and should have known better; the other, being a freshman, was allowed to remain. He disposed of the whole matter in one chapel sentence: "I prefer my drinking water unflavored by either Smith or Yale."

He has a distaste for rules, feeling that they are ignoble things at best. Students "who wish to waste their time and opportunities must be allowed to cheat themselves until such time as we find it necessary to separate them from the college."

And, like the wisest disciplinarian, he knows how to close his eyes. There is a story, perhaps apocryphal, of the girl who returned after closing hours, and was struggling to pull herself up onto the fire escape. Suddenly she felt herself effectively boosted from below. Safe on the fire escape, she turned round to find that her rescuer was the president.

With his *alumnæ*, particularly the mothers of students, Neilson has a way all his own. He scolds them. He created a furor by his remark at an *alumnæ* dinner: "In nine cases out of ten, mother love is self-love. Mothers do not want their daughters to fail because it reflects on mother and is socially awkward." With inevitable exceptions, the *alumnæ* liked it.

One suspects that he is forever chuckling to himself at the extravagant regard showered upon him by the many thousands who have trod the Smith campus during the past 21 years. "Never," remarked Neilson, returning from an *alumnæ* dinner given in his honor, "never have I heard so many obituaries."



Pro and Make Ransom to Kidnapers Illegal? Con

Again this year several children have been kidnaped and killed. And the country has been shocked into revived discussion of anti-ransom laws as a way to smother the snatch racket. Such laws have been proposed in both houses of Congress, the state legislatures of Massachusetts and Washington and the provincial legislature of Ontario. So this month Mr. Pro and Mr. Con have it out on the question:

"Should there be a federal law, with criminal penalties, (1) prohibiting the payment of ransom to kidnapers, and (2) requiring families of kidnap victims to report the crime to police immediately and submit to any surveillance that the police find advisable to prevent ransom payment?"

MR. PRO SAYS:

A NEW PRISONER was just starting a life-sentence for kidnaping in a Minnesota penitentiary. The warden asked him what, in his expert opinion, the nation should do to stamp out that crime.

"'Never pay a cent of ransom,' the kidnaper said.

"Five years ago a noted criminologist told the International Association of Police Chiefs: 'Take the profit out of kidnaping and it would stop.'

"Yet we still fumble along without anti-ransom laws. This year has seen the hideous fate of the Lindbergh baby happen to the Cash child and to Peter Levine.

"How much of that sort of national disgrace is enough?

"Kidnapers don't pull snatches for fun. Money is always the motive. Kidnaping will vanish only when the potential kidnaper knows that, no matter how clever the job, how agonized the family, ransom cannot be collected. That means anti-ransom laws with teeth in them.

"Otherwise the victim's family will continue to be — as they are now — the kidnaper's accomplices. If arson, robbery or murder threatens, the citizen goes straight to the police. But, when the safety of his own child depends on getting ransom paid, the tortured family holds the police at arms' length. That nightmare fact is the core of the kidnaper's strategy.

"The victim's family cannot conceivably be blamed for so behaving. That is all the more reason for anti-ransom laws that will bar the

family from contact with the criminal and thus shatter his strategic advantage.

"Without anti-ransom laws, we will go on tragically muddling, stupidly compromising — the papers advertising in headlines that the ransom is waiting while the police hold off. Every time this happens we encourage another kidnaping.

"To plead that, since ransom payment may keep the victim safe, ransom must be paid at all costs, is to ignore recent facts. In too many cases the victim has been killed even before the ransom demand could become effective. You all know the sickening details. The kidnaper readily kills whenever keeping the victim alive looks even remotely risky.

"Payment of ransom is not only all-too-often futile, but it amounts to compounding a felony. Allowing such payments enables private persons to protect the rottenest of all criminals from the law, regardless of public safety.

"No victim's family, blinded by suffering, should be expected to see that. But society cannot afford to lose sight of the fact that rigid anti-ransom laws would, in the long run, make all children safe. 'I have been asked,' said the Attorney General of Ontario, proposing such a law, 'if one of my family were kidnaped, would I be willing to have the state step in in this manner? My answer is that, if the

kidnapers knew I would not be in a position to pay a ransom because the state would be in control, then no member of my family would be kidnaped.'

"Some object that anti-ransom laws would merely force victims' families farther than ever from co-operation with police. The close relations of modern life make that nonsense, particularly among the well-to-do whom kidnapers attack. What with servants, neighbors and preliminary alarms for missing children before anybody realizes it is a kidnaping, concealment is a practical impossibility.

"Others object that the public would never stand for interference with parents trying to ransom their child. Plausible — but just plain not true. Immediately after the tragic Cash case, the American Institute of Public Opinion cross-sectioned sentiment on anti-ransom laws. The vote was two-to-one in their favor.

"This is no private war, permitting private individuals the agonizing responsibility of playing police against kidnapers with their child's life as the appalling stake. Sensibly it puts their tragedy where it belongs — in public hands from the start."

MR. CON SAYS:

"TOMORROW MORNING your wife goes in to your small son's crib. He isn't there. God help you both, the only trace of him

is a piece of paper — the usual ransom note.

"The situation is horrible enough. But not as horrible as it would be if anti-ransom laws snatched away the only chance you have to get your child back.

"You have committed no crime. Instead you are victim of the worst of crimes. Yet the law treats you as a suspect, and makes a crime out of your unimpeachable instinct to fight for your own. No abstract duty to society can make that reasonable or fair.

"Or sensible. In various cases — Weyerhaeuser, McElroy, Urschel, O'Connell, to name a few — payment of ransom brought back the victim safe and sound. Society cannot deny you the same means to get your own back. Your right to it is inalienable, like the right of self-defense.

"To call ransom payment 'compounding a felony' is casuistry. Giving a thug your wallet because he has a gun in your ribs does not compound a felony. The police always advise holdup victims to do just what the robber says without trying to raise an alarm till he is out of sight. Why behave differently when the threat is not to your watch or pocketbook but to your child?

"And what right has society to sacrifice your child in the hope of proving to criminals that crime does not pay? If any such lesson were likely to sink in, the G-men's bril-

liant record of arrests would already have stamped out kidnaping in the United States.*

"The outrageous fact is that few kidnappings would take place if law-enforcement authorities did not laxly leave too many potential kidnapers at large. Any movement for anti-ransom laws is a shameful confession that local police are scamping their job. Most kidnapers are either known criminals with records or mental degenerates. Often both. Whenever such a walking menace pulls a snatch, it means corruption and inefficiency in the police system. You can't cure that just by passing another law.

"The relation between police efficiency and kidnaping shows up startlingly in San Francisco — a huge, polyglot, seaport city, full of wealthy families that would make perfect targets for kidnapers. Yet San Francisco has not had a kidnaping in 40 years. That isn't luck. The chief of police, who ought to know, says it is the result of 'constant vigilance against operation of known criminals and a relentless drive against undesirable persons.'

"I agree with Mr. Pro that kidnapers are all too ready to kill when it seems the safest thing to do. But that is a poor argument for anti-ransom laws. Suppose such laws

* Since 1932, when kidnaping became a federal offense, 126 cases have been reported to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Of these, 123 have been completely solved, and only three cases are still under investigation.

— J. Edgar Hoover

newly in effect. A psychopathic criminal, too far from rational to be deterred by any legislation, pulls a kidnaping anyway — and finds himself barred by police cordons from all contact with ransom sources. He will certainly kill then, partly for revenge, partly from the panicky necessity of getting rid of living evidence. After a couple of such cases, future victims' families could not even consider abiding by the anti-ransom law. Absolute concealment of the crime and payment of ransom would be their one desperate hope.

"This would handicap the police more than ever. And it would do the kidnaper a big favor. For the

broader the wedge between police and family, the better the criminal's chance of winning his desperate game.

"Making drastic examples of the guilty, as the G-men are doing, is a good idea, but only half the battle. The other half is to keep potential kidnapers from getting at potential victims. That is where the police of other cities must learn from San Francisco. Together those complementary attacks will make far more sense than any scheme that forces victimized families to regard the police as their child's enemies and calls it criminal collusion when heartbroken parents try to get their child back."

The Church Meets Competition

❑ ILLUSTRATING his sermons with sleight of hand, the Rev. Sherman H. Epler "packs them in" the First Methodist Church of Salamanca, N. Y. "Children pack the front rows of my church every Sunday," he says. "They watch the trick, then usually stay for the rest of the service. Best of all, they bring their parents." The Rev. Epler, who studied legerdemain before entering theological school, feels that magic "represents the cleanest, highest type of object-lesson preaching available."

— N. Y. *Herald Tribune* (AP)

❑ CHARLIE McCARTHY has caused a change in church schedules at Herb Lake, Manitoba — Sunday evening service has been changed from 7 to 8 o'clock so the congregation can listen to the McCarthy program. "A surprising number of young people," said the Rev. Hugh R. Percy, "on being asked why they didn't attend church, told me: 'If we go to church we can't listen to Charlie McCarthy'."

— Canadian Press

❑ THE REV. NOEL BREMNER, a militant minister conducting revival services in a beer tavern in Marquand, Missouri, "picketed" the town for ungodliness. "Marquand Unfair to God" was printed on the sign he carried down Main Street.

— N. Y. *Herald Tribune* (AP)

¶ A new method that tremendously increases the productivity of our oil fields — and conserves the gas

The Gas That Goes Back to Work

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Robert Littell

IN THE DAMP, dreamy country of southern Louisiana I saw two silvery lines of pipe which are adding a new chapter to the story of man's attempt to get more fuel for his machines. The first pipe was bringing up crude oil and natural gas. A few hundred feet away, the second pipe was putting the natural gas back into the earth, to be stored for future use and to harvest for man billions upon billions of drops of oil which all his ingenious tools have never before been able to harvest.

The pipes I saw are part of the Continental Oil Company's new Tepetate plant in Acadia Parish, where for the first time in the oil business a whole new field is planned with the idea of saving the gas while extracting the oil.

People have queer ideas about how oil is taken from the earth. Some imagine great gurgling subterranean lakes of oil. They believe that when the pumps stop yielding, there is no more oil left. Actually, when the pumps go dry, about 75 or 85 percent of the oil is still down there, and under former methods will stay there until doomsday.

To understand what really happens, we shall have to begin countless centuries ago, when myriads of minute plants and animals died on the shores of prehistoric seas and were gradually buried under layers of sediment and rock. In time these once-living things turned to petroleum and gas. As the earth's crust cooled, it contracted, and the layers bulged and heaved into mountains, many of which now lie invisible under later accumulations of rock, sand, mud.

Hundreds of feet, perhaps even several miles beneath the surface, the distilled ghosts of those plants and tiny animals are imprisoned under a huge dome of rock. The gas, being lighter, is at the top; the oil next; at the bottom, usually, is salt water. All three fill the interstices in a mass of sand or porous stone; all three are under pressure. The captive gas presses down, the water presses up; in the middle is a level field of oil-soaked sand like a vast sponge squeezed thin. Many oil sands are hundreds of acres in area, but only a dozen feet thick.

Now comes man and drills a well at a point where his sensitive in-

struments tell him such a dome may be hidden. If the well penetrates the oil-soaked sand, oil will flow forth; if it taps the peak of the dome, gas will erupt — usually with violence. The pressure of the gas is what drives the oil to the surface; if the gas is harnessed and sent back to where it came from, it can squeeze from the subterranean sands more oil than man could extract with all the pumps in the world.

A typical speculative oil field is one of the most wasteful of all man's onslaughts on the golden goose of nature. Someone drills a wildcat well, and strikes oil. Immediately the surrounding country becomes a crazy quilt of leases, the landscape is desecrated with derricks. Gushers spout up; sometimes one will run wild, drenching acres of farm land with a spray of oil until it is tamed. Uncontrolled wells sometimes catch fire and may burn for months.

In the past, in such a field, gas was considered a nuisance, and billions of cubic feet (2000 feet a year will supply your gas range) were cheerfully allowed to escape forever into the sky. But worse than the loss of this gas as fuel was the loss of the oil which it might have driven to the surface.

Now, in a modern self-respecting oil field, gas is considered a valuable by-product which is captured and piped to distant markets. But as the gas comes out, the pressure

inside the domelike structure decreases. And as the pressure decreases, the oil comes up in an ever thinner trickle. If production is too rapid — and production has almost always been too rapid, until the present practice of proration came into effect — the water under the oil moves rapidly upward, "coning up" toward the wells, "fingering in" from the edges, cutting off pockets of oil which will never be rescued.

Not until 40 years after an American first struck oil did anyone do anything about this situation. In 1903 I. L. Dunn, while operating a pool in Ohio, demonstrated that production would be increased if gas were injected into a well from which the gas had already been wasted. The idea spread very slowly because there were so many gamblers in the oil business and so few engineers. Gradually, however, the technique of repressuring was developed. More and more fields are being given a new lease on life by pumping gas or compressed air back into them. Sometimes gas from the same field is used, but often the waste has been so great that the repressuring gas must be piped from elsewhere. The underground pressure, slowly rising, begins to squeeze oil toward the surface again.

But repressuring has largely been a job of salvaging. Wasn't it much more sensible, in drilling a new field, to keep the gas at work as long as possible, to *maintain the*

pressure rather than lose it and have to bring it back again?

Some 15 years ago Continental engineers began asking themselves this simple question, "Why not make pressure maintenance an integral part of our production from the start?" Continental Oil Company is run by a tireless president, Dan Moran, who is perpetually in search of perfection. Also he is an engineer — with imagination. So, the eventual result was the Tepetate field, with a perfected technique which should have a revolutionary effect upon America's largest industry.

The landscape of the field is singularly free from derricks. At regular intervals one sees, gleaming in concrete pits, small silvery clusters of valves and pipes which oil men appropriately call "Christmas trees." Approach one, turn a valve, and out spurts a brownish jet, partly gas, partly oil, still under the terrific pressure of its natural reservoir 8000 feet beneath the ground. From 50 such "Christmas trees," spaced over two square miles of farm land, the mixture flows through pipe lines to a central plant where the gas and petroleum part company. The gas is then pumped back into the earth through three "input" wells.

Under the Tepetate dome the layer of oil is being held in the jaws of a vise, between the upper level of gas and the lower level of water. As the oil is drawn out, the water

moves up slowly and evenly, at the rate of about half an inch a month, driving the oil ahead of it, and the gas moves down. Those two jaws are going to squeeze every recoverable drop of oil out of that yellow sand. Indeed the decline of gas pressure has been so slow that Tepetate's wells may never need a pump to draw the oil out.

And when all the available oil is recovered, there will still be left a vast natural reservoir full of valuable gas, for domestic use in distant cities.

While Tepetate is probably Exhibit A for efficiency, this new technique is proving successful in a number of other oil fields, some controlled by a single company, some divided among several. In the latter case, the companies involved have coöperated to work the field as a unit. This in itself is a great advance over the old frenzied competition (which still persists in many of our oil fields). Instead of a profusion of wells drilled frantically to get as much oil away from the other fellow as he is trying to get away from you, the "unitized" fields are ruled by order and common sense. The various companies agree to restore or maintain the initial pressure by returning gas to the earth, and to prorate expenses and profits. Self-interest, in such comparatively rare cases, works hand in hand with the demands of conservation.

In Oklahoma, near the Kansas

border, are two pools that go by the name of Burbank. North Burbank is the older, drilled under the usual methods. There is practically no internal pressure left; no gas was returned; its wells are all "on the pump."

South Burbank was drilled later. For some time the old methods prevailed, and the gas pressure dropped to half what it had been when the field was opened up. Then 15 companies combined to operate part of South Burbank as a unit. So far, they have pumped over ten billion cubic feet of gas back into the ground. Result: the decline in pressure has been retarded, there are fewer wells per section (reducing the initial investment), the development cost per ultimate barrel produced will be about one third of what it will be in North Burbank.

A major pressure maintenance

project is the Cook Ranch Pool, in Shackleford County, Texas. Here gas has been returned since 1927, 33 wells being used as "inputs." Before this program was started, an ultimate recovery of about seven million barrels of oil was indicated. At the present rate of production under pressure maintenance, the ultimate recovery will probably amount to about 21 million barrels.

Yet for every one of these successful experiments there are probably ten oil pools where the old wasteful methods still prevail, because operators remain blind not only to the public interest but to their own as well. Here is a development in engineering which can save untold quantities of oil and gas. Common sense and conservation demand that it be applied promptly, and as widely as possible.

Answers to questions on page 46

1. The Polar bear.
2. The hummingbird.
3. The blue whale, which is known to reach a length of 111 feet and an approximate weight of 100 tons.
4. The alligator and also the crocodile.
5. The wolf, such is the keenness of his sense of smell, his sagacity, and his apparent understanding of the wiles of man.
6. The chimney swift.
7. The bison.
8. The raccoon.
9. The rabbit.
10. The ruffed grouse.
11. The owl, the prairie dog, and the rattlesnake.
12. The kangaroo and the opossum.
13. She has such a voracious appetite, is so very much larger, and is so lacking in sentiment that she is as likely to eat him as to embrace him.
14. The whale.
15. The white-tailed or Virginia deer. A running broad jump of 40 feet, 2 inches has been measured.


Queen of the Desert Night

Condensed from The Desert Magazine

Ruby Bowen

Legend of the Desert Queen

Long ago, says an Indian legend, there lived a wrinkled, kindly old grandmother, who all her life had yearned to be beautiful. When it came time for her to set her burden basket down, Great Spirit, granting her lifelong wish, touched her shriveled arms, so like dried sticks, and wherever he touched them flower buds appeared. Once each year thereafter the little brown grandmother is permitted to reign for one magic night as the beautiful Flower Queen over all other desert blossoms. And she who carried beauty unrequited in her heart for many years finds fulfillment in the baunting perfume of the Night-Blooming Cereus.

 **OUT** ON my desert homestead Arizona, as I watch my Night-Blooming Cereus cacti, I am inclined to agree with the Indians that, truly, a Great Spirit walks these sands. Those who live in an arid, sun-parched region the whole year through inevitably come to regard the exquisite flowering of this plant with something of the awe reserved for birth, death, and other of Life's mysteries.

For months our desert Queen apparently is just a bundle of rather dry nondescript-looking sticks growing obscurely in the sand, quite like the plain, wrinkled, bent old grandmother of Indian lore. Then

one evening suddenly the lovely petals begin to unfold.

During the night the blossom continues to widen and elongate, reaching the fullest perfection of its beauty in the hour before dawn.

Watching the blooming of a Cereus is a wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten experience. The large white petals sweep back in amazingly wide arcs before one's very eyes. Large white moths flutter out of the desert moonlight and drink the nectar of that exquisite fragrance, making an enchanted scene.

The blossom, measuring from three and one half to almost six inches across and from seven to nine inches long, is a soft waxen white with slender gracefully-pointed petals. The lovely white under-petals are faintly tinged with shadowy lavender, blending to soft maroon tints near the stem, which gives the flower a distinctive, exotic appearance. It is so very fragrant that one blossom will perfume a considerable area, not only on the opening night but into the afternoon of the following day.

When the first rays of the rising sun touch our Cereus, she begins to droop like a sleepy child, and her petals close. The blossoms, nor-

mally, are tight-shut before noon.

It is traditional that no matter the degree of drought or extremity of heat upon our deserts, the Night-Blooming *Cereus* always blooms. Each blossom opens but once. Other buds on the same plant may bloom the succeeding night.

Because of the frequent proximity of its blooming to San Juan's

Day (June 24th — the birthdate of John the Baptist) and to Indian tribal events, the flowering is of a deep religious significance to reverent Mexicans and Indians who call the *Cereus* the "Queen of Night" or "Goddess of the Night," while the white ethereal blossoms are sometimes spoken of as "Angels of the Night."

The Foresighted Mr. Hughes

Excerpt from Time

THE SWIFT silver monoplane which Howard Hughes recently whipped round the world in a bit over three days, 19 hours, was the most foolproof private plane that ever flew. It had two radio compasses, three receivers and three transmitters — the latter with a range of over 4000 miles, an efficiency formerly impossible in airplane radio.

In case of forced landing in mid-ocean, the plane carried two inflatable rubber rafts, with stocks of water and "nose cups" to condense breath into emergency water supply. To inflate the rafts were cylinders of carbon dioxide. Linked with a long towline, the rafts would float together until help could come.

To call for help there was a waterproof radio transmitter run by dry cells. If these gave out, a waterproof hand generator could be used. The antenna would be held aloft by a hydrogen-inflated balloon. For the guidance of rescue ships, smaller orange balloons

would be blown up, cast on the waves every 15 minutes.

Had it been necessary to abandon ship in the air over land, the crew would have slipped into parachutes suspended in the cabin like old-time fire-horse harness, pulled a lever that unpinned the door hinges, kicked their way to freedom.

Attached to each parachute was a compact parcel containing 30 days' rations, water, a hunting knife, first-aid kit and snake-bite remedy. Wary as a surgeon about any move he makes, Howard Hughes had tested 15 kinds of bread for nutritive value before deciding on which to use for the sandwiches he carried.

So precisely was the 14,716-mile flight steered that it extended only 20 miles more than the direct course planned around the top of the world, although almost every mile of it was flown by instruments, often against fiercely adverse weather conditions.

Confessions of a Sun Worshiper

Condensed from The Nation

Stuart Chase

Well-known economist; author of "Rich Land, Poor Land"

SOME PEOPLE collect postage stamps, others, old masters. I collect ultraviolet rays, preferably non-synthetic. In the city where I was reared, the institution I regard more sentimentally than any other is the L Street Bathhouse in South Boston. Here on a warm spring day more than a score of years ago I made my debut into the society of sun worshipers.

Passing through the old warren of a bathhouse, with its tier on tier of lockers, one emerged upon a strip of sandy beach, perhaps a hundred yards wide, flanked by high board fences that ran far into the water. Along the east fence, for the sun was in the west, lay and squatted and dozed a hundred naked men, nine out of ten of them colored like South Sea Islanders — and it was only early May. Naked they did not seem, but clothed in the most just and timeless covering of *Homo sapiens*. But how naked I felt, creeping out to lie among them, a pale white wraith in a field of bronzes. Thereupon I resolved to clothe myself aright, and from that day to this the resolution has been kept.

I came again and again to L Street. Slowly the stark white gave way to ever-deepening shades of brown. Slowly I learned the laws

and dogma of my cult. The high priest was a man named Richards. He wore a circular hat fashioned out of newspaper, and nothing else. He was a teacher of music and would spend long hours enlarging on the monopolies, cabals, and high crimes of the House of Ricordi. He spoke with circumstantial precision, but without bitterness — for who lying in the sun can be bitter? — and about him sprawled a professor of English at Harvard, a policeman from Dorchester, a banker, a night-worker in a powerhouse, a famous criminal lawyer, an advertising man, a locomotive engineer, and a notorious gunman.

Interminable, drowsy conversations were always in process. We talked of law, science, government, women, crime, sports, history, races — without passion, with a detached philosophy which held, I am convinced, an authentic wisdom. The sun nourished that wisdom, that all-pervading tolerance. Beating down upon us, it ironed out the taut impetuosities, the nervous, hasty judgments, the bile and bitterness of men who walk the streets of modern cities in their clothes.

Our rules were few but strict. One never stood in a brother's sunlight. One never yelled, threw sand,

or broke into conversation violently. It was mandatory to "take the water" at least once, whatever the time of year. Practical jokes of all kinds excluded one from the fellowship. As why should they not? An utterly relaxed body is in no psychological condition for practical jokes.

All winter long we came when the days were bright. If the sky was clear, the wind not too sharp, it was amazing how warm one could keep in a sheltered corner. Our color ebbed a little, but never really left us. Red copper gave way to pale mahogany. On Christmas day the hardiest of us had a swimming race, with shivering reporters in attendance who served it up with all the regularity of the annual ground-hog story. We were the L Street Brownies, half man, half walrus.

Nobody had ever heard of ultraviolet in those days. Few of us arrived because of a doctor's orders — though there were doctors among us. But by and large we *knew*, with a profundity which mocks science, that what we were doing was good for our bodies and good for our souls.

I could not explain it then, and I cannot explain it now. I have known hundreds of men and women who have loved to bathe, to lie on summer sands, to feel the sun striking into their marrows, but who have been utterly untouched by that deeper call which binds them eternally to Helios. In a way it is like a drug; a sunless month, and the

world goes askew. But contrary to the laws of drugs the aftereffects are never painful. (No accredited sun worshiper is silly enough to burn his skin; he knows to the minute when he has had enough.) No, the aftereffects are a sense of well-being, of calmed nerves, of inner vitality.

It takes time, patience, understanding, and perhaps above all, personal freedom to become a regular communicant. How shall a shop or office worker join when his nine-to-five schedule imprisons his body while the sun is at its best? We L Streeters were, relatively speaking, free men. Some of us shifted our jobs, or indeed gave them up altogether, if they interfered with our devotions. Freedom, a head not readily overheated, a pagan regard for the comeliness and well-being of one's body, a ruminative turn of mind, a sound belief in the important function of laziness in life, a hatred of the round, silly face of a clock, an understanding of the irrelevancy of clothes — who shall say of what strange and primitive juices, what fantastic combination of electrons, the true sun worshiper is made?

L Street, I have not trod your sacred portals for many years, but your lessons have never been forgotten. I have bowed my body to the sun halfway around the world, in season and out, legally and illegally, whenever opportunity offered. And in what strange corners

have I not met my brothers, practicing their devotions before scientific sanction was ever heard of. We are an old battalion. We have stripped in the teeth of all the *mores* and all the constables. We have kept on dune and ledge, and trafficked not with hospital and clinic.

Once I saw a million brothers, yea, and sisters, too. I witnessed the incredible spectacle of fifty thousand brown bodies in one work-day noon on the Moscow River — some in bathing suits, some in trunks, perhaps the majority as God made them. What were systems of government in the face of this fact? These people were my people, and I cared not how deplorable their civil institutions.

A whole city throwing its clothes into the air! America, we shall undress and bronze you yet! Shall we? The prescriptions are going out by the thousands from the highest medical authorities, but if it is the

natural sunlight you desire, in quantities greater than that provided by a bathing suit, try and secure it. It has taken me a dozen years of skilled investigation to learn how to secure my share, nor am I always successful.

Most of the movement for sun worship I believe is profoundly good. Is it only a temporary craze? Will America strip by the million in the next few years, only to be back in its shroud in a decade? I neither know nor greatly care. If the republic wants to go native and can hold to it with any fidelity, it will probably do more than any other conceivable action to balance the inhibitions and pathological cripplings induced by the machine age and the monstrous cities in which we live. If it but wants a new fad to play with and presently to toss aside, I know where to find sheltered spots where come the sun and the wind, and men come not.



A man in love is a stupid thing — he bores you stiff, in real life or anywhere else; but a woman in love is fascinating — she has a kind of aura. — Leslie Howard

The fickleness of the women I love is only equaled by the infernal constancy of the women who love me. — Bernard Shaw

What Shall Washington Control?

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine •

James Truslow Adams

Eminent historian; author of "The Epic of America," "The March of Democracy," etc.

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WHATEVER the administrations of President Roosevelt may or may not have accomplished in other respects, they have caused Americans to ponder, as they have not pondered for two generations or more, on the form and functions of our government. The Supreme Court issue last year had to do with the form, whereas the controversy now raging throughout the country — between those who believe that the Administration is attempting too large a measure of governmental control and those who believe such a measure of control essential to the national welfare — has to do with functions.

From the very earliest days of the Republic there has been constant and even bloody dispute over how much power should be allotted to the federal government. Jefferson, in his inaugural address in 1801, summed up good government as "wise and frugal," restraining "men from injuring one another" but otherwise leaving them "free to regulate their own pursuits." Steadily, however, the powers and functions of the federal government expanded, though not without opposition.

In the severe depression of 1837, President Van Buren replied to

those who sought government aid by saying that "the less government interferes with private pursuits, the better for the general prosperity. It is not its legitimate object to repair by direct grants of money or legislation losses not incurred in the public service." Of the bill creating the Department of the Interior in 1849, Polk noted, "I apprehend its practical operation will be . . . to extend the jurisdiction and power of the United States . . . to an unwarrantable extent."

Such continued to be the general opinion as to the functions of government in spite of the consolidation of power due to the Civil War, the growth of the West and the pressure by various groups. It is true that we had organized the Department of Agriculture, 1862; the Interstate Commerce Commission, 1887; the Department of Labor, 1888. But the enormous increase in the functions of government and the changed attitude toward them have occurred chiefly in the past 20 years.

New inventions have changed our economic and social life almost beyond recognition. The railroads, automobiles, nation-wide corporations, nation-wide interdependence in such matters as wages, hours and

other relations of capital to labor, have seemed to many to necessitate the practical abolition of state lines and old ideas of state sovereignty.

Of great influence also has been the growth of the conception of what society owes to the individual. I am not discussing here the wisdom of much of our so-called humanitarianism or of the now too frequent oversight of what the individual, in turn, owes to society, but only of the vast change in the supposed functions of government.

It has always been difficult to define what are the "proper" functions of government. Yet such definition is perhaps the most important problem before the American people at this moment.

The peoples who as individuals have been the freest in the world are those of the United States and of the British Empire. We have been so for perhaps three leading reasons. We have cared greatly to be free in our private lives. We have had a large degree of decentralization in government — States, Dominions, etc. Finally, we have never yet abandoned the belief that what counts is the happiness and freedom of the individual, and have not accepted the belief of some other peoples in a mystical good of the "State" regardless of whether the lives of the citizens are shackled.

The controversy over whether the Administration is trying to assume too large a degree of control over the lives (and purses) of its

citizens, whether it is going too far afield of the "proper" functions of government, is a legitimate one. The most loyal and public-spirited of us may honestly differ over it.

On the one hand, we have various factors at work which unquestionably pose problems difficult of solution, if not impossible, by other than federal action. On the other hand, the whole of past history, and most emphatically much of present history, show that when there occurs great concentration of power, despotism, or, as we now call it, dictatorship, inevitably results, with loss of personal liberty, with the growth of a bullying bureaucracy and with the denial of justice and freedom. Wherever the idea becomes firmly planted that the good of "the State" counts for more than the good of the individual, and wherever power is concentrated at one center in the State, then, in the long run, the good of the individual, any individual, is almost certain not to be considered at all. Force and injustice take the place of freedom and self-government.

Just where the line is to be drawn between these two dangers, here and now, in America in 1938, each citizen must decide for himself. In trying to decide, we should, I think, take as one of our bases the American ideal of individual freedom of action in every field possible. Some of the fields in which no interference by government can be allowed can be delimited at once.

I believe the overwhelming majority of the people want to retain freedom of speech, of the press and of religion.

There are other fields of less fundamental importance. Most of us, for example, have long agreed that where private property is tinged with a public interest, such as a natural monopoly — a water company supplying a great city, the railroads, public utilities, and so on — a certain amount of government regulation is essential. There are more outlying fields on which we are less agreed.

Apart from our individual opinions, is there any inevitable trend to be discerned? I think there is. Our entire history shows a steadily increasing concentration of power in Washington. I believe the causes of this concentration will be added to as new inventions make our life more complex, and bring us still closer by means of transport and communication. What then, if the federal government has, in the next few decades, to take on new functions, and if concentration of too great power spells loss of freedom? Is there no way out?

It seems to me there is a possible solution, depending on the political knowledge, character and desires of the people. For the very reason that many more functions may have to be added to the federal government, I would divest it of every function it does not have to exercise for the good of the whole.

The federal government need not raise food or make drugs simply because we find a federal Food and Drug Act beneficial; the federal government need not own or operate railroads and airplanes simply because such regulation seems better than regulation by 48 states.

There is all the difference in the world between regulating business and going into business in competition with private citizens. So far as possible we should draw that line, and that in itself would reserve large fields to the ingenuity and initiative of the individual, fields now threatened and in many cases actually heavily invaded.

In addition, there is the possibility of increasing decentralization. If there are some things the federal government will have to do because under modern conditions the states are incapable of doing them, then all the more reason for keeping the balance even, in accordance with a system that has worked well for 150 years, by allowing and even forcing the states to undertake all the work they can which is called for by new social conditions.

An immense advance has been made in the past five years in co-operation between states. There is, for example, the work done by the New York Port Authority, the Delaware River Basin Commission, the Ohio Basin Commission and other agencies created for the purpose of handling projects involving harbor control, fisheries, water power,

flood control and so on. These show clearly that the Council of State Governments points a way out.* If the six New England states demand the right to control their water power by united action among themselves, why should they not be allowed to do so instead of having a bureau at Washington do it for them?

There are three great advantages in such a system. It is democratic. Local people are handling their own local problems. There is no Congressional logrolling. If Congress has to vote money for New England, then some other section wants the same amount, whether it needs it or not. Finally, such a system of state coöperation, which

* See "The States Put Their Heads Together," *The Reader's Digest*, June, '38, p. 35.

could have handled the Tennessee Valley project, decreases the centralization of power, keeps down the increase in national bureaucracy, and lessens the inherent danger of any one government's getting control of our lives.

Thus in considering what may be the "proper" functions of the federal government we have to take a broader view than our ancestors did, but in doing so we should take into consideration the spheres that the American spirit and form of government reserve to the individual and to the individual states. If we can do this wisely, we may be able to add to the necessary powers of the federal government and yet avoid the dangers of concentrated power and a totalitarian State. I see no other way of escape.

"To Make the Punishment Fit the Crime"

¶ DRUNKS OF Woburn, Mass., are to be displayed in an aluminum-colored lion's cage adorned with old-fashioned lanterns and drawn by a sad-faced horse, according to Mayor William E. Kane's new plan for curbing intoxication. — AP

¶ IN ONE of England's prisons, instead of unruly prisoners being slapped into solitary confinement, they are made to don pink rayon panties, and parade in this feminine garb before their fellow convicts.

— Neal O'Hara in *N. Y. Post*

¶ WHEN the principal of a Topeka, Kan., high school caught two students with ice-cream cones in their pockets, he didn't scold them — he simply made them leave the cones where they were. — *Newsweek*

¶ THE POLICE of Zagreb, Yugoslavia, require violators of traffic ordinances to pull over to the side of the road and deflate all tires. The number of accidents on the streets of this city has fallen considerably.

— *United States Municipal News*

☞ They have been brought up to regard themselves not as lucky heirs to the family millions, but as stewards of a great public trust

The Rockefeller Boys

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

John Cushman Fistere

ONCE THERE WAS a man named John D. Rockefeller who made a lot of money in oil — more money than anybody else ever made in the history of the world. Mr. Rockefeller had three daughters and a son. When John D. Jr. was little, his father taught him to work, at 15 cents an hour, raking leaves and breaking rocks. He was as concerned as any father about an only son, but with this added reason — the tremendous fortune which he hoped to pass along to him.

When the elder Rockefeller died last year his son had been controlling the fortune for more than 20 years, and the evidence of his stewardship was visible in 52 nations — in science, art, religion, medicine and education. Some \$750,000,000 had been given away to further the broad purpose of all Rockefeller gifts — “the well-being of mankind throughout the world.”

And now Mr. Junior, as his associates call him, only 64 and in excellent health, plans gradually to retire and hand down to his five sons — if worthy — the responsibilities of their inheritance.

In appearance and personality, the boys are no more alike than cousins. Mentally they approach parity. John D. III, at 32, is tall and lanky, the essence of Rockefeller acumen; then come Nelson, stocky, with his mother's social ease; Laurance, lean and medium, a third generation sharpened to needle fineness; Winthrop, big and broad-shouldered, like a friendly young bear; David, 23, tall and husky, is their baby brother only in years.

Like their parents, they are not active in society. Their social pace was set by their sister Abby's debut in 1922. The entertainer was the violinist Mischa Elman, and the guests were primarily Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller's elderly friends, many of whom would never have stirred out for anyone else. Because of the debut, Mr. Rockefeller reluctantly declined an invitation to take part in the dedication of the Park Avenue Baptist Church, to which he contributed heavily. Said he to the pastor: “Well, that's too bad, but we're having company that night and I can't come.”

If a picture of the Rockefeller

boys depended on what the press has written about them it would be dull. They've been in the papers scores of times, but never a divorce, never a night-club brawl.

Mr. Rockefeller regarded the training of his sons as a major personal responsibility. He once said to a group of Princeton fathers and sons, "Even in this machine age there are certain things so important that they demand personal attention. The business of being a father is surely one. We cannot transfer this responsibility and privilege. If our sons find us so occupied that we have no time for them, their youthful longing is chilled and their affections and confidence are transferred to less worthy companions. At times, this responsibility may cramp our style, but there is no alternative."

Mr. Rockefeller probably never achieved the pal status. Spontaneous horseplay was foreign to his nature. But he early earned his children's confidence and affection.

Their mother happily complemented their father. Daughter of the distinguished Senator from Rhode Island, Nelson W. Aldrich, she had traveled abroad with the Senator, had been his official hostess in Washington, and enjoyed a considerably wider social experience than her husband. Married, however, to a serious young Baptist who had no taste for society, she was as ready as he to devote their time to raising a family. Not once

in the first 20 years did Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller leave home together without their children for more than a few days at a time. The children were not raised by servants. It was Mrs. Rockefeller who played games with them, read to them, put them to bed.

A typical day in their New York home opened at 7:45 with family prayers. After breakfast on school days came a two-mile walk to 93rd Street, whence the chauffeur drove them to the Lincoln School.

Lincoln is coeducational, experimental, open to all classes and sects, and a number of other things that wealthy children are not generally exposed to. But all the Rockefeller boys went there, and they give Lincoln credit for the sanity of their social views.

At Pocantico Hills, the family estate up the Hudson River, or at the summer place in Seal Harbor, Me., the boys practically lived on horseback and in the water. Seldom denied reasonable requests, they were never given the biggest or best of anything. In Maine, when one of David's playmates scornfully asked why his father didn't buy him a bigger boat, David replied, "Who do you think we are, Vanderbilts?"

In addition to Maine and Pocantico, there were trips throughout Europe and America. By land or sea, the family traveled with the organized dispatch of an army on maneuvers. Laurance says, "There was no such thing as an unsched-

uled 15 minutes. One of us paid the bills, another looked after the luggage, another would run the errands; and each of us was paid weekly for the job. The toughest assignment was paying the bills; the one who had the job had to go over every item with father to make sure that we weren't cheating the hotel and, of course, vice versa."

The most thorough lesson each learned was at the weekly session over their accounts. "When the children were seven or eight," Mr. Rockefeller recalls, "they received an allowance of 20 or 30 cents a week. Out of it they were to save and give as well as spend. Once a week we had an auditing, and five-cent penalties befell the boy who had an Unaccounted-For item on his ledger."

There were opportunities to earn extra money around the house. Catching mice in the attic brought five cents a mouse; killing flies, ten cents a hundred; shining shoes, a nickel a pair. The boys probably had far less money than most children in their early years. They recall that they were always "under economic pressure," and to that may be attributed their realization of the value of a dollar.

Mr. and Mrs. Rockefeller constantly tried to prevent the boys from realizing they were richer than anyone else. Today, none of them would think of demanding special privilege. John was genuinely bewildered when the news-

papers made a fuss over his appearance as a jurymen; it hadn't entered his head to ask to be excused. Nor did Laurance think it odd, as the newspapers did, that he should wait in line to pay \$2 for his marriage license.

"I can honestly say," Nelson commented, "that none of us has ever had a feeling of actually being rich. What we did find out was that we had inherited heavy responsibilities toward the family and the world.

When John was graduated from Princeton and went to work for his father, he didn't have to fill inkwells or shine his father's shoes, as Mr. Junior had; the opportunity of the moment happened to be giving away money. So young John was put on the boards of all seven of his father's philanthropic and educational agencies.

As his brothers have joined in this work, he has had more time to devote to business. One of his major interests is industrial relations, long a special Rockefeller study. John III is carrying this tradition on through Industrial Relations Counselors, Inc. Originally formed to study only Rockefeller labor problems, it is now retained by many companies. When his views are sought, they are usually found on the liberal side.

Nelson, born in 1908, is aggressive and energetic. At Dartmouth he risked scorn by teaching a Sunday-school class of 12-year-old

girls. His college record is excellent: Phi Beta Kappa, president of The Arts, and vice-president of his class. Nelson's absorption in business doesn't obstruct his enthusiasm for contemporary art. He is a director of the Metropolitan Museum and treasurer of the Museum of Modern Art. Recently made president of Rockefeller Center, Inc., he is one of the best salesmen on the staff, cordial to all, and not too busy to help an 800-square-foot prospect or too inexperienced to help land a tenant for a whole floor.

Since he thought the family might need a good lawyer, Laurance went to Harvard Law School. He stopped short of a degree, however, when he had as much technical knowledge as he thought would be useful. Now 28, he is the youngest member of the New York Stock Exchange, using his membership as did his grandfather — as a family convenience. At the moment, as chairman of the family's real-estate committee, Laurance's particular worry is learning how to buy property without letting the seller know the purchaser's identity. He gives almost half his time to the New York Zoological Society.

Winthrop, born in 1912, is the fourth son. At Yale, his career was far from distinguished, ending with the common consent of his family and the university during his third year. The oil fields of Texas were more to his liking but after three

years he was put to work in his Uncle Winthrop's Chase National Bank. Recently he was asked to become vice-chairman of the Greater New York Fund, a full-time, money-raising job.

David, wise beyond his years, with capabilities in half a dozen directions, blossomed into a thorough liberal at Harvard, an inclination that he is developing further at the London School of Economics.

When all the five boys are finally grouped around Mr. Rockefeller in the family's offices, it will be the high point in the latter's career as a father. Each son, in his own field, has been given full authority to speak for his father when Mr. Rockefeller's opinion is not available. Mr. Rockefeller still retains the final word in questions of expenditure and policy, but he seldom expresses it except when asked by one of his sons.

"For each of the boys I have established a separate trust," says Mr. Rockefeller, "into which the entire fortune will be distributed eventually — as the boys show ability to handle the money. I have not told them how they should spend their money, nor am I likely to. But I have said frankly that wealth will go only to those of them who give evidence that they know how to use it wisely and to lead decent, useful lives."

Decent they certainly have been; and their usefulness increases steadily. It is too early to tell into what

channels their influence as the third Rockefeller generation will be directed, but the best estimate of

those who have watched the five is that they will give a good account of their stewardship. •



The Touch of the Master

JOHN GRIMSHAW WILKINSON, blind botanist, lost his sight when he was 23, but he learned to distinguish flowers by touching them with the tip of his tongue. He could name instantly each of 5000 specimens.

— *American Journal of Science*

ONE AFTERNOON Sir Arthur Sullivan, of Gilbert and Sullivan fame, set out with a companion for a house where he had been only once before, and on reaching the proper street, could not remember the number.

"Never mind," he said, "I'll find it." He walked up to each door in turn and gave its boot-scraper a gentle kick. "Here we are," he said at length. "Listen — E flat." — *Christian Science Monitor*

WHEN RAPHAEL called upon a friend and found him out he left neither his name nor a card but instead drew a circle on a piece of paper. His friends knew that only Raphael could draw a perfect circle free hand.

— Robert McLaughlin, *Fishing for Fish Not in the Pond*

VISITORS in Houdini's home had glimpses of his infinite capacity for taking pains. Seated with friends, he

would absently take a pack of cards from his pocket and for an hour would exercise his fingers in manipulation, making certain cards appear at the top of the pack when they seemed hopelessly shuffled, all the time conversing on a wide range of subjects and paying not the least attention to the cards or his sensitive fingers. "I have to keep in practice to do things like this mechanically, like walking or breathing," he explained once to a friend. On other occasions he would take a length of string from his pocket, tie it in various sorts of knots, and drop it on the floor. Presently his visitors might observe that Houdini had unobtrusively slipped off his shoes and socks and was untying and retying the knots with his toes, meanwhile never so much as glancing at his own remarkable manipulations.

— Harold Kellock, *Houdini* (Harcourt, Brace)

GEORGE GREY BARNARD had trained his hands to an eerie degree of separate activity. Holding in each hand a small lump of clay, he swiftly molded with the left the form of a male, while simultaneously the clay in the right hand assumed the form of the female figure.

— Dan Williams in *The North American Review*

You Might As Well Enjoy It

Condensed from The Rotarian

William Moulton Marston

Author of "Try Living"

MOST PEOPLE spend at least a third of their lives being bored; and, oddly, it is their so-called amusements that bore them more than work. Put six people together on a business task and each will take an absorbed interest in it. But assemble a similar group at home and the result is different. Each is painfully bored by the pet subjects of the others.

And why? Because most of us have not mastered the art of acquiring new interests. We have not learned to enjoy the variety of entertainments this world offers.

Yet to do so doesn't require any peculiar talent. It's chiefly a matter of *attitude*. If you take the attitude of listening to your husband talk politics, or your wife rave about clothes, because you "have to" — paying little attention — you experience boredom. But if you dive into the topic mentally, try to master it yourself, you'll find yourself enjoying it. For you can enlarge your interests to include those of others, and you must do it if you hope to enjoy life.

I know a girl who was badly bored by a woman's club. Her

friends all attended regularly and she hadn't the backbone to be different. She sat through lectures week after week, dumb and miserable. Then other members talked her into organizing a drama class.

Caught in the net of hard work she was compelled to interest herself in it. Suddenly, one day, she discovered that the club work fascinated her. She read books on the drama, studied plays, eagerly welcomed this vast new field of interest. Other subjects came alive for her also — and today she has a living, growing mind instead of a dull brain saturated with boredom.

Often you need only decide to *do* the thing you dislike and automatically you find yourself enjoying it. Many men are utterly bored by wifely insistence that they look into shop windows. Mistakenly they assume that the objective is to find something to buy. Women know better. Show-windows, when you look into them with pleasure-seeking eyes, contain clues to many a mental adventure.

A man who was particularly bored with art glared impatiently at a window display of Chinese paintings. "Senseless things," he

snorted. "All out of proportion." His wife laughed and informed him that the Chinese idea of perspective is to draw objects as they look from above. Like an airplane view, she said. That caught his interest. He began to study Chinese art and now is an amateur specialist in a subject that once irritated him.

You can acquire new pleasures by deliberately substituting a distasteful activity for one you already enjoy. Suppose, for example, you like to dabble around the golf course, but cannot endure helping your wife garden. Resolve to give up golf for a few weeks and get your fun and exercise out of tilling the soil.

The results will astonish you. The pursuit of rare plants becomes a never-ending exploration. There are beautiful shrubs and dwarf trees you can buy at any nursery, such as Chinese wisteria, Spanish broom, or Japanese cut-leaf maple. But there are others — *Syntberis reniformia*, for example, a small plant with shining leaves and spikes of bright blue flowers — that you have to pester collectors for, or raise from seed procured after months of persistent effort. Sometimes you may spot a rare seed in an obscure catalogue, send for it, experiment, and eventually realize the true triumph of growing a flower that garden lovers will travel miles to see.

You may make a pool, plant water-lilies, photograph them from

above, Chinese painting fashion, with sparkling drops of dew still on the petals and win a prize for the best flower picture of the year, a recent accomplishment of one of my neighbors. That leads to new chains of interests — water-plants, photography, color camera studies, even painting, thereby disclosing a talent you never knew was yours until garden enthusiasm stirred your creative desire.

It is really pathetic how arbitrarily we stodgy humans close our minds against the unexplored joys of life. Cut off a well-developed amusement interest, take on an activity you have assumed is boring, and after you have tasted its flavor you will find that your sum total of emotional riches has greatly increased.

Parents too often permit themselves to be bored into irritability by children's questions. But if you open your mind to the questions that interest children, they introduce you to forgotten worlds of stimulating mental activity, and you will find yourself embarked on a strenuous career of adult education. "Who made God?" is an elementary query you must learn to answer before you can pass your first examination. Some general answer may satisfy, but when your youngster asks more specific questions, as: "How do they mine salt?" or "Can a snail smell?" you suddenly feel humble, inadequate. You have to say, "I don't know,

son, but we'll look it up tonight." Then you read a textbook or an encyclopedia and experience again the thrill of learning. When the children have long since forgotten their momentary interest you will find yourself going on and on, exploring new realms of knowledge.

There may be occasions when you find yourself in the attitude of a business man who confessed to me that he hadn't read anything but the newspaper for years. He felt that he ought to concentrate night and day on his business problems, and every book he opened bored him. I convinced him that he must switch his attention from business to other interests for the sake of mental health. He began to read — economics, at first, then biography and fiction. He has developed a dozen new interests as a result of his reading and he has recovered his youthful animation which he thought was lost forever.

A needless limitation from which many people suffer is their unwillingness to listen to what others say. "I've always wanted to know things," a woman told me. "But when I ask some expert to explain, I get so bored with his explanation that I can't listen." She was offended when I said that listening bores her because she wants to do all the talking herself. Hers was a common fault. To cure it you need only realize that *listening open-mindedly is the most intelligent form of asserting your own superiority.*

Get the feeling of being a critic, a collector of new ideas. Then you will enjoy listening more than talking.

A cause of boredom closely related to anti-listening is machine-shyness. It is amazing how many men and women drive motorcars, yet when anything goes wrong, they just take the car to the service station and stand around killing time while it is being repaired. They "cannot understand," and so are bored by mechanical principles which can be mastered by an intelligent boy of 14. We accept the results — by far the least entertaining aspect of science — unquestioningly, and leave the major amusement to tinkering children and technicians.

Yet suppose you decided to listen actively to the technicians. Your oil heater goes wrong and the expert comes to repair your thermostat. Ask him to explain the principle of expanding and contracting metal, show you the mechanism of the clock which turns off your furnace at any hour you elect. He may use a lot of terms you do not know the meaning of. Stop him. Ask him to translate his talk into your language. He'll love it. There never was a genuine mechanic who did not get a thrill out of explaining. Don't feel ashamed of your ignorance — it's better to be embarrassed than bored.

When you have made someone initiate you into the mysteries of

his scientific subject you will discover with pleasant surprise that you can think easily along those lines. For you, thereafter, the bugaboo of scientific mystery is dissipated and new fields of productive mental pleasure lie ready for cultivation. Interest feeds on itself. All you need is a taste of new knowledge to whet your desire for more.

Happiness is not a picture which can be painted with a few bold sweeping strokes. It is rather a delicately wrought mosaic whose

intricate pattern is composed of many small pleasures and interests. The people who get real joy out of living are those who continually manufacture little harmonious pleasure pieces of experience. Every boredom is the raw material of pleasure. The only manufacturing equipment you need is an ever-ready desire which is yours for the thinking.

You have to live with other people, share their activities — you might as well enjoy it.

Island Magic

❧ THANKS TO the efforts of one woman, the Hawaiian Islands are now the home of thousands of gaily colored songbirds from all parts of the world. Mrs. Dora Isenberg began her hobby of importing songsters 40 years ago in celebration of Hawaii's joining the United States. After permitting them to get acclimated in her garden on Kauai Island, Mrs. Isenberg gave the birds their freedom. Her first attempts were unsuccessful when 14 larks from the Orient were released and never heard of again. But undismayed, Mrs. Isenberg continued her efforts, and many other people took up the hobby, with the result that today the islands boast thousands of such imported birds as the Peko thrush, African ringneck dove, Mongolian thrush, Chinese thrush, Bleeding Heart dove, meadowlark, tomtit, and cardinal. — N. Y. *Herald Tribune* (UP)

❧ A FORMER Sultan of Zanzibar decided to destroy every tree on the island which was of no use. In place of each one that was cut down, he planted a tree that was of value for its fruit, its timber, or its beauty. The result is that today, in Zanzibar, one does not *buy* fruit but pays a fruit wallah five rupees (about \$1.80) a month to keep the household supplied. And so widespread is the growing of spices, especially cloves, that if the wind is blowing off the island, one gets a delightful odor of spices for many miles at sea, long before the island itself is visible.

— Charles Thomas Spedding, *Reminiscences of Transatlantic Travellers* (Unwin)

Henry Ford, Schoolmaster

Condensed from The Forum

Christy Bortb

LAST YEAR some half million people visited Henry Ford's enchanting Greenfield Village just outside Detroit. Most of them thought of this 200-acre replica of early America as a unique museum — a wealthy man's hobby. Few realized they were actually seeing a school.

But even the rare visitor who notices the school activities in Greenfield Village is surprised to discover that this is the heart of an educational system with far-flung branches, and that the baffling, many-sided Henry Ford is running it all personally. Henry Ford is schoolmaster to some 2000 pupils at the moment, more than 6000 have graduated from his schools — and the business of teaching has become one of his major interests. Yet only scattering hints of his varied experiments in education have so far appeared in print.

In England, he runs an institute to teach mechanized farming. At Ways, Georgia, near his winter home, he operates six rural schools for Negro children, and a village high school. In Brazil he's combatting illiteracy with schools in the jungle for rubber workers and their children. In New England he is shaking up traditions in a group of schools

near his restored Wayside Inn at Sudbury. In a half dozen Michigan villages he has taken over and revitalized the rural schools, delighting the pupils — as he does those at Greenfield Village — with a kind of education that is part progressive, part old-fashioned and essentially as unconventional as Ford himself.

All this seems strange when you consider that only 45 years ago Ford was a self-educated mechanic, who, at the age of 30, had floundered dissatisfied from job to job, and was considered a tinker rather than a thinker by his few acquaintances. But the tinker became a pioneer in mass production and an industrialist who revolutionized American life. And now the industrialist emerges as a schoolmaster who is trying to bring education into step with this new American life and whose activities are so significant that famous educators come to Greenfield Village to study them.

It's notoriously hard to find Henry Ford. He has no office of his own. You have to wander around hunting for him. And nowadays the best place to hunt is not in the shops of the great River Rouge plant, but among his school children in Greenfield Village. He's there much of the time, usually knee-deep in young-

sters, obviously enjoying himself while keeping intimately in touch with their progress and problems.

Ford's Greenfield Village schools are part of Dearborn's public school system; but they are unlike any public schools elsewhere. The village streets are dotted with the homes of famous Americans and with other historic structures — some reproduced, others transported here piecemeal — and the classes meet in these buildings. The 250 children come by bus from homes in Dearborn. Most of them were registered at birth for this opportunity, for the applicant list is long.

When the bell in Greenfield's tiny white chapel rings, it is the signal for the children's daily non-sectarian services. Thursday mornings the services are broadcast over a national network, under the direction of high-school students who are learning radio technique. The children plan and conduct these devotions. Their lithe, silver-haired schoolmaster sits in the balcony, frequently accompanied by Mrs. Ford.

The organist is improvising as the students arrive. Schoolmaster Ford smiles. "That boy at the organ is a natural musician. Yet improvised music was so easy for him that he wasn't interested in learning to read or write it. One day Mrs. Ford heard him improvise a lovely waltz. She asked him to repeat it. He couldn't. But he finally solved his problem. He and his classmates

built electrical equipment to record his playing, and now he's interested in sound-recording as well as music."

Incidentally, the student-built sound-recording apparatus is now used to record classroom activities and correct sloppy speech habits. Thus, under the Ford policy, the students feel their own way, pursuing as far as they wish each new interest that arises.

The primary classes are held in a log cabin — a reproduction of the one-room school which the author of the McGuffey Readers attended as a boy. Nearby is the Play House, a child-size dwelling in which children serve their own daily luncheon, setting and clearing the table themselves. They take turns as hosts and hostesses, whose duty is to encourage sensible talk and good manners. Ford believes poise and good manners are essential lubricants of life; he deplors the awkward uncouthness of the average schoolboy; and through dancing classes and coöperative social activities among his school children he has developed in them a courteous, confident poise that impresses all who talk with them.

To the rear of the Play House is a tiny barn, stocked with Shetland ponies and miniature farm implements. One day last fall, classes were dismissed — for a surprise. Waiting in their barn was a miniature steam-powered thresher with which they, coached by the Schoolmaster, threshed oats for the ponies.

"What benefit did they derive from that?" you ask.

"They had fun," says Ford. "Because they had fun, they probably learned something valuable."

"You seem to stress pleasure here."

"Why not? Pleasure is a big thing in life. Children know that. Grownups forget it. Life is rich with opportunities for simple pleasures in the fields and woods. We encourage children to grasp them. Schools fail if they turn out boys and girls who have to buy all their pleasures."

Symbolic of "the fun" Ford provides is the authentic old stern-wheeler *Suwannee* moored in a lagoon near the village. On occasion Ford dismisses classes, summons everybody aboard the *Suwannee* for a cruise about the lagoon, while an orchestra plays Stephen Foster music. (Stephen Foster's old home — now music education headquarters for the school — stands near the lagoon.)

Intermediate classes are held in Scotch Settlement School, a prim old one-room building in which as a boy Ford received *all* his academic training. Moved from its old site and re-erected here, this school became the birthplace of Ford's present education program. In September, 1929, when his first 32 students arrived, they discovered two men at a rear desk trying to recapture the flavor of an autumn day of half a century before. Henry Ford, in-

dustrialist, and Dr. Edsel A. Riddiman, chemist, were refurbishing with a pocketknife the initials they had carved in the desk when they shared it as Michigan farm boys.

The class as we see it in Scotch Settlement School today is being conducted by a 'teen-age girl while the regular teacher sits at one side. That is policy. Whenever a student shows teacher aptitude, the opportunity is provided. "Children learn more easily when they teach one another," remarks the Schoolmaster. "They enjoy it, that way, and they learn best when learning is enjoyable."

"As a matter of fact," he adds, "it isn't really necessary to *teach* children. All you need to do is let them learn. We adults would find life much pleasanter if we went about it as a child does — always wanting to learn, always sharing what we've learned, never satisfied with what we know, always wondering what we don't know."

The more you try to find some semblance of form amid the scattering activities in this combination village, museum and school, the more you realize that the foregoing quotation is the key to it all. Ford isn't "putting" children through a cut-and-dried scholastic system. He is wisely providing for them every conceivable facility for learning what they *want* to learn.

Outside, you see a group heading for the woods. "Nature study," you are told, and you hear that it

all started when Dr. George Washington Carver of Tuskegee Institute visited Ford last year. The famed Negro scientist, who arises daily at 4 a.m. to walk in the woods and "listen to God's orders," merely reported to the children what he had seen and heard during his sojourn in their village. A nature study group sprang up spontaneously. Similarly, a painting class started last summer after an artist set up his easel on the green. Thus, as each new enthusiasm arises, Ford promptly provides for its development.

In the village handicraft shops, students of all ages are working under specialists, few of whom have a "higher education." Most of them were discovered in the Ford factories. One such is the cabinet-maker, another is the potter. In the textile mills, youngsters are weaving rugs, bedspreads, bolts of suiting, using threads they have previously carded and spun. Guided by the village seamstress, they convert suiting into clothing for their own use. Many of the girls are filling hope chests with the things they have made. Other products of the students' shops are sold to the public through outlets Ford provides. Often the boys build equipment to order for a department in the Ford Company's experimental laboratory. They are paid for it. Those radio students who broadcast the Thursday morning service are paid for their work.

Here is one of Ford's cardinal ideas in education — to wit, that earning should go hand in hand with learning. "Education," he will tell you, "is not something to prepare you for life. It is a continuous part of life. And since earning an income is a part of life, it should be a part of education."

The earning process in Greenfield Village actually starts in the kindergarten, where children are encouraged to participate in the gardening project. Surplus produce is sold by a student-staffed roadside market and proceeds are divided equally.

"This year," says Ford, "each child received about \$42 from the garden fund. These little children, earning money with their gardens, teaching each other the knacks they have acquired, helping each other plant and cultivate, are getting a real education. For true education consists in learning to do by doing, learning to help by helping, learning to earn by earning."

In the Ford Experimental Laboratory, adjoining Greenfield, you see high-school boys building machines and engines, working side by side at lathes and benches with Ford employes who are their unofficial advisers as they proceed with a project from original idea through blueprint, wood-pattern, casting, machined part to assembled machine. If the latter passes inspection, they are paid for it.

In the same building, high-school

girls are learning business-office details — by spending regular hours in filing, typing and other clerical work. This work isn't a theoretical "project." It involves actual business correspondence and records for the Ford Laboratory. And again, scholarship fees are paid for the work.

In summer, so many students come back daily to carry on their volitional activities in the laboratory and handicraft shops that the teaching staff, one of the most highly paid in the area, is maintained on a 12-month basis.

In what substitutes for the school's home economics classes, girls learn housekeeping by keeping house, taking their turns at actually living in a model home, planning meals, shopping for supplies, entertaining guests.

Where is it all leading? Nobody quite knows. Ford perhaps least of all. But there he is, absorbed in enthusiastic educational projects, striving to discover "what part of education is useful, and what part not," feeling sure that his school is ahead of most in educational methods, certain that it is far ahead of where it was a year ago, hoping that his work will be an example to others.

"If boys and girls of earlier years had learned in school what life is like, they would have done better with their own lives," Ford says. "But they were put into

schools that were apart from life and different from it. Here we are trying to merge schooling and living into one uninterrupted whole, so that there will be no disconcerting break between learning years and earning years.

"I believe in studying as close to the present as possible, and as near to home as possible. In higher education explore the whole field if you like. But why pattern primary education to fit into higher education, when only a handful of boys and girls go on into the higher? Let everything they get at any age be as complete and useful as possible, so that even if they do not go on to higher schools, they will have accumulated definite values.

"My experience as an employer showed me long ago that there was not enough kinship between what a man knew and what he could do. We aim to restore that vital connection between knowing things and doing things."

The techniques of education that Ford is working out in Greenfield Village he is adapting for his other schools in Georgia, in England, in Brazil. Thus, in lands where civilization is an old fact, a new fact, and a fact just being discovered, Henry Ford is schoolmaster. Threescore and fifteen, for most mortals an age of slippered ease and reminiscences about the good old days, is to him a time for planning in decades to come.

Government by Persecution

Condensed from The Nation

William E. Dodd

Recent United States Ambassador to Germany

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THE BLACK TIDE of anti-Semitism sweeps east and south; Nazi Vienna now vies with Berlin in terrorizing its native citizens who happen to be Jews. According to Vincent Shecan not less than 20,000 Jews have been thrown into concentration camps since the Nazis vaulted into the Austrian saddle. Their property has been confiscated, their persons subjected to the grossest physical indignities.

Unless one has been an eyewitness, it is almost impossible to realize the horrors of this persecution. Never in modern times has a sovereign power bent itself so savagely upon the extinction of its own inhabitants, or so deliberately transgressed every tradition of culture and humanity.

I cannot undertake to explain these transgressions; I merely wish to set down some of the shocking incidents which took place in Germany during my ambassadorship. Many of them came to my personal attention; some have documentary support, while others were gathered from unimpeachable sources.

The keynote to the whirlwind of

persecution which now thunders over Mittel-Europa is struck by Julius Streicher's newspaper *Der Stuermer*. Across the front page of this journal snarls a fixed headline: THE JEWS ARE OUR DESTRUCTION. Beneath this sensational streamer the news columns reek with stories of atrocious Jew-baiting, ranging from the castration of a Jewish clerk who sought to "defile" the Aryan race * by marrying a Christian girl, to the latest arrests of prominent Jewish scientists and scholars in Vienna and Bucharest. The whole journal fairly spits *Judenbass* (Jew-hatred).

Anyone who dissents from the Nazi program — every class or creed that nurses a dream of liberty — is labeled a "tool of international Jewry." Streicher sneers at our western democracy as "Jewish decadence." According to him, the Dawes plan was a Jewish plot; Dawes' real name is Davidsohn. Because J. P. Morgan helped finance Germany's enemies his name is "proved to be Morgenstern." Streicher has even demonstrated

* An Aryan is defined as a person who has had no Jewish ancestor later than Jan. 1, 1800.

that the Pope is a Jew and that his real name is Finkelstein.

In every German city today large signs hang in café and shop windows: "Only traitors talk or deal with Jews"; "Jews visit this place at the risk of their lives." Last year during the height of anti-Semitic fury, Storm Troopers marched into cafés, seized Jews on no pretext and dragged them to jail. Aged men were beaten by mobs; one Jewish lady of high social position was dragged from her limousine and forced to scrub the streets, "in order to demonstrate to the world that no Jew is beyond the power of the German government." Jews are thrown from moving trains, are whipped or shot down in front of their children; they are molested with taunts and physical violence when they appear in the streets.

Jewish men and women of all ages are frequently summoned to police headquarters for questioning and search. The "questioning" is accompanied by brutal beatings; the "search" is a pretext for stripping the Jews of whatever valuables they have on their persons. While awaiting their ordeal they must stand facing a blank wall for hours at a time, often until they collapse. For the slightest "offense" — such as speaking to Aryans, or for "touching food that an Aryan afterward ate" — they are heavily fined or imprisoned.

The courts offer little or no redress; one merchant, whose store

was looted by Storm Troopers of goods worth 1600 marks, was given a verdict of 12 pfennigs. In Magdeburg a Jewish youth was sentenced to four weeks' imprisonment for inviting an Aryan girl to a motion picture show. A Jewish lawyer, seeking refuge in a police station from attackers, was forced to walk barefooted and trouserless through the streets of Breslau bearing a placard, "I will never ask for police protection any more." It was in protest against this type of atrocity that Stefan Lux, exiled Jewish writer, shot himself before the League of Nations Assembly in 1936.

The persecutions are not confined to powerful leaders of Jewry, or to persons who might be dangerous to the Hitler regime. No child, no aged or infirm person is spared. On April 22, 1937, the Gestapo (Nazi secret police) evicted hundreds of inmates from 33 Jewish orphanages, sanitariums, and homes for the aged. Several hundred children were turned into the streets utterly homeless. Two hundred aged Jews, who had contracted with a fraternal order for support during the rest of their lives, were reduced to wandering beggary. At the same time, 250 Jewish working girls were ousted from the Krugerheim Home, taken over as sleeping quarters for Storm Troopers; no provision was made for the evicted young women.

Ghetto benches, painted yellow, are placed in parks all over Ger-

many "for the use of Jews only." Only the children of Jewish war veterans are allowed to attend the public schools; these also sit in Ghetto benches and are shamefully addressed as "*Du, Jude*" ("You, Jew"). Today by law all the learned professions are closed to Jews. Musical compositions by Mendelssohn and others of Jewish blood may not be played anywhere in Germany; books of Jewish writers are burned in public bonfires.

In provincial towns of Germany and Poland the shops and homes of Jews are stoned, robbed and burned. Their children are numbed with cold and emaciated by hunger. These persons are wholly dependent upon money received from relatives or friends in America, yet unless rigid technicalities are observed in transmitting such funds, the amount actually obtained by the recipient is greatly reduced.

A far-flung and systematic "cold pogrom" is being organized to drive Jewish business men from the Reich. In Nuremberg signs are posted in front of every Jewish store: "Whoever puts his foot in a Jewish shop is no decent German but only a Jewish knave." Deposits of Jewish merchants amounting to \$500,000 were confiscated from banks last November by the Danzig police "to prevent the flight of Jewish capital abroad."

Another device of the "cold pogrom" is the "tax examination." Nazi agents are empowered to enter

a business and examine it for tax-determination purposes. This "examination" may easily last several weeks or months, during which time no merchandise under "inspection" can be sold. If a business is "examined" long enough, the merchant can be ruined.

Trains to the border are packed with fugitive Jews who must pay a "flight tax." In everyday practice, these fugitives are taken to police headquarters en masse and searched to the skin for contraband currency. Nazi searchers at the former Austrian border claimed a haul of 20,000,000 schillings in one day.

Refugee Jews who have expressed opposition to the Hitler regime are not safe even in another country. Professor Theodore Lessing of Hanover, one of the outstanding philosophers of Germany, was forced to take refuge in Czechoslovakia. There he was hunted down and murdered by Nazis. In 1935, one Rudolf Formys, a radio official, fled to Prague; the Nazis attempted five times to abduct him, and finally shot him dead.

When Hitler came to power there were only 500,000 Jews in Germany; less than one percent of the population. Of this number nearly 100,000 had fought in the World War: 35,000 had been decorated for bravery. In the face of Junker military tradition, 2000 Jews had won commissions as officers. Baron Manfred von Richthofen, Ger-

many's famed aerial ace, had Jewish blood in his veins.

I mention these facts to prove that there can be no basis for the Nazi claim that Jews are a race of unpatriotic traitors. Nor are they "overwhelming" the Aryan element. Today, there are less than 400,000 Jews in Germany, a very small part of the population. Further, the German Jews are not foreigners; they have lived in Germany for hundreds of years.

The fact is that anti-Semitism in Germany today is not a rational movement; nor has it the unanimous consent of the entire German

people. This mass persecution all stems from Hitler himself. He saw a prostrate and humiliated postwar Germany, bewildered by defeat. He needed an internal scapegoat to drain off thwarted nationalistic emotions.

So he tossed in the oldest political trump card, the Jews. He revived the old but almost extinguished Ghetto hatreds, and used *Judenbass* both as a lubricant and fuel for his Nazi machine. He predicts that by 1950 no Jew will be living within German boundaries, that they will all have been killed or driven into exile.

When a Jew Is Not a Jew

By Frederic Sondern

GERMANY now has a Bureau of Race Research empowered to grant the title and privileges of "Honorary Aryan" to those non-Aryan experts Marshal Göring needs in his complicated plan of industrial self-sufficiency. The candidate appears before a board that notes length of nose, breadth of face, quality of hair, shape of hands. He is questioned on his philosophy, love of nature, attitude toward women, "spirit of struggle," and other matters supposed to distinguish the Nordic from lesser categories of being. Unless patently "non-Aryan," he is pronounced "pure Aryan in character and body" and becomes a *Volksgenosse* — citizen of the first rank. He is not permitted to marry an Aryan, how-

ever, and his children remain non-Aryans.

The Bureau renders extraordinary decisions. When it was whispered about that Dr. Goebbels himself was a Jew, the Bureau judged him "a post-darkened wizened German type." Nobody had ever heard of that ethnological species before, but it came from Great Authority and was therefore acceptable to the German mind. When Leni Riefenstahl, one of Hitler's few feminine friends, was denounced for her Jewish grandmother, the Bureau decided she was "a perfect German type."

In all, the Bureau has dealt with some thousand cases. But its work is only for the very select — the indispensable.

❏ Small-town officials persist in fleeing the nonresident motorist

Motor Highway Robbery

Condensed from *The Commentator*

Peter Cary

LEGALIZED BANDITRY is prevalent on our highways today as a result of the small-town system whereby motor-vehicle law enforcement officers get a fee for each arrest — instead of receiving regular salaries. These fees are in addition to the customary traffic fines which are paid over to the state.

What motorist pays them? Not, of course, a resident of the town. He's a local voter. No, the motorist is any motorist from another town, or preferably another state.

The chances are that the out-of-state driver won't stand trial. As court is held only one day a week, the constable suggests that he post a bond of, say, \$25. Then if he's too far away on court day to appear, he forfeits his \$25 and is automatically convicted. The bond is invariably more than the fine and court costs would have been.

If he stands trial, the costs — set by state law — are divided about like this: the justice of the peace gets \$3 for trying the case; the prosecutor, \$2 for attendance in court and \$1 for writing out the complaint; the clerk, \$2 for filing an abstract of the case; the constable,

\$1 for each 12 hours or less that he has a prisoner in custody, \$2 for attendance in court with a prisoner, and 25 cents a mile for traveling to court with a prisoner; he may also get 25 cents a mile for chasing the motorist on the highway.

There are minor variations in this set-up in different states, but in all parts of the country alert constables, with the aid of a friendly court, can — and do — make a living with the system.

More than a decade ago the American Automobile Association started campaigning against the fee system of arrests. Yet only recently it stated that "the increase in travel has brought a definite increase in speed traps and roadside courts." It urged all state associations to campaign vigorously against this practice, which "has no place in the American system of enforcement."

Connecticut's Commissioner of Motor Vehicles has publicized the results of the fee system in his state. Despite Connecticut's greatly improved traffic accident record for the first quarter of 1938 over 1937 — reflecting more careful motor

vehicle operation — traffic arrests in small towns have increased sharply. For example, in Milford, on U.S. Route 1, there was a jump in arrests of 159 percent. In Orange, the next town, there were more than twice as many arrests last year as in any other town in the state, 1649 in all. The town's arrests were exceeded in number by only one of the four largest cities in the state, Bridgeport. But in Bridgeport, over 57 percent of the arrests were of Bridgeport drivers, whereas in Orange, just one local man was arrested. More out-of-state motorists were arrested in Orange than in the state's four largest cities combined.

Constables furnish their own cars and pay for gas. In most "constable towns" the officers don't even have uniforms and their cars are not identified by any marking. A state policeman patrolling a road has a salutary effect upon speeding motorists, but the constables usually save gas simply by waiting beside the road for someone to arrest. And not only does the motorist pay in cash and time lost when arrested, but each conviction is a black mark against his record in the motor vehicle department's files.

Milford and Orange are far from isolated cases. In 1937, 32 towns in Connecticut accounted for 8907 arrests, 28 percent of the total arrests for the state. Of these, local motorists accounted for less than 3

percent. Nor are the results of the fee system worse in Connecticut than in other states. New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Illinois, and Michigan, to mention a few, all have their troubles. The fee system is such a problem in Ohio that the Ohio State Automobile Association publishes monthly a "black map" which lists the towns where motorists are likely to have difficulties.

The American Automobile Association gets thousands of complaints against unfair arrests from all parts of the country every year. Through radio stations, the newspapers, and the publications of its various clubs, it warns its members against towns which are known to abuse their police power, advising that these towns be avoided whenever possible, or at least that no money be spent in them. Certain towns have found that, by excessive arrests, they lose more than they gain.

The problem became so severe in Illinois in 1926 that the Chicago Automobile Club got the coöperation of the state's attorney's office and seized the books of justices of the peace under suspicion. After a thorough investigation, the offending officers were indicted and convicted. Since then, every attempt to harass motorists has been squelched.

Though publicity and campaigns like Chicago's can work wonders, continued vigilance is necessary to keep the constable towns under control. As fast as one is closed

down, other towns open up. As fast as the situation is improved in one state, the problem becomes acute in other states. The only effective measure would be the complete abolition of the fee system.

In virtually every state, the cities favor such action. But the small towns are the stumbling block. They haven't yet realized that exploitation of the motorist does them more harm than good.

And So They Married — IV —

Romola Nijinsky

Wife of the famous Russian dancer, Vaslav Nijinsky

I FIRST SAW Nijinsky at a performance of the Imperial Russian Ballet in Budapest in 1912, and from then on I dreamed of him continuously. Abandoning my training for the theater, I obtained permission to study with his ballet. I worked constantly to make Nijinsky notice me — and failed. I was introduced time and again, only to be ignored the next second. I knew he had no interest in women; we were of a different race, could not even speak each other's language. He was a world-famous artist, I merely one of millions of society girls. Yet I concentrated on my wish.

Then the troupe went to South America, and on the high seas I had 21 days to be informally near Nijinsky. I was present every morning when he practiced on deck; from seven to 11 I walked around the deck and every time I passed Nijinsky I either greeted him, or talked louder with my beaux, or laughed so that he would look up. He ignored my existence completely. We neared South America, and I was beaten.

Then one day Baron Gunsburg, a close

friend of Nijinsky's, said, "Romola, I must talk to you. As Nijinsky cannot speak to you himself, he has requested me to ask you in marriage." "No, it's awful!" I burst out. "How can you make fun of me?" and blushing and crying I ran to my cabin. Later, Gunsburg sent me a note: "Why did you run away? If you are unable to come on deck, please let me know your answer. I can't keep Nijinsky waiting like this."

I rushed on deck. Nijinsky emerged and said: "*Mademoiselle, voulez-vous, vous et moi?*" pantomiming to indicate a ring on the fourth finger of the left hand. I nodded, and said, "*Oui, oui, oui!*" Gently taking my hand, he led me to the deserted upper deck, and there we sat in silence.

A few days later, after many complications due to the fact that I was under age and that Nijinsky and I had no common language, we bought the ring, signed the document which was to make us husband and wife, and took our vows — Nijinsky in Russian, and I in Hungarian and French.

— *Nijinsky* (Simon & Schuster)

Mr. Roosevelt's Balance Sheet

Condensed from Fortune

THREE YEARS AGO *Fortune* pioneered in the field of Public Opinion when it announced its first Quarterly Survey. The historical confirmation of the Survey's findings has endowed it with a measure of authority. That confirmation was conspicuously emphatic when the Survey two years ago predicted, with an error of only six tenths of one percent, the popular majority by which Roosevelt was to be re-elected.

For the current Survey, Public Opinion throughout the United States was invited to express itself upon President Roosevelt in 12 of his aspects: his personality, his various policies, his economic objectives, his methods in attaining them, and so on.

The answers to these questions — gathered by personal interviews with a balanced sample of the United States public — give striking evidence of Roosevelt's strength, with 54.8 percent of the population having decided that they approve of the President in general, and only 33.9 percent having made up their minds that they don't. Some 11 percent are undecided.

As to his policies, the Southwest and Southeast stand staunchly with him on every major issue, as do six

economic groups — farm, factory and miscellaneous labor, the Negroes, the poor, and the unemployed. And it appears that no single group, however conservative or prosperous, dislikes Roosevelt's personality, his rearmament program or his foreign policy.

Indeed, of the population as a whole, 80 percent like the President's personality while only 12 percent disapprove of it. But his personality is decidedly more popular than his economic objectives (48 percent approve, 29 percent disapprove), his attitude toward business (37 percent approve, 34 percent disapprove), or his attitude toward unions (38 percent approve, 30 percent disapprove). *Not* popular are his methods (35 percent approve, 40 percent disapprove) nor his advisers and associates (28 percent approve, 32 percent disapprove).

The figures indeed indicate strong popular agreement with those "conservative" liberals who, approving Roosevelt's principal economic reforms, have turned heaven and earth to discredit the unofficial cabinet of the "Third New Deal" and to defeat its two recent sorties in search of greater executive power — the plan to pack the Supreme Court and the original Reorganization Bill.

For three years the Survey has mirrored the unequivocal popular approval of the New Deal's main objectives. But as far back as April, 1936, it discovered that "there is political dynamite in appealing to the nation to curtail the powers of the Supreme Court." The methods that attempt, or appear to attempt, to disturb the balance of power between the three branches of the government have probably done more than anything else to thwart the President's purposes.

A strikingly high percentage of people confess ignorance or indecision about Roosevelt's policies. Questioned about seven national issues — Wages and Hours Legislation, TVA, the Reorganization Bill, etc. — the numbers of people who expressed disapproval are outnumbered by those who don't know what to think.

This augurs ill for any opposition — be it Republican or third party — seeking popular issues that will put the President's influence on the skids: Roosevelt, for all his mistakes, apparently remains the issue triumphant. The people who approve of him are, in general, considerably more in doubt about the merits of his policies than those who disapprove. In other words, with many Roosevelt adherents it is "Roosevelt, right or wrong."

Has President Roosevelt too much power? Conceivably, the concentration of power in his hands might be approved as the best means to

achieve his popular objectives. But the answers show a shade of opinion to the contrary: 45 percent vote that he has too much power; 44 percent that he has not. Evidently the nation which on the whole, as we have seen, likes Mr. Roosevelt, does not take at face value his disclaimer of dictatorial purposes; it feels that he has power enough — perhaps too much — to do what he and the nation want done. Indeed by cross tabulations, it appears that as many as a quarter of the people who approve of Roosevelt's economic objectives believe he has too much power.

The poor and the Negroes, the Southwest and the Southeast do not agree; they are wholeheartedly for Roosevelt, for whatever he wants to do, and for whatever way he chooses to do it. The Northeast and Northwest Plains, on the other hand, like Mr. Roosevelt's economic objectives, but not Mr. Roosevelt in general. They are jealous of his power and would prefer an independent Congress to take the lead in enacting part of what is generally understood to mean the New Deal.

How far has the average citizen accepted the fact that if he wants the New Deal to become a working reality, he must permit Washington to take still more power away from his state? On this matter about one fifth of the public has no opinion, another fifth is satisfied with the status quo between state and federal power, and of the remaining

three fifths a good majority would reverse the trend toward the federalization of power. And even a lot of people who approve a stronger federal government do not want the strength to be Roosevelt's, presumably preferring to have it rest with Congress.

We believe that this Survey puts the President in the most intimate contact with the nation that he has had since it voted him back into office almost two years ago. Respect-

fully we hope he will give it careful study, and we believe he will. He will take pride, as he should, in its indications of the triumph of his personality, of the country's endorsement of his rearmament and international policies. But we hope he will take a long time to ponder the sharpness of contrast between public approval of his general economic objectives, and disapproval of his methods in attaining them and of his political advisers.

Patter

*F*EMININE compliment: "My dear, what a perfectly stunning gown! Didn't they have it in your size?" — Walter Winchell

Mr. and Mrs. ——— expect their first income-tax exemption some time in December. — Walter Winchell

Mrs. Roosevelt has been defined as Public Energy No. 1.

— *Memphis Commercial Appeal*

That charming Roosevelt manner. — I. C. Mahony

If a husband's words are sharp, maybe it's from trying to get them in edgewise. — *Clark County Sun*

When it rains, it bores. — Paul Whiteman

Banner carried by a high-school graduating class: "WPA, here we come."

He plays a fair game of golf — if you watch him. — Fred Neher in *Boston Globe*

Louisville traffic sign: "Slow down before you become a statistic."

As non-political as a pair of socks — neither Left nor Right.

— Walter Winchell

He had more degrees than a thermometer. — Richard Connell

A mathemagician. — *Cincinnati Times Star*

He had a good memory and a tongue hung in the middle of it.

— Mark Twain

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❧ This industrious animal engineer is indispensable in reclamation projects

Bringing Back the Beaver

Condensed from *Natural History*

William H. Carr

Director, Bear Mountain Trailside Museums

BEFORE his near-extinction by the white man, the energetic beaver was America's foremost conservation agent. His millions of dams from coast to coast stored the rainfall, prevented floods and erosion — and subsequent drought. Today the beaver is coming back; the Department of the Interior and many state agencies are increasingly using this industrious animal engineer in their land reclamation programs.

Last year a number of watercourses in Idaho were stocked with beaver. Already the animals have constructed dams that will increase the water facilities of the entire region. A field report from this area states:

"One planting of beaver has constructed 17 dams on a small stream which a few years ago ran barely enough water for a horse to drink. The construction work made a continuous water supply, with ponds deep enough to form meadows along the formerly eroded stream. These ponds are also making excellent duck- and trout-breeding grounds. In a few years the beavers will have rebuilt a water reserve that once was completely destroyed."

How the beaver can restore the land has been strikingly shown in the Palisades Interstate Park at Bear Mountain, 40 miles north of New York City. In 1920, three pairs of beavers were released there. By natural increase, they have now formed more than 60 colonies, spread over a 30-mile radius. Each pair annually raise from three to five young. Kittens appear in late April and when a year old they wander off to find mates in other colonies, build new ponds and lodges. Thus in 18 years it is estimated that more than 2000 have sprung from the original three pairs; many have been shipped to other states to carry on woodland rehabilitation.

One pair in the Park were carefully watched. Journeying down a small brook, they selected a rocky gorge as a homesite. With sod, poplar branches, and small stones, the beaver dammed the stream. As the dam was enlarged, the pond deepened, the water soon covering several acres. Near the center of the pond a mound of sticks, the beaver lodge, made its appearance.

The beaver home may be likened to a castle with a moat. Since they

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(*Natural History*, September, '38)

are unable to breathe under water, or to hold their breath for more than 11 minutes, the living rooms of their lodge must be above water and ventilated. Underwater entrances lead upward through the stick-and-mud walls to the inside landing platform. When winter came, with eight inches of ice, the beaver were well established in a world of their own.

The principal food of beaver is bark, preferably alder, aspen and poplar. Thus not a thing is wasted, for they consume the outward covering of their own building material. In addition, they eat lily bulbs, grasses, roots and leaves; being strict vegetarians, they do not eat fish, fowl or insects.

Since beaver do not hibernate, it is necessary for them in northern latitudes to store their food beneath the ice. Consequently, in the fall, many small trees are felled and submerged near the lodge entrance. The hungry animal simply swims to his food pile, quickly chews off a branch, and carries it into the house for a meal. Rarely are fine trees killed by beaver, although I have seen 18-inch trees cut down.

For five years the Bear Mountain beaver labored in the little valley, as others were doing elsewhere in the park. Then the food near the pond became exhausted. The beaver left, in search of greener pastures.

Though the dam was built solidly, it soon commenced to disintegrate, deprived of the ever-vigilant bea-

ver's care. Receding waters revealed rich, black soil stored upon the pond bottom. While the dam had permitted a steady flow of water, even in dry seasons, it had nevertheless withheld topsoil and humus which otherwise would have been washed downstream during flood periods.

Later that same summer, as the stream resumed its former course, small plants covered the moist pond bed. Deer came to feed in the new meadow. Each year the green tangle grew higher, binding the soil against spring freshets. Eventually oak and beech will cover the re-created ground.

Fishermen sometimes complain that beaver ponds spoil their sport. As a matter of fact, they serve as breeding places not only for fish but for fish food.

Of course there are instances where beaver become nuisances, flooding roads, destroying fruit trees, or otherwise interfering with man's property. But it is a simple matter to capture beaver alive in large wire-mesh traps and transport them to streams where their work will be valuable.

The beaver's chief tools are his four curved front teeth and his clever forepaws. These front teeth are some two and one half inches long, and their cutting edge is replaced as wear occurs, an ideal arrangement for an animal that will bite through a four-inch tree in 20 minutes. His flat, paddle-shaped tail serves as a prop when its owner is cutting down trees,

as a rudder when swimming, and as a warning device when danger threatens — the pistol-like report of the tail, brought down smartly upon the water, may be heard for half a mile in the still woodland.

The belief that the beaver uses his tail to plaster mud, or to ferry material across a pond, is false. Wrong, too, is the belief that beaver can cause a tree to fall in a given direction. Beaver have been killed by trees they have felled, so that if they determine the direction of fall they must have committed suicide.

Truth about the beaver is remarkable enough to need no embroidering. Thanks to the accessibility of Bear Mountain Park, hundreds of

thousands of campers and motorists have observed the fascinating life of this industrious animal. A Beaver Museum, with live animals, has been established in the park. Many campers have spent evening hours beside a beaver dam. On one occasion a patrolman gave an impromptu lecture to motorists while a particularly tame beaver pulled branches of a tree across the road, down a bank, and into the water.

No man will ever know how many fertile fields were created by beaver in eras gone by. It is indeed heartening that the beaver is to have his place in the sun once more, not alone to build small empires for himself, but literally to knit ours more closely together.



They Had the Bright Idea

❖ **WILSON AND Co.** buys space in Chicago newspapers' classified columns to advertise lost dogs for their owners. No grateful owner of a repossessed pet will resent — or forget — the fact that the advertisement also says a kind word about Wilson's "Ideal" dog food.

— *Business Week*

❖ **A MINNESOTA** life insurance agent takes an all-around hired man with him while traveling in the country. When he calls on a farmer who is milking, plowing or pitching hay and says he hasn't time to listen, the hired man does the farmer's work. Under those circumstances, anybody will sit down and lend an ear.

— *Country Home*

❖ **FIGURING** that truckers and freight-handlers have their human sides, a Cincinnati concern is using a series of semi-humorous stickers on their shipments. For example: "Treat this high-grade office furniture as you would your wealthy aunt (handle with care)."

— *Business Week*

THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR

A condensation from the book by

ARTHUR E. HERTZLER, M.D.

FOUNDER of the 150-bed hospital in Halstead, Kansas, and author of some thirty technical works on medicine and surgery, Dr. Hertzler yet modestly says that "this account might have been written by countless thousands of old country doctors."

Dr. Hertzler served his medical apprenticeship by "reading medicine" under a country doctor. He took post-graduate study in Germany, and became an expert anatomist and pathologist, but he returned to establish his practice in rural Kansas, jogging about in his buggy and having a wonderful time doing four men's work and getting underpaid for it.

"The Horse and Buggy Doctor" is the August selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club, and has been widely acclaimed by the critics. "A heart-stirring book," says Clifton Fadiman in *The New Yorker*. "You will admire 'Pop' Hertzler's integrity, his high but not stuffy conception of his calling, and his dry wit."

THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR

“**P**ROTECT US, O God, from diphtheria!” These ringing words uttered by my father at morning prayers 60 years ago were my first introduction to the tragedy of disease. The atmosphere in our home that morning was tense. Father left, dressed in his Sunday clothes; Mother, pale and silent, walked the floor. Later a long line of teams came slowly down the road. In the leading wagon were some oblong boxes.

Father returned later with the cryptic announcement: “Five more.” Eight of the nine children in one family had died of diphtheria in ten days. There remained only a baby of nine months, which the mother took to carrying with her constantly even while she did the housework.

Almost every family history in those days revealed that some member had died of one of the infectious diseases of childhood. Diphtheria was the worst, but scarlet fever swept entire neighborhoods, often resulting in deaf-mutism where it did not kill. Measles, though less fatal, added its quota to the casualty list of childhood. The occurrence of these epidemics was believed to be

the expression of Divine will, so prayers for protection filled the air.

There was no appeal to the science of medicine because there was none. The bacterial causes of disease were not yet recognized. Smallpox was the only infectious disease which the medical profession knew how to combat and even so the crude vaccinations sometimes produced infection. Diseases that were not epidemic fared no better. Acute abdominal infections went unrecognized until peritonitis had spread all over the abdomen. Then it was ignorantly called “inflammation of the bowels.” Autopsies were not permitted, as they were considered sacrilegious, so diagnosis was not made even after death, and errors were endlessly repeated.

In rural districts, operations for the simplest lesions were practically unknown, though injuries which today seem trivial were treated by amputation. In those days all wounds suppurated. It was the common practice for surgeons to operate garbed in the Prince Albert coat then regarded as the only fitting garment for the professional man. The cuff was turned up by the more

fastidious. In the first operation I witnessed, the surgeon threaded the needles with silk and then stuck them in the lapel of his coat so as to have them readily accessible. He held the knife in his teeth when it was not in use.

Anesthesia was known, for ether came into use in 1846, and chloroform in 1872. However, in country practice involving minor wounds it was seldom resorted to. The doctor just sewed up the lacerations. Some patients drank whisky meanwhile, some cursed, some prayed, some did all three. As I look back I can think of only two diseases that the doctors actually cured: malaria and the itch. Doctors knew how to relieve suffering, set bones, sew up cuts and open boils on small boys.

Perhaps the greatest service the old doctor rendered was in childbirth. I have never known a doctor to refuse that call even though the response required endless physical discomfort, even risk to life.

I Choose a Vocation

WHY, as a farmer's son, I got the notion to study medicine is inexplicable. Indeed, the position of the country boy of 50 years ago bitten by an ambition to enter the medical profession is difficult to realize. It was generally believed by the laity in our Kansas community that all the lawyers and two thirds of the doctors went to hell. The third saved were homeo-

paths with beards. The others were addicted to liquor, smoked pipes and did not go to church. I knew that any mention of my ambition would bring a storm of protest. The copy of Dr. Foote's *Family Physician* which I read avidly when I was 10 was consigned by our minister to the flames.

The homeopaths of that day had drugstores and examined patients as they sat beside the counter in view of other customers, and loafers. That is to say, tongues were looked at, and the more thorough, if they had a watch, counted pulses; then medicines were handed out from the stock on the shelves. Most of the doctors had never attended medical school. Many had just bought a book.

We had one man in our town, however, who had been to a medical college, spending there two years of five months each, the usual requirement for graduation. He had the reputation of being a very fine doctor if you could find him sober. And he had an office. I was burning with desire to see the interior of the office of a doctor who was educated, but there seemed little chance because my family did not patronize him.

One day I got a bright idea. I would go boldly to his office and have a tooth pulled. I had no defective teeth but I had more good ones than I needed. Nothing I have done since required as much courage as opening that office door,

but I entered. The doctor was slumped in a chair at his desk. He roused enough to say, "Boy, what t'hell you want?"

"Tooth pulled," I stammered.

He selected a forceps from a pile of dirty instruments on a table and approached me. "Sit down. Which one?"

I indicated the first upper right molar, that being the most accessible. He made one awkward jab and the tooth was out. "Spit in basin," was his direction as he slumped in his chair again.

Why I was not sufficiently disgusted with this experience to abandon the thought of studying medicine I do not know. The fact remains that I never gave a thought to doing anything else. When I was about 15 I sent for the catalogue of a medical school, which said that a reading and writing knowledge of English was required for entrance, also a certificate of good moral character from a clergyman, also a fee of \$100. My star had risen. I at last had found out how doctors were made.

Reading Medicine

AS A PRELIMINARY to entering a medical school the prospective doctor in those days often spent a year "reading medicine" with an established practitioner called a preceptor. You drove his horse, cleaned the office and in general performed the labor of janitor and

nurse. In return, the doctor allowed you to read his books and to see patients with him: that is, if the disease afflicted those parts that normally protruded from the patient's clothes. My preceptor, in whom I was unusually fortunate, also required me to commit a good share of Gray's *Anatomy* to memory, and that was a great help after I entered school.

On his advice, I chose Northwestern University, because the entrance requirements were relatively high (the equivalent of a high-school course), the medical course required attendance for three years of seven months each, and the faculty contained a number of men of the first rank in medical knowledge.

Jaggard, professor of obstetrics, had the ability to impress us with the seriousness of the professional responsibility. "Think first always," he insisted, "what harm the treatment may do." "Regard the information imparted by the patient as sacred," was another dictum. He illustrated this by placing a pencil on the desk before the students. "You know it — that's one. Your patient knows it," placing another pencil beside the first, "that's two. You tell your wife," placing a third pencil in the row. "Now how many know it?" The quizzed student stated, naturally, that three would possess the facts. "No," he roared, "that is III."

A delivery conducted before the

class resulted in a stillborn baby. Jaggard turned to the class. "We must pause to think that our lack of skill may have deprived the world of a future Lincoln," he dramatically remarked. Since the demised infant was a colored female child the drama may seem, on reflection, to lose something of its point, but at the time we boys were too impressed to see any humor in the situation.

All teaching at Northwestern except chemistry was done by men in active practice. Our school had but two full-time men, the professor of chemistry and the janitor. Of necessity, therefore, instruction in the scientific branches was pretty meager. We simply memorized our lectures and textbooks. But this had its advantages. We really learned the groundwork of our subjects. Jaggard quizzed us constantly, drilling our memories so severely that I could pass his examination today. Moreover, the surgeons who taught us knew what was of practical importance, and stressed that. Thus we learned the anatomy of the windpipe so that if we had quickly to do a tracheotomy for diphtheria we would not have to look it up in a book. The inguinal canal was carefully dissected and demonstrated because we might be called on to care for a strangulated hernia. We followed the truism: "In order to practice medicine, you do not need to know much, but you must know that little well."

The student now, of course, knows a little about many things undreamed of in our day. But of common diseases we had more fundamental facts ground into us. We knew drugs better and we knew their practical usefulness even though we did not know their theoretical action. Nowadays if a drug does not have a certain action in the experimental laboratory no scientifically trained young doctor would use it. The use of potassium iodide, for instance, is taboo in the treatment of asthma because it seems to have no effect on asthma in bullfrogs, though experience has abundantly proved that it relieves asthma in wheezy old men.

The old-fashioned doctor knew that what chiefly interests the patient is the relief of pain, and that, while relieving the suffering, one might also determine its degree. If an indifferent remedy relieves "a terrible pain," the pain simply wasn't so terribly bad. Quite often it was not what we did, but what the patient believed we did, that counted. The doctor who ignores the pain and orders a blood count, a Wassermann and a chemical examination of this or that has forgotten that disease begins and ends with a human being.

Were I to live my life over again I should want the old teachers back. They were as unstandardized as a bunch of broncos, and what they bequeathed us may have been little knowledge. But they gave us abun-

dantly the will to do, to strive unceasingly against human suffering.

Scientific courses are very necessary in medicine, as in any branch of knowledge, but after all, a doctor learns medicine just as an Indian learns to track, that is by tracking. If the Indian were scientifically educated he would start by learning the anatomy of the feet of various animals, their physiology in the act of walking, and the geology of soils in order to estimate the degree of imprint an animal's foot would make. By the end of such study he would have the satisfaction of knowing he was a scientifically educated tracker but he would have so injured his eyes that he would not be able to see any tracks. The same thing goes for doctors; most first-class practitioners attain skill by studying actual cases.

I Go to the Patient

I BEGAN my career with four years of country practice in Kansas. "Country practice" meant that the patients lived in the country and the doctor drove his horse and buggy out to visit them.

Naturally most of the sickness occurred when the weather was inclement, either very hot or very cold and stormy. In stormy seasons the roads were indescribably bad, and three miles an hour was average speed; I sometimes spent the greater part of 24 hours in the buggy. The seat made rather a

short bed and I used to stick my feet and legs through the top bows into the adjacent atmosphere, but sleep thus obtained was better than none.

On the out trip you couldn't sleep for long because the team had to be guided, but on the return trip they could be depended on to go directly home—that is, some teams. Livery teams were undependable. Their two chief specialties were running away and kicking the driver out of the buggy—I got one kick which permanently injured my knee. Dogs were the common excuse for running away. Most farmsteads had two or three big dogs which on long nights were glad to find a belated team to chase just for diversion. You would wake up to find your team tearing wildly across the prairie.

When you were afoot these big dogs were sometimes a real menace. One night a dog known throughout the neighborhood as dangerous made a dive for my throat. I parried it with my instrument bag and as he fell backward I placed a bullet in his chest, shooting from my hip with the six-shooter I always carried. That was fast and fine shooting and no audience to acclaim it.

When the roads were good I occupied my time by shooting at jack rabbits and reading books on medicine and biology. I also acquired a reading knowledge of French. Trials and dangers often attended country drives, and I got a peculiar thrill

out of battling the elements when nobody else was abroad and no one thought the doctor could make it.

If a bridge was under water I deferred to the judgment of my horse, and three times he saved my life by refusing bridges which I later found were washed away. If the roads were drifted full of snow I just cut fence wires and took out across the field. When the snow was deep a scoop shovel, wire cutters, hammer and lantern were as much a part of my equipment as my medicine and instrument bags.

The most exasperating trip was the hard drive that ended at the bedside of a petulant female with a headache. Most calls were brought by boys on foaming steeds who knew only that someone was "terribly sick," and though I made it my practice never to refuse a call, I always followed this rule: children first, next women, then old men, adult males, and known hysterics last. Children were given priority because their violent illnesses develop suddenly, and hours counted. (Then, too, as has been facetiously remarked, if haste was not exercised the child might recover before the doctor arrived — in which case there would be no fee.)

Neighbors always knew by grapevine telegraph when the doctor had been called, and if members of their families needed a doctor too they hung a sheet on some conspicuous object or put up a lantern. I remember that on one trip I visited

seven patients in addition to the one for whom I was originally called.

Even more trying than a false alarmist were those who invariably called the doctor about eleven at night. Such calls became more numerous after telephones came into use about the turn of the century. One man I knew boasted that he never called a doctor before midnight and thus made him earn his money. Of course he never paid the doctor, so that phrase "earn his money," was facetious; and tiring of it, I phoned him late one night that I must see him at once about an important matter. He demurred, saying he had been asleep and wasn't feeling well. He had caused me the same feeling many times. I repeated my message and hung up with a bang. In about an hour I heard a horse clattering down the road. I generally arrived at his house after the entire family had dropped off to sleep, so when he came to my door I feigned sleep. When I finally admitted him I told him very calmly that I wanted him to bring me that load of hay he had promised. Neighbors learned the facts and thereafter there was a greater respect for the doctor's hours of rest throughout that region.

With the coming of the automobile new problems arose. At first, cars were too expensive and too unreliable to be practical for the doctor's country driving, and were merely an unmitigated nuisance

which he occasionally met on the road. When a team met the unfamiliar gas wagon they became uncontrollable. At night the flickering acetylene light added to their terror. You could see the light for long distances and had to drive into a field until the machine wheezed slowly past. An unpleasant by-product was that one did not dare go to sleep in the buggy for fear of meeting a car.

When the circle of my activities as surgical consultant became greater, it was travel by rail that tried the soul. Because most of my calls came from small towns, it was necessary to ride local trains. Some of the crews would slow their trains through my destination, permitting me to hop off, when stops were not scheduled. But the greatest bane of railway travel was the country hotel.

At night the proprietors of these horrors would place a lantern on the office table and retire. A late "guest" knew that this meant there was a room available. After finding it, an inspection with the lantern was necessary for bedbugs in summer and for bed covers in winter. All rooms were unheated, so you crawled beneath all available covers and laid your overcoat on top. In most cases the only thing to be decided was whether or not to take off your shoes. If there was frost on the musty sheets, you naturally left them on. At this late date I can regard with equanimity the run-

way teams, the dogs, the ditches and streams and snowdrifts, but the old country hotels rankle still.

I am glad those days are gone forever, both for my sake and that of the doctors who will follow me. Yet it is possible, after all, that if the young doctor of today had to make great sacrifices to reach his patient, and then sit for hours watching the course of the disease, he might take a more understanding view of the sick human. At least, the commercial side of medicine would not loom so large.

The impression I have retained of those arduous days was the universal helpfulness. A neighbor in distress received the voluntary assistance of his neighbors. The doctor struggling to reach his patient received every aid. Nobody complained of hardships, certainly not the doctor, though even the expenses for some of his hardest trips came out of his own pocket. Underprivileged as many of his patients were, they knew that essential of the more abundant life: the brotherhood of man.

At the Bedside

AS I LOOK BACK over my casebooks of 40 years ago, I wonder just how much real good I did as a green young doctor. I relieved suffering and comforted the patient's friends, but often the medicines I dispensed were merely symbols of good intentions.

The grandmother in any home where I called was always a source of apprehension. She knew that patients just got well, for she had followed the course of many cases when no medical talent was available, and she was particularly disposed to scoff at the efforts of a young doctor. In the management of ordinary diseases she regarded herself as superior to him, and often she was. Diagnosis of eruptive diseases, for instance, is not always easy and I remember one patient whose eruption was atypical. I reserved judgment. Grandmother arrived. She gave a sniff or two as she untied her bonnet. "Measles," she remarked tersely. She was right, though I did not know at the time that measles could be diagnosed by smell.

At that time, the usual procedure for a doctor when he reached the patient's house was to greet the grandmother and aunts effusively and pat all the kids on the head before approaching the bedside. He greeted the patient with a grave look and a pleasant joke. Then he felt the pulse, inspected the tongue and asked where it hurt. After this, he was ready to prescribe. Only the more modern men had a thermometer and a stethoscope.

I thought all this sociability was a waste of time. I passed the aged female relatives up, ignored the children and proceeded with the matter at hand. I had not yet learned that most of the things one

needs to know in the practice of the art of healing never get into the books. Fortunately, my careful physical examinations impressed my patients. Word went out that the young doctor "ain't very civil but he is thorough."

Two of my first patients were a husband and wife with identical stomach symptoms. I could not risk my beginning practice on one line of treatment so I gave one antacids, the other hydrochloric acid. Both promptly recovered. They thought it was wonderful that while they seemed to be identically affected, the young doctor discovered a difference that required different treatment.

The great majority of the country doctor's calls were for trivial or obvious conditions: sore throat, bronchitis, asthma, lumbago or "rheumatiz." Simple remedies sufficed and you came a day or two later to see how the patient was progressing. If there was an injury involving the skin you sewed it up without ceremony. The patient was supposed to submit without a squawk. In case of fracture you went out in the barnyard and hunted a suitable board for a splint. X rays were unknown but the results were surprisingly good.

Just before I began practicing, many women in my community died of puerperal fever, due chiefly to one doctor who divided his time between practicing medicine and raising hogs. It was his custom to

administer a large dose of ergot to hasten labor so he could reach home in time to feed the hogs. He sometimes washed his hands after the completion of labor but never before. After a digital examination he used his pants as a towel.

I have the greatest pleasure in reporting that no case of puerperal fever ever happened to me or any of my assistants. In fact, puerperal infection is rare among country doctors, though not so rare in certain lying-in hospitals. But when conducting a labor lone-handed, as I sometimes did, the worst pests were those mothers or mothers-in-law who urged that something be done to hasten labor. These pests I set to boiling water, stating that it might be necessary to give the patient a sitz bath. It takes quite a while to boil a tub of water in a teakettle, and this kept them busy until labor was safely terminated.

Perpetual Motion

THE horse-and-buggy doctor also faced graver problems. At the top of these stood epidemics of typhoid fever. My introduction to the disease was an epidemic of 16 cases scattered over a wide territory, requiring a great deal of time for many weeks. It was supposed that an attentive doctor would see each patient at least once a day and during the most critical period several times a day. When the stage of highest temperature and delirium

was reached, professional opinion of that day demanded cold sponging. There being no trained nurse, it fell to the doctor's lot to do the job. Two hours spent bathing a delirious patient seems quite a long time, especially when for six days you have had no sleep except in a buggy. At the end of that grueling summer I emulated my patients and took typhoid fever myself.

During the summer season digestive-tract diseases were common, particularly among children, and when I was not sponging typhoid patients I was giving enemas to convulsed babies. Doing this, I have no doubt, saved the lives of many children. There was no ice, no sanitation, and there were few window screens. The art of feeding babies was not known then as it is now, and acute convulsions were much more common. Many children died in that dreaded "second summer."

When word came that a baby was in convulsions, I dropped everything else and hastened to attend. I have since done many desperate lifesaving operations, but nothing gives me so much pleasure as the memory of those battles with convulsed babies. To see the contracted limbs relax, the head lift itself from the depths of the pillow; to see the light return to the mother's eyes, and the smile to her lips — that is one of the greatest experiences in life. Nearly all my babies recovered, whereas those my colleagues

treated with opiates died. That gave me my real start. The word went out, "That young doc stays with them."

The Valley of the Shadow

IN THE old days we all remained with our patients during their last hours. We saw to it that they did not suffer. I have sat beside the bed of many patients who retained consciousness to the last, talking of casual things until they fell asleep. There was no fear. The saddest night was at the deathbed of an old couple who had lived together many years. Both had pneumonia. I watched the passing of the aged wife and then went to see the husband. I made not a sound. "Mother's dead?" he queried. I did not need to answer. He closed his eyes, folded his hands over his chest, and in a short time he also was dead. Don't ask me the meaning.

Doctors nowadays generally do not stay with their patients during the last scene. What could they accomplish by remaining? Scientifically nothing; humanly much. I know of what I speak. In the darkest hour of my own life, at the deathbed of my daughter, on one side was the magnificent nurse, on the other side the incomparable Dr. Campbell, calmly applying measures of resuscitation which he and I knew were utterly futile. Yet futile though it was, the battle of these professions inspired an in-

describable measure of comfort. If my presence in a similar situation ever brought equal comfort to anyone, it was more worth while than anything else I have done.

In most cases death is preceded by a dulling of the mental processes as the circulation to the brain lessens due to the failing heart. Those who die just go to sleep. Anyone who has ever become unconscious during an illness has experienced the sensation of death. It is not the dying but the living who suffer. Our mission in life is to lessen human suffering as much as we can.

Kitchen Surgery

YOUNG DOCTORS nowadays think that without a hospital, operations are not possible. That is a subconscious salving of their own incapacity. I have been privileged to work for many years under the most favorable conditions in hospital appointments and with capable assistants, but some of my best work was done in the country kitchens under what would now be called very bad conditions.

The story of kitchen surgery should not be lost, because it presents many lessons which could be of value today. The kitchen surgeon had to be content with the barest essentials, so he learned what the essentials were and how to use them. That is more than many modern surgeons know.

I know from experience that clean, rapid operating will do more to minimize infections than all the face masks ever inflicted on a docile profession. Surgeons bedeck their faces with raiment and fine linen until the operating rooms look like an Oriental harem. This uncomfortable garb, I believe, tends to slow operating and bungle technique.

During the time I was doing kitchen surgery I was also teaching bacteriology. In order to determine the likelihood of infection from exhaled breath, I exposed two sets of gelatin plates to the air. One set I placed before me so that they were exposed to my breath as I worked. The other set I placed at the opposite end of my worktable. There was no difference in the number of colonies in the two sets of plates. I repeated this experiment many times. If the surgeon keeps his mouth closed, a mask is unnecessary. The placing of innumerable sterile cloths about the site of operation is esthetic, but ridiculous. If one is careful to keep the instruments away from the area of skin not washed, no sterile linens are needed. They serve but to handicap the operator, and five layers are no more sterile than one. The latest stunt is to pin a towel on the surgeon's back, though the chances are he does not intend to sit on the wound.

The biggest factor in aseptic operating is the rapid performance of the operation. Tissues long exposed to the air heal more slowly, and form

a much more favorable culture medium for the growth of bacteria than do recently severed tissues. During my early years I had a very illuminating experience. We had a surgeon in our hospital who was an expert anatomist and had had vast clinical experience, so that he was not fearful to do long arm strokes and sharp dissection. He tried to learn aseptic technique late in life and he did not learn it well. He made many ludicrous violations of technique as we young fellows viewed it. Yet he had fewer infections! He completed operations in 15 minutes that took the rest of us hours. We were so occupied with aseptic technique that we failed to operate rapidly. He was doing kitchen surgery in a hospital.

The chief disadvantages of kitchen surgery were two: the fatigue of the journey — often a long distance — to the home of the patient, and the labor of preparing patient and environment with our own hands. Then, too, the kitchen surgeon had no one but himself to consult with. He alone had to decide what was the risk of operation and what would become of the patient if no operation were performed. Would he want the operation done on himself if he were the patient? In the circumstances, gall bladders and appendicial abscesses were drained whereas the organs might be removed if he were operating in a present-day hospital. So, forced to conservatism, finding the results

better, he adopted it as a principle, a lesson most modern surgeons have forgotten.

But suppose he decided to operate. While his instruments boiled in the family dishpan, the surgeon visited with the patient and employed this opportunity to remove any fear he or she might have. Sometimes a facetious patient would produce a whetstone and offer to sharpen the "tools." Occasionally his services were accepted. This was supposed to be the height of humor. I think so still.

The kitchen table was then prepared for the operation, or, if not suitable, a door could be removed from its hinges and placed on barrels. The parlor table was divested of the Bible and photograph album and converted into an instrument table. This done, the conveniences approached those of a hospital, with the advantage that here there was no nurse to grab the instruments, rub off real or imaginary blood, and place them somewhere out of reach. They stayed in the dishpan. After automobiles came into use you ran the car up to the window of the room and turned on the headlights. A looking glass, held by a friend, deflected the light on the site of operation. There is no better illumination. Of course, if the friend fainted one had to get another helper — preferably a woman. Women rarely faint at the sight of blood.

Sometimes in emergencies, or in cold weather, the patient was only

partly undressed. Local anesthesia without any assistant was the usual layout. The mortality was no greater than it is in the modern hospital, and by degrees I came to do anything in the whole field of surgery with local anesthesia, which I preferred to chloroform or ether.

I look back on those days with unadulterated pleasure. Kitchen surgery, however arduous, offered variety and exhilaration. I have done about every operation known to surgery in the kitchen. No doubt about it, I saved many lives, and made many friendships which have endured. The coming generation of surgeons will not have a like experience. They will have to accept the word of the old kitchen surgeons that all that is needed for a good operation is a good surgeon and a patient.

The Personal Touch

PERHAPS the most important thing we old family doctors have learned is that the practice of medicine is an art. To discern what is disease and what emotion in many cases tries the skill of the most astute. Forty years ago there were few "female complaints," for instance, because women were too busy to have them. Now those complaints make up a large part of practice, and nothing in medicine requires such skillful handling.

Emotional tensions alone may produce disease symptoms. Many

a "chronic" appendix was removed, to no avail, before it became recognized that there is no such thing. Behind the symptoms of many a married woman lies fear or hate or grief. The family doctor knows that the human being is primarily an animal actuated by biological urges which must be harmonized with Christian ethics. If you are in trouble, go to him. He knows that time will often bring the remedy if he can protect the patient from the surgeon.

The psychology of the chronic complainer is made up of introspection and self-pity. Many a victim of "stomach trouble" has simply too much to eat and too little to do. Yet these patients are not necessarily malingerers. Often they are tragic, and the specialist who declares that there is nothing wrong may cause disaster. Without known cause a schoolteacher aged 22 suddenly became unable to swallow. For ten days she took only a little water, and emaciated markedly. I introduced against her protest a stomach tube of large dimensions. I was quite sure that this single treatment would result in a cure; if not, it would have to be repeated. It was a complete cure and the patient ate normally. Two weeks later, when a specialist informed her father that there was nothing actually wrong with the girl and he berated her for causing him needless expense, the daughter at once relapsed into her depressive condition. Actually emo-

tional difficulties were to blame. I later learned the name of the faithless lover.

Many patients respond to sedatives and understanding. Sometimes you can even make them see themselves in a true light. A childless woman, aged 45, complained to me of everything in the book. I explained that nervousness in many cases is not a disease but a state and one must learn to live with oneself; that much of the great work of the world is done by nervous people — and so on. She petulantly remarked, "I don't see why I can't have good health like other women." "Madam," I replied, "there has never been a method discovered whereby one can repaint a Model T and make a Packard out of it." The very gruffness of my reply so shocked her that it made quite a new woman out of her.

Incidentally, of all animals the most pestiferous is the neurasthenic male. You can sense the business condition of the country by his stomach complaints. Curiously enough, a patient who constantly complains of a disease rarely has it. The man who blurts out, "Doc, I got a cancer in my stomach," never once in my experience has been so afflicted.

When, on the other hand, a serious disease exists and a cure is unlikely, the problem which a doctor must face is whether or not the facts should be told. This is an individual problem. Patients with heart disease, for example, may with proper

management have many years of usefulness before them. But a tactless warning of even the true condition may so frighten them as to cause disaster. Other patients convince the doctor by their bearing that they want the truth at once. A huge mountain of a man, a noted sheriff of the Southwest, came to me. His opening remark was: "I am told you tell the truth. I want to know if I have a cancer and if you can do anything for it." I told him he had a cancer and that it was inoperable. After he had dressed he remarked, "I thank you. What are the charges?" "Nothing," I replied. "Don't do business that way," he said. He laid a ten-dollar bill on the table and walked majestically down the hall, head up, shoulders back. He had faced death many times in his career and did not fear it now. His magnificent personality lives with me still. He was a man.

Sometimes the situations take on other forms. I once had a fine old gentleman with cancer of the stomach. I told him that all I could do was to relieve, in a measure, his pain. He expressed the wish that his suffering would terminate quickly. If so, his wife and daughter would be left with some money, but the expense of long care would leave them without resources. Soon after I left his bedside he drank carbolic acid, with which, unknown to me, he had provided himself. He died as he lived, unafraid, actuated by devotion to his family.

When the doctor's problem is complicated by organic disease associated with a state of grief and operative procedure is indicated, a desire to die to follow the mate undoubtedly militates against recovery. I have seen so much that when an old person combats even an obvious lifesaving operation, I do not urge it. There is a golden rule no one dares ignore.

Medicine Today

THESE ARE the experiences of an old family doctor. To say that doctors nowadays should begin with general practice, as we did, would be as reasonable as to say that because I started with a horse and buggy, they should.

Never has progress in medical knowledge been so swift as during the period of my activities. From the "two courses of lectures of five months each" called for in the medical school catalogue I read in 1886, it is a long road to the present requirement of four years of nine months each, to which must be added at least a year of internship. Today the public can rest assured that medical graduates are competent practitioners. As diagnosticians they are capable far beyond the dreams of the best doctors of half a century ago. But one thing they too will find when they go into practice is that the art of medicine may be acquired only by harmonizing the science they have learned

with the vagaries of the human animal. Science avails little, in dealing with individuals, without that intimate relationship between doctor and patient which the family doctor learned to cultivate and respect.

Modern medicine can claim, with truth, that most of the successful therapeutic means of combatting epidemics have been discovered or invented within the past 50 years. Whenever the old infectious diseases -- diphtheria, smallpox, typhoid fever -- occur in some community, someone has been remiss in his duty. For, even with the scientific weapons at hand, only eternal vigilance gains immunity from them. The government health service, the state board of health, the county health officer -- all are constantly active. But the public, prone to forget the devastation of disease in an earlier generation, is often slow to coöperate in health measures. An old country doctor cannot forget.

After 60 years, I can still hear the helpless prayers that filled the countryside when diphtheria appeared. But Robert Koch began to grow bacteria on his wife's kitchen stove, and the end was diphtheria antitoxin. Diphtheria, for instance, could be wiped off the face of the earth today if the public would do its part. But the public has never demanded medical

progress! So far as public demand is concerned, the world might still be enjoying all the infectious diseases in their pristine glory. When the public has become articulate about medicine it has been to criticize advancement. Advance has come from within the profession itself.

What has been the motive for medical progress? Doctors, like other human beings, wish to escape pain, defeat, failure. The death of a patient means all three of these. By the time a doctor reaches three-score years and ten his mind is full of tragic memories: the unexplained infection, the heart block, the thrombosis. Surgeons of long experience consciously or unconsciously long for the day when they shall do their last operation. Their successes, though vastly predominant, come to be taken as a matter of course and are forgotten; their failures will not down. A friend once found De Condoyle, the great scientist, hard at work late at night. The friend remarked that he must love his work -- the professor was then 80 years of age. "No," replied the old man, "it is not love of science that drives me. It is to drown my grief."


There is no consolation if a patient dies. Feeling the responsibility, the doctor has a greater urge to prevent its recurrence; and on such fundamental urges progress depends.




My Mother's Other Son

Condensed from "Margaret Ogilvy"

James M. Barrie

I HAD a brother who was far away at school. I remember very little about him, only that he was a merry-faced boy who ran like a squirrel up a tree and shook the cherries into my lap. When he was 13 and I was half his age the terrible news came, and the face of my mother was awful in its calmness as she set off to get between Death and  boy. We trooped with her down the brae to the station. She had bidden us good-bye with that fighting face when my father came out of the telegraph office and said huskily, "He's gone!" Then we turned very quietly and went home again up the little brae.

That is how my mother got her soft face and her pathetic ways and her large charity, and why other mothers ran to her when they had  a child. She was always delicate from that hour, and for many months she was very ill.

It was shortly after that first day that my older sister came to me with anxious face and told me to go to my mother and remind her that she still had another boy. I went excitedly, but the room was dark, and when I heard the door shut and no sound came from the bed I was afraid, and I stood still. I suppose I

was breathing hard, or perhaps crying, for after a time I heard a listless voice that had never been listless before say, "Is that you?" I think the tone hurt me, for I made no answer, and then the voice said more anxiously, "Is that you?" again. I thought it was the dead boy she was speaking to, and I said in a little lonely voice, "No, it's no him, it's just me." Then I heard a cry, and my mother turned in bed, and though it was dark I knew she was holding out her arms.

After that I sat a great deal in her bed trying to make her forget him, and if I saw anyone out of doors do something that made the others laugh I immediately hastened to that dark room and did it before her. I suppose I was an odd little figure; I have been told that my anxiety to brighten her gave my face a strained look and put a tremor into the joke (I would stand on my head in the bed, my feet against the wall, and then cry excitedly, "Are you laughing, mother?") and perhaps what made her laugh was something I was unconscious of, but she did laugh suddenly now and then, whereupon I screamed exultantly to my sister to come and see the sight, but by the time she came

"*Margaret Ogilvy*," a unique and lovely biography, is Barrie's portrait of his mother and the poor, proud Scottish home from which she watched him go forth to fame and fortune.

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the soft face was wet again. Thus I was deprived of some of my glory, and I remember once only making her laugh before witnesses. I kept a record of her laughs on a piece of paper, a stroke for each. There were five strokes the first time I showed it to the doctor, and when their meaning was explained to him, he laughed so boisterously that I cried, "I wish that was one of hers!" Then he was sympathetic, and said that if I showed the paper to mother now and told her that these were her five laughs he thought I might win another. I did as he bade me, and not only did she laugh then but again when I put that laugh down, so that though it was really one laugh with a tear in the middle I counted it as two.

My sister told me not to sulk when my mother lay thinking of him, but to try to get her to talk about him. I did not see how this could make her the merry mother she used to be, but I was told that if I could not do it nobody could, and this made me eager to begin. At first I was often jealous, stopping her fond memories with the cry, "Do you mind nothing about me?" but that did not last; its place was taken by an intense desire (again, I think, my sister must have breathed it into life) to become so like him that even my mother should not see the difference, and many and artful were the

questions I put to that end. Then I practiced in secret, but after a whole week had passed I was still rather like myself. He had such a cheery way of whistling, she had told me, it had always brightened her at her work, and when he whistled he stood with his legs apart, and his hands in the pockets of his knickerbockers. I decided to trust to this, so one day after I had learned his whistle (every boy of enterprise invents a whistle of his own) from boys who had been his comrades, I secretly put on a suit of his clothes, which fitted me many years afterward, and slipped into my mother's room. Quaking, yet so pleased, I stood still until she saw me, and then — how it must have hurt her! — "Listen!" I cried in a glow of triumph, and I stretched my legs wide apart and plunged my hands into the pockets of my knickerbockers, and began to whistle.

After some months, her face rippled with mirth as before, and her laugh, that I had tried so hard to force, came running home again. But I never made her forget the bit of her that was dead. When I became a man and he was still a boy of 13, I wrote a paper called "Dead this Twenty Years," which was about a similar tragedy in another woman's life, and it is the only thing I have written that she never spoke about.



Reader's Choice

A Selection of Articles from the General Magazines for September

THE KID FROM 43RD STREET, by Beverly Smith — Eamon de Valera, American-born Irishman, who went through fantastic adventures to turn a long-lost cause into the reality of a unified independent Ireland, and succeeded as well in changing British policy.

CHURCHMEN CRUSADE AGAINST CAPITALISM, by Arthur Bartlett — Strongly organized minority groups in the churches—particularly in Congregational and Christian churches—are advocating a "Christian commonwealth" to take the place of the present capitalist system.

WHAT! NO SQUARE WHEELS? by Joseph Q. Riznik — Auto manufacturers receive hundreds of suggestions from car owners—many of them fantastic, some practical—and spend lots of time and money trying them out.



PATRONAGE AND THE NEW DEAL, by James A. Farley — The "patronage czar" of the New Deal frankly states

his views concerning political jobs and tells how they have been handled. In this second part of his story of the Roosevelt administration, Mr. Farley includes shrewd comments on members of the "Brain Trust," Huey Long, Arthur E. Morgan, which throw new light on such episodes as the departure of Raymond Moley and Lewis Douglas from the Roosevelt ranks.

SIX MEN IN SNEAKERS, by Stanley Frank — A new football game, especially adapted to small schools and younger boys, is sweeping the country. The equipment is inexpensive, chances for injuries negligible, and there are only six men on a side. First played in a small Nebraska town four years ago, 2000 teams will be at it this fall.

AMERICA'S TORTURE CHAMBER, by Anthony M. Turano — The enforced silence, darkness and grim discipline of the federal prison at Alcatraz have caused numerous suicides and cases of insanity among prisoners. Mr. Turano suggests that instead of subjecting inmates to such medieval tortures, it might be kinder to shoot them.

HOW TO RIO A BULL MARKET, by Lawrence Dennis — The Administration uses inflation and deflation for its own purposes and the conservatives are caught either way. They can only recapture leadership by convincing the people that they can meet a crisis better than the New Dealers can — and as yet they have not made a move in that direction.

The American Mercury

SOVIET PROPAGANDA'S FINAL FLOP, by William Henry Chamberlin — Russia's new "democratic" constitution

has obviously failed to impress the world, while the wholesale executions have impressed it a great deal. Friends of Communism are now falling back on saying "At least things are better than they were under the Czars." But Mr. Chamberlin draws some parallels which throw considerable doubt upon even that defense.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM HEART DISEASE? by William M. Kinney, M.D. — Heart disease is not as prevalent as many people believe despite its apparent top-ranking as cause of death. Vital statistics, declares Dr. Kinney, "are a mass of inaccurate data compiled largely by incompetent observers."

THE WALL STREET EXPLOSION MYSTERY, by Edmund Gilligan — A bomb exploded in noon-day Wall Street in 1920, killing 30 and injuring hundreds. Who drove the old wagon which carried the bomb and what was his motive?

THE DEATH OF CAPITALISM, by Bruce Bliven — Our society has to be reorganized whether we like it or not, says the *New Republic* editor. We can't keep fighting over world markets, and the only new frontier is

the moon, hence a planned economy is necessary and possible. He chides the conservatives for their alarm at New Deal regimentation.

THE IMPOSSIBLE WAR WITH JAPAN, by George Fielding Eliot — Japan's destiny lies in Asia, we have nothing to gain from fighting, and the Pacific is too big. Our military and naval staffs, in asking stronger defenses, hold that as long as we can protect our own shores, war will not come.

CLEVELAND: A CITY COLLAPSES, by Walter Abbott — Cleveland is a failure as a great city, declares Mr. Abbott, because "she has consistently canonized her crooks and hacks and ignored the half-dozen honest and able men she possesses." She has permitted herself to be taken through the financial wringer by a series of promoters and looted by politicians.

I, THE HAPPY INTROVERT, by Speyton Henry — Who says the back-slapping extrovert is a superior person? Not this writer, who takes psychologists and teachers' colleges to task for their meager personality standards.

THE PARI-MUTUEL MYTH, by Harlan Trott — The pari-mutuel system of race-track betting, claimed to be scientifically fair by the proponents of legalized gambling, is shown, by mathematical demonstration, to be merely another means of fleecing the suckers.

FORUM

NO COLLEGE FOR MY SON, by James Carroll — A father, himself a college man, reasons that his son is neither a

scholar, an artist nor a genius, that four years at college would break his connection with his home community, and that the money that would thus be spent will instead give the boy a good start in business.

ARE HOUSEWIVES SLAVES? — A debate between Sara S. Moser, who says that many women do not want to — and should not have to — limit their lives to the instinctive level of homemaking, and Mrs. Ralph Borsodi, who holds that homemaking is a creative career infinitely more satisfying and better paid than most outside jobs which women get.

MONOGAMY FOR MEN, by Rupert Young — Affairs with other women, even in the "civilized" manner, inevitably destroy the integrity of a marriage, declares one who tried it and recovered in time.

CHINA AND JAPAN: SECOND YEAR, by Nathaniel Peffer — After a year of fighting it is apparent that Japan will never win a decisive victory and that the longer the war drags on the weaker Japan becomes. The situation holds dangerous possibilities of intervention and world struggle for control of China.

Harpers MAGAZINE

MORGAN AND MORGAN AND LILIENTHAL, by Willson Whitman — What the three TVA directors are really like

and why their personalities, especially that of Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, reveal the real reason for the sensational controversy.

HOW THE SCANDINAVIANS DO IT, by Marquis W. Childs — The author of *Sweden*:

The Middle Way analyzes the political set-up in Denmark, Norway and Sweden and shows how labor governments are able to remain in power with the support of farmers and the middle class.

THE DOCTORS FACE REVOLT, by Avis D. Carlson — Another severe criticism of the medical profession for its opposition to co-operative or group plans of medical care.

IN AN AMERICAN FACTORY, by Stoyan Pribichevich — A Yugoslavian political exile who came to America four years ago tells

of his experiences as a factory worker in Cleveland. His observations of his fellow workers, most of whom were also of foreign extraction, throw interesting light on what the workers really think of their country, of their lives, and of their bosses.

THE STORY OF THE DAVIS CUP, by John R. Tunis — By a series of dramatic vignettes of crucial matches from 1903 to the present, a tennis expert shows how the Davis Cup contest has grown from an informal affair into a highly organized international event.

MR. MILQUETOAST IN THE SKY, by J. C. Furnas — The airlines' recent offer to carry wives free is but one of the

moves in a campaign to overcome the public's fear of air travel. Much of the campaign is directed at women, who are inclined to make their husbands stay on the ground.

ELBERT HUBBARD, by Frederick Lewis Allen — The Sage of East Aurora left a lucrative soap business to found a socialistic community of craftsmen and ended as the first glorifier of big business.

Scribner's

ROMANTIC BUSINESS, by William A. Lydgate — "The world's outstanding exponent of plush journalism," *Fortune*

owes its success to man's basic love of gossip, especially about the other fellow's business. Here is the story of how *Fortune* is put together, and the men who do it.

JETSAM, by Polly Simpson MacManus — A poignant scene from real life, written by a woman who picked up a jobless family on the road and gave them a lift through a steel mill district where a strike was going on.

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Among Those Present

James Truslow Adams (p. 84), considered one of the most astute interpreters of the American scene, is one of the three living American Fellows of the Royal Society of Librarians. In 1937, Dr. Adams was appointed editor-in-chief of a board which, coöperating with leading historical societies, is preparing a dictionary of American History. Alan Nevins, Professor of American History at Columbia, has hailed *The Epic of America*, one of Dr. Adams' 14 works of history and biography, as "the best single volume of American history in existence."

Christy Borth (p. 97) was left an orphan at five and ran away from an unhappy home with relatives when he was 12 to become a hobo and odd-jobber. Following service overseas during the war, he worked up through the shop to become a minor executive with an automotive works. During this 10-year period he studied art at night. With the depression, he suddenly found himself unemployed, and with his sight so damaged that his cherished career as an artist was impossible. Then, buckling down to a typewriter, he began to write. His efforts attracted the attention of Malcolm W. Bingay, editorial director of the *Detroit Free Press*, who launched him on a journalistic career. A few years later he became correspondent for *Time*. Mr. Borth now lives on a small farm near Detroit and does free-lance writing.

William E. Dodd (p. 102), after a distinguished career as historian and chairman of the department of history at the University of Chicago, was appointed U. S. Ambassador to Germany in 1933. Arriving in Berlin, Ambassador Dodd — who had lived three years in the old Germany while winning his Ph.D. at the University of Leipzig — was hailed by the German press as a scholar, conversant with the German soul and idea. Unable to reconcile his ideals as a genuine believer in democracy with the Nazi regime, he

resigned his post in December, 1937. Now 69 years old, Mr. Dodd is preparing for publication a study of the lessons American and world history have taught him.

Roy Helton (p. 1), a native of Kentucky, now lives in Pennsylvania where he attended the State University and taught in Philadelphia schools. He has published three books of poetry and three novels. His seventh and most recent book is an expansion of one of three articles in *Harper's Magazine*, titled "Sold Out to the Future."

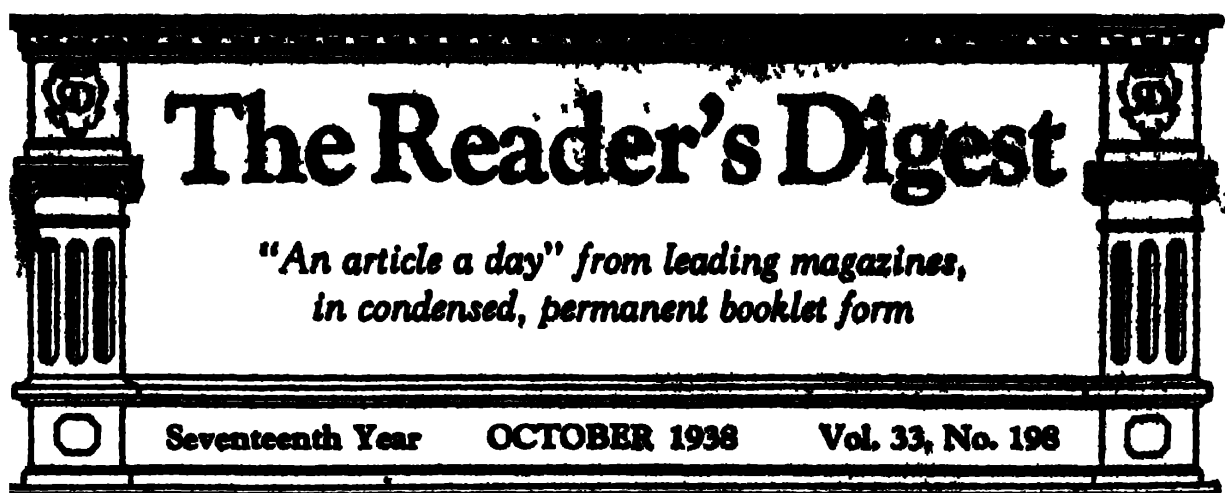
Stephen Leacock (p. 33), recently retired head of the Department of Political Economy at McGill University, Montreal, is an English humorist firmly transplanted to Canadian soil. Despite his assertion that "Americans are queer," Mr. Leacock recently said that one reason for his not leaving Canada to return to his native England is that "I'd hate to be so far away from the United States."

William Moulton Marston (p. 93), a graduate of Harvard, became psychologist for the National Committee on Mental Hygiene in 1924. Since 1925, he has been a consulting psychologist as well as lecturer in psychology at Columbia, the University of Southern California, and the New School for Social Research in New York. In addition to his contributions to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and many scientific journals, he has written several books, among them *Emotions of Normal People* and *Integrative Psychology*.

Martin Mooney (p. 40) in 1936 served 30 days in prison for contempt of court for refusal to divulge, as a newspaperman, sources of information which enabled him to uncover the policy racket in New York. He states, "I exposed the inside story of racketeering, not as a reformer, but as a newspaperman. In the same capacity — as a reporter — I learned the true story of the parole racket."

Note to Architects and Their Clients

THE LATEST idea in bathroom installations — incorporated in a Penn Yan, N. Y., house — is to provide a niche in the tilework to accommodate one or two copies of *The Reader's Digest*.



❑ The inside story of Hitler's conquest of Austria —
the most amazing political upset that modern Europe has seen

Schuschnigg's "Terrible Two Hours"

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Fredric Sondern, Jr.

Foreign correspondent for the McClure Newspaper Syndicate

"**H**eil Schuschnigg! Kurt von Schuschnigg!" Chanting in unison, columns of young men wearing armbands of the Fatherland Front marched up and down Vienna's Kaerntnerstrasse. Here and there stood black-uniformed officers of Schuschnigg's white guard — watching developments, ready to call their 5000 loyal troopers, who could have turned Hitler's "conquest" of Austria into a blood bath.

The air crackled with tension. In front of the German Travel Agency, draped with swastika flags, stood a group of grim, silent Nazis hemmed in by police. Mutely, they refused to obey orders to move on. From nearby windows and every side-

walk vantage point the Vienna populace gaped, — an amused but essentially indifferent audience, as they have been through the centuries. It was Friday, March 11th; the time, six p.m.

Three hours later crowds were surging up and down the same street chanting, "*Heil Hitler! Sieg Heil!*" Swastika armbands had appeared as though by magic. Many of those I saw were the same people who had been shouting for "our Kurt."

To understand this most amazing upset that modern Europe has ever seen, one must understand the central figure, Kurt von Schuschnigg. Highly educated in a spirit of strict conservatism, he lived through

his political career in the cloistered halls of the Ministry of Education — until the murder of Dollfuss suddenly brought him, without experience, into the arena of European affairs.

As Chancellor of Austria, Schuschnigg's deep-seated peculiarities became apparent. He despised the ignorance of the man in the street. His speeches were brilliant, but far above the level of the masses. He was intensely suspicious, and hated personal contact with people. His ministers had to report in writing, were received only in the most urgent cases. Leaders who probably could have saved Austria went to him with excellent plans. They came out utterly defeated, frozen tight by that wintry personality. He would take no advice.

Only one man was in position to force advice on the Chancellor. Austria's hard-drinking, loose-living glamour boy, Prince Starhemberg, had organized the semimilitary Heimwehr, Austria's only real bulwark against the Titan of the North. Schuschnigg detested Starhemberg for his easy popularity, and set to work to wreck him. When Schuschnigg finally was able to dissolve the Heimwehr — "in the interests of the state" — thousands of trained men, out of a job, fell easy prey to the Nazi organization.

With similar shortsightedness, Schuschnigg dealt with the workers. They hated the Dollfuss-

Schuschnigg regime, but they hated Nazism even more. Time and again, their leaders came to plead with the Chancellor to organize them in defense of the country. But he did not want to deal with "these proletarians" himself, and refused to deputize the job for fear of the labor leader becoming too powerful.

The majority of the Austrian people suffered from almost incredible political laziness and cowardice. The population was divided into three strata: The active, fanatic Patriots, the equally active Nazis — both small groups; and the huge mass of people who gossiped in coffee houses and were theoretically Nazi one day, Patriotic the next. When the brown terror swept over Austria, Schuschnigg had nothing to fall back on.

In January, 1938, the French Ambassador in Berlin, M. François-Poncet, received word that the Nazi agents in Vienna had been doubled and were apparently preparing a *Putsch*. The ambassador called on the German Foreign Minister to ask whether the *Führer* had plans for Austria. He was told that Hitler would abide by the terms of the agreement of last July for the "betterment of Austro-German relations" implicitly. That agreement had been made at Mussolini's urgent request. Far be it from Germany to disregard the Duce's wishes, and so on. M. François-Poncet departed, only to discover a

few days later that Hitler had recently said to a gathering of his intimates, "I must have Schuschnigg's head — and soon." Discovered further that the *Führer* thought Mussolini was now too embroiled with Great Britain to resist even the annexation of Austria.

Hitler ordered his ambassador in Vienna, Von Papen, to speed up his preparations. Papen's gift for intrigue has no equal in Europe today. Every important man in the Austrian government, press and industry was invited to the German Embassy, sumptuously wine and dined, and, just incidentally, probed for his fealty to Schuschnigg. Aiding Papen were The German Travel Agency, which formed the rallying point of the Vienna Nazis; and the Committee of Seven, formed in the "spirit of the July agreement for the betterment of Austro-German relations," actually, the executive committee for the coming *Putsch*. The Committee received a detailed plan, O.K.'d by Rudolf Hess, Hitler's assistant, for the "revolution" which was to take place on T day, to be followed by a German invasion.

At that point the General Staff in Berlin went on strike. They had repeatedly warned Hitler that such a step would mean war. A war for which Germany was in no way prepared. But on February 4th, the *Führer* removed the entire conservative element of the army command — the men who had threatened

mass resignation when Hitler, after the bombing of the cruiser *Deutschland*, threatened to send troops en masse to Spain. General Von Reichenau, boundlessly ambitious, was made Hitler's war lord.

Now Hitler was ready to go ahead. But he couldn't march into Austria without an excuse.

Papen was sent to call on Chancellor Schuschnigg. Hitler would like to see him at Berchtesgaden. He wanted to remove the causes of unrest between Berlin and Vienna. They would talk as brother to brother.

Schuschnigg was adamant. He would not go. A police raid on the offices of the Committee of Seven had brought to light the *Putsch* plan. Schuschnigg said frankly that under the circumstances he could expect nothing but treachery.

Then Papen sought out the man whom he had prepared and held in readiness for the day. One of Schuschnigg's few trusted friends was Dr. Guido Schmidt, the Foreign Minister. And this man was to be his Brutus. Schmidt was inordinately vain. Papen flattered him, promised him a great career if he would further the German cause. Time and again, Schuschnigg's advisers warned him against Schmidt. Mussolini himself cautioned Schuschnigg that "your right hand will plunge a dagger in your back." But the Chancellor would hear nothing against his "good old school friend."

Day after day, "good friend"

Schmidt dinned into the Chancellor's ears that he must go to Berchtesgaden. Hitler was friendly. Hitler realized that Schuschnigg's evidence about the perfidy of the Committee of Seven would turn world opinion against Germany. Schuschnigg was in a strong position. Schuschnigg should go and settle the Austro-German difficulties once and for all.

Finally Schuschnigg telephoned to Rome to ask Mussolini's advice. "My dear friend," said the Duce, "I have absolute faith in your judgment. Do as you like." That meant to Schuschnigg, "Mussolini doesn't care." Pressure from Berlin was increasing; German troops were being massed near the frontier. Perhaps some agreement could be made that would remove this terrible fear from Central Europe.

On the evening of February 11th, in strict secrecy, Schuschnigg left for Berchtesgaden. With him were his "good friend" Schmidt, Ambassador Von Papen, and a young secretary.

The next morning he entered the study of Hitler's palatial Berghof. Without a word of greeting, Hitler began a violent tirade. "You Jesuit . . . You assassin of Planetta (the murderer of Dollfuss) . . . You are playing your last card. . . ." Schuschnigg stared at the ceiling. Only once during these "terrible two hours," Schuschnigg said afterward, did Hitler interrupt himself. The Austrian Chancellor, an in-

veterate smoker, reached for his cigarette case.

"Smoking here is forbidden!" screamed the *Führer*.

Abruptly Hitler pressed a button. General Von Reichenau, General Keitel and Press Chief Doctor Dietrich came in.

"Tell the Chancellor," sneered Hitler, "what preparations we have made in case he refuses to concede our demands."

The generals were explicit: 200,000 men and 800 planes were ready to cross the border.

Hitler produced the draft of an agreement containing eleven paragraphs practically placing Austria under Nazi regime, demanded that Schuschnigg sign it at once. Then again an outburst with stamping and shrieking. "Good friend" Schmidt tried to persuade Schuschnigg to accept most of the conditions. The Chancellor finally said he would accept three: Appointment of the Nazi, Seyss-Inquart, as Minister of the Interior, a general political amnesty, and the admission of Nazis into the Fatherland Front. Further than that he could not go without consulting President Miklas. After another hour of Hitlerian tirade, the *Führer* growled that he would accept Schuschnigg's concessions "temporarily," and still muttering threats of invasion, stamped off.

Early Sunday morning, February 13th, the Chancellor arrived back in Vienna. Those of us who saw him leave the train realized that serious

things were afoot. His skin was the color of parchment; he dragged his feet. The news of his concessions exploded on Vienna like a bomb-shell. Had Schuschnigg sold out Austria? President Miklas urged him to publish a full account of Hitler's brutal attempt. World opinion and the Austrian people would rise in a tremendous demonstration. Characteristically, Schuschnigg refused. He must have time to think. He would find a way. He shut himself up in his office alone.

The loyal chiefs of the Fatherland Front were baffled by their leader's silence. "If he had only spoken to us openly and honestly," one of them said to me afterward, "we could have rallied our organization and history would have been made differently."

Even so, when the news leaked out that Hitler had presented an ultimatum, the nation came to its feet. Spontaneous patriotic demonstrations broke out. And Schuschnigg decided that the moment had come to strike back. Herr Schmitz, the powerful mayor of Vienna, encouraged him. A delegation representing the workmen of Austria told the mayor that their comrades were willing to lay down their lives, if necessary, in defense of the fatherland. Never before had the masses shown such fervid patriotism.

The Duce had been thoroughly alarmed by the Berchtesgaden interview. "If we lose Austria," said

one of his advisers to the writer at the time, "we will have lost the World War." And on February 22nd, Schuschnigg received a visitor from Rome, Signor Salata, former Italian minister in Vienna. Salata solemnly promised in Mussolini's name that Italy would support Schuschnigg to the last ditch.

Why did Mussolini fail to back up that promise two weeks later? Because Hitler had solemnly promised him in the meanwhile that no annexation would take place; the Austrian Government would be Nazi, but Austria would remain independent. That has been confirmed by unimpeachable sources.

With this apparent backing from Rome, Schuschnigg went ahead. On the evening of February 24th, the famous old chamber of the Austrian Parliament was packed with the nation's notables. Schuschnigg entered — an inspired Schuschnigg. His eyes flashed, his voice rang, as he delivered one of the most brilliant speeches that modern Europe has heard. When he finished, with a thundering "Red, white, red, until death," he had raised everyone present to his feet. His honesty, interwoven with barbed sarcasms against Hitler, set Austria on fire overnight. Sure that permanent victory was in his hands, on March 9th he announced a plebiscite. Austria was to vote for or against him. And the crowds roared, "*Heil Schuschnigg! Heil Oesterreich!*"

But Schuschnigg had made a

great mistake. He had insulted Hitler personally. The plebiscite was dangerous for Hitler politically. And Schuschnigg had overlooked the great weakness of his own regime. He had never allowed his assistants any initiative of action, and now they didn't know what to do. The flame was there, but no one to regulate it.

Hitler listened to Schuschnigg's speech over the radio in his Munich apartment. When he arrived, later that evening, at a beer hall to celebrate an anniversary with the Old Fighters of the bloody, ill-fated Munich *Putsch*, he was livid with rage. For three hours he stormed and bellowed, beating the table with a beer mug. He would annihilate Schuschnigg "even if Austria must be leveled to the ground." Late that night, the high command was summoned. But while the generals were in session with Hitler, an urgent message came from Rome. Mussolini begged Hitler to do nothing rash. Action was postponed for the moment.

But Schuschnigg's announcement of the plebiscite was the last straw. Mussolini had promised not to interfere if Hitler made no move to annex Austria. The *Führer* again summoned his generals. Foreign Minister Ribbentrop instructed the Nazi ministers in Austria to organize "outbreaks" to provide an excuse for invasion.

On March 11th Nazi Secretary of State Keppler arrived in Vienna

and in the *Führer's* name demanded that the plebiscite be postponed, that Schuschnigg resign and that Seyss-Inquart be proclaimed Chancellor. Schuschnigg scornfully refused. President Miklas, generally regarded as a harmless old winebibber, pounded violently on the table and shouted at Hitler's emissary, "You barbarians can see us in our graves first."

That afternoon at five o'clock, the German military attaché in Vienna presented an ultimatum demanding the three conditions previously asked by Secretary Keppler. The ultimatum would expire at 7:30 that evening. Two hundred thousand German troops were at the frontier.

At six, it was announced on the radio that the plebiscite would not take place; at seven, that Schuschnigg had resigned. And at eight came that moving speech which many have compared, for its infinite pathos, to the abdication speech of King Edward VIII. "I state before the world . . . we bend to violence. . . . We have ordered our army to withdraw. . . . God save Austria!" What happened during those last two hours, we know only vaguely. Miklas, the peasant, berserk in his fury, pleaded with Schuschnigg to offer resistance. The Austrian chief of staff had placed picked regiments at all possible points of German invasion. But Schuschnigg remained firm. Resistance would only mean rivers

of blood — a responsibility he could not take before posterity.

Schuschnigg delivered his farewell address in the presence of the entire cabinet. Not an eye was dry, even among the Nazis present. "I am finished, gentlemen." And with that he hastily left the room. When he entered his waiting automobile, two officers of the Guard jumped to the running boards.

"To the flying field at Aspern!" they shouted to the driver.

"No," said the Chancellor, "I am an Austrian, and here I shall stay. Drive me home." It was 8:15.

The terror broke loose. From nowhere, bands of Nazis sprang up. In high-powered cars, they raced through the streets. Within two hours, all the leaders of the Schuschnigg regime had been arrested. Communication to outside countries was broken off.

On Vienna's main streets the Nazis demonstrated joyously, carrying banners where Schuschnigg's flags had paraded a few hours before. But there were relatively few of them. The population just gawked, refused to join in. And then came the soldiers.

Hitler is a stickler for "legality." After the conquest of Austria, Doctor Goebbels immediately put his Propaganda Ministry to work to make everything shipshape for history. According to the Nazi writers, a "Red revolution" threatened Austria on that Friday. Alarmed by the menace, so says Berlin,

Seyss-Inquart sent a telegram to Hitler, asking for troops, to "help restore order and peace in Austria . . . and prevent bloodshed." The fact is that this telegram, sent at Hitler's behest, was not dispatched until long after the first German troops had crossed the Austrian border at 9:05 on that evening.

Early next morning, the first squadrons of Göring's air infantry — huge bombing and transport planes — droned over the city. Two hundred transport planes, one after the other, came down on the field in perfect order, each disgorging 12 men with full equipment. Late that afternoon the army's motorized units began reaching Vienna. They had been delayed by an epidemic of breakdowns. This failure of the *Ersatz* material of which much of the army equipment is made has been a great source of worry to the German General Staff. By evening, the city was an armed camp, and with gathering momentum the sentiment of the population began to swing.

Meanwhile, Hitler's dreaded Gestapo Chief, Himmler, had arrived with several thousand secret police. All day long, van after van of prisoners drew up at the jails and concentration points. Meanwhile, columns of Nazi Brown Shirts were marched around and around, to give the impression of numbers. The Nazi terror had struck. And the Viennese started to say, "We had better join while the joining is

good." And began to shout "*Heil Hitler*" very loudly.

But though the swastika flags flew, and Seyss-Inquart was Chancellor, Austria was still independent, Miklas was still president; and so Hitler had intended it to remain for the time being. What made him change his mind and complete the annexation of Austria with one blow in spite of his promise to Mussolini?

After Hitler's arrival in Austria, he ordered half-hourly reports from the German embassies in Paris, London and Rome. And this is

what he got. From Paris: The government had fallen. No new cabinet in sight. Effective action by France was impossible. From London: The British Government was "much alarmed," but relied "entirely on French initiative." From Rome: Mussolini was hardly in a position to undertake anything.

Hitler's generals reported that the occupation of Austria had worked without a hitch. There was no sign of trouble anywhere. The light was green, and Hitler went ahead. The end of Austria had come.



School of Conquest

IN ANTICIPATION of the return of her colonies, Germany is training 120 women at the Colonial School of Rendsburg, Holstein, for life in the tropics. Twelve blockhouses built in a wide circle provide living quarters and classrooms. Languages are taught by a native instructor from what was once German East Africa; at the end of the two-year course his students will have a fair command of one or more Negro dialects. The girls learn to prepare dishes unknown in Germany — bread-fruits, corn and bamboo; how to skin and clean venison and to use the seasonings necessary to make foods digestible under the tropical sun.

Guest doctors from the Hamburg Hospital give lectures on tropical dis-

eases; and before they can be graduated, students must be able to answer such questions as "How would you treat such and such a snake bite?" "How would you recognize the first symptoms of malaria?"

Even if Germany does not achieve her colonial aims, these girls will be taken care of.

"Every one of our students is as good as married already," says the headmistress. "German farmers who have settled in Africa write asking us to reserve wives for them; the girls need only choose among the enclosed photos. Several of our students have already arranged their marriages by correspondence."

— F. Winder, quoted in *The Living Age*

☞ How W. Lee O'Daniel, crooning flour salesman, won the nomination for Governor of Texas

"Pass the Biscuits, Pappy"

Condensed from The American Mercury

J. P. McEvoy

THE NEXT governor of Texas is a Yankee from Ohio, a flour salesman and a radio crooner. He is 46, has never held a political office, and by his own confession knows nothing of politics. Yet he defeated 11 other candidates for the Democratic nomination, all of them professional politicians with the power of state or county machines behind them.

He entered the primaries because a blind man wrote him a letter asking him to run for governor. He read the letter to his radio audience and asked if he ought to run. In the first week 54,499 replies begged him to run; 3 begged him not to — because he was too good to waste himself on the job.

He took his Hill Billy band and the same sound truck he had been using for years for promoting his flour sales at county fairs and went through the state on a 36-day campaign trip. The crowds were tremendous and followed him from one town to the other, attracted by this novel entertainment which combined a revival sermon, a carnival spiel and a radio program. Every important newspaper in

Texas was against him but when the votes were counted he had captured some 30,000 more than all his competitors put together. For the first time in Texas history a candidate had put himself over in the first primary; and since there has been only one Republican governor of Texas — E. J. Davis back in the carpetbagger days — his nomination was the equivalent of election.

That in brief is the amazing story of W. Lee O'Daniel, whose campaign was paid for by his supporters in dimes and quarters collected at mass meetings in little barrels labeled "Flour — Not Pork." (The \$800 left over after the campaign O'Daniel gave to the Flood Relief.) After his nomination he was offered 10 weeks of personal appearances at \$12,500 a week, but he declined because he "had to study up on his new job."

The American public has just heard of O'Daniel, but he has been a household word in Texas for nine years. In 1927 he was running a flour mill in Fort Worth and decided to use radio as an advertising medium. He hired three musicians, told them they were Hill Billies,

and made himself master of ceremonies. He had never been an actor, never been on the radio, but he talked to the housewives of Texas like a big brother, guide, philosopher and friend. He told them how to mend broken hearts and broken dishes, he sang songs to them, wrote birthday poems to them, cooed his way into their hearts, and his flour into their biscuits. He was Eddie Guest and Will Rogers and Dale Carnegie and Bing Crosby all rolled into one — and for years at 12:30 each day a 15-minute silence reigned in the State of Texas, broken only by mountain music and the dulcet voice of W. Lee O'Daniel singing "I've Got That Million Dollar Smile," plugging Hillbilly Flour with his slogan "Pass the Biscuits, Pappy" and reciting "The Boy Who Never Got Too Old to Comb His Mother's Hair."

Persons who have watched O'Daniel broadcast for years tell me that he can turn on the laughter or the tears with equal ease and at the slightest provocation. "He's just a born actor," they say. "He may not believe it but he feels it at the time. It may be a plea for an aged mother or a tribute to an old horse — it makes no difference, his voice will break, the tears will come to his eyes and often he can't go on and the band has to start playing 'Beautiful Texas' to keep things going."

O'Daniel's platform was the Golden Rule and the Ten Com-

mandments. When you ask him how he is going to run Texas on the Ten Commandments, he gives you that million dollar smile and says, "Well, take the fourth commandment: Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother. Doesn't that mean old age pensions just as plain as day?" A lot of voters saw the point after he made it, and they liked the man who could show them how to be religious, patriotic and practical with just one vote.

How practical is O'Daniel? Practical enough to run one sack of flour into half a million dollars; to have been the president of the Fort Worth Chamber of Commerce; to broadcast as follows in one of his campaign speeches:

"I am not saying that all of Mr. Roosevelt's plans are sound and right, but as long as he has the national grab bag open I'm gonna grab all I can for the State of Texas — and the old age pension plan provides a way of getting federal money, and if Texas doesn't get it some other state will — so for that sound business reason I favor paying the old folks of Texas and letting Uncle Sam match our payments."

To pay \$15 a month to every eligible candidate would cost Texas \$30,000,000 a year. When I asked O'Daniel how he was going to raise the money (we were at a Fort Worth night club) he pointed to a juggler on the stage and said, "You see what he's doing? It looks impossible, but he's doing it."

In a broadcast on Mother's Day, O'Daniel performed the miracle of merging Mother's Day and his own candidacy, retaining the best features of each. Since you may never hear one of his broadcasts unless he runs for President — and it *can* happen here — these few sentences will give you an idea.

"Good morning friends: This is W. Lee O'Daniel speaking. This is Mother's Day from a sentimental standpoint only. Tired, forlorn, disappointed and destitute Texas mothers several months ago thought they saw Mother's Day breaking in the East — but the golden glint preceding sunrise faded until today perhaps the practical Mother's Day is more obscure than ever before. But from the Texas plains and hills and valleys came a little breeze wafting on its crest more than 57,000 voices of one accord — we want W. Lee O'Daniel for governor. Why that avalanche of mail? Surely each and every one of you could not have known that W. Lee O'Daniel is an only living son of one of those tired, forlorn mothers — a son who had played at that widowed mother's skirts while she washed the dirt from the clothes of the wealthy on an old worn-out washboard — for the paltry pittance of 25 cents per day — and by that honest drudgery provided corn bread and beans for her children which she had brought back with her from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. . . ."

But you would do O'Daniel a

great wrong if you believed that his success has been achieved entirely through mountain music and public approval of Mother and the Ten Commandments. He promised the people of the state a business government by a business man. He reminded them that Texas was rich in undeveloped resources, and he promised to fill the state with new industries. He gave them homely examples of what he meant by telling them that as he drove to town he passed hundreds of acres of tomatoes, rotting because there was no market for them, and then when he ordered ketchup in the restaurants he discovered the label said "Made in New York." "Make your own ketchup," he shouted, "and put more people to work. Make your own clothes out of your own cotton. Elect me and I will bring the mills here. My slogan is 'Less Johnson grass and politicians, and more smokestacks and business men'." And then he added as a clincher, "Go ahead and try me for two years. You can't be any worse off than you have been."

They will tell you in Texas that a lot of voters had just about reached that conclusion, that many of the votes were not so much for O'Daniel as against politics and politicians. Here was a business man and a family man and a church goer — just one of the folks, "the common citizen's candidate," willing to take up this heavy burden if they would get behind him.

O'Daniel had no thought of being governor when he started running — he did it to help sell his Hillbilly flour, and sales zoomed upward. Never in his wildest dreams did he or anyone else imagine that he would poll more votes than all the other candidates put together. When I talked to him a week after the final count he was still dazed. He had just returned from inspecting military maneuvers and said, "When I saw all those soldiers with their guns and tanks, suddenly I realized I was Commander-in-Chief of an army." And there was awe in his voice. What was he, a flour salesman, doing as Commander of the Texas National Guard?

Early in the campaign Texas was flooded with photographs of the O'Daniel family. This brought him many votes and you can understand why when you meet Mrs. O'Daniel, his two sons Pat and Mike, 18 and 19, and his daughter Molly, 16. Mrs. O'Daniel is slim, gracious, with a gentle smile and keen blue eyes. The two boys are tall, dark and handsome and the daughter is a beauty. The children went everywhere with their father during the campaign. The two boys played the banjo and the fiddle in his band and the girl passed one of the little

flour barrels for collections. Mrs. O'Daniel stayed home, running her husband's campaign from the family residence.

O'Daniel's personal popularity is so great that he doesn't need to play ball with the politicians unless he wants to. He himself summed it up when I said: "You've done a masterly job of selling, but what are you going to do about delivering the goods if the machine gets after you?" O'Daniel smiled and held up his hand cupped like a microphone. "I've got my own machine, this little microphone. I'll go right over their heads. I'll talk to the people who elected me."

No idle boast that. Politicians know now that he can do it, and all over the country they are studying this phenomenon with fear and trembling. O'Daniel showed them how a great modern state can be made over into an old-fashioned town meeting by a private citizen with a microphone. Politicians fear that his challenge may start revolts in other communities and other states and encourage public spirited citizens to arise and take over government, now that they have been shown by W. Lee O'Daniel how one can be elected to office without going into politics.

Love is a gross exaggeration of the difference between one person and everybody else.—Bernard Shaw

Don't Send Your Son to College

Condensed from *Woman's Day*

Anonymous

(The author is a well-known novelist who wishes her name withheld)

WE WERE so poor that I had only one year in High School, and no hope of college. I felt handicapped, and later my life centered in a determination to give my children every advantage I had missed. Last year my older boy graduated from High School and I could have sent him to college. I did not do it.

Why? Precisely because I want him to have every advantage.

For years the school records of my boys had troubled and baffled me. They were unashamed of a low grade, uninterested in a high one. In vain I tried to spur them to ambition. I lay awake nights worried by my failure to awaken in them energy and earnestness. I could not understand it. They had excellent minds; they were boys to be proud of; yet nothing they did was well done. In their home tasks they were slipshod, irresponsible. They never had the deep satisfaction of doing a distasteful job thoroughly, of conquering themselves and their work.

The young today are far happier, healthier, more widely informed about a vastly larger world than we were, but they lack a solidity of character that we had. My boys, too, lacked initiative. Constantly I told them that they must be supporting them-

selves when they were 20, and they thought this reasonable. But in the meantime they had too little money, and accepted that fact; they did not "get out and hustle," as we used to do. When jobs offered, they took them, but they did not see work that needed doing, and thus create jobs for themselves. They did not run under their own power. Fruitlessly I tried to prod them.

I looked at my older boy — tall, robustly healthy, wearing warm clothes and stout shoes; eating meat, butter; ice cream, pie, as a matter of course; going to movies and ball games and the neighboring towns, driving (not without grievance) an aged jallopy; spending nine months a year in school and ready to feel himself a victim of injustice if he did not spend four years in college. Anywhere else on earth a boy of his social class would have been set to work long ago; his clothes would mark him as one of the lower classes; he would live on bread and cheese, with meat perhaps on a feast day; he would not dream of owning a car or going to college.

What gave my boy such riches? A hundred years ago Americans were no richer than Europeans. All the good things my boy enjoys came from the terrific effort the older gen-

erations made to escape from privation, to get what we desperately needed, and then what we wanted. Was my boy prepared to carry on that struggle?

I know now that the best of my life was its hardship. Struggling out of poverty developed invaluable strength. Having conquered so much, we know that we are stronger than adversity. In hard times we do not give way to despair — we know it for the spur it is.

When I started to school, I had to go two miles in winter's snows. If I did not get there, that was my loss; if I did not thoroughly learn my lessons, that was my disgrace. Before I reached the Fifth Reader, there was iron in my soul.

My boy had been cheated of that advantage. Schooling was no longer an eagerly desired privilege; it was compulsory. He had to go to school, and, being normally bright, no effort was required to get the 16 units necessary for his High School diploma. Why try for more units, and why try for good grades?

He said he had to have a university degree to be an engineer. If I couldn't send him, he couldn't go, and then he couldn't be an engineer. He said, discouraged, "You can't get a job at anything, nowadays."

Well, it was impossible to get a job when I got one, in the panic of 1907. I got a job because I would have starved if I hadn't; I was hungry when I forced myself into an office and created a life-saving clerk's

job at \$2.50 for a seven-day week of 12 hours' work a day, and in spare time I taught myself to telegraph, in spite of the operators hounding me away from the wires. My boy was just as good stuff; the only thing wrong was that he had not had my advantages.

For a whole year I said to him, "If you go to college, *you* must go." I tried to make him realize that a man must get what he wants by his own efforts. He graduated, and I said, "All right, now go to college, if you can."

It was cruel. But the more atrocious cruelty that we inflict upon our children is in depriving them of hardship, in keeping them helpless in school until they must go into the battle of living without experience of it. I would not give my boy four years more of that weakening protection. If his life is to be any good at all, he must be a fighter, conquering himself and his circumstances. A man must compel his world to give him what he wants. Men always have done this; refusing to be licked, they have created everything valuable that we have.

"I guess I'll have to get a job," he said uncertainly.

"I guess you will," I said.

He left home to look for one. For 97 days I did not hear a word from him. Times were getting harder. He had no special skill, no experience. I did not know where he was, and I knew his few dollars must be gone.

At last a telegram came from a

remote town: AM RADIO EXPERT IN LARGEST GARAGE HERE. CHOSE THIS TOWN BECAUSE IT HAD NO RADIO EXPERT. COMPANY BOUGHT ME TOOLS AND EQUIPMENT. DOING WELL AND INTEND TO GO TO UNIVERSITY NEXT YEAR. LOVE.

How he did it I do not know. He was no radio expert when he left me, but I do not doubt that he is a good one now. I learned typing the same way, on pure bluff and nerve, having got a telegrapher's job that I could not hold without typing. And I do not doubt that he will get

his university degree. He has an advantage now, more valuable, I think, than any that money could buy; nobody is giving him what he wants, he is getting what he wants. He is running under his own power.

There is all the difference in the world between sending a boy to college and helping a boy who will *work* to get to college. Youth today has all the character that we had; let them use it, make them use it, and necessity may make them more unconquerable than we were. At the very least, it will make men of them.

Pot Luck with His Lordship

I WAS ONCE entertained by Lord Charles Beresford (Admiral during Queen Victoria's reign) in a most original way. He invited me to come down to his country place on a Sunday afternoon and stay for dinner, saying, "There will be a few friends coming, whom I am anxious for you to know." The friends kept coming all afternoon, and after a while Lady Beresford said to him, "We have set all the tables we have and all that the rooms can hold. How many have you invited?" The Admiral answered, "I cannot remember, but if we delay the dinner until nine, I am sure they will all be here." When we sat down, we numbered over 50. Lord Charles' abounding and irresistible hospitality had included everybody whom he had met the day before.

Soon the butler came in and said

to Lord Charles, "My lord, it is Sunday night, and the shops are all closed. We can add nothing to what we have in the house, and the soup has given out."

"Well," said this admirable strategist, "commence with those for whom you have no soup with the fish. When the fish gives out, start right on with the next course, and so to the close of the dinner. In that way everybody will get something."

After a while the butler again approached the Admiral and said, "My lord, the champagne is all gone." "Well," said Lord Charles, "start in on the cider." It was a merry company, and they all caught on to the situation. The result was one of the most hilarious and enjoyable entertainments of my life.

—Chauncey M. Depew, *My Memories of Eighty Years* (Scribners)

Labor's Long-Range Job

Excerpts from a CIO handbook, "Production Problems"

A discussion of detailed methods of coöperation between labor and management

'ENLIGHTENED union leaders believe that the attitude of organized labor must be one of coöperation with the employer in their mutual interest — increased prosperity for all. This is old doctrine for some of us, but now this spirit is being widely promoted," says Sidney Hillman, a dominant figure in the councils of CIO, and, as head of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, a pioneer in the practical demonstration of this coöperative policy.

"We are conducting a campaign of education among our members to develop an attitude of whole-hearted coöperation between workers and employers," says Philip Murray, chairman of the CIO steel workers' union. "The fight for unionization is over in the greater part of the steel industry and we want no lingering spirit of contentiousness to survive. We realize that mutual interests are best served by working with and not against each other."

Part of this campaign of education is the publication by the union of a 28-page handbook entitled *Production Problems*, giving steel workers detailed methods of coöperating with management. The pamphlet has attracted much attention in the industry, among workers and executives alike.

Reader's Digest is convinced from conversations with union officials and with leading employers in union mills that this spirit of coöperation is sincere.

Louis Adamic, noted writer and student of labor, who first called our attention to this booklet, comments, "This leadership in developing collaboration between employers and workers may be of incalculable long-range importance in America, and is worth the closest attention."

FOREWORD: The steel workers' union stands for the progressive policy of security and plenty for all. In order for all to have more, we need to produce and distribute more, not less. Greater production, guided by efficient management, means lower cost per unit. Lower costs tend toward lower prices. This enables our people to buy and

use more goods. This, in turn, makes possible putting our unemployed back to work. With little or no unemployment, the bargaining power of labor is increased, resulting in higher wages. Higher wages coupled with lower prices mean a higher standard of living.

INTRODUCTION: When asked for a wage increase or a reduction of

hours, an employer may say, "I can't afford it; it would put me out of business." What then? Is the union to try to enforce its demands? Or is it simply to do nothing?

There is something that often can be done about it, something that has been done in dozens of cases. Suppose the union could say to the employer, "We will show you a way to save money enough to grant the wage increase." Or, "You can make the changes in working conditions that we want, and yet have lower costs than you do now." If the union could say such things, it would have additional bargaining power. It would have something valuable to offer the employer in exchange for what it wants.

Almost any shop or mill is full of wasteful practices. There are many workers in any large-sized establishment who could offhand give the management hints as to how it could save money and put out a better or a cheaper product. If a systematic study is made a great many unsuspected ways of making economies can often be discovered.

Here is an example. The Jacques Kahn Mirror Co. of New York and its workers made a thorough study of the possibilities of better management. Resulting economies saved 20 percent in manufacturing cost and 35 percent in power plant cost. The workers gained by the increased prosperity of the plant.

In the repair shops on the Baltimore & Ohio, the Canadian Na-

tional and the Chicago & Northwestern, thousands of detailed improvements were made as a result of suggestions coming from the union membership. Output was increased, costs were reduced without any reduction in wages or increase in hours, or speed-up system, and steady employment was aided.

The organized clothing workers have often coöperated with employers to eliminate wastes and introduce better management.

How to BEGIN: Let us suppose that you have a contract establishing wages and hours, and a strong union organization. The union may then appoint a Research Committee. It should be composed of men who have a knack for handling facts and figures and ideas about better ways of doing things.

Let the committee make a rough survey to see if possibilities for improvement exist. If so, then ascertain whether the employer would favor an agreement for coöperation with the union. The agreement should provide that the management will share equitably with the union any benefits so obtained, in the form of increased employment, better working conditions, increased wages or decreased hours. The research must be truly joint in every respect. It may take time to educate most employers to such an understanding. But nothing is to be gained by trying union-management coöperation before both sides are ready to accept it in good faith.

Now for a few practical hints:

LOW WAGES: The union leaders can usually determine from fiscal statements to what degree the company officials are sincere in their claim that the enterprise cannot raise wages, or must lower them. Where there is undeniably a real problem, a proposal of union coöperation in a waste-eliminating plan may often be advisable.

Make a call for suggestions from the union membership. Ask the workers to report delays and, so far as possible, what appears to cause them; and also to report on wastes of materials or time.

A great deal of hidden waste is due to lost production because of unnecessary changing over of the machines. Machines should be kept on each product as long as possible. In many factories and mills, the foreman does this planning in his head. Where this is true it is probable that a system of planning will decrease mill costs.

PRODUCTION STANDARDS: There is often dispute between management and men as to what is a fair day's work. Men may complain of speed-up. The management charges that the men are lying down on the job. Progressive unions settle this kind of dispute by agreeing on production standards. A worker will want to live up to a standard that he himself helps to set, and agrees to.

SLACK SEASON UNEMPLOYMENT: Seasonal unemployment is not easy to remedy and often involves the

buying habits of the public. Yet those who have deeply studied the subject declare that it can often be remedied when a whole-hearted effort is made. Few executives, if any, will take the stand that they are not ready to do all that can be done. The conference method airs suggestions and puts the executives into the position of either doing what is suggested or else of showing convincingly why they believe certain suggestions impractical.

DANGEROUS WORK: The chief causes for accidents are said to be fatigue, poor lighting and indifference. Unions have taken relatively small part in safety programs, yet their opportunity in this field may be of immense importance. The union leadership is peculiarly fitted to carry conviction to the members, because they are less open than company executives to suspicion of some ulterior motive for urging safety measures. In addition, in plants where the executives are not yet ready for joint research on subjects too often felt to be purely management's concern, a highly acceptable meeting ground is found in coöperation for safety. A good job accomplished in this field will be pretty sure to lead to closer relations.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS: It should be understood at the outset in any program of joint research to eliminate waste that the price of union coöperation is careful planning to avoid layoffs made possible by the improvements found. No body of

American workmen will support a plan which throws fellow workers or themselves out of employment. On the other hand, few managers realize that they can in the long run effect the economies and at the same time retain union coöperation. For there is a natural rate of "quits" — people leaving for various reasons. In general, improvements should be timed never to displace help faster than this rate of quits. It may take firmness and patience to get this policy accepted where some immediate reduction in the number of workers could be made.

RESEARCH MEN: The man suited to this work is by nature painstaking, patient and tactful, with a strong sense of justice (which includes the knack of seeing the other fellow's point of view). Men who have been most successful in organizing work are trained in strife situations, and never, if they can help it, admit that the opponent is right on any point.

As a natural result of the bitter struggle for recognition, many unions are now officered and dominated by men of the organizer type. Unless, therefore, research men are picked who have the qualities suggested above, there is a strong probability that their work will be ineffective.

GETTING FACTS INTO THE SADDLE: To the traditional foreman, the requirement that he must be able to give valid proof of cause be-

fore he fires a man seems like an insufferable invasion of his rights. And many of the higher executives have the same attitude. But one of the greatest changes caused by unionization of the plant is that the old attitude, "You do it because I say so," changes to "This action is what the facts call for." For when authentic representatives of both the union and the management reach agreement as to shop practice and recommendations, it is very awkward for the plant officials (or for the union) to ignore them.

SELF-SET STANDARDS: If one operator slights his work and the worker who gets it next has to cover that slipshod work in addition to doing his own, there is sure to be some friction. In the days when there was no union, this was simply the foreman's job. But today the union is taking part in the review of or the setting of the standards of shop practice. This illustrates the need for a whole network of understandings, both for the sake of economy and for good relations among workers. Not only can the standards be more sensible and practical when the workers concerned have full opportunity to weigh them and suggest changes, but when once these standards are set, being self-set, they will be followed more willingly and with a certain pride. For what we have a part in, we not only understand, but we feel that it is our own ruling for the good of all.

¶ The almost universal dream of a rural Eden,
"away from it all"

Week-End Pioneers

Condensed from The Forum

Ralph Haley

THROW a 100-mile dragnet about any large city and you will catch plenty of the creatures I am talking about. They are the men and women who on their week ends from early spring to late fall — yes and in winter too — abandon the comfort of their suburban homes or city apartments to woo life in the rough.

They own a few cheap acres, with perhaps a disintegrating farmhouse, a cabin or a tent. To this paradise they go, to work like Chinese coolies and to sleep in discomfort. They return with cuts and abrasions, colds in the head, and poison ivy. And next week, somewhat recovered, they go forth to do it all over again.

Are they a little mad? Yes, obviously. And yet there may be a subtle sanity about them too; at any rate my wife and I are of their company.

Seven years ago we bought a derelict New England farm. Even in our first rosy dreams our rural Eden seemed a bit too primitive. Even our fond eyes could see that the house was a mere shell surrounding a chaos of buckled floors and

falling plaster. We knew that a swarm of bees lived under the loose clapboards over the front door, although we did not know then how hard they could sting. Yes, we could see the flaws. But we were still very optimistic about the possibilities.

Of course that was absurd. Anybody, except a young city couple drunk with the idea of owning land, could have told us that an abandoned farm like that isn't worth fooling with. We could spend every vacation for years painting and scraping and carpentering and digging and still have nothing but a decrepit old house and a few uncertain vegetables. True enough.

And yet, after seven years of tinkering, we are still joyously going back whenever we can spare a week end. We are completely disillusioned and at the same time completely satisfied. It is this curious paradox that I should like to explain. What is the driving urge behind us back-to-the-landers?

In most cases it is the idea that, with a few acres and some sort of habitation, one's future is somehow more secure. If you had to, you could raise vegetables, keep a cow,

a pig, and some chickens, and cut your fuel. You could "get along" like the pioneers, without money.

This might be termed the grand delusion. For in the state of not having money, you can starve and freeze and die of appendicitis in the country quite as effectively as anywhere else.

Just consider winter weather, for one thing — assuming that you keep your health and have enough to eat. The quaint old house which seems so snug in the rigorous weather of early autumn turns out to be no better than a sieve against the icy spear-thrust of winter's gale. We sit before a roaring open fire, while a bucket of water behind us slowly congeals.

Of course, we could wrap the bare bones of the house with a blanket of excellent (and expensive) insulation and install a powerful furnace. But then our little retreat would become a modernized, mortgaged house, with high taxes. And we want to cultivate something other than charge accounts.

Again, what a sucker's come-on phrase is *arable land*. And why is so much of it "lying fallow" — spotted over with bushes and even sturdy young birches and oaks? The fact is that anything you raise on it will cost you, radish for radish and beet for beet, just a little more than it would if you had bought it at the grocer's. That is, a little more if you really are a pretty good farmer; a lot more if you don't know your

soils and fertilizers. If you are lucky you can, of course, pick out a little plot for a kitchen garden, pry or blast a few rocks out of it, fence it sturdily with rabbit- and wood-chuck-proof wire, and in God's good time have nice crops of beans and beets and sweet corn. But don't get the idea that it will be any economy. It won't.

There are, nevertheless, compensations and genuine satisfactions to offset the illusions. For one thing, you have more room in the country, and space inevitably brings an expansion of the spirit. You are more of an individual here among broad, quiet fields; you develop curious ambitions and skills, become mildly eccentric, and enjoy the process very much.

Among our neighbors is a surgeon, retired after a distinguished career in New York, whose interest in swamps amounts to a passion. He knows intimately every marshy spot for miles around, being drawn into them as other men are drawn into temptation. With complete clinical absorption and self-oblivion he lies down in them, smells them, tastes them, and notes their plants, mosses, and soils. I don't know why he does it, but *he* does; and that's what counts.

Another man, an artist whom New York knows well, cannot find the days long enough for his experiments in grafting nut trees. He has hundreds of young trees coming along, and to him the present health

and future prospects of each tree is an engrossing problem. Once, finding him thus concentrating as I strolled over his acres, I asked, "What will you have here fifty years from now?"

With a grin, he answered, "Squirrels." Yet again it is the work itself and not the goal that delights him.

So, whether it be swamps, nuts, or any hobby from bird-banding to raising Nubian goats, it is easy in the country to find an interest that will absorb and delight you. Whether or not it happens to make sense to anybody else just doesn't matter.

Another pleasure is in more giving and receiving — a country amenity which can hardly bloom in city or suburb, where cash values reign. Even though you have a backyard garden in town, you can't very well drop in on the Joneses with a bag of butter beans for supper. You may have the impulse to be neighborly, but as you pick the beans it comes over you that Mrs. Jones probably knows just what butter beans cost in the market today, and you can't help estimating, a little sourly, that your gift is worth perhaps twelve cents. You finally decide you had better give the damn beans to that poor colored family. Your gift has become a charity and has quite lost its fragrance.

In the country you can make your gift with no thought except that these are very superior beans and that you are rather a capable fellow to have raised them.

Of course in the country there is water to be pumped, wood to cut and carry, the stove to be cleaned and intricately adjusted, the garbage to be buried. None of these tasks is pleasant in itself; yet it is not a misstatement to say that pleasure comes from doing them.

In our urban existence we have few real "chores" left; but we make up for it in mental strain. It is very convenient to turn on the gas or to run the tub full of hot water. But we pay for it in worry over the monthly bills.

Household tasks in the country are hard on muscles but easy on the mind. Somehow, substituting a certain amount of muscle strain for mental strain seems to add up to happier living.

A constant rural pleasure, too, is finding the satisfaction you can get from your own ingenuities. In the city I have a tiled shower bath, with needle sprays and a thermostatic mixing valve. On the farm I have a few lengths of pipe leading from a hillside spring to a shower nozzle in an old apple tree. A cold shower within four walls is a rigorous discipline; out in the sunshine, surrounded by fragrant wild azaleas, it is pure delight. And the delight is enhanced by the fact that the installation cost less than \$4 and that I myself can keep it in repair. I could not fix even one refractory needle spray in that tiled city shower and I always feel rather inadequate before its intricacies.

That, after all, is the secret bewitchment of rustic living. You work with simple understandable things, which you can master, or you deal with the great natural forces of sun and rain and wind, which no man can master and before which it is a joy to be humble. In either case there is enjoyment and self realization.

For some of us, too, there is a love of simple old architecture or of

sweet, fertile earth or of birds and animals or of space — mere worthless land, yet it gives one room to wander without thought of intrusion or trespass.

In short, we go to the country, when we can get away, because we are happier there. We are week-end pioneers because we need occasional release from all the comforts of home.

“You Can’t Take It with You”

Selected cartoons from *The New Yorker* touching upon the foibles of the upper crust, here presented in succinct word pictures

The cartoonist’s name is given in each instance

“WHITE SULPHUR today, Miami yesterday. Stanley, my dear we’re just a couple of gypsies,” said the wife as they waited for the valet and maid to pack their trunks. — *Alan Dunn*

“BUT my dear Mrs. Van Kip, you distinctly told me to put an outdoor theater on your Glen Head estate, and not a bird bath,” said the wide-eyed landscape architect into the telephone.

— *Leonard Dove*

“I JUST want him to learn the rudiments of walking,” said the dotting mother as the maid piloted the baby across the room. “He’ll always have plenty of cars.”

— *Garret Price*

“MY JEWELRY is all wearing out,” said the wife to her husband, as she fingered her diamonds. — *Sbermund*

“YOU DON’T think it’s a bit *too* luxurious?” asked the woman shopping in a department store as she sank into the rug up to her knees.

— *F. Wilkinson*

“HENRY wants me to take a trip around the world,” said the bright young wife, “but I’d rather go somewhere else.” — *Sbermund*

“THAT’S the original shoestring I started on,” said the financier, as he pointed to a shoestring in a glass case.

— *O. Soglow*

“BUT I *distinctly* said *whistlers!*” wailed the grand dame when two

heavyweight wrestlers appeared as part of the entertainment at her reception.

— *Peter Arno*

"WELL, then, can I come out *after* the revolution?" asked the tearful would-be debutante of her stern mother.

— *Helen E. Hokinson*

"MY SON'S a radical," said the mistress of the mansion as she fingered the bell-pull which called the servants. "He says someday I'll pull this thing and nobody will come."

— *Sbermund*

"THE WAGES are good, my lad, and as for the family, if you follow my example, you'll simply take no notice of 'em," said the old butler to the new footman.

— *Galbraith*

"EVERYTHING considered, he preaches a remarkably good sermon. It is so hard to avoid offending people like us," said the top-hatted gentleman as he left the church with his wife.

— *Mary Petty*

"WOULD the poor hungry sparrows in Central Park like those?" asked the matron buying bon bons in a French pastry shop.

— *Helen E. Hokinson*

"Now for heaven's sake, dear, think back. *Where* did you put the yacht when you left Kennebunkport?"

— *Reginald Marsh*

"IF MY calculations are correct, you will soon be playing third base for the Detroit Tigers," said the astrologist to the wealthy matron.

— *Whitney Darrow, Jr.*

"DON'T fret, sir," said the chauffeur to the pekinese in the back seat. "Madam will be back in a minute."

— *R. van Buren*

"THERE isn't much we can do about it," confided the hostess when, in front of the startled guests, the maid drank the last of the cocktails. "She's simply marvelous with the children."

— *Carl Rose*

". . . And how do you suppose it looked when you wouldn't let me have a second cup of coffee — me an official in five corporations?" protested the husband as they prepared for bed.

— *Wortman*

"JACKSON has been with us so long he's just like one of the family," explained the hostess as her butler walked through the living room in his undershirt, shaving brush in hand.

— *Whitney Darrow, Jr.*

"HE HAS his law degree and a small furnished office," said the young man's mother. "It's just a question now of getting him out of bed."

— *Peter Arno*

"Now chopsticks!" cried the master of the house as he sat down with his butler to play the magnificent organ.

— *Peter Arno*

"IT'S so hard to tell whether people will mix or not," the hostess explained when one of her guests knocked another down and hit him with a chair.

— *Whitney Darrow, Jr.*

“The roar of a forest fire is like a thousand freight trains crossing steel trestles”

Hell and High Timber

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

“OUR FORESTS,” states Mr. George Spelvin to his wife, exhaling a cloud of cigarette smoke and waving his arm at the scenery, “are a priceless heritage. We must cherish and protect them.” And flipping his cigarette casually out the car window, he settles himself behind the wheel, and the sedan rolls on its way.

Mr. Spelvin's cigarette lands on a heap of brown pine needles, crisp and dry as powder after two weeks without rain. Gradually the needles around the live coal twist a little and grow black. There is a puff of wind, and the circle of needles glows brightly. A piece of dried bark begins to smolder like punk. There is another gust of wind, and a clump of dry brush crackles in a brisk bonfire, spitting sparks. The flame grabs at the lower branches of a pile of slash and swings itself up hand over hand, reaching for the bigger branches overhead. The whole pile roars aloft. A panic-stricken rabbit bolts headlong into the heat, leaps convulsively into a tight ball of flame, topples backward.

A lookout in a tower 15 miles away spots the bank of smoke pil-

ing up in the southwest. He locates it approximately by the alidade suspended over his map, and phones the nearest ranger station. Here, the dispatcher checks with another lookout ten miles to the west, places the fire exactly where the lines from the two towers cross, and shakes his head. Black Mountain area. Little water available, many isolated ranches to the south. Hygrometer readings show that the litter under the trees is bone dry. The weather report predicts increasing winds, no rain in sight. He gives the emergency alarm.

Truckloads of men with camp equipment and fire-fighting tools hurry into the forest. More and more men follow, all well shod so their feet will not blister on the hot ground, all strong enough to work day and night amid terrific heat, choking smoke, constant danger, possible death. Late that afternoon a siren sounds; the CCC boys at Summit clamber into the waiting trucks. It's a crown fire now, racing through the treetops, irresistible, swifter than the wind.

At midnight a warden's car shrieks to a halt at a ranch house. The

rancher and his older son rush out and jump into the warden's car. His wife and younger boy pile furniture into a wagon and hitch up the nervous horses. There is a red glow in the sky, and the wind coming toward them has a sickening sweetish smell. It's heading this way. In the distance there is a steady ripping sound, like canvas being torn sharply, and now and then short explosions like rifle shots. The rancher's wife swings her whip as she glances fearfully over her shoulder. A spark lights on the blanket wrapped around the baby beside her. . . .

Half-naked men come off the fire lines day after day, faces blackened, eyebrows burned off, shirts hanging in shreds from blistered shoulders. Ambulances clang through the thick smoke, empty stretchers are rushed into the heat, and filled ones are borne out again. All that week and into the next the fire rages. Calls for more men, shovels, food, bandages. A million dollars in virgin timber already destroyed. Four lives lost. Still no sign of rain. . . .

" . . . Burned over all that nice country where we were," Mr. George Spelvin shrugs, looking up from his evening newspaper. "Lucky we visited it in time. You know," he muses, flicking his cigarette toward the fireplace with a practiced snap of his middle finger, "I wonder how these fires get started."

This year, Mr. Spelvin's cigarette — or his unextinguished match, or

a smoldering coal from his pipe, or a campfire he didn't quite put out, or a patch of ground he tried to burn over during a high wind — will cause over 150,000 forest fires in the United States. These fires will devastate more than 40 million acres of timberlands. This year, thanks to Mr. Spelvin's carelessness — it has been established that over 90 percent of all our forest fires are man-caused, and therefore preventable — the country will lose 50 million dollars in timber alone, enough lumber to fill a string of freight cars extending from New York to San Francisco and back again. The game and fish that will be killed by fire — with destruction of forage, of nests of ground birds and waterfowl, of spawning grounds for trout — will more than equal the total of all the hunters' guns and anglers' hooks combined. The losses in young growth killed, watersheds ruined, floods, silted streams and barren soil, industry stopped, recreational possibilities gone forever, cannot be estimated.

To be sure, careless smokers and campers are not alone responsible. There are incendiary fires — blazes set for mischief, for possible employment as a fire fighter, or for pure spite. And there are freak fires. Last year a bird flew into a web of high-tension wires, burst into flames and dropped to the ground, a torch that set off the dry pine litter and destroyed thousands of acres. In Oregon, in 1933, a log-

ging operation had snubbed a steel cable around a dead stump and neglected to watch it during a dry spell. The friction started the wood smoldering, a spark fell into the surrounding tinderbox and touched off the blaze. Though discovered almost immediately by the logging crew, it roared straight through the finest stand of virgin timber in the state. An army of 3000 men fought it night and day for 17 days. That single fire destroyed more timber than the total lumber output of the United States for an entire year.

Less than ten percent of our fires are due to natural causes beyond our control; and, contrary to popular opinion, the spontaneous combustion of forest fuel is not one of these. Lightning, of course, is the outstanding natural cause. In Idaho, in 1935, a local thunderstorm lasted less than two hours, but touched off 107 separate fires. Only the alertness of the Forest Service and CCC prevented a major catastrophe.

There are three types of forest fires: surface, ground and crown. The first consumes surface litter, and sometimes the partially decomposed material underneath, called duff. If located while it is a simple surface fire a squad of men can usually surround it in time.

The ground fire is a tougher proposition. Below the duff is a layer of almost completely decayed organic matter, varying in depth, and all-too-readily combustible when dry. This material burns slowly but

persistently, and you can never be quite sure when the fire's dead. It may smolder for weeks before it is spotted; meantime the forest is filling with fire gases that a sudden wind may fan into abrupt conflagration. Trenching — cutting a strip two or three miles ahead — may halt the creeping progress of a ground fire; but it is queasy work.

When it "blows up," leaps aloft into the tops of the trees, it is known as a crown fire, most dreaded of all. A fire that has crowned can travel at incredible speed. Just how fast? We put the question to R. H. Rutledge, regional forester of the Intermountain District in the Rockies. "Sometimes," Mr. Rutledge said, "when a forest's already filled with smoke and unburned gases formed by the smoldering materials, the whole thing blows up all at once. I remember once watching a fire from the rim of a canyon a full mile away. There was a sudden gust of wind, and the next thing I knew the air around me was one solid sheet of flame. Now, how fast did it travel?"

Usually there is a little lull before an oncoming fire, a hollow silence that you can sense. Gradually you begin to feel the heat in short pulsing waves, though the fire may still be three or four miles away, and for the first time you hear the wind behind the fire. The sound grows into a strange hissing roar, and then, out of the distance, pours a solid black cloud, black

underneath, and under that the orange-red glow of flames. Now the roar is like a thousand freight trains crossing steel trestles. The fire envelops a whole mountain at once, leaps a canyon to the next mountain. It crosses a stream — one moment there is a trout brook, the next moment the flames have lapped it clean and left the stream-bed dry as dust.

You cannot conceive of the heat of a forest fire. A hastily abandoned truck stands in a clearing. The metal writhes as the fire passes, the windshield is fused to a lump of glass. Two fire fighters, threatened by a sudden gust of flame, start to run, panic-stricken. They have gone but a few yards when a blast of furnace heat strikes them. They falter, shrivel like bacon, and fall forward on their faces, charred to cinders though no flame has touched them.

If you are trapped in the path of a fire, the old-timers advise you to get your face close to the ground and lie still. If possible, soak a blanket and place it over your head; it will filter some of the smoke and heat from the air. Two men in a canoe in Quebec last year, trapped by fire, leaped out and lay on their backs in the stream, breathing through their coats. They survived, though their canoe was burned to the water line.

Above all else, do not get down in a deep hole or well. Fire sucks the oxygen out of the air, and in a

confined space you are apt to suffocate. During the First Porcupine disaster in Ontario, 14 men sought refuge in a railway cut, a narrow embankment with steep clay sides that formed a natural pocket from which the heat drew all the oxygen. They were found later, suffocated, lying on a mound of dry grass that was not even scorched.

During the whole year our forest rangers are engaged in fire prevention work — removing fire hazards, building roads, closing threatened areas to tourists, watching for incipient blazes. Lookout towers dot 157 national forests in 40 states. Emergency landing fields where planes can set down men and supplies have been built in the inaccessible back country; experiments are being made from the air — dropping water, chemicals and even bombs to retard remote fires until ground crews can reach them. Of great importance are the 500 CCC camps in our national forests. Upon this we found every Forest Service man and ranger and warden in complete agreement: the CCC, properly guided, can be an unparalleled national blessing. The courage of these boys, many fresh from the city, has won the undying admiration of old-time loggers and woodsmen.

Our national forest area covers well over 200 million acres, with one forest ranger to every 32,000 acres; yet the total fire loss in all this vast territory last year was

only 105,155 acres, as compared with the annual loss of forty million acres in timberlands outside the control of the Forest Service.

The forests belong to you. If they are destroyed, the chances are nine out of ten that it will be your fault. So, if you are going to travel in the woods, here are things to think of:

1. Watch your smokes. Be sure the stubs and ashes are dead before you throw them away. Kill them in a stream, or grind them on a spot that you are sure cannot burn. Don't toss stubs — even dead ones — out of your car.

2. Be sure your match is out. Break it in two, or put it back in the box.

3. Before building a campfire, scrape away all inflammable material from a spot at least five feet in diameter. Dig a hole in the center, and build your fire in it. Keep it small. Take a lesson from the Indian: "White man make heap big fire — stand way off. Indian make little fire — sit down side him."

4. Never break camp until your fire is out — dead out. Stir the coals while soaking them with water. Wet the ground around the fire.

5. Carry in your car a shovel, an ax and a bucket. If you see a small fire, put it out. If you can't do it alone, get help. Report all fires to the nearest fire warden or ranger. Remember, the time to stop a fire is before it gets started.

Remember also that the fire you may set through carelessness can affect the economics of a whole generation. The loss goes far beyond the destruction of today's timber crop. It will be felt in tomorrow's altered climate, in tomorrow's waning agriculture, in tomorrow's lack of available power.

Walk out into a freshly burned area. Mile after mile of charred trees in a wasteland of ashes. Rocks and ledges stand out starkly, bare of leaves and moss, the topsoil gone. At the bottom of a gully winds a brown stream, the water poisoned with lye washed from the acres of ashes, fish floating belly up. A bloated carcass of a moose lies against the bank. . . .

Throw that cigarette anywhere you want now. There is nothing left here to burn. There won't be for another hundred years. . . .

Flightless Fighting Planes

AN American aviation mechanic in China has revealed why so many "Chinese planes" have lately been reported destroyed by Japanese bombers. The Chinese keep a carpenter busy making wooden dummy planes, and at night put them in fields that look like airfields. Next day the Japanese come along and waste ammunition blowing them up.—AP

The Conscious Use of the Subconscious Mind

Condensed from Forbes

Robert R. Updegraff

Author of "The Subconscious Mind in Business"

NEARLY ALL of us have had the experience of riding on a train with no one to talk to, or of sitting through a concert or lecture to which we were not really listening, and having ideas tumble over themselves in our minds. This is the subconscious mind at work, taking advantage of the relaxed state of the conscious mind. It is capable of doing much of our best thinking and of helping us solve our most perplexing problems. It can bring to bear on all our affairs far more wisdom and experience than our conscious minds command.

There is, of course, a time for concentrated application to our problems. But there is also a time to stop and smoke and whittle and let the subconscious mind do its part of the work. For, after all, it is accomplishment that we are all after, not activity.

Fehr, the French scientist, who made a study of the working habits of his contemporaries, says that 75 percent of the scientists stated that their important discoveries came to them when they were not actively engaged in research.

Most of us use our conscious minds entirely too hard, and as a

result our thinking and our decisions are not as good as they should be. The trouble is, we are working with only half our minds, and with less than half of our accumulated experience and judgment. And as a consequence, we cheat ourselves of many hours of recreation which in themselves add to the effectiveness of our thinking. For relaxation is the key to the door of the subconscious mind. The subconscious mind works best when we are doing what we like best to do. A happy mind is a healthy mind and it puts drive back of a man's activities. As Henry David Thoreau put it, "A really efficient laborer will be found not to crowd his day with work."

How then may we *consciously* plan to use the subconscious mind, to take advantage of its power to improve our judgments and decisions, or to furnish us with bold new ideas or creative conceptions?

The process of thinking is strangely akin to the process of cooking. Although direct heat is ordinarily used, many dishes are better after long, slow cooking. To permit this, some ranges have fireless ovens in which the cooking is completed with retained heat.

The subconscious mind is a fireless cooker into which we can put our problems to finish the cooking on what might be called "retained thought." To do all of our mental cooking with our conscious minds is to burn mental energy wastefully, and at high cost to our nervous systems.

One rule always holds good: You must give your problems to your subconscious mind in the form of *definite assignments*, after assembling all the essential facts, figures and arguments. The cooking process must first be started by focusing our minds on this material long and intently enough to get it thoroughly heated with our best conscious thinking.

To start this focusing process, one method is to write on a sheet of paper the problem facing you, jotting down all important aspects. If there are pro and con sides, enumerate all the factors you can think of in two columns. *Then tear up the sheet and forget all about it.* Do something you want to do, something that will rest your mind.

Another way is to talk over the problem or situation with associates or members of your family, exploring every angle in detail. Get right down to cases — *but don't attempt to come to a decision.* End your discussion abruptly and set the whole matter aside to "cook."

Still a third method is to work consciously on the problem until you are just plumb fagged out

mentally. At that point *put it entirely out of your mind.* Go fishing, golfing or motoring, or if it's night, go peacefully to bed.

One night in October, 1920, Frederick Grant Banting, a young Canadian surgeon with so little practice that he had to teach to eke out a living, was working over his next day's lecture. His subject was diabetes. Hour after hour he pored over the literature of this dread disease, his head a whirling maze of conflicting theories, case histories, accounts of experiments with dogs. Finally he went wearily to bed.

At two in the morning he got up, turned on a light, and wrote three sentences in his notebook: "Tie off pancreatic duct of dogs. Wait 6 to 8 weeks for degeneration. Remove residue and extract." Then he went back to bed and slept.

It was those three magic sentences which led to the discovery of insulin. Banting's conscious mind had come to grips with one of the most baffling problems in medical science; his subconscious mind finished the job.

Sometimes the fireless-cooking process requires only a matter of hours, as in Banting's case. Again it may require days or weeks. And it may be necessary consciously to turn the heat on again once in a while to keep the cooking process going. But nearly always the subconscious mind can be depended upon to finish the cooking, and frequently with greater speed than if

we rely on conscious thought alone.

Furthermore, it usually turns out a better product because it brings to bear all of one's accumulated life experience, including much that the conscious mind had long since forgotten. In an interview on his seventy-fifth birthday, Henry Ford referred to "instinct." "What is instinct?" asked his interviewer. "Probably the essence of past experience and knowledge stored up for later use," replied Mr. Ford.

A man of my acquaintance has acquired the habit of dropping into an easy chair in his office for 20 or 30 minutes each day, picking up a book and forgetting all his business concerns.

"I have never sat in that chair," he told me, "with any thought of developing an idea, but the minute my mind relaxes ideas begin to develop of themselves."

The renowned German physicist, Von Helmholtz, said that after thoroughly investigating a problem "in all directions," he found that

"happy ideas come unexpectedly without effort like an inspiration. *But they have never come to me when my mind was fatigued or when I was at my working table.*"

Thornton Wilder, author of the Pulitzer prize novel, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and of the latest Pulitzer prize play, *Our Town*, recently confessed that his best story ideas come to him "on hikes and in the shower and places." Any place, it seems, other than at his desk!

Descartes, the famous French mathematician and philosopher, is said to have made his great discoveries while lying in bed in the mornings.

If you have not been consciously using your subconscious mind it may be a bit rusty, and you may have to make several tries before it will begin to function. Subconscious cerebration requires time, relaxation, a sense of leisure. Perhaps that is what the late Andrew Mellon had in mind when he said, "In leisure there is luck."

Substitute

f

Suicide

I have always thought that if I ever got the impulse to commit suicide, I'd try a lot of other crazy things first. I'd try being a hobo, or get a job as a trap-drummer in a swing band. I might ship as a stowaway on a tramp steamer. I'd insult a lot of people and institutions I've always wanted to insult. I'd even try living on a farm. The sea, the tropics, the wide open spaces, are all worth a fling before one gives up. Why, one might even try a job as keeper of the monkey cage in a zoo.

— Don Harold in *Scribner's*

❏ Do you suffer from "fear of the front page of the newspaper"?

All Is Not Lost!

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Stephen Leacock

Eminent Canadian humorist; author of "Over the Footlights," "Afternoons in Eutopia," etc.

I WAS STARTING out trout fishing one day last week when I saw from a headline that war in Europe was almost a dead certainty within 24 hours. The Lats (I think it was) had sent what was practically an ultimatum to the Slat — or it may have been the Checks and the Shorts.

Of course, on top of news like that I couldn't fish. Unless the Slat (a high-chested people) would back down, that meant war, and everybody knows that war means "world chaos," and that means the end of trout fishing.

It was too late to go fishing when I got the news in the evening paper that the Lat-Slat "crisis" was over — by lucky chance the Slat hadn't "picked up" the affront and, of course, if you don't pick up a European affront right away, it goes bad. So I got all set again for the next day to go with a friend of mine. Then, just as we were starting, bang came the news that Mussolini had called Neville Chamberlain a "stiff," and that a first-class "crisis" was imminent, and that England had recalled all the household troops from the saloons!

Well, who could fish after that? But in a few hours it turned out, after an exchange of diplomatic notes, that Mussolini had not called Chamberlain a "stiff" in the English sense, but had said he was a "stiffo": that, in Italian, means something fine, and so the crisis passed, but it left everyone, even 4000 miles away, pretty well prostrated. Even the British Cabinet lost half a day's grouse shooting.

It seemed all the more pity to lose our fishing because it was an ideal day. And if you wander along the place I go — a stream not quite big enough to be a river, with open patches of sun and shadow — on an afternoon in early summer, you won't care whether the Sudeten Germans go Nazi or go crazy. But once get your mind mixed up with this problem and you're not fit to go fishing. It's the same with golf. You can't play with a man who says on the first green, "What about Albania?" and on the ninth is still murmuring, "If Hitler . . ."

Europe certainly can destroy your peace of mind; but you can destroy it right at home if you try. Lots of people collect just as much distress

at home over the market news. Take, let us say, "base metals." What they are, I don't know, but every now and then, it seems, base metals which have been buoyant get dull, then stagnant, then collapse.

You've perhaps often gone through that yourself; but base metals seem to get it specially. I was out at a bridge party the other night, just after the last crash in base metals. Half of the people looked wretched; a lot of them had been hard hit with copper and others had had a terrible knock of manganese. They could hardly hold their cards. Yet here they were in a lovely house in the leafiest part of the city, the evening warm enough for Summer but cool enough for a fire — how delightful it might have been — but base metals had crashed that afternoon, and it was only by a brave hysterical sort of struggle that things could be kept going at all.

Two days later, base metals got "buoyant," and everything would have been great, except at that very moment the sudden backfire of Congress against the TVA decision of the Supreme Court — or, no, the other way — anyway, there was another explosion in Washington.

During this same period of distress wheat fell 10 cents — a thing that simply spells disaster — and then rose 11 cents — meaning, of course, national ruin. Dust blew all over the West, and then blew off again, leaving the farmers a perfect

sight! And in with this background of imminent disaster there was an anvil chorus of sit-down strikers and stand-up agitators, money sterilized, credit paralyzed, confidence pulverized, and ten million unemployed sitting in a row eating sandwiches with no proper psychological conception of the value of their leisure.

This, I say, is the *background*. But the funny thing is that the foreground isn't like this at all. The foreground has all the beauty of summertime, with leaves on the trees and trout in the streams and every golf course an artistic dream, a vast lawn of green, gay with bright costumes, with every shimmering Summer lake dotted with canoes and splashed with bathers, with every street of every little town packed with the glistening cars of the people crowding into the magic world of the movies.

If the pioneers who fought for economic life upon this continent could see this picture of color and luxury what would they think of us, its discontented, trembling inhabitants, shuddering at the fleeting shadows that fly over a landscape bathed in bright sunshine!

Surely, all is not lost. Let us take an inventory of our distress.

The world has got into a kind of mass apprehensiveness. Psychologists tell us that today we live on one idea at a time and all get it together. The idea just now is *distress*, or worry over the imminence of something that is just going to hap-

pen — but perhaps won't. There is a Greek name for this, but I forget it. Translated, it means "fear of the front page of the newspaper." Here, for example, are the things of which we are all scared to death just now: the French franc, the Sudeten Germans (Section B, Apartment 6, Czechoslovakia), the United States Supreme Court, the stock market, overpopulation, overproduction, life, death, dust.

Here, on the other hand, are the things of which we ought to be thinking — fishing, golf, chicken dinners, cool drinks, mixed bathing — and if young enough, taking girls out in motorcars.

Here is the European news that we read: war, more war, Mussolini, Hitler, bombs, cruelty and the fall of freedom.

Nonsense — that's an illusion! Here are the real things, the French news, for instance:

Summer tourists in Paris break all records . . . bathing costumes at Deauville simply scandalous . . . French ping-pong team beats all Germany . . . champagne vintage reported best in 20 years.

All about us is a beckoning world — ample as never before in its abundance; a little out of gear, but only because, speaking collectively, we are like the sudden heirs of a rich estate quarreling over their inheritance.

All of us, I think, chafe at this false distress of our submerged world. Witness how we have flocked to the country of the Seven Dwarfs, a better world than our own — a world of simple and sweet little animals, just our own style, a world of kindness and coöperation each with all. We are drawn to this because we know it is ours, and yet we cannot reach it.

Or take that bright, next-door world we see pictured in our advertisements. Here, indeed, is the country of human fancy, marvelous with the green of its grass, the utter blueness of its water (see any travel booklet); marvelous with its motorcars glistening in the sun, its people — youths as straight as arrows and as broad as gods, girls with hair as golden as gamboge, and frilled children, clean enough to eat. Here you may see again humanity reaching into the world of imagination for what the actual world denies us.

But the truth is that this, our actual world, would be as good as the bright world of imagination if we would only let it be so. Everything is there, the smiling abundance of our unrealized paradise, the goodwill toward men that all men feel and none dares act upon. It is all there for the asking, if we can only cast aside from the gateway the evil spirits of fear and distrust which keep us from our kingdom.



Greenbelt Goes Completely Coöperative

Condensed from The New York Herald Tribune

THOSE who lament that America's last frontier is gone should visit Greenbelt, Md., the little resettlement town founded by the New Deal. Here, in a new outpost in the wilderness of economics, a band of men and women, in homes flung in crescent pattern among the trees, have voluntarily decided to try something never tried before in a modern American community. They are about to buy, and operate for themselves, all the stores which serve their town.

Ownership will be acquired through the sale of stock. Each share will cost \$10. Half of Greenbelt's families must invest to make the coöperative effective under the charter granted the town by the government. One family may buy as many shares as it likes, but, no matter how many, it gets only one vote in the management. Each share-holder becomes a part owner of everything in town: The food store, the drugstore, the gas station, the motion picture theater which will open soon, etc.

The whole enterprise will be of, by and for the consumer. Stockholders will get a maximum of four percent on their investment, and the remaining profit will be divided among the consumers in proportion to the amount of their purchases. Policies will be decided by a board of directors.

Belief in the coöperative idea is exhibited in unmistakable ways. For example, salaries in Greenbelt run from \$22 to \$45 a week, mostly in the lower brackets. Anyone earning more may not remain a resident of Greenbelt. Greenbelt wives meet regularly to study what kind of potatoes or peas give most

for the money, or whether some newly advertised mouthwash is medically reliable. Even the children are coöperative conscious. They buy their gumdrops and pencils from their own co-operative commissary in school.

As consumer testimony for the co-operative idea, one Greenbelt resident, irked by outside criticism, published in the town's little mimeographed newspaper a month-by-month accounting of his family food budget. It showed a saving of \$20 in eight months at the food store, which has been operating as a coöperative. This was enough to pay his share in the Greenbelt health association which guarantees for its members medical care, preventive and remedial, at a cost of a \$5 membership fee and weekly payments ranging from \$1.50 for an unmarried person to \$2.25 for a man, wife and four children.

There are 698 families now living in Greenbelt. The town was virtually ready-made when the first settlers moved in last October. The Resettlement Administration spent more than \$14,000,000, and employed 3000 WPA workers to provide sewage and garbage disposal, to put modern plumbing and electricity (including electric stoves) in every home, to build modern schools (like the Greenbelt apartment houses, they have glass brick to light the halls).

Greenbelt critics ask whether it was worth so much of the taxpayers' money to try to prove the worth of resettlement. The people of Greenbelt answer that "a couple of Greenbelts could be built for the cost of one battleship," and besides, the government expects to get its money back in rents over 60 years.

Einstein, a Study in Simplicity

Condensed from *The Nation*

Edwin Muller

PRINCETON people no longer stare at Einstein; they have become subconsciously aware of him as a massive reality in the background, like Nassau Hall or the football stadium. Einstein may be the "greatest thinker of the age" but he has none of the grand manner.

They found that out upon the Herr Doktor's arrival five years ago. At that time public curiosity boiled. Even the senior faculty members turned to gaze, as he took his first walk. Others shamelessly followed the great man, wondering what profound thoughts seethed behind that vast forehead. Where was he going and what would he do?

If Einstein was aware of all this he gave no sign of it. Finally he turned meditatively into a drugstore. Some of the bolder spirits pressed right up to the window where they could see the great man — eating an ice cream cone.

Einstein lives in a frame house in a quiet back street. The room in which he works is a small chamber, one end of which is almost filled by a big window that looks out upon a garden. He greets you wearing a loose coat, a zipper shirt open at the neck. The mane of fine white

hair trembles a little in the breeze. The great eyes under the bushy brows are deeper and softer than any of his pictures can indicate. With a gentle smile of apology he asks for a moment at his table, as he pens a few final sentences of tiny, neat script and mathematical symbols.

His life has been spent in covering thousands of these blank sheets, most of which have gone into the wastebasket. He gropes intuitively, his pen driving on hour after hour. Coming to a blank wall, he plays the piano or violin or goes for a walk. But, consciously or unconsciously, his mind is still on the problem. Essential parts of his theory of relativity occurred to him while wheeling his son in a baby carriage, and during a solitary ramble in Prague.

As you study Einstein's face, you are struck with the look of a man at peace with himself, who has found the way to supreme happiness — a discovery at least comparable to that of relativity.

Is he happy because he has won a renown that seems secure for the ages? His theory of relativity has completely changed the conception of the universe. It has been called the greatest single stride that sci-

ence has ever made. The 12-page leaflet in which it was presented is, perhaps, the most important document of the century. Within 15 years of its publication 3775 books and pamphlets have been written about it.

More surprising is his reputation with the general public. His face is as widely known as any movie star's. Something about him commands instant response and deference. On a battlefield tour after the war he was lunching at Rheims. A few tables away sat two French officers of high rank and a distinguished lady. They had quickly recognized Einstein. When he got up to leave, all three rose without a word and bowed low and respectfully to the great physicist.

Fame, however, has not made him happy. On the contrary, he literally runs from reporters, photographers and all the hangers-on of glory. When he travels, every day is a struggle between his violent desire to keep curiosity seekers at arm's length and his inability to hurt anybody's feelings.

Part of Einstein's serenity, no doubt, comes from his having had immense potentialities for work. But, equally or more, it is because he has remained a simple, human being with a love for his fellow man.

In all his habits his bent is for simplification. He uses the same soap to wash and to shave with because he doesn't see the need of

complicating life by keeping two kinds. In warm weather socks seem superfluous, so at home he doesn't wear them. He throws away letters that don't interest him, no matter how important the people from whom they come. He is sublimely indifferent to money. Once for several weeks he used for a bookmark a \$1500 check from the Rockefeller Foundation. Then he lost the book.

His pleasures too are of the simpler sort: walking, sailing a boat. When he sails he sometimes wears a towel draped around his head, making him look like a benevolent pirate. He doesn't believe in wasting mental energy on such games as bridge and chess. He likes to write doggerel, to play parlor games — though only the easier kinds. No alcohol. Smoking is a permitted luxury — three pipes a day. He's not much of a reader. "Reading," he says, "after a certain age diverts the mind too much from its creative pursuits. Any man who reads too much and uses his own brain too little falls into lazy habits of thinking."

He has never had an intellectual's disdain for service to others. When he won the Nobel Prize, he gave the entire \$25,000 to charity, though he could ill afford to do it. He is an active champion of causes he believes in.

Once a liner on which he was a passenger stopped over in New York for five days. Greatly in need of rest, he laid down the law: no

interviews, no photographs, no public appearances.

But therein he reckoned without himself. The first reporter found the vulnerable spot. "You ought to give us the interview, Dr. Einstein, because it would help the cause of Zionism." Before the ship left Quarantine he had promised to address a public luncheon, a dinner, to broadcast. The whole five days became a turmoil of activity — for Zionism.

That Einstein has a wholesome disregard for the tyranny of custom was shown when, as the guest of honor at a dinner given by the president of Swarthmore, he was called on for a speech. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry but I have nothing to say —" and sat down. Then he arose and added, "In case I do have something to say, I'll come back." Six months later he wired the president, "Now I have something to say." Another dinner was held, and Einstein made his speech.

Einstein's earliest years were spent in Munich, where his father conducted an unsuccessful electrical business. It never occurred to young Einstein that he was a Jew until one day his teacher showed the class a nail from the True Cross, one that the Jews had driven into the feet of Christ. Pupils turned to stare at Einstein. After that he knew what it was to be a Jew.

In those days too he got his bias toward pacifism. In the 1880's the

streets of Munich were full of steel helmets. The little boy conceived a horror of drums and marching soldiers that has lasted all his life.

The course of his early life impelled him to internationalism. While he was still in his teens his family moved to Italy, where he spent some of his happiest days. Then he went to Switzerland to school. He was not a brilliant pupil. He failed completely on his first entrance examination to the school at Zurich. His mind was not responsive to the organized teaching and discipline of schools. The greater part of what he has learned he taught himself. At 14, Kant was his favorite philosopher.

In later years he was a professor in Austria-Hungary, then in Germany. He has been a citizen of many lands and an ardent patriot of none. He yearns for the good of the human race, not to push forward any section of it at the expense of others.

"Nationalism," he says, "is an infantile disease. It is the measles of mankind."

When he was 26 he published his first work on relativity. Then for 10 years he built it patiently, stone by stone. At last, in 1915, the structure was complete.

He had started with the daring assumption that there could be no such thing as absolute time, that two events that are simultaneous to one observer may not be simultaneous to another. That led to the

conception of time as a fourth dimension. Every body in the universe, moving relatively to every other body, has its own length, breadth and thickness — and its own time specification.

When Hitler came into power, Einstein shook the dust of Germany from his feet. The Nazis made characteristic gestures of farewell to their greatest scientist — turned him out of the Academy of Sciences, seized his sailboat and other personal property, confiscated his bank account. As a crowning irony they solemnly searched his house for arms.

A woman once asked Einstein if he was convinced that his theory was true.

"I believe it to be true," he an-

swered. "But it will only be proved for certain in the year 1981, when I am dead."

"What will happen then?"

"Well, if I am right the Germans will say I was a German and the French will say I was a Jew; if I am wrong the Germans will say I was a Jew and the French will say I was a German."

In Princeton Einstein has made himself at home again. He works harder than ever. But he remains a simple, emotional, very human being. Before you meet Einstein, you look forward to the experience of talking with a great man. But afterward you realize that you have had a more moving experience — you have seen and talked with a good man.

And So They Married — V.

THE MOST famous marriage in the history of archeology, and one of the happiest, was that of the renowned Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, discoverer of the ruins of ancient Troy and the treasures of Mycenae. Rich, and already celebrated, he visited Athens and presented himself at the Young Ladies' Academy in search of a wife, announcing that he would marry that one of the girls who should first commit to memory the *Odyssey* of Homer. The result was an epochal study of the Blind Poet. Never before or since has there been such frantic concentration on his lines, and in a very few days one of the candidates declared that she was ready. Called to the test, she recited and recited the sonorous lines, till the Doctor was convinced and completed his part of the bargain.

Mrs. Schliemann told me this herself, and assured me that she could still recite the whole *Odyssey*. — George Horton, *Recollections Great and Gay* (Bobbs-Merrill)

"We Were in Nanking"

'The Sack of Nanking' was published in the July Reader's Digest, a condensation from Ken. "It is unbelievable that credence could be given a thing which is so obviously rank propaganda and so reminiscent of the stuff fed the public during the late war," wrote one subscriber. Similar comments were received from a number of readers.

But the ghastly tale was true. At considerable pains, The Reader's Digest has collected letters from the handful of Americans who stayed in Nanking during those awful days. The letters were written by a surgeon inured to bloody scenes and trained in scientific accuracy of statement, by missionaries and teachers reporting to their mission boards, by Y.M.C.A. workers. The material we have seen would fill an entire issue of this magazine, all of it corroborating the typical extracts which follow. (For obvious reasons, the names of the writers must be withheld.)

The writer of the first group of letters is a missionary surgeon:

December 18

TODAY marks the sixth day of the modern Dante's Inferno, written in huge letters with blood and rape. Murder by the wholesale and rape by the thousands of cases. There seems to be no stop to the ferocity and lust of the brutes.

Last night the house of one of the Chinese staff members of the University was broken into and two of his women relatives raped. In the — School where there are 8000 people, the Japs came in ten times last night, over the wall, stole food, clothing, and raped until they were satisfied. They bayoneted one little boy, killing him, and I spent an hour and a half this morning patching up another little boy of eight who had five bayonet wounds including one that penetrated his stomach. I think he will live.

One girl I have is a half-wit. She didn't have any more sense than to claw at a Japanese soldier who was taking away her only bedding. Her reward was a bayonet thrust that cut half the muscles of one side of her neck.

December 19

YESTERDAY there were a number of fires, part of a big burning rampage. Today several large blocks near Tai-ping Road were ablaze and one house about 200 yards from us was burned. At least four American flags have been torn down today. At Hillcrest the flag was taken down and a woman raped and then bayoneted. All the food is being stolen from the poor people and they are in a state of terror-stricken, hysterical panic.

December 21

THIS is the shortest day in the year but it still contains 24 hours of this hell on earth. Yesterday a 17-year-old girl came to the hospital in

the morning with her new-born baby. She had been raped by Japanese soldiers the night before at seven-thirty. [On December 30th this young girl developed a horrible case of venereal disease. Her baby was given temporarily to a girl who had lost a baby prematurely when she was stuck in the abdomen with a bayonet.]

December 23

TWO PATIENTS were admitted this afternoon whose condition represents about the last word in fiendish, unmitigated, atavistic brutality. One is the sole survivor of 140 led from one of the refugee camps to the hills where they were first sprayed with a few shot and then soaked with gasoline and set afire. His head is burned to a hideous fixed stare minus the eyes, which are burned out.

Christmas Eve

ONE MAN who just got in today says he was a stretcher-bearer, one of 4000 men marched to the banks of the Yangtze and machine-gunned. S—— says that the big trenches built for tank traps were filled with the bodies of dead and wounded soldiers and when there weren't enough bodies to fill them so the tanks could pass, the Japs shot the people living around there indiscriminately to fill up the trenches. He borrowed a camera to go back and take pictures to bear out his statement.

Good night and Merry Christmas!

February 10

EVERYWHERE we go, people crowd

around kneeling down and begging us to save them. We are getting a large number of women from 16 to 30, who are ridden with venereal disease from raping. I think the whole Japanese Army is infected.

February 13

SIX Japanese soldiers entered a town some miles southwest of here, and proceeded with their usual system of rape and looting. The men of the town organized some resistance, killed three of the soldiers. The other three escaped but soon returned with several hundred who quickly threw a cordon around the town. Three hundred inhabitants were all tied together in groups of six or eight and thrown into the icy river. The Japanese then leveled the town so that there was not a wall standing.

February 27

IT SEEMS that the Japanese announced that they would sell some flour (seized as part of their booty) and about 2000 people gathered to buy it. The Japs had about 100 bags which rapidly disappeared. Then they told the rest of the crowd to get out of the way, and emphasized their command with bayonet thrusts. One young woman was run through the back so that the point came out in front of the abdomen. She lived about five minutes after getting to the hospital. The second came in yesterday having a bayonet wound of the buttock and a tremendous bruise of the lower abdomen where a soldier had kicked her. The third

case came in today — a bayonet wound which went through a loop of intestine making holes in two places.

March 6

TWO DAYS ago, a man came into the hospital from Molingkwan. The town had been completely stripped of livestock and many of the inhabitants had fled to the hills. One old man had stayed with some of his family. They were visited daily and asked for girls and livestock. Early in February several soldiers, angered at his inability to produce that which he so obviously did not have, tied him up and strung him between poles about three feet off the ground. They built a fire under him. The flames burned all the skin off his lower abdomen and upper thighs and quite a bit of his chest and arms. One Japanese soldier took pity on him on account of his age and put out the fire, but did not release him. His family took him down after the soldiers had left; he had been tied up for about an hour. Eighteen days later he managed to get to the hospital.

May 3

ONE of our most delicate and difficult problems has been dealing with the cases of pregnancy as a result of rape.

Letter from a professor in the University of Nanking, to the Japanese Embassy:

I beg leave to approach you informally about problems of order and general welfare. . . . More than

30 women were raped last night in our building by soldiers who came repeatedly and in large numbers. They demanded money, watches and women, at the point of a bayonet. . . .

We believe that the Japanese Army has the power to maintain respectable conduct. We are unable to understand why it does not do so, before further damage is done to local people and to Japan's reputation.

Letter from the same professor to an American friend:

MORE than 10,000 unarmed persons have been killed in cold blood. Practically every building in the city, including the American, British and German Embassies, has been robbed repeatedly by soldiers. There is not a store in Nanking, save the International Committee's rice shop and a military store. Most of the shops, after free-for-all pilfering, were systematically stripped by gangs of soldiers working with trucks, often under the observed direction of officers, and then burned deliberately: .

Most of the refugees were robbed of their money and at least part of their scanty clothing and bedding and food. That was an utterly heartless performance. You can imagine the outlook for work and life in this city with shops and tools gone, everything else plundered, no banks or communications, the people facing starvation.

Letter from Y.M.C.A. official:

What I am about to relate I believe has no parallel in modern history. December 14th the Japanese poured into the city, conquerors of China's capital and given free rein to do as they pleased. They burned, looted and killed at will. Vandalism and violence continue absolutely unchecked. Whole sections of the city were systematically burned. Soldiers seize anyone they suspect; callouses on hands are proof that the man is a Chinese soldier. Carpenters, coolies and other laborers

are frequently taken. K——, who managed to slip out of the East Gate the other day, tells me that all the villages as far as he went, some 20 miles, are burned, and that not a living Chinese or farm animal is to be seen.

The Japanese army, with no background of Christian idealism, has today become a brutal, destructive force that not only menaces the East but also some day may menace the West. The world should know the truth about what is happening.

The Japanese Version

(as printed in a Shanghai paper on January 8, 1938)

JAPANESE TROOPS GENTLY SOOTHE THE REFUGEES

HARMONIOUS ATMOSPHERE OF NANKING DEVELOPS ENJOYABLY

THE MUNICIPALITY of Nanking is quiet. The herds of refugees who fled for their lives from the midst of death, have met with the gentle soothing of the Japanese army. Before the Japanese troops entered the city, they suffered from the oppression of the Chinese armies. The sufferings of plain good citizens were infinitely miserable. Fortunately the Imperial Army entered the city, put their bayonets into their sheaths, and stretched forth merciful hands in order to examine and to heal. Many thousands of herded refugees cast off their former absurd attitudes of opposing Japan, and clasped their hands in congratulation for

receiving assurance of life. Men and women, old and young, bend down to kneel in salutation to the Imperial Army.

This for the Chinese has an especial ceremonial significance, and it certainly could not have appeared except from a sincere heart and a genuine purpose. Within the refugee zone they gave out military bread, cakes, and cigarettes, to the refugees of both sexes and all ages, all of whom were greatly pleased and spoke their thanks. Also around the wells and barracks were distributed gifts of good will, politely given to the poor and the refugees.

¶ In the '60's and '70's, crossing the U. S.
by rail was an exciting adventure

When the Iron Horse First Ran West

Condensed from "The Big Four"

Oscar Lewis

THE OPENING of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads in 1869 made the transcontinental tour the world's premier travel novelty. Thousands of Easterners overcame their fear of starvation, derailment and wild Indians and courageously set out for California.

At Omaha, eastern terminus of the Union Pacific, daily crowds of adventurers milled about the long station platform, checking baggage and buying tickets for the new Pullman Golden Palace cars. All were constantly beset by clamorous peddlers of remedies for car-sickness, solicitors of accident insurance (at disturbingly high rates), and salesmen offering lucrative investments in business property, farmlands and mines. Having forced their way through the bedlam to the waiting train, tourists thrilled with anticipation as the engineer released long blasts from the whistle. A series of rattling crashes ran down the train as the couplings tightened and cars jerked into motion.

Almost at once the train entered the uninhabited prairie, and the adventurers were free to examine the flat landscape or, in the words of *Williams' Guide*, merely to "sit and read, play games and indulge in social conversation and glee." The conversation, however, had to be conducted at the top of the voice to be audible.

Cross-country travel presented a variety of problems. For one thing, the passenger had to consider whether he or his female companion should

occupy the seat nearest the window. Most authorities agreed that she should be installed in the aisle seat, even though that subjected her to inconvenience from unsteady pedestrians. The transcontinental line passed through an imperfectly civilized land, and Indians and Chinese section hands were known to assume undignified postures beside the track in full sight of scandalized passengers. Seated next to the window, the watchful escort in such emergencies had but to lean forward to shut off his lady's view.

Expresses maintained an average

*Vignettes
of
History
—XLVII—*

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"The Big Four" is the story of Huntington, Stanford, Hopkins and Crocker,
and the building of the Central Pacific Railroad

of a little over 20 miles an hour across the plains, ample for the light equipment and uneven roadbed.

Three stops a day were made for meals, but since the eating places were unevenly spaced, and the trains were often late, guidebooks urged that travelers provide themselves with "a little lunch basket nicely stowed with sweet and substantial bits of food."

From the velvet-hung windows of the Pullmans a highly scenery-conscious generation found even the prairies fascinating; the sunsets were highly spoken of by all. In the summer months tourists were likely to be treated to a more spectacular display, for sparks from the wood-burning locomotives often ignited the dry grass and for hours thereafter the horizon was reddened by the glow of a prairie fire.

Watchful passengers sometimes spotted a telegraph pole shoved off the perpendicular, sure sign that roving buffalo had used it for a scratching post. Amateur hunters kept watch for the numerous herds of antelope. Word that there were deer ahead was passed down the coaches, windows were thrown up, pistols were drawn from rear pockets and under-arm holsters, and soon a rattle of gunfire ran down the train. Those inclined to deplore this useless slaughter were presently reassured; to hit a deer with a pistol-shot fired from a swaying coach required more skill than the marksmen commonly possessed.

At points where the railroad paralleled one of the rutted old stage routes, a dusty string of freight wagons or a covered emigrant wagon might be passed. Passengers reflected on the rocket-like progress of their age.

At nightfall the suspended kerosene lamps were lit, and musically inclined tourists clustered about the cabinet organ — a feature of early through trains — and sang *Oh Susanna* and popular hymns. Meantime porters accomplished the ingenious conversion of the seats into sleeping-quarters. There were always a few who regarded this procedure with apprehension, for the American sleeping car was for years under the suspicion of being a menace to public morals. Thousands of Americans kept to the end their resolve never to go to bed on a railroad train. Other thousands lay awake in their berths until dawn, the ladies removing only hats and gloves, and keeping foot-long hatpins, bought for the occasion, close at hand.

At intervals the expresses slowed down and crept past sidings on which long lines of cars waited: combination freight and passenger trains, also westbound but on a slower schedule. These shabby coaches were the emigrant cars, in which less affluent citizens and hordes of settlers newly arrived from every country of Europe were moving out to populate the railroad's lands from Omaha to the Pacific.

At Promontory, Utah, the Union Pacific road met the Central Pacific, and passengers waited for as long as half a day while mail and baggage were being transferred. The ensuing run west was far from comfortable. The Central Pacific was not yet using Pullmans, and its Silver Palace cars lacked good springs. Furthermore, in summer, the sweltering travelers faced the alternative of keeping doors and windows shut and enduring semi-asphyxiation, or opening them to clouds of alkali dust which swirled up from the roadbed and keenly irritated the throat and lungs.

As the train passed through Nevada it picked up an assortment of strange passengers. Nevada's silver mining towns were booming, and the tourist often found himself spending the last dozen hours of his journey in close proximity to some affable but unwashed prospector, whose sole traveling equipment consisted of a plug of tobacco and a quart of whisky, and who hospitably insisted upon his companion sharing both.

Except in midsummer, the passage over the Sierra Nevadas was a chilly experience. Neither steam pipes nor vestibule cars were yet in use. At each opening of the doors the heat from the wood stoves was swept out by an icy blast.

If the train was late, the run down to Sacramento was nerve-racking. As the train coasted toward the lowlands the light coaches

swayed round the curves, wheel flanges screaming against the rails. Sometimes the tracks skirted the sheer edge of vertical cliffs, and coaches overhung 1000 feet of thin air. The friction of the brakes heated the metal shoes until after dark they glowed red-hot and passengers nervously sniffed the smell of charring wood beneath the coaches.

Wrecks were inevitable, for the hastily laid roadbed was uneven, and the rails, spiked to crossties too-widely spaced, frequently broke. There was sometimes a large loss of life, but usually the mishaps were more annoying than serious. To the experienced traveler, a series of crashes ahead announced that the engine was off the rails; by the time the cars had jolted to a stop he had resigned himself to a half-day wait for the wrecking train.

The possibility of a wreck was seldom absent from the thoughts of those making a first passage over the mountains. Not long after the line opened, a cartoon in a San Francisco weekly portrayed a nervous Englishman addressing a fat miner in the seat ahead: "I say, old man, would you mind leaning toward the *center* on the curves?" And Ambrose Bierce once reported a train arrival as follows: "The Overland arrived last night, more than 9 hours late, and 20 passengers descended from the snow-covered cars. All were frozen and half-starved, but thankful they had escaped with their lives."

“—It’s Still Baloney”

Condensed from *The Commentator*

Mark Sullivan

Veteran columnist and political commentator

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WATCHING the political scene through the years, I am constantly reminded of a quotation: “The most important business of politicians is to invent new names for institutions and policies which, under their old names, have become odious to the public.”

Where I encountered that cynical epigram, I do not know. It sounds like Talleyrand, who said, “The more it changes, the more it’s the same thing,” or, in today’s vernacular, “No matter how thin you slice it, it’s still baloney.”

The trick is old. The revered Constitutional Fathers used it. The most troublesome subject with which they had to deal was slavery. It created the tension upon which the whole project might have foundered. So the word “slavery” does not appear anywhere in the Constitution. The Founders referred to “the migration or importation of such persons. . . .” They said, “No person held to service or labor in one state under the laws thereof. . . .” They used other circumlocutions, but never the provocative word, the one word that described the thing they meant. Only after 70 years, and only after the Civil War decided the contro-

versy, was the word used — in an Amendment which abolished slavery.

The “Civil War” itself is an example. “The Rebellion” was the common term in the North at the time. Then it became “The War of the Secession,” or that completely neutral term, “The War Between the States.” The transition was accelerated by publishers of textbooks who wanted to sell them south of the Mason-Dixon line.

Theodore Roosevelt well understood the use of words. He had a coal strike on his hands in 1902. The operators submitted a list of the classes of men they would consent to have on an arbitration commission. It did not include a labor leader. Roosevelt argued, but got nowhere. Finally, he grasped what was in the operators’ heads. “They did not mind my appointing any man,” Roosevelt wrote in his *Autobiography*, “whether a labor man or not, so long as he was not appointed as a labor man.”

The operators had said they would accept “a man eminent as a sociologist,” so T. R. promptly made E. E. Clark an “eminent sociologist.” Up to that time, he had been known only as head of the Order of Railway Conductors.

Roosevelt let the public in on the joke, as far as he could. He added, after announcing Clark’s name, “the President assuming that for the purposes of such a Commission, the term ‘sociologist’ means a man who has thought and studied deeply on social questions and has practically applied his knowledge.”

A more recent illustration of making a thing palatable by giving it a new name came after the war when the veterans demanded — and got — “adjusted compensation,” on the theory that they had received less pay than civilians who worked in war-time industries. The newspaper correspondents in Washington who used the brutal word “bonus” were gravely rebuked by the veterans’ spokesmen.

The Secretary of Agriculture is paying cash from the treasury to farmers for not growing things. One year, he paid farmers to plow under cotton already planted. Now that — to pay farmers for not-raising — is revolutionary. It may be wise, or may not be; the point here is that to have intelligent debate, we ought to agree on the word that describes it. Most of us would use the word “reduction,” as being neutral. Critics refer to an “economy of scarcity.” But Mr. Wallace calls it “abundance” — “sustained abundance,” “future abundance” and so on.

In the potato control law of 1935, the quantity of potatoes a farmer might legally raise and market

was described as his “allotment” and that word appeared in the law 24 times. The law became highly unpopular, and even before it was repealed by Congress, the words “allotment” and “quota” became odious, too.

So in the new potato control law of 1937, the limit set for each farmer’s production is called the “goal.” The word is used in the regulations 17 times; the appropriate word “allotment” or “quota” is not used once. “Goal” is a nice mild word; it makes one think of pleasant diversions, outdoor games. It makes one think of aspiration, not of limitation.

The first AAA had a feature called the “processing tax.” Millers, spinners, packers, butchers, were required to pay a tax and the returns were used in part to pay the cost of AAA. But it developed that a certain amount of processing is done on the farm, and when government agents swooped down upon farmers who killed their own hogs for local markets and demanded taxes and penalties for failure to report, the processing tax became very unpopular indeed.

At one time during the passage of the present crop control law, it had a tax on processors. But it wasn’t called that. It was called a “tariff equalization tax.” The term had several merits not the least of which is the fact that the farmer has long been told that he is entitled to an equivalent for the

tariff protection which manufacturers enjoy.

The word "liberal" has lately come to be used in a sense directly opposite to its original meaning. In America today a "liberal" is one who, wisely or not, believes in increasing the power of government, extending government control over the individual. Yet historically, "liberal" has been the word for those who resisted government, who wished to take more and more power away from government. Since Magna Carta, those who resisted the central power have been "liberals"; the thing for which they fought was "liberty" from the authority of government.

The change, however, can be explained. Because historically, everybody thought of liberals as opposed to the government, everybody thought of them also as opposed to the status quo. They were for the new, for change. So those who today are for change call themselves liberals, though they are

fighting for the thing that liberals traditionally have resisted.

Much of our current political argument is a kind of etymological duello, verbal thrust and verbal riposte. Opponents cried out that President Roosevelt was trying to "pack" the Supreme Court. No, said his supporters, the packing had been done years ago by Republicans — what the President proposed was *unpacking* the court. When the President reduced the gold content of the dollar, his opponents called it "inflation." No, said the New Dealers, it was merely the correction of *deflation*; it was "*reflation*."

But the Dictators do better than we in the art of inventing more palatable names for things political. When the Nazis jail a non-Nazi, the process is called by no such vulgar word as "imprisonment"; it is "protective custody." What happened in Austria is officially referred to as "The Liberation." We can't tie that.

White Mice Face Unemployment

☞ THE water flea, *Daphnia magna*, a transparent water organism of microscopic size, has recently proved itself more useful as a laboratory test animal than the white mice which have filled that position for so long. Barely visible to the naked eye, the *Daphnia* reacts to drugs and chemicals almost the same as animals and humans. But what makes it more valuable as a test animal is its transparency. Chemicals and drugs can be fed it and scientists may observe through a microscope not only their effect upon living tissues, but also the reaction of the *Daphnia's* well-developed nervous and glandular system, liver, stomach, and kidneys.

—The Commentator

So You Want to Get Married?

Condensed from The American Magazine

Ernest R. Groves

Professor in the Sociology Department, University of North Carolina

The American Magazine recently published an article telling about college courses in marriage.* So many letters were received requesting more information that the *American* asked Professor Groves, a pioneer in such courses, to tell what he teaches his students.

MOST PARENTS would be startled and ashamed if they could hear what their children say about their reticence on the subject of matrimony. Over and over again, boys and girls tell me, "I wish my father and mother could realize that I'm grown up. When I mention marriage, they freeze into silence as though it were something no nice person should discuss. Why can't they talk to me frankly? My desire for such knowledge is just as healthy as a desire to know how to get a job. But by their attitude they make it seem something dishonorable."

For ten years our courses in Marriage at the University of North Carolina have been giving boys and girls a healthy knowledge of the problems and adjustments of married life.

We start usually with courtship.

* "Love Need Not Be Blind," *The Reader's Digest*, April, '38, p. 94.

Too many youngsters do not realize that when they begin going together they are sometimes taking the first step toward choosing their life partners, and are drifting into that decision instead of making it after intelligent consideration.

A boy came to me and said, "I have been engaged to a girl for about a year. I didn't really want to become engaged, but we were fond of each other and had been petting, and all of a sudden I realized that she understood we were to be married. She is a nice girl and I feel like a rat to admit that I never have felt she's the finest girl in the world. I suppose, to be a gentleman, I should marry her. But isn't there some way out?"

As I do not believe that an engagement gives a girl an unbreakable option on a boy, I told him, "Explain to her that you are sure your marriage will be a failure. And it will be. You made a mistake by going steadily with a girl who, to you, was in Class B. You have unfairly monopolized her time; but you should ask her to break the engagement at once. Although for a short time her heart may be broken, I'm sure she will realize it is for the

best. There will be plenty of boys who *will* think she is in Class A."

Somewhat to the boy's chagrin, her heart wasn't broken at all. In a few weeks she was engaged to another boy.

Engagements should be looked upon as merely honest agreements that each, at that time, loves the other and wants to learn whether that love is going to last. They should be broken instantly when the boy or girl suspects a mistake has been made. It's easy for the two to become engaged again if *that* decision is wrong.

Engaged boys and girls ask me, "What should I confess to my fiancé?"

My answer is, "Usually nothing. Only those things that the other person *needs* to know."

With love, there often comes a desire to tell all, for confession is an emotional release, based on pure selfishness. Engaged boys and girls should tell each other about finances, family history, serious physical ailments — and any relatives with whom it will be hard to get along. But to confess past acts that one is ashamed of is just plain ridiculous. A new life is beginning. All effort should be exerted to make it a success. Confession of that sort can do no good and much harm. The one who hears the confession may suspect through life that much more outrageous things remain to be told.

Many girls feel that a girl who

doesn't pet will have no boy friends. But the finest boys, those whom most girls would want as husbands, say that when they choose a wife they want her to be a girl whose petting, if any, has been entirely casual. They say that if a girl isn't intelligent or attractive enough to interest boys, she may lure them by kisses, but she doesn't hold them long. Therefore my advice to girls is, "You may attract men by unrestrained petting, but you won't get a good husband."

In my work I have to be on two sides at the same time. When girls ask, "How can I get a husband?" I describe cases of unattractive girls who became sought after when they paid more attention to their clothes and became good listeners, who didn't talk so much about themselves or pursue too openly. Then I go to the boys' class and warn them that they should consider more than the physical attractiveness of a girl, that girls generally are more clever than boys, that they may hide their faults and may interest them by tricks instead of showing their true character.

Education gives the lie to many corrupting ideas that are whispered about. Many boys in my courses ask, "Is it true that I shall be a better husband if I have affairs with other women before marriage?" That, of course, is not true. Then there is a growing opinion among engaged girls that if they cannot be married for a year or more, the best

way to hold their fiancé is through premarital relations.

I do not stop to tell these girls that it is wrong. Desperately in love, they are willing to break moral laws to bring about what they fully expect to be a happy marriage. I show them by case after case that such a step is most dangerous, that love will cool if they have such relations.

A beautiful girl once surprised me by saying, "I have been told several times by friends that before I marry — we should find out whether we are good sex partners."

Such whispered advice is a lie. Almost every man or woman becomes a good sex partner, but usually some time is necessary for the adjustment. I told this girl she would jeopardize her engagement, because the boy probably would tire of her; and I said, "A trial would be almost sure to show that you were not properly adjusted — at that time. If it did seem a success, all you would learn was that you were all right for mating, but it would show nothing as to whether you were adjusted for marriage."

The important thing the engagement should teach is whether the two will be good companions for life, whether something more than sex attraction has brought them together. I advise engaged couples to be together often in the company of others, where both must stand the test of comparison with their fellows.

For years teachers have been using the "scare" system to encourage chastity, and it hasn't worked. Young people are much more apt to put on the brakes before they get to the curve if they realize that what they want eventually is happy marriage; that unless they work for it, by exercising complete self-control, they may wreck their entire lives. Don't merely frighten young people. Give them something to work for.

Boys and girls who have been thoroughly educated for marriage know that there is a risk that an unmarried girl may have a baby, but they also know that it is much more likely that unchastity will bring biological and psychological reactions which may entirely prevent the normal functions of marriage.

Girls and boys who don't know believe that anything is all right if they don't go "all the way." But often even those who are able to exercise some self-control find later that they have lost something they should have brought to marriage; they cannot cast out a sense of shame, they have cheapened themselves, and are sorry all their lives.

When a boy and a girl have chosen each other with intelligence and are thoroughly in love they should marry as soon as possible. Usually the girl is more willing to undergo hardships than the boy. Sometimes girls bring their fiancés to me and say, "We can be mar-

ried as soon as we leave the university — if I get a job, too. But George wants to wait until he can support us both. What shall we do?"

Usually I advise her to get the job — and then marry.

An engaged couple should be able to go to their minister or to their doctor and learn all the facts about the marital relationship, but usually they can't — although medical schools are beginning to teach that when doctors give such information they are performing as great a service as when they help to prevent tuberculosis. The younger generation of doctors appreciates the problems of the engaged couples of today. If young people shop around, they will usually find a doctor who will help.

A boy came to me and said, "We plan to be married next year, but every time I begin to talk about the marital relationship my fiancée freezes up." I talked with the girl and found that she was a child of divorced parents. Her mother fiercely hated her father. The girl had been reared to believe that men were beasts. She undoubtedly loved the boy, but the mere mention of sex was repulsive to her.

I asked her to send her mother to me, for I knew that the girl would not change until her mother did. I told the mother simple truths, making her realize that though her marriage had been abhorrent, true marriage was beautiful. She listened like a child. Then she said,

"The things I told my daughter are those my mother told me. If I had only known, my married life would have been different."

In due time the girl changed completely. Recently I saw her and asked if she was married yet. "No," she answered. "Not until June." She laughed. "But Mother is!"

Unfortunately, many young people take marriage so blindly that they don't even consider finances realistically. Boys may tell tall tales about their probable income. Girls, who, after marriage, are going to demand too-expensive dresses give an impression that they will be happy to live on love alone. Each, in some way, may irritate the other and each says to himself, "After we're married I'll see that he doesn't do that any more." But he almost always does.

If we could only make young people understand that they should take at least as much care in choosing a mate as a farmer does in buying a horse! If they would only realize that it is far better to break an engagement than to marry a person who you are not quite sure is the finest in the world!

After marriage, immediate sexual adjustment is not important — it may take as long as a year. If it does not come then, I advise my students to consult a doctor with modern training. Almost all sexual maladjustments are easily cured. Domestic adjustments are sure to be made in due time if husband

and wife start by discarding selfishness, stubbornness, and a desire to rule the roost. I tell the girls, "Try to work out of every spat into a better appreciation of your husband's needs. Learn to look for his reasons and make yourself big enough to understand and tolerate them." Then I give similar advice to the boys. The formula is simple. But too many husbands and wives would rather wreck their homes than follow it. Too many men will make more of an effort to keep a good secretary than to keep a good wife.

There has been some criticism that high school students are too young to assimilate sex information. I think it depends entirely on how the course is taught. High school students need information about the dangers of petting, and without too much detail, the dangers of early courtship, the very real risk to their lifelong happiness in choosing companions who are not, to them, in Class A.

High school students, unwarned, are too likely to accept easy conquests, to go with the wrong kind of friends; and parents too often are little help. Parents merely say,

"I don't want you to go with So-and-so." When the youngster asks "Why?" the answer is apt to be "Because I say so." Intelligent reasoning by an instructor in whom the boys and girls have confidence will teach them *why* they shouldn't go with such people as So-and-so.

I regret to state that in many cases the high school girls are the menace. They are usually further advanced mentally than their boy companions, and boys need advice on how to protect themselves from such girls!

An increasing number of high schools and colleges are giving sound sex and marriage courses. But there are hundreds of thousands of young men and women, married or about to be, for whom no courses are available. Fortunately there are good books that will help. I recommend:

What is Right with Marriage? by Robert C. and Frances W. Binkley.

The Married Woman, by Gladys H. Groves and R. A. Ross, M.D.

Preparation for Marriage, by Ernest R. Groves.

The Man Takes a Wife, by Ira S. Wile, M.D.

A STRANDED English actor went into a sordid eating-house in New York for a cheap meal, and was horrified to recognize the waiter as a colleague who had played with him in London.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "You, a waiter in this place?"

"Yes, but I don't eat here," replied the other with dignity.

— *Tid-Bits*

¶ Shall we, or shall we not, preserve
the beautiful American countryside?

The Billboards Must Go

By Donald Culross Peattie

Author of "Singing in the Wilderness," "A Prairie Grove," etc.

A KANSAS CITY physician and his wife settled into the comfortable little home they had just built with savings accumulated through 30 years of hard work. They hoped to live there the rest of their lives. Then came the billboards. The doctor's wife tells the story:

"A big billboard has been erected just east of us, shutting off our view; one has been erected diagonally across the corner, and now one, nearly 150 feet long, is being erected directly across the street. Our home has been ruined and we are too old now to build another."

Billboards definitely lower property values. About the only industries not seriously injured by billboard slums are the junked car dump, the hot-dog stand, a certain class of dance hall, the roadside night club, and the cheapest of auto camps. Their effect on higher classes of business may be judged by contrasting the merchants and merchandise of signless Fifth Avenue with those of midtown Broadway.

There is a vast amount to be said against billboards. Nothing, for example, alarms the billboard boys more than the suggestion that their business contributes to the toll of

life on our highways. They say no insurance company ever paid a death or accident claim resulting from inattention due to billboards. In the findings preliminary to the crushing decisions of the Massachusetts supreme tribunal, the Master said:

A large number of motor accidents upon the highways are due to inattention, and the records of certain insurance companies in evidence noted accidents as due to that cause. . . . As outdoor advertising is conducted, it is chiefly designed to attract the attention of motorists. The commission believed that billboards and other advertising signs were to a greater or less extent distracting and were, therefore, traffic hazards.

The National Safety Council says "the billboard can be a distinct menace to safety if it be so located that it seriously distracts the attention of the driver or obstructs his view on a curve or at an intersection. Instances are too common. . . . There is only one cure for the hazard — a big dose of public opinion crystallized in legislation."

The fact is that a rentable billboard *must* distract the motorist's attention. That's what it's there for. Plainly, with cars running at

today's high speeds, that distraction may prove dangerous. Further, the most desirable location from the advertiser's viewpoint is opposite the center of a curve. Before me are photographs of boards so placed, one at a railroad crossing. The railway's warning signal is practically indistinguishable against the background of howling ads.

There is something each of us can do about the billboard nuisance. Honolulu, a city that lives by its charms, simply banished the billboard. No local business suffered. Santa Barbara decreed that there should be no overhanging signs or billboards on State Street — today one of the prettiest business thoroughfares in the country.

In these cases, the community took action. But it has another power, as strong as the law. In California, some years ago, popular feeling rose against the signs. One far-sighted oil company quickly took down all its boards. A second company left its boards up. Sales of oil ran up for the first company, down for the second. At Great Neck, Long Island, the railroad announced its intention of leasing the outer walls of its station for advertising. Two thirds of the community signed a protest. Not only did the railroad keep its station walls clean of signs, but many billboards throughout the neighborhood came down too.

Again, in California a hotel man informed a billboard company that he would not advertise on their space

any more. They reminded him that his contract had three years to run and they would hold him to it. So he told them to send around for copy. It read: "The business concern that formerly advertised in this space believes that outdoor advertising is harmful to the best business and the total interests of this community." He heard no more about his contract.

One man whose pretty front garden was ruined by a sign placed just over the boundary from his land, protested in vain. So he put up a sign of his own: "I favor products not advertised in the landscape," and he placed it so that the passerby could not see the other sign.

Highway officials have put up white lath screens in front of billboards where they judged them a menace to life and limb. Bill posters went to court over this, and lost their case. When garden clubs are seeking to beautify the roadside, they could well plant thick-growing trees, preferably evergreens, on the public land, to hide unwelcome signs.

Billboard men never publicize the many legal decisions rendered against them. The Supreme Court of the United States has said: "If the city [of St. Louis] desires to discourage billboards by a high tax, we know of nothing to hinder, even apart from the right to prohibit them altogether."

The Supreme Court said again and pithily, "A nuisance may be

merely a right thing in a wrong place, like a pig in the parlor."

The Supreme Courts in many states have declared the signs a menace to human life on the highway; have said they depreciate property values, that they are in a class by themselves and can be regulated without implying the regimentation of other roadside industries and without infringing the Constitutional rights of the billboard companies.

Legally, the billboards have hardly a prop to hold them up today. Public apathy is their greatest hope, apathy to the fact that billboards are a parasitic business on the highways for which the American taxpayer pours out millions. Other industries pay highly for the advantage of location. Not so the billboards.

Vermont is a crucial state today. The fight is under way there, raging fiercely. Headed by the landscape painter Horace Brown, who knows beauty, a powerful civic group is carrying the fight hard to the enemy. A bill will be introduced in the 1939 legislature to protect Vermont's internationally famous scenery. The billboard folk there are alarmed — so much so that they have carelessly denounced the civic group as idle-rich busybodies, and accused them of being cats' paws of the newspapers in the latter's malicious desire for newspaper advertising. Among those thus denounced are Dorothy Thompson, Hendrik Willem van Loon, Dorothy Canfield Fisher and a host of others.

Much has really been accomplished. Laws have been passed and progress registered in California, Connecticut, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico. Governor Lehman in New York has joined the defense of tree and valley. Because Massachusetts is a highly industrialized state yet proud of its history and beauty, the laws there are elaborate and highly evolved toward civilization. A cleanup in Maryland resulted in a pyre of 21,000 signs.

The points of an ideal billboard law have been drawn up by lawyers, and a copy may be obtained from the National Roadside Council, 119 East 19th Street, New York City.

When a particular billboard injures your neighborhood, write, and get every neighbor to write, to the advertiser himself. Not to the billboard company, which has a large wastebasket. Tell the advertiser that as long as his ad appears there, you are going to buy a competitive product not advertised on the landscape. The customer is always right.

For community action, get in touch with the regional planning board or zoning committee. Every state has one or more, and most cities. If they have enough popular support, they can more easily swing zoning and highway legislation, and so confine all types of signs to their legitimate sphere, which is advertising on the place of business.

A second article on this subject will appear next month.

Tel Aviv, City of the Jews

Condensed from *The National Review*

Troy McCormick

TEL AVIV, in Palestine, is the only city in the world in which all the inhabitants — 140,000 as against 46,000 four years ago — are Jews. It runs back from the blue waters of the Mediterranean, to stretch out across the sand dunes. Next to it, on the coast, is Jaffa (ancient Joppa). The two should be one town, but Jaffa is Arab; race and religion set a barrier between them.

In Tel Aviv the buildings are new and handsome, but all are rectangular, with flat roofs. There are no private houses with gardens. The streets are bordered by blocks of concrete flats, all three stories high, all about 20 feet apart, and each flat has a shelflike balcony. In the sand back of the buildings are clotheslines and garbage tins. On the roofs are more clotheslines.

In the long summer, the boxlike rooms are hot as ovens. In winter the rains come, and colder and colder grow the boxes with their icy tiled floors. The buildings were rushed up so fast there was no time to put in heating.

There are no public gardens, no parks. Trees are being planted along some streets, but they grow slowly.

Tel Aviv means Mountain of Spring. It was a strange name to give to an expanse of sand dunes. There is sand underfoot, sand in the air, sand in the drinking water, sand in the bath, sand everywhere.

Two years ago, when Arab-Jewish riots broke out, orange groves beyond the town were uprooted, property destroyed, peaceful colonists fired upon from ambush. Refugees sought safety in Tel Aviv and, having no place to live, made themselves houses out of bits of sticks tacked together and covered with old sacks or paper. This was not too uncomfortable during the dry summer but the rainy season was different, and charity had to step in.

Jewish immigrants from all parts of the world have sought refuge in Tel Aviv in such numbers that there is no longer any land for sale. The immigrant with capital can only open a shop. Tel Aviv has more barbers, more grocers, more shops of every kind than any other town of its size. Soon everyone will have a shop, and there will be no one left to buy.

The official languages of Palestine are English, Arabic and Hebrew. The money, the stamps, the

names of the streets are printed in these three languages. But the new immigrants from Europe add to the number of languages spoken. The bookshops supply books in a dozen languages; films in the six cinemas are in Russian, Polish, German (made in Austria), Spanish, French and English. At the side of every film runs a translation in Hebrew.

It is possible to decide the nationality of each person without waiting to hear what language he speaks. Generations spent in other lands have modified Jewish characteristics. The English climate and language have stiffened the features of an English Jew, chilled his eye, restrained his gestures. A German Jew has assumed the German head; his proud nose has shrunk; his eyes are often blue. He has German manners. His politeness to his superiors is very complicated. He shouts at his subordinates.

A Russian Jew is very Russian. He spends hours in a café, drinking Russian tea and playing chess. He is made cheerful by suicidal Russian films. American Jews know all the latest American slang. Italian Jews speak reverently of Mussolini. So in Tel Aviv a Jew is not a Jew: he is a German, a Russian, a Pole, an American.

All these different Jewish nationalities make life in Tel Aviv difficult. Each group resents the others; each works and bargains against the others, considering them not so much brother Jews as "foreigners,"

on whom to sharpen one's business instincts.

After the beginning of the Sabbath at sundown Friday, no shop or cinema may be open, no bus be on the road, no food cooked, no cigarette smoked, no umbrella raised (that would be building a house), no electric light put on. Of course, the light may be turned on just before sundown and left on, but that is extravagant and candles are left burning instead by the orthodox, making Friday a night of fires and keeping the fire brigade, happily unorthodox, busy.

Against all this some of the unorthodox young people protest: they have even driven up and down on the Sabbath past the synagogue in lorries, an outrageous thing to do in Tel Aviv. The defiant smoker of a cigarette is generally unmolested; the orthodox glare and mutter, but do not attack. And the unorthodox even spend Saturday on the beach.

At sunset on Saturday the Sabbath is over. Shops open, buying and selling begin again, the cinemas are full, the sidewalk-café thronged, the streets crowded.

Walking the streets is the real diversion of Tel Aviv. The Jews walk four abreast, making way for nobody. No one gives way to anyone else. At night everyone walks out to stare at the shops and, since it is the custom to form conversational groups wherever most inconvenient to others, the streets are almost impassable. If a phonograph shop keeps

playing records, if a café is using its radio, a dense crowd will listen for hours. This is not a racial instinct to get something for nothing — these listeners cannot afford anything else. It is something to do, and it is better than staying at home where there may be a dozen in one room.

Even intoxicated with freedom as they are, the Jews are also afraid. There is a mysterious danger in Tel Aviv, always referred to as "they." If a Jew employs an Arab, or if a merchant displays too much goods made in Germany, *They* come at night and break his windows. A

man is found on the beach with a knife in his back — *Their* work again.

The Jews are so accustomed to fear that when there is no bogey to be afraid of they invent one. It is the heritage of the race that has been harried in every country. And then suddenly comes the justification of this eternal fear. The riots break out again.

There is no tranquillity; the future is uncertain. Arab and Jew alike await the answer. Shall they "dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places"?



Accidental Music

☪ DURING a recent coast-to-coast broadcast of Navy Day, complete with pick-ups from the fleet off California and from the airship *Macon*, it was announced that Raymond Paige and his orchestra would play an appropriate Navy Day salute to Uncle Sam's sea forces. Whereupon the boys crashed into "But Honey, Are You Makin' Any Money?" — *Broadcasting*

☪ SIR HARRY PRESTON gave a dinner in honor of Gene Tunney, during the latter's stay in England, and the first toast proposed was, as usual, "The King." The guests all stood while the band played "God Save the King." Then the host gave the toast, "The President of the United States"; but the band, unfortunately, had not been instructed on this point of international courtesy, and were taken completely by surprise. Pulling themselves together, they struck up "Ol' Man River." The guests proved equal to the occasion — not a man smiled! — *John o'London's Weekly*

☪ Soon after America's entrance into the World War, the senior officer of the English training camp at Salisbury Plains prepared to receive the first American regiment, and as a hospitable gesture he and the band leader selected a rousing American march for the band to learn. The day the Americans arrived, everyone was drawn up in full array. The visitors swung into the Parade Grounds, the band blared forth the carefully rehearsed air — and there was a near-riot. The British had innocently greeted the Georgia Regulars with "Marching Through Georgia."

¶ At one time or another, most of us consider going into business for ourselves. Here are the essentials involved

You Might Start Your Own Business

Condensed from Nation's Business

Robert R. Updegraff

THE LATE Lord Leverhulme was fond of telling of a man who, for several years, was confined in a dungeon. One day a happy thought struck him; he opened the window and climbed out.

One is reminded of this story as one sees so many men vainly seeking jobs. In a zero situation, with all the time in the world, and a perfectly good set of eyes and ears and hands and feet, they are looking for some employer to gamble on them, when they are literally surrounded by windows of opportunity which they never attempt to open and climb through.

It has often been said that successful businesses are founded on *ideas*. Yes; but how to get an idea?

There is a practical way to go idea-hunting. Look around you for some problem that needs solving or simplifying, for your immediate neighbors, your community, or some group of people with a special interest, such as a trade or profession or hobby group. Wherever you find such a problem, an idea for a business is likely to be lurking in the background.

Years ago a man by the name of

Davey observed that keeping trees trimmed and doctored was a problem to most home owners. He built a business on this problem which eventually grew into a recognized profession.

Lawns are as universal a problem as trees. In many communities a profitable business might be worked up by a man who would attack lawns on a scientific basis, having soil analyzed, testing seed and fertilizer, studying weed suppression, and supplying chemically correct top soil.

Whoever originated the box lunch service, which operates profitably in so many factories, recognized that getting a wholesome lunch at a nominal price was a real problem to a working man — and an infernal nuisance to his wife.

The man who wants to start his own business should ask himself questions such as these: 1. What do the people I know need? 2. What things do they have to do, but dislike doing? 3. What new problems do they face? 4. What could I make or do that would save them time or money?

Unfortunately, most men start

*The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, 1615 H St., Washington, D. C.
(Nation's Business, July, '38)*

the other way around. They ask themselves, "What do I want to do?" They would do better to study the public's needs and then employ their time and energy in catering to some one of them. A new enterprise must gain a competitive advantage in at least one of seven ways:

- Make or do something better.
- Make or do something cheaper.
- Deliver or distribute it more economically.
- Package it more acceptably.
- Fit it more nearly to people's needs or desires.
- Add a factor of greater timeliness or modernity.
- Serve with greater intelligence or a better spirit.

Some of the most common mistakes men make when they go into business are these: they plunge without first testing out their ideas on a laboratory scale; they underprice their goods or services; they fail to appreciate that it costs from two to five times as much to sell and distribute an article or service as it does to produce it; they belittle their competition; they underestimate the time it will take to build a market; they start with too little money or too much money.

Of these mistakes, the last is the most frequent cause of failure. Having plenty of capital leads to careless use of funds and creates the habit of extravagance, which foredooms the most promising business in the world.

Many men, explaining why they

do not go into business for themselves, say: "I'd start in a minute if I had the money."

This is a poor argument. There are nearly always bankers or people with money who will risk at least a small stake on a man of good character and a reputation for industriousness who has a sound problem-solving idea. Further, a man must have the earnestness and conviction necessary to sell himself and his idea to someone or he is not likely to be able to sell his idea to the public. Moreover, plenty of problem-solving businesses can be started on a shoestring; in fact, shoestring starters are usually surer of success.

But it takes more than a shoestring of courage and faith and perseverance to keep the business going. Almost inevitably the day will come when the owner will stand looking out the window, admitting grimly to himself that he made a mistake in starting the business, that he will have to call it quits. Perhaps it will be a payroll he cannot meet. Perhaps the loss of an order vital to the business. Or a fire. Or a strike. Or a lawsuit. Or the ruin of a batch of costly material.

That will be his hour of testing. If he comes through, he can derive two comforts. If it were not for these headache-hours he would have hundreds more competitors, for it is just these misfortunes which drive men out of businesses of their own. And he will have learned that starting Fear in the face is the quickest

way to master the old she-devil and put her in irons. Running any business is a process of weathering a series of crises; but, having endured the first few, a man presently finds himself snorting with war-horse satisfaction as he goes from one battle to the next.

In many ways the most favorable time for a man to go into business for himself is during a business depression. The banks are bulging with money to lend; plenty of unemployed talent is available; rents and real estate prices are down. Furthermore, the country needs thousands of small new businesses.

For the man who is really serious about starting a business of his own, here are five ways he can check his prospects for success:

1. Is he thinking of starting a business merely to escape from a distasteful job? If so, he will probably not succeed. Successful businesses are built by men with a burning desire to be on their own because they have an idea they feel they just must try out; or because they have conceived some problem-solving product or service which they are certain no one else in the world can put over quite as well as they can.

2. Does he expect to work less hard or have more freedom than in

a job? If so, he will suffer a rude shock, for he is likely to have to work much harder, and he will never have a sense of freedom from responsibility. But if he is the kind of man who is likely to make good on his own he will be so intensely interested in his enterprise that he won't even know he is working!

3. Does he habitually live beyond his income so that he is constantly in hot water financially? If so, he does not have the knack for finance that is necessary to the running of a business.

4. Does he require the discipline of a superior to make him do the things he ought to do and keep regular business hours? The man who cannot manage his own time and activities without compulsion is not likely to make good on his own.

5. Does he understand the simple rudiments of arithmetic? Business is essentially a daily problem in arithmetic — of adding all the expenses and costs, and being able to subtract these from the selling price, pay taxes, and have a profit left.

If you still think you'd like to go into business for yourself, find a problem to solve or simplify, or a definitely better way of doing something — and go to it!

*IN THE garden gate, Montacute House, England:
Through this wide opening gate,
None come too early, none return too late.*

Holiday from Death

Condensed from the Rotarian

T. E. and E. J. Murphy

FOR MORE than four months recently the city of Providence, Rhode Island, enjoyed a holiday from motor vehicle deaths.

This record of 125 deathless days, the longest ever achieved by a large American city in modern times, would be still mounting but for the fact that on two occasions cyclists have crashed into the side of slowly moving automobiles, and once a child darted beneath the wheels of a truck. After these mishaps, Providence began another record-breaking period, determined to drive death from its streets. Even now, almost eight months from the beginning of the campaign, not a single death has occurred because of the negligence of a motorist.

Providence has a population of more than 250,000 and is the shopping center of another 500,000 people. It has narrow, tortuous streets, blind corners, and many other traffic hazards. Yet this congested area has become the safest large city in the country.

The honor for this unusual achievement goes to Superintendent of Police John J. Parker and City Highway Engineer Ralph Eaton. Last December the Board of Police

asked Superintendent Parker to do something about the appalling rise in motor deaths. He and Sergeant Earl Adams of the Safety Squad analyzed fatal accidents occurring over a period of years and found that speed was a major factor in 85 percent of the fatalities.

"Let me cut down the speed and I'll cut down the fatalities," Parker told the Board. He suggested a top speed of 25 miles an hour.

The Board was dubious but agreed to try it for 60 days, and they and the District Courts promised to *enforce* that speed limit. Some objectors protested that the top of 25 miles was unnecessarily slow; that they were being penalized because of a few witless drivers. To counteract this criticism, Superintendent Parker conducted a test. He gave one driver carte blanche to speed from one end of the city to the other. He was told to "beat" the lights and do anything else to accelerate his progress. A second driver was instructed to drive well under 25 miles an hour, and to observe every rule of the road.

The two cars arrived at their destination less than two minutes apart, and the citizens of Provi-

dence were shown graphically that speeding in the city didn't really save time.

By press and radio, citizens were warned well in advance that the 25-mile rate was the absolute maximum. The first few days of the safety drive the police distributed thousands of warning cards to speeding motorists, and the cynical shrugged their shoulders, thinking it would soon be over.

Then the police cracked down; summonses for speeding were distributed by the hundreds.

Agitated "fixers" and small-time politicians stormed the police station and the courts—with no success. Even the Clerk of the Court where traffic violations are tried was caught in the drive.

Chief Parker told his men: "Stay out there where you can be seen, and remember this safety drive applies to everyone: rich and poor, politicians, officials and even personal friends. Treat 'em all alike."

Meanwhile, every civic agency was asked to help. Safety was preached from the pulpits of every church; the *Providence Journal* and *Bulletin* devoted column after column to safety news; radio stations cooperated; police went into the schools to talk about safety. Children playing with toys in the streets had their playthings confiscated by police and were told to come and get them, with their parents. When the parents arrived they were given a safety lecture.

At the end of the 60-day trial period the accident chart in Providence had taken a big downward dip. On the 68th day Providence reached its own previous record of deathless days and every policeman in the city wore an arm band with the numerals 68 on it.

Citizens of Providence had now become as interested in their safety score as they were in the big league baseball results. On the 82nd day the driver of a touring car collided with a truck and sustained serious injuries. When this was reported in the newspapers, a steady stream of telephone calls poured into the hospital inquiring about the man's condition.

Chief Parker dramatized the incident by ordering that the smashed car be left on the highway as an object lesson. More than 20,000 people came to see it.

The keystone of the Providence safety campaign is the omnipresence of policemen. They got their orders to "stay out where you can be seen," and they do it.

As the record continued to grow, public interest grew with it, and driving became more careful each day—and more pleasant. There was no longer any blaring of horns, no screeching of brakes; cars moved along smoothly, quietly—and slowly.

Meanwhile, in grisly contrast, accidents in nearby cities helped to make Providence feel that its slowness was worth while.

In one city six men were smashed to death against a tree while traveling 70 miles an hour. The driver had said on entering the car: "Joe's afraid of speed. I'm going to give him a thrill."

In another, a driver, after a couple of highballs, roared down the state highway at 80 miles an hour and rammed into a car driven by a young man who was traveling carefully on his own side of the road. The young man, his mother, his father and two friends were killed. The speeding driver lived.

Pictures of this horrible carnage were printed in the Providence papers and the citizens of Providence were given the chance to ask themselves which they preferred — speed or safety.

That they have chosen safety is dramatically illustrated by the huge white flag that flies in the central mall in downtown Providence. Only on rare occasions is it taken down and a hideous black flag hung in its place — the symbol of a highway death that day.

According to figures prepared by the National Safety Council Providence had a highway death rate of 4.7 per 100,000 population for the first six months of 1938; the average for cities in the same popula-

tion class is 14.9. Milwaukee, with a death rate of 5, was runner-up for safety honors; and, by way of contrast, one city in the group had a death rate of 23.9, more than five times as great. So far in the second half-year period there has been only one additional death, and Providence's rate as this is written stands at 4.2.

Remember that Providence presents one of the worst traffic problems of any city of its size in the country. It gets heavy tourist travel; its streets are so narrow that motorists may pass trolley cars on the left; it abounds in blind corners. Yet, in addition to its 125 deathless days in succession, it has:

Reduced non-fatal accidents from 679 to 267.

Reduced ambulance calls by 60 percent.

Established a new low traffic death rate in the United States for the first six months of the year, reducing deaths to less than half of what they were for a similar period last year.

What has been done in Providence can be done anywhere if there is the will to do it. It is merely a matter of choice: speed or safety. And after all, what have *you* done with all the time you have saved by speeding?

"I do not say that I was ever what is called 'plain,' but I have the sort of face which bores me when I see it on other people." — The Countess of Oxford and Asquith in Lilliput

Alabama: *The alert Shelby Democrat reports that rarity, the good loser — a man ignominiously defeated when he ran for sheriff:*

HE GOT 55 votes out of a total of 3500, and the next day he walked down Main Street with two guns hanging from his belt.

"You were not elected and you have no right to carry guns," fellow-citizens told him.

"Listen, folks," he replied, "a man with no more friends than I've got in this county needs to carry guns."

California: *Divorce news from San Francisco:*

TO WHOM does the warm spot in the bed belong on a cold night — the wife who first climbed between the icy sheets or the husband who comes home later and demands the coveted place as lord of the household? Superior Judge Van Nostrand has the perplexing problem to decide in the divorce suit of Mrs. Anna Weisinger of Buchanan Street, and Jack Weisinger. The testimony was that the police were called to the Weisinger home to quiet a war that started when Weisinger ordered his wife to move over and she insisted on remaining in the spot she had warmed up.

Intellectual government in Los Angeles *is progressing as shown by the Associated Press:*

FOR TWO HOURS the City Council argued the question of whether dogs can read, then delayed action on the subject because no expert opinion

could be found. The argument was over a proposed ordinance requiring dogs, chickens, cats, turkeys, canaries, and donkeys to be silent in the city between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m. Councilman Byron Brainard precipitated the argument with the question: "Can dogs read? How will they know when they should not bark?"

Colorado: *The Colorado Springs Independent issues a statistical report on petting conditions in the Great Open Spaces:*

A STORY is being told of a tourist who at nightfall found himself lost in the Garden of the Gods and finally resorted to firing a gun he was carrying, in the hope that the sound might bring aid. Imagine his surprise, following the report of the gun, to be able to count the headlights of 159 automobiles, just turned on.

District of Columbia: *Results of one of the highly important investigations undertaken by bureaucrats, as reported in Uncle Sam's Diary, a magazine for federal employees:*

WORK HABITS of field mice have been clocked by federal scientists: 6 a.m., reveille; breakfast hunting, until 7:30 a.m.; rest period until 11 a.m.; lunch 1 p.m.; general nosing about until 2 p.m.; dinner, 4:30 p.m.; half hour for napping, and then to bed at 5 p.m.

RICANA

The American Mercury

Georgia: Heartening news for fugitives, as advertised in the Atlanta Constitution:

WANT TO HIDE? Vanish temporarily or permanently, so no male or female gyps, mean in-laws, grafters, gold-diggers, ex-love blackmailers, or other pests or pasts can find you? I can hide you so, and protect you, in my Georgia pine forest sanctuary. My price is \$60, winter season; \$90 yearly. Address your problem in confidence. Chief White-Cougar, Jessup, Ga.

Illinois: It is now morally safe to see the world via the Navy:

RECRUITING OFFICER Karl K. Jones ruled Walter K. Elger would have to put some clothes on a nude lady tattooed on his forearm before he could join the Navy. Regulations, Officer Jones explained, forbade the enlistment of persons who had offensive matter engraved on their epidermis.

The Uplift invades the Windy City's twilight zone, according to the Chicago Tribune:

GAMBLING HOUSES, disorderly houses, and similar places are being visited by 150 federal agents who have been assigned to collect the Social Security tax.

The Chicago Tribune reports also a confusing sign on display in Jackson Park Hospital—in the Obstetrical Ward:

NO CHILDREN ALLOWED

Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

Kentucky: Important civic spectacle is staged by the burghers of Maysville, according to the Portsmouth (Ohio) Times:

E. L. WEAVER walked off with the championship of Mason County in long-distance tobacco spitting. The Orangeburg man nosed out a Mayslick expectorator by a mere one inch when a Weaver stream — propelled from a steady between-the-fingers stance — splashed 17 feet 6 inches away from the line. A crowd of 200 men looked on while the 38 contestants arched their shots eastward on Market Street. Four were disqualified — three for blowing.

Massachusetts: Convincing bit of medico-theological dogma, as offered in the correspondence columns of the Christian Science Sentinel:

I HAVE FOUND Christian Science as effective with animals as with people. While aboard ship a cat appeared to have what would generally be called a fit. It acted as if blind, and ran around crying and bumping into things. I took it into my quarters and read from *Science and Health*, just as if I were reading to a person, and in a few minutes it quieted down and went to sleep. In a couple of hours it awakened and was all right. After that it kept close to me whenever possible.

Nevada: An enterprising citizen gets in a publicity plug for his home town, as reported in the letter columns of the Nevada State Journal:

"IT MIGHT interest you to know that I have written a letter to the

Duke of Windsor. Here's a copy of it:

DEAR SIR: The world admires your courage in choosing a charming and beautiful life mate. . . . If by chance the marriage is not successful, Reno, the world's divorce capital, will welcome you.

FRED PHILLIPS "

New York: Social note from the halls of higher learning in Syracuse, as chronicled by the Associated Press:

Syracuse University co-eds in McCarthy Cottage are charging fees for good-night kisses as a means of raising house funds. Escorts must drop a coin in a silver bowl for every kiss. Special weekend rates are in vogue and the whole thing is on a cash basis; no credit.

North Carolina: The swarm of prospective jobholders becomes almost embarrassing, according to the Waxhaw Enterprise:

THE EDITOR and the rest of the Waxhaw delegation had a very enjoyable trip to the Democratic convention in Raleigh. The only drawback was the number of candidates there. A delegate put his hand out of the car to signal for a turn and 15 men shook hands with him before he could draw it back.

Oklahoma: A native son introduces a new note in boosterism, according to the Associated Press:

THE Oklahoma City Chamber of Commerce is considering Roscoe E. Dickson's plan, to stimulate civic pride. At an unannounced time each day, Dickson suggests, all fire sirens should howl simultaneously. Thereupon every citizen should turn to the person next to him, shake hands vigorously, and exclaim: "We're living in the finest city in the United States!"

*Saved
by a*

Whisker

EARLY in the reign of the Duce in Italy, an Austrian soccer team from Innsbruck beat a Fascist team from Milan. As a token of friendship, the Milanese sent the Austrian team an enormous cast-iron statue of Mussolini, shipped f.o.b. Milan.

Not only was the Innsbruck team too poor to pay the freight, which was considerable, but a statue of Mussolini, who had forbidden the native Tyrolean yodel among the captive Austrians in Italy, was the thing all Austrians wanted least. They refused to accept the monument, which lay on a flatcar in the freight yard, running up charges, and wired the Milanese to send for it.

This threw the Milanese into a great fury, and it looked as though the Innsbruckers would have to load their cast-iron Mussolini into guns and shoot him back a little at a time, until a nameless peacemaker hit upon a happy solution. A set of whiskers was cast for the statue, and the detested Mussolini was changed into the beloved Gambrinus, inventor of beer.

— Westbrooke Pegler in *Cleveland Press*

The Coming Victory of Democracy

Condensed from the book of the same title by

Thomas Mann

Dr. Mann, political exile and author of "The Magic Mountain," "Joseph and His Brothers," etc., is acknowledged as one of the leading literary figures of our generation.

+

Translated from the German by Agnes E. Meyer

AT A MOMENT when the aggressive brutality of fascism seems to be distressingly triumphant, even America feels that democracy is not an assured possession, that it has become precarious to take it for granted.

The essential fascination of the ideas which threaten democracy today is their novelty — a charm to which humanity is always highly susceptible. For it is the fate of man under no circumstances ever to be entirely at ease upon this earth; he strives for change, for the new, because it promises him an amelioration of his eternally semi-painful condition.

Upon this charm of novelty the fascists place their emphasis. Their revolutionary demeanor, their attitude of youthfulness, are meant to attract the youth of the world, and in Europe, at least, not infrequently succeed in doing so.

It seems to me necessary that democracy should answer this strategy with a rediscovery of itself. For democracy's resources of vitality and youthfulness cannot be overestimated; in comparison, the youth-

ful insolence of fascism is a mere grimace. Fascism is a child of the times — a very offensive child. But democracy is timelessly human, and timelessness always implies a certain amount of potential youthfulness, which need only be realized in order to excel, by far, all merely transitory youthfulness.

In calling fascism a transitory manifestation, I am not forgetting that it also has deep roots in human nature; for its essence is force. And we know only too well that force as a principle is just as eternally human as its opposite, the idea of justice. It can accomplish practically everything. Once it has subjugated the body through fear, it can even subjugate thought. For man in the long run cannot live a double life; in order to live in harmony with himself, he adapts his thoughts to the life that force imposes upon him. Daily we see justice grow pale before force, and perish; for justice is only an idea. But this "only," pessimistic as it may sound, is nevertheless full of confidence — confidence based upon a greater knowledge of the nature of man

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than the only semi-intelligent belief in force.

For human nature is distinguished from the rest of nature by the very fact that it is dominated by the idea of justice, and cannot exist without it. The idea is an essential attribute of man, and those who do not respect it — as force certainly does not — commit the clumsiest and, in the long run, the most disastrous mistakes. But the word "justice" is only one name for the idea; there are other names which can be substituted that are equally strong — for example, freedom and truth. Man is pledged to these absolutes, his inner being is conditioned by them, and a force which is hostile to them acts without comprehension of the inviolable human dignity which grows out of this fact.

You perceive that I give the word "democracy" a very broad meaning, a much broader one than the merely political sense the word would suggest; for I am connecting it with the highest human attributes, with the inalienable dignity of mankind which no force, however humiliating, can destroy. If we only weigh one political system against another, of which the hostile system actually exhibits robust practical advantages, it is difficult to arrive at faith in the ultimate victory of democracy. But every definition of democracy is insufficient if it is confined to the technical-political aspects. We must reach higher and define democracy as that form of

society which is inspired above every other with the feeling and consciousness of the dignity of man.

The dignity of man — do these words savor of optimistic after-dinner oratory, scarcely harmonizing with the harsh truth about human beings? Who cannot embroider upon the depravity of this strange creature called man, his injustice, malice, cruelty, stupidity and blindness, crass egoism, deceitfulness, cowardice — and who does not often despair over his future? And yet we cannot allow ourselves to despise humanity. Despite so much ridiculous depravity, we cannot forget the great and the honorable in man, which manifest themselves as art and science, as passion for truth, creation of beauty and the idea of justice; and it is also true that insensitiveness to the great mystery which we touch upon when we say "man" or "humanity" signifies spiritual death.

This dignity which the mysterious confers upon man, democracy recognizes and honors, while the dictatorial mentality ignores it. Fascism teaches extreme contempt for humanity. Its terrorism degrades and destroys people. It corrupts character, releases every evil impulse, turns people into cowardly hypocrites and shameless informers. It makes them contemptible — that is the reason why the dictators love terrorism. Their delight in the abuse of people is dirty and pathological. The treatment of the Jews

in Germany, the concentration camps, are the proof of this. Every kind of dishonor, disgrace, ignominious distinctions, the compulsion to moral suicide, the destruction of mind and soul until men, overcome by extreme horror, despair of justice and abjure it for the worship of force — these are all expedients of a lust for human degradation which is simply diseased.

The state of mind of fascist dictatorship is clearly illustrated by the exaggerated building program in present-day Germany. The impulse of this regime to glorify itself in luxurious and enormous public buildings that are artistically wretched is an obsession of a decidedly abnormal kind. It has something maniacal about it and calls to mind that a building mania is clinically a well-known symptom. And at the same time the direst housing shortage, estimated at 950,000 homes, exists in Germany — a direct result of this large-scale construction mania.

It would be useless to deny the superiority which the dictatorial system derives from its aggressive foreign policy, dearly as it is being paid for. But to the achievement of military efficiency and future grandeur, the totalitarian state subordinates every phase of public life with an iron hand. What we call culture — religion, art, research, higher morality, free human thought — not only does not count but falls under the crime of treason to the extent

that it claims any sort of freedom or individual dignity.

Thus the totalitarian state sacrifices all humanity for the sake of power and victory, and secures for itself in this unfair way advantages such as have never been seen before, whose effect upon civilization is wholly bewildering. In order to survive, democracy must understand this new thing in all its vicious novelty. Democracy's danger is the humane illusion that compromise with fascism is possible, and that it can be won over to the idea of peace and collective reconstruction by forbearance, or amicable concessions. That is a dangerous mistake. Fascism's demands cannot be satisfied and quieted with concessions, but are thoroughly vague, indefinable, and boundless. Whereas democracy is interested only in peace, fascism is so convinced of its own vitality and future and of the decadence of democracy that in every friendly gesture, in every concession to its demands, it will always see only a sign of weakness, of resignation, and of abdication.

Any yielding to Nazi threats means a cruel and discouraging blow to those forces within the German people that are sincerely working toward freedom and peace; and since German demands are never aimed at peace, but exclusively at an increase of military power, their fulfillment does not serve peace but war.

Democracy should understand

this. It must also understand the advantages which fascism derives from a world situation in which the distinction between war and peace is wiped out and neither the one nor the other distinctly prevails. An undeclared war is being waged, as an experiment, in remote places — an equivocal situation which fascism has discovered and in which it feels very much at home. It is probable that fascism will continue to prefer this kind of war to actual open warfare as long as possible, for in reality, fascism seriously doubts that its national unity could endure the supreme ordeal of war if it were to last any length of time.

A revealing statement was made by a German staff officer in which he spoke of the three fronts on which the coming war would have to be waged: on land, in the air, and at home. That is significant. Fascism admits that, in case of war, not the least of its difficulties would be created by its own people; that an external war will almost certainly mean civil war as well.

No wonder it prefers peace to such a risk, or rather that condition between war and peace which is its own invention. For this permits fascism to continue its bluff with greater impunity, to blackmail the peace-loving democracies and perhaps to achieve its ambitions for power without an actual war.

These conditions will painfully delay the triumph of democracy, if democracy does not clearly realize

the situation and meet it with all of its innate resources of vitality. It is not the sort of humanity which is weak and patient to the point of self-doubt that freedom needs today. Such an attitude makes freedom look pathetic and contemptible in the face of the fascist power-concept. What is needed is a humanity strong in will and firm in the determination to preserve itself. Freedom must learn to walk in armor and to defend itself against its deadly enemies. It must finally understand that a pacifism which admits it will not wage war under any circumstances will surely bring about war.

Four years ago I visited America for the first time, and since then I have come here each year. I was delighted with the atmosphere, because here, in contrast to the cultural fatigue and inclination to barbarism prevalent in the Old World, there exists a joyful respect for culture, a youthful sensitivity to its values. I feel that the hopes of all those who cherish democratic sentiments must be concentrated in this country. I believe, in fact, that for the duration of the present European dark age, the center of Western culture will shift to America. America has received much from Europe, and that debt will be amply repaid if, by saving our traditional values, she can preserve them for a brighter future that will once again find Europe and America united in the great tasks of humanity.

The Man Behind the "News"

Condensed from The New Yorker

Jack Alexander

THE THEORY that a man of genius is necessarily an odd fish fits the case of Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the New York *Daily News*. As a young blade in Chicago, he liked to attend the opera wearing wrinkled tails and a flannel shirt open at the neck. Later, when he was co-editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, his everyday attire was corduroy trousers, a turtle-neck sweater, and a grease-spotted cap.

It was his custom, thus clad, to accompany one of his daughters to a private school. One morning the headmistress, rather wrought up, telephoned the Patterson home: "I thought I ought to tell you that I saw your houseman kiss your little girl this morning." On his way out of the *Tribune* building he would leave the elevator at the second floor and slide down the curved marble banister to the rotunda.

Today, at 59, Patterson is a rugged six-footer, still brimming with vigor. To intimates he exhibits a shy, charming side. Most others find him mule-headed, unstable and ruthless. His taste in clothing has changed little — on hot afternoons he often works in his office in his undershirt. For days at a time, roughly clad, he mingles with the

forgotten men of large cities, passing for one of them, living in their flophouses and sampling their bitter existence.

A few years ago he was entertaining some friends in a downtown restaurant. A taxi driver happened in to get a bill changed; spying Patterson he slapped him on the back with a shout of greeting. When colared by a waiter, the cabby protested. "Joe is an old friend of mine. We bummed on the Bowery together. Didn't we, Joe?" Patterson put his arm around the cabby and invited him to have dinner. Staring wonderingly at the wine and pressed duck, the cabby said, "Joe, you always could go out panhandling and come back with half a dollar, but what's your racket now?"

There is nothing feigned about Patterson's interest in the lives of the lowly. He habitually uses the subway in order to watch people and see what they read. He sometimes goes to Coney Island, where he revels in the carnival of mass enjoyment about him. It gratifies him to think that Coney's pleasures are open to anyone with a pocketful of nickels. Remaking society so that everyone may be able to spare a pocketful of nickels now and then is his chief interest in life.

There is a peculiar streak of claustrophobia in Patterson. When the Chicago *Tribune's* new building was being erected, he insisted upon having a hatchet hung on a wall bracket in the private toilet room adjoining his office. "Suppose I get locked in there," he said. Later he had a telephone installed, apparently so that if he were unable to chop his way out he could phone for help.

When Patterson moved to New York he decided he wanted a penthouse—one with a private entrance on the ground floor and a private elevator. There wasn't any such thing available, so he told Raymond Hood, the architect, to arrange for the construction of an apartment house with these features. Before it was completed, Patterson, who is capable of Olympian impatience, telephoned Hood one afternoon that he would move in at eight o'clock that evening. Hood protested that the plaster was still wet. "Have the place ready, completely furnished, at eight," Patterson said, and hung up. Hood had the loose plaster swept off the floor and sent the night watchman out for furniture at a nearby installment-plan shop. Ready for occupancy, the penthouse represented a night watchman's hasty conception of elegance. There were chairs and divans upholstered in Pullman-car plush, a canopied bed, a Kewpie-doll lamp and other articles of that genre. Hood dropped in

next morning and found that Patterson had slept on an iron cot in the hall. "It's all very beautiful, Hood," he said, gesturing toward the bedroom, "but I couldn't get to sleep in that damned covered wagon."

The novelty of the penthouse soon wore off, and Patterson bought a wooded tract overlooking the Hudson near Ossining. He specified that he wanted a modernistic house, preferably very ugly, as he didn't want it to be a show place. Hood put up a boxlike structure and dazzle-painted it like a camouflaged battleship. Patterson was greatly pleased, but later had the house painted a neutral shade because the dazzle-painting attracted too much attention.

Patterson's deep love for the proletariat grew, strangely, in surroundings of wealth. His grandfather was Joseph Medill, founder of the Chicago *Tribune*; his father was Medill's crown prince. His fashionable mother, bent on making an aristocrat of him, sent him to private schools here and in France.

Upon graduation from Yale in 1901, Patterson went to work on the *Tribune* at a salary of \$15 a week—and an allowance of more than \$10,000 a year from his family. Within two years, a growing sympathy for the under dog and disgust with the *Tribune's* fusty-Republican editorial attitude led him to quit the paper and devote

himself to municipal reform. For a time he embraced Socialism, and the party placed him on its national executive committee. This activity estranged him from his family, although his allowance was never curtailed. He published two novels and had three plays produced on Broadway, all aimed at the exposure of social evils. Meanwhile his Socialism had burned out. His sampling of the delights of capitalism as a money-making writer had convinced him that the profit motive was really the thing that made people work.

When his father died in 1910, his family persuaded the idealistic black sheep to return and help run the *Tribune*, sharing control with his cousin, Robert R. McCormick. The arrangement resulted in constant squabbling, as both were headstrong, and McCormick was a confirmed aristocrat. But they were in hearty agreement on one point — that the stodgy old *Tribune* needed animating. They transformed it into a lively, blatant organ, engaged in a bitter circulation war with Hearst's *Examiner*, and saw their circulation rise steadily.

In 1914 Patterson seized the chance to get away, and went to Europe to cover the German occupation of Belgium. Later he joined the A.E.F., served in five major engagements, and came out as a captain of artillery. Overseas Patterson observed the success of Lord Northcliffe's tabloid, the London *Daily Mirror*. Realizing that the

Tribune was too small for both himself and his cousin, he decided to start a tabloid in New York.

His *Daily News* was launched just when the astonishing capers of the post-war morals revolt was starting. Observing this show, Patterson conceived his tabloid's function to be that of purveying to the masses the forbidden thrills enjoyed by the few. At first advertisers could not be induced to buy space, and Patterson was on the verge of scuttling the paper as a failure. But soon the circulation began to rise, and within four years it was the largest in America. The Stillman divorce case, the gauche amours of Daddy and Peaches Browning, and the love epic of Kip Rhineland were squeezed of every drop of scandal. Torch murders abounded, rum running and gang vendettas combined terror and adventure. By turn sobby, dirty, bloody and glamorous, the *News* covered each so as to appeal to the elementary emotions of a truck driver, and to the truck driver in everyone.

Patterson insisted that his editors measure public taste at first hand. Periodically he would take them on tours. The first stops would be subway stations. As a train pulled in Patterson and his men would peek through the windows, pick out passengers who had copies of the *News*, and note what items they were reading. Then they would stand around a busy newsstand for

hours, noting what types bought the *News*, how they were dressed, how intelligent or stupid they looked, and so on. "You can't publish a successful paper by ear," said Patterson.

In 1930 the 36-story Daily News Building on East Forty-second Street was completed, and the tabloid moved into the shimmering \$10,000,000 skyscraper. Shortly after the move a trend of respectability came over the *News*, and today the paper is on the way to becoming something of a tabloid *Times*. Sex follies are not ignored, but they are joshed more than glorified. Patterson puts it this way: "The *Daily News* was built on legs, but when we got enough circulation we draped them."

The Treasury list of 1935 incomes showed that five *News* executives had received \$124,000 each. Patterson also pays his comic-strip artists enormous salaries, and coaches them in developing their strips. He paid the late Sidney Smith, who drew the Gumps, \$120,000 a year. Not long ago, at Patterson's suggestion, there was an epidemic of pregnancy in the comic strips, because, as he put it, everyone is interested in pregnancy.

Patterson always comes to the office with ideas for news stories. One morning he saw an exhibit of prefabricated houses at the Grand Central Palace. He is capable of great excitement over such things, and the subject was covered in the

News as fully as a society murder would have been. Once he heard a radio speaker say that 19,000,000 Americans had venereal disease, and this launched a crusade which for frank discussion stands unequaled outside medical literature.

He usually furnishes the idea for the daily cartoon drawn by C. O. Batchelor, and determines the subjects and treatment of the editorial page. The editorials, covering a heroic range of subjects, are all written colloquially and seasoned with salty Pattersonian phrases. Reading them is something like listening to a hardheaded discussion by an intelligent and well-read barber.

After completing the editorial, Patterson almost invariably goes to a movie, often at the shabby second-run houses nearby. If there is a long line waiting at the box office, he gets on the end of it and talks with the others to find out what they think of public affairs. After the show he goes to Grand Central Station where an office boy meets him with reports to be studied at home. Patterson likes to come in on the run, snatch the bundle on a short lateral pass, and sprint for his train.

The *News* has a circulation twice that of any other American newspaper and is probably closer to the masses than any other paper in the world. It provides its readers with homely service departments and gigantic contests, and has built up a good will even more impressive than its financial success.

In the hours just before dawn, when impromptu elopement seems glamorous, impatient lovers telephone the *News* to inquire where they can be married without delay. Despondent men and women telephone for the last bit of human contact before turning on the gas. Sometimes they talk so long that there is time to send the police around and thwart their plans.

In his ability to determine what will please the masses, Patterson has no close rival except perhaps President Roosevelt. Both were born to the aristocracy; Patterson has never conformed to the pattern, and Roosevelt has never departed from it. Roosevelt looks from the outside into the public mind and Patterson works from the inside out. To make sure that an idea will please the submerged millions, he checks up by talking with waitresses and others in humble occupations. His favorite yardstick is the taxi-driver, and a driver whose views particularly interest Patterson is invited to elaborate them over a stein of beer or coffee and pie at a lunch counter.

Patterson's influence in shaping the New Deal has probably been considerable, for several times a month he is an overnight guest at the White House.

There is a widely held belief that Roosevelt sends up trial balloons

through the *News* to test the winds of public sentiment. The frequency with which *News* editorials foreshadow New Deal developments makes this seem likely.

One man who has studied Patterson at close range believes that he has small hope of the ultimate betterment of the masses and is simply trying to make their lives as pleasant as possible under the circumstances. This man calls him a "compassionate realist." Another man, an economic royalist, once reproved Patterson for arousing the masses to dissatisfaction. "You've got me wrong," was the sarcastic reply, "I just keep them contented while you fellows milk them."

Among newspaper publishers Patterson is feared because he has a habit of shouting their secret sins publicly. He takes a fierce joy in educating the public to the fact that publishers are not consecrated solely to public welfare but are, on the whole, calculating business men with an inclination toward fake piety.

Despite this, he is covertly admired by the publishers. At one of their conventions a dozen delegates were arguing over who was the smartest publisher in the country. When they put it to an informal poll, one man voted for Roy Howard and three for Hearst. The rest voted for Patterson.



¶ Letters from thousands of men and women reveal that Private Enemy No. 1 is —
Fear

A Minister's Mail

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Joseph Fort Newton

Rector of St. James's Church, Philadelphia; former pastor
of the City Temple, London

FOR FIVE YEARS I have conducted a newspaper feature, "Everyday Living," which reaches millions of people — a kind of everyday church, in which the people talk back at the preacher. It is an awesome experience to be taken into confidence by thousands of men and women in every kind of human situation, and they have taught me more than I can ever teach anyone else. They have shown me the problems with which human beings wrestle in the secret places of their hearts.

Out of the mountains of letters not more than half a dozen have brought up any question of theology, such as the differences which divide the religious communions. How to learn a finer art of living is the main matter, trying to learn how to shape the stuff of life into forms of beauty, power and joy. Life for so many today is deflated, a thing to be endured rather than enjoyed. All of us have a sense of unfulfilled possibilities; we are living below our possible selves, thwarted, unable to find a way out. Yet there

is a way of thinking and living which will set us free to use our powers to the full. What is it that inhibits and cripples us?

The first thing that these letters show is that Private Enemy No. 1 in human life is neither sin nor sorrow: it is Fear. Some things, of course, we ought to be afraid of. Robert Frost has told us of two: fear lest we prove unworthy of the One who knows us best — that is fear of God; then there is fear of Man — lest he misunderstand us and withdraw his fellowship from us.

These fears are valid and wholesome, but today we have a thousand others. The one most rife is fear of ourselves; and that is not healthy. Men today fear failure, breakdown, poverty, fear lest they be unequal to the demands made upon them. So few have any material security; and we have set so much store by such security that the lack of it assumes hideous forms and gigantic dimensions in the night, robbing us of the rest needed to do our work aright. It is this

self-fear which makes life an agony.

How can we fight our fears? The first step is to realize that "since most of our fears have been learned, so they can be unlearned." Courage we need, of course, courage to "take it" and come back, courage to meet defeat and not be defeated. The plain pluck of people is astonishing, as my letters show. Many a frail little woman faces disaster with a grit equal to that of the bravest soldier. But even this finest courage wears thin unless it is supported and fortified by that "something beyond courage" which is faith. When we win faith, fear is driven out of our hearts. When fear is dead, life begins. People who know how to use spiritual energy in daily life attain serenity and self-stability, and build up an inner defense against the pressures and strains of life.

Next to fear — if not a form of it — is the nagging, gnawing worry which wears us out and unfits us for living. Worry is a tiny rivulet seeping into the mind like slow poison, until it paralyzes us. Unless it is checked, it cuts a channel into which all other thoughts are drained.

One of my readers — a dear lady 80 years old — taught me two things which have helped me greatly. She learned them, she said, slowly and at great cost, and they prolonged her life. One is that we must learn to forgive people for what they are, as well as for what they do; because

what they do grows out of what they are. We cannot make people over, and if we could we might make them worse than they are. Our business is to make ourselves better and others happy, and that is enough to keep us busy.

The other thing my reader learned is that we must wait and see. In nine cases out of ten the thing we are afraid of does not happen, and, if it does, other things will happen too which will change the setting and modify the result, making a different picture from the one fear paints now. By a little effort we can learn the knack of putting things from us far enough to see them more clearly — and we discover that many of them do not matter and are not worth the bother of worrying. Then, she added, if we are patient enough to live one day at a time — which is really all that is asked of us — strength will be given us to do what is required. Here is real wisdom, learned in a long life.

By reading thousands of letters, a third thing has been brought home to me overwhelmingly, and that is the appalling loneliness of human beings. Never were human bodies so jostled; never were human souls so much alone, especially in the crowded loneliness of great cities. Lives are insulated, inhibited by shyness, by a sense of inferiority, unable to get out of themselves into other lives. They have a craving to be liked, but shrink from the emotional contacts needed. They are

made prisoners by bolts and bars they cannot break, and one feels the ache of it.

Paradoxically, solitude is a cure for loneliness. Loneliness is thrust upon us; solitude we must seek. Loneliness hurts; solitude heals. Our religion is what we do with our loneliness, a great philosopher tells us. It is not easy to turn loneliness into solitude in an age of blinding speed and shattering noise, but it can be done.

But we also need the fellowship of human beings if we are to escape self-centeredness. To get out of ourselves, to get ourselves off our hands, is the first step toward health and joy.

One other thing my readers have taught me in a startling way. So many people go limping through life, owing to some hurt or humiliation suffered in childhood. The stories told me are staggering — of starved souls, of people looking for something they have lost, of stabbing hurts and devastating frustration. We do not realize how sensitive children are and how easily they can be injured. Humor we need in dealing with them — yes, but not satire, not sarcasm; they make deep wounds and leave ugly scars.

One mother wrote: "My boy fails in nearly everything he undertakes, and he seems to expect it."

Exactly; something or someone broke down his belief in himself, and he is defeated before the battle begins — self-defeated by a negative pattern of mind, which it will take time and tact to alter.

After reading so many records of lives mutilated by unkindness, it seems to me that kindness is the greatest thing in the world, if not the final joy of life. In a rough world where we hurt each other so sadly, let us be kind, very kind, "kinder than is necessary," as a young husband said in a Barrie play. Kindness may seem a small force in this cruel world; yet it is the one thing more needed than all else. Kindness is the central and supreme simplicity of religion, as Jesus taught and lived it.

Man was not meant to be a cringing being, eaten up by anxiety, shut up a prisoner in silent loneliness, living in blind cruelty. He was meant for great adventure, if he has the insight to see the laws of life, and the key of kindness to unlock doors. In his quest for the best in others he will discover something in himself not guessed before. For each of us, though we may not be clever or commanding, but only average and unknown, life can be a winged and wonderful thing, full of meaning and music, if we have faith to love and learn.

A MAN gazed incredulously at a huge mounted fish. Finally he said: "The man who caught that fish is a liar!"

❏ A 24-year-old investigator records over 2000 incriminating telephone conversations, and cleans up "the nation's poison-spot of crime"

St. Paul Wins a War

Condensed from *Current History*

Stanley High

EARLY in 1934 Homer S. Cummings, Attorney General of the U. S., surveyed the country's crime map and designated St. Paul, Minnesota, as "the nation's poison-spot of crime." Today, as the result of a determined drive by private citizens, St. Paul is one of the most crime-free cities of its size in the entire country.

St. Paul's one-time status in the world of crime was established before the World War, when the O'Connor brothers — Dick and John — were the chief custodians of the city's civic virtues. Dick was the local Democratic boss. John was the Chief of Police, gratefully known in our coast-to-coast underworld as "The Big Fellow" because he invented the "O'Connor System."

The O'Connor System was simple. St. Paul's police gave shelter to the nation's big-shot lawbreakers. They, in turn, agreed to do none of their lawbreaking in St. Paul. From the viewpoints of both O'Connor and the crooks, the system worked. Scores of criminals wanted in other cities were safely harbored in St. Paul, and yet the city could point to an enviable absence of crime.

John O'Connor died in the early twenties, and his successors were less skillful in carrying on his system. The crooks continued to use St. Paul as a refuge but they were less meticulous in observing their agreement to keep the peace. Robberies and highjacking in smaller communities within the St. Paul trading area were attributed to the sheltered members of the city's underworld. Eventually the Federal Bureau of Investigation entered more aggressively into the crime picture and the resulting attention, culminating in the statement of the Attorney General, stirred the city's law-abiding citizens out of their lethargy.

What they found, when they began to lift the lid, was not pleasant. The city had become the hangout of the most notorious of the country's gangsters: the Barker-Karpis mob, the Dillinger and Sawyer-Pifer gangs. And off and on it served as the base of operations for most of the men who rated near the top among the nation's Public Enemies.

These were the "heavies." Around them there was a whole community of lesser crooks and hangers-on:

gamblers, dope peddlers, white slavers and a formidable company of criminal lawyers. The town was also the "fence" capital of the U. S. — the place where it was easiest and safest to dispose of stolen goods and "hot" money. The F.B.I., after a bank robbery almost anywhere in the U. S., looked for the money first among the fences of St. Paul.

To top off these discoveries and put the final impetus behind demands for a civic cleanup, the gangs themselves broke loose. There were five gang murders, three large-scale gang robberies, and two nationally publicized kidnappings in the city in a little more than a year.

Then, on January 15, 1934, the city was host to a particularly revolting machine-gun murder. The St. Paul police, oblivious to the rising resentment against continued lawlessness, followed their customary lackadaisical procedure. Howard Kahn, editor of the St. Paul *Daily News*, after taking counsel with some of the city's civic and business leaders, decided that the time had come for a first-rate anti-crime crusade. The same issue of the *Daily News* which carried the front-page announcement of this declaration of war carried also the front-page story of the St. Paul kidnapping of Edward Bremer and the \$200,000 demand for his ransom.

That crime and the day-after-day exposures and attacks of the *Daily News* and other St. Paul pa-

pers culminated in a Grand Jury investigation. But the officials under fire managed to "reach" some of the jurors and the result was a whitewash for the police department.

That was the last day of March, 1934. It looked to Howard Kahn and his associates as though lawlessness in St. Paul was due for another lease on life. But, for a second time, the gangs turned coöperative. On that same day the foreman of the Grand Jury went on the radio with his whitewashing story. During the 15 minutes that the town was tuned in, the reception of the program was interrupted in one of the city's residential districts by a machine-gun fusillade. St. Paul, said the foreman, is not a refuge for gangsters. But within an hour extras were on the street telling how John Dillinger and Evelyn Frechette had shot their way to freedom through a cordon of federal agents.

Now thoroughly alarmed and aroused, a group of prominent citizens pledged \$60,000 to Howard Kahn with instructions to close down on the underworld and clean out the crooks. Kahn straightway flew to Washington, consulted with federal authorities, and 72 hours later was back in St. Paul with eight furloughed government agents and a plan of campaign.

Chief of the investigators was Wallace Jamie, then 24 years old but a veteran. Jamie was a graduate of the University of Chicago and

a former student at the Police School of Northwestern University. In three years as a federal agent, he had earned a reputation as one of the best of the college-trained young men who were enlisting as career men in the war on crime.

After six months of undercover work, Jamie had secured evidence enough to satisfy himself, though probably not a jury, that a number of the top police officials were involved, up to the hilt, in the crime racket. To make the evidence trial-proof, he proceeded — with the approval of the newly-elected Commissioner of Public Safety — to tap the Police Department's telephones, using a device constructed by himself that made it possible to trace all dialed calls.

As a next step, Kahn secured a staff of trustworthy stenographers who, with headphones and notebooks, took down all messages. Later, for fear these notes might not be admitted as evidence, a "pam-o-graph" was installed which recorded the conversations on aluminum disks. All told, some 2500 conversations were recorded, approximately 90 percent of them incriminating.

The choicest of these interchanges between the police and the underworld went into 7-column, streamer-headed boxes on the front page of the *News*.

"You get that fixed up — or else!" Thus a lawyer threatened police headquarters for holding a crook-client. On another day Chief In-

spector Crumley spoke to Art Miller, gambler-gangster. "Lo, Art. This is Jim Crumley. How's everything?" "Pretty good, Jim." "Say, are you cheating over there today?" "Yeah. . . . Will you take care of us?" "I'll do the best I can." "Fine. We'll take care of you too, pally."

On one occasion the police arrested a notorious highjacker. The underworld's machinery immediately went into action. A boss gangster — wanted, incidentally, by the government — called Crumley. "Hello, Jim. How are you, kid?" "Fine, partner." "Say, listen. What's the reasons and how many for keeping this guy there?" "What do you want?" "Why don't you let the fellow out — then I'll see you after a while." "All right. . . ." Crumley, apparently with an eye to his reward, added: "You'll take care of that, though?" "Don't worry about it."

This accumulated evidence was too irrefutable and the rising determination of St. Paul's citizenry too potent to be denied. The result was a second Grand Jury investigation. It returned a total of 21 indictments — most of them against police officials. Two high officers went to jail; the chief of police, the chief of detectives, the assistant chief of detectives, the head of the kidnap squad and a number of lesser officials were removed from office.

At the next election the city overwhelmingly adopted an amendment

to its charter which made the position of police chief subject to special civil service requirements and took it permanently out of politics.

Then, as insurance against relapse, St. Paul elected Gus Barfuss to its City Council as Commissioner of Public Safety — an office which has general direction over the Police Department. Gus Barfuss is neither a politician nor a reformer, but a policeman. For 26 years he was the leader among the men on the force who looked upon their job as one of law enforcement and who refused to do business with the underworld. His close associate during those years was another honest policeman — Clinton Hackert — who is now the city's police chief.

Barfuss and Hackert, during the last two years, have done honest policemen's jobs. Their record speaks for itself. In every major crime classification for cities of 250,000, St. Paul is well below the national average. The national average for murders in 1937, in cities of that size, was 6.8 per 100,000 population;

for St. Paul, 1.47. The average for robbery was 81.5; for St. Paul, 57.4. There were no kidnappings, no machine-gunnings. Fences have been closed out and their proprietors jailed or deported. St. Paul, according to the record and the testimony of crooks themselves, has ceased to be a refuge and has become a plague to the lawbreakers.

The city relishes its change of status and is determined to continue it. In fact, that question was an issue in the election held in March, 1938. And Gus Barfuss, candidate for reelection on the basis of his cleanup record, led the entire ticket with more votes than any council candidate had ever received in the city's history.

With that endorsement from its citizens, there appears to be no comfort on the St. Paul horizon for the nation's crooks. Howard Kahn can be satisfied, at last, that the citation for civic achievement contained in the national Pulitzer Award which hangs in his office in the *Daily News* is no exaggeration.

French without Tears

IN NEW YORK, 5000 schoolboys and girls will soon begin to exchange letters with an equal number of French youngsters. The American children will write in French, the French in English; each will correct the other. However, the French *Correspondance Scolaire Internationale*, sponsor of this friendly and educational gesture, insisted on one restriction: French boys may write to U. S. girls, but U. S. boys may not write to French girls.

— *Time*

ONE of the most enthusiastic firemen of his time was George Washington. He began running to fires when a boy, and when he died in 1799 he was still following the engines as often and as rapidly as his aging legs would carry him. When he was President, firemen at serious conflagrations were frequently inspired by the spectacle of the new world's most heroic figure laboring manfully at the pumps or lugging great buckets of water. Only a few months before his death he was riding down King Street in Alexandria when a fire was discovered near the market. Washington stopped his horse and vigorously rebuked a group of well-dressed men who stood idly by, staring alternately at the fire and at their distinguished visitor.

"It is your duty to lead in such matters!" he shouted. "Follow me!"

Throwing his reins to his servant, the General leaped to the ground and began pumping the engine, into which a few boys were languidly dumping buckets of water. Cheering citizens rushed to aid him and within a few minutes the old engine was throwing the highest stream that had ever gushed from its pipe.

—Herbert Asbury, *Ye Olde Fire Laddies* (Knopf)

DURING the Black Hawk Indian war, Abraham Lincoln was captain of a company, but, unfamiliar with military tactics, he made many blunders. One day when he was marching with a front of over 20 men across a field, he desired to pass through a gate into the next field.

"I could not for the life of me re-

Personal Glimpses

member the proper word of command for getting my company endwise," said Lincoln. "Finally, as we came near I shouted: 'This company is dismissed

for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate.'"

—Ida M. Tarbell, *The Life of Lincoln* (Macmillan)

WHILE I was Police Commissioner of New York City, an anti-Semitic preacher from Berlin, Rector Ahlwardt, came to New York to preach a crusade against the Jews. Many Jews were much excited, and asked me to prevent him from speaking and not to give him police protection. This, I told them, was impossible; and if possible would have been undesirable because it would make him a martyr. The proper thing to do was to make him ridiculous. Accordingly I sent a detail of police under a Jewish sergeant, and the Jew-baiter made his harangue under the active protection of some 40 police, every one of them a Jew.

—Theodore Roosevelt, *An Autobiography* (Scribners)

AT LOBB's, the famous English boot-maker, one day, I saw on the floor a heap of 20 or 30 boots, all needing cobbling badly. "Oh, sir," Lobb explained, "these belong to the best customer I ever had. He used to come in here and order 15 or 20 pairs of boots. But when his father died he left him some £3,000,000. Well sir, since then he has not ordered a single pair of new boots, but sends the old ones to be repaired."

"Who is he, Lobb?" I asked.

"An American, sir . . . his name is Pierpont Morgan."

— Frank Harris, *Latest Contemporary Portraits*
(Macaulay)

ONE NIGHT William Howard Taft, then a young law reporter, finished studying a case in Somerville, Ohio, and discovered that he could not get back to his office that night unless he could stop a through express. He wired division headquarters: "Will you stop through express at Somerville to take on large party?" Promptly came back the reply: "Yes."

When the train arrived, the conductor said to Mr. Taft, "Where's the large party we were to take on?"

Mr. Taft regarded his own comfortable bulk ruefully and laughed. "I'm it," he said, stepping aboard the train.

— *Christian Science Monitor*

JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER was walking one spring evening with a friend along the Thames. The night was radiant, the air balmy, but Whistler was not in the mood for Nocturnes. He complained that the buildings were ugly beyond belief, the lamplights too glaring, even the line of the river was wrong.

"But look at the stars — surely they are especially beautiful tonight," cajoled his friend.

Whistler stared up into the sky. "We-ell," he admitted grudgingly, "not bad, but there are decidedly too many stars, and they are not well arranged." After a pause he murmured, "I would have done it differently."

— Richard Loederer

WHEN Ellen Terry was the wife of the eminent painter George Frederick Watts, E. W. Godwin persuaded her to run away with him. They lived together in the country for some years, and several children blessed the union; but the gentleman's roving tendency was unconquerable. As time passed, his absences became more frequent, and finally, after an unusually extended vacuum, Ellen Terry gave him up. But something must be done to quiet the children, whose demands for their fascinating parent were growing embarrassing.

The ever-resourceful Terry bought a widow's gown and a crepe veil. She piled the children into a carriage, drove to the cemetery, and led them to a new-made grave. "There, my poor children," she sobbed, "there lies your dear father! Alas! You will never see him again!"

The children howled and sobbed and, as luck would have it, were so exhausted with grief that when they reached home they went directly to bed. For — that very night Godwin returned, repentant and domestic. But Ellen Terry marched him firmly to the door.

"You are dead," she said, "and dead you remain. Those children would think I was either a fool or a liar if they found you resurrected at the breakfast table, and it is as well for their happiness as for mine that I keep their respect. Be content, my friend; if they knew you better they would despise you, and now you will remain a romantic memory. Clear out."

— Gertrude Atherton, *Adventures of a Novelist*
(Liveright)

On Being Kept by a Cat

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Elmer Davis

A FRIEND of mine was once moved to scorn by an advertisement for a lost cat whose collar bore the inscription, "This is So-and-So's cat." Nothing, he contended, could be less accurate; the only identification that could truthfully be inscribed on any cat's collar would be, "This is this cat's cat."

Madame Michelet (quoted by the learned Van Vechten whose *The Tiger in the House* is practically the *Golden Bough* of cat lore) once computed that she had owned a hundred cats. "Say rather," her husband corrected, "that a hundred cats have owned you."

Anyone with much feline experience knows he was right. To the question often asked by the expert, "Do you keep a cat?" the proper answer is, "No, a cat keeps me."

The house cat, so far from being property, as the courts have held, is a capitalist, a member of the owner class. The American dream of the workman turning capitalist, and living in comfort without working any more, was familiar to every cat before America was ever heard of. If the cat catches a mouse now and then, it is only for sport — comparable to the farming practiced by retired gentlemen of wealth, who do

for amusement what their ancestors did because they had to. Whenever our cat, for example, kills a mouse in the apartment, or a snake at his summer home in the country, he proudly brings it back to the family, perhaps supposing we might like to eat some of it.

"Probably the least useful of domestic animals," was the verdict of C. E. Browne and G. Stanley Hall, writing in the *Pedagogical Seminary*; which implies a very narrow concept of utility. The cat does not produce material wealth; but was Rembrandt the least useful of Dutchmen, or Bach of Germans? What Rembrandt and Bach produced was pleasure in others, pleasure of a high order. That is what the cat produces too — the pleasure that comes from observing in many cats an astonishing beauty, and in practically all cats the perfection of grace; the still higher pleasure derived from contemplation of the most dignified and independent of living creatures. Tiberius Gracchus so admired the cat's independence that he put an image of a cat in the Temple of Liberty at Rome, as freedom's best symbol. I do not know the explanation of Lenin's well-known fondness for cats; but perhaps he got an ironic satisfaction from the companionship

of the only beings in Russia he could not boss.

This independence, of course, is far more conspicuous in alley cats, the most vigorous of all practitioners of private initiative and rugged individualism. But any cat is a potential alley cat; the most pampered of domestic pets could get along on his own if he had to. However, his high sense of enlightened self-interest leads him to live on his income if he can, instead of working. The tendency is not unknown among human beings.

The house cat has known better days; in Egypt he was once a god. The first domestic cats in Europe almost certainly came from Egypt — probably smuggled out, since the Egyptians did not like to let the sacred animals go. The Greeks called the cat *ailouros*, the tail-waver.

In Christian Europe cats, particularly black cats, were regarded as incarnations of the devil; and some people cannot get rid of that superstition to this day, though they would furiously deny that their dislike of cats is a hangover from witch-fearing ancestors. There are even people who have an instinctive horror of *all* cats — probably an atavistic memory of the great cats of the primal jungle, comparable to the much more common horror of snakes. And some people say they hate cats because they love dogs. You may like both of course; but people who crave the dog's uncritical devotion and are afraid to meet the coolly detached

judgment of the cat, who does not like you unless he finds you worthy of liking, make a damning admission.

Not all cats are adorable any more than they are all detestable. "Each individual cat," says Van Vechten, "differs in as many ways as possible from each other individual cat." Generalizations about cats are rash. All cats have tails? Not the Manx cats. All have fur? There were hairless cats in Aztec Mexico. I have been intimately associated with some 15 or 20 tail-wavers. My present feline associate, General Gray, was given to the family as replacement for a cat who was killed. He is a fine cat, but so was his predecessor; and a cat replaces another cat only to the extent that a wife replaces another wife. She may fill the same place in the household, but you have to get used to an utterly different personality.

To anyone who knows cats, the dogma of cat haters that the cat is attached only to places, not to persons, is a malignant myth. Sometimes when I am working, General Gray comes in and rolls for me — not because he wants anything, but because he feels that high contentment which a cat can express only by rolling. He could roll wherever he happened to be; but he comes from another room to roll in my office because he feels so happy he wants to share his happiness with me.

People who are devoted to any pet incline to exaggerate its clever-

ness. E. L. Thorndike, the psychologist, is scornful of stories of cats' manipulative skill about the house. Thousands of cats, he says, have gone to the door, found it shut, and turned away frustrated, without getting any publicity; but let one single cat reach up and paw the door knob, and immediately he figures in all the books on animal intelligence.

Maybe so, but most cats understand how a door is opened, even if they cannot do it themselves. General Gray, when he comes to a closed door, sits down and scratches at the crack; he knows that sometimes the door is off the latch and can be pulled open. He never scratches at the wrong crack, the one where the hinges are.

A vigorous attempt to debunk the cat is a book published in 1928 by Georgina Gates, then assistant professor at Barnard College, entitled *The Modern Cat: A Study in Comparative Psychology*. The cat, says Dr. Gates, "sees no colors, distinguishes no pitches." It "lives in a blur." Well, color blindness is a misfortune to men and women but not serious for the cat, who does not have to watch traffic lights. And if a cat cannot distinguish between notes on the piano — so what? Why should a cat be interested in a piano? When he wants music he makes his own. In other words, Dr. Gates condemns the cat for not being a successful human being. How many humans could be successful cats?

The cat's hearing is far superior

to ours. He can detect and identify countless sounds too faint for the human ear. The widespread belief that cats are "psychic" rests on the observed fact that they are sensitive to certain impressions which humans miss. They have a keen sensitiveness to electricity — a sense most humans wholly lack.

The cat's perception of innumerable delicate distinctions of scent tells him much that we learn by sight, much that we get by conversation, and probably some things we never get at all. Those who despise the cat for his insensitiveness to the notes of the piano might ask themselves what the cat would say of a species so dull that its language actually has no word for the nasal equivalent of color blindness.

"The cat lives in a blur," does he? Well, he does not act in a blur; when he has something to do, somewhere to go, he goes and does it with speed and precision. At a distance, in broad daylight, his vision is probably less precise than ours. But at night — ! Stumble over a cat in the dark, turn on the light, and you can read in his eyes as much pity and disdain for a poor creature who cannot see in the dark as scientists feel for a poor creature who does not know (or care about) the difference between G-sharp and B flat.

The cat's deficiency in reasoning power was proved, to Dr. Gates's satisfaction, when Thorndike put 12 alley cats before a complicated

set of boxes to find a devious way to food. Only one found the way easily; as a group they were faster than raccoons, but slower than monkeys or Columbia students.

Now, any educated alley cat (and those who learn slowly die young) knows that food comes in garbage cans, not trick boxes. But if they had been pushed to the verge of starvation, probably every cat would have got the food before it starved, which after all is the passing grade for an alley cat. Finding one's way out of mechanical complications is more of a human than a feline necessity.

I will give the psychologists another illustration of the cat's defects as a reasoner. The cats in the New York Aquarium, employed to keep out rats, have been taught not to eat fish. On arrival they are given electric eels to play with, and after a few shocks they conclude that anything in the Aquarium tanks is electrified too. Or, as Mark Twain

summarized it, a cat who has once sat on a hot stove will never sit on a cold one.

The cat very sensibly acts swiftly and with power when he needs to, but avoids all effort that has no purpose *to a cat*. When there is time he weighs his decisions — no cat ever went through a door held open for him without measured pondering of the arguments for and against the step. Cats fight, but for reasons that usually make more sense than ours; and they stop fighting when they have settled the point immediately at issue.

Those who know cats best feel that they have a sort of wisdom denied to us. Why let yourself be kept by a cat? Because there is little human companionship so satisfying as that of a friend of superhuman dignity and poise, who looks wise, behaves wisely in his own affairs, and regards your tribulations with an affectionate — and silent — sympathy.

Roses in Decemb.

If you want roses from your own garden in winter, go round the beds in summer in the early part of the day, when the dew has all dried from the rosebuds and select those just showing color. Cut them with a sharp knife, leaving as long a stem as possible. Have ready some melted wax, and immediately dip the cut stems into this. Allow the wax to set; then wrap the buds in tissue paper and pack them in a box. Put the box in a dry, cool place where there is no danger of frost. When the rosebuds are wanted, unwrap them, cut off the waxed ends, and put them in tepid water. The buds will gradually open, and be as fresh as if newly gathered.

— Margaret G. Cameron in *Gardening*

¶ The airlines campaign against the timidity of the public

Mr. Milquetoast in the Sky

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine

J. C. Furnas

LAST WINTER three major airlines announced that during February any married man who bought plane transportation could take his wife along free. The bait proved attractive; that month most through airliners carried twice as many women passengers as usual. During a single weekend one New York-Chicago service deadheaded 220 females — cash value of this generosity running well over \$10,000. It was not generosity, of course, but promotion aimed at cultivating air travel among the wives of prosperous husbands.

Such herpic measures are required because the planes are bucking no ordinary sales resistance. Between headlines about air crashes and the stunting melodramatics of Hollywood air movies, it's fear, not fare, that keeps the public on the ground. Pullman passenger mileage in the U. S. is still 20 times as great as air passenger mileage. The airlines figure that only 250,000 Americans ever use planes.

From one point of view, figures justify potential customers' fear. It is some 120 times as safe at present to take a train as to take a plane,

even though the risk of flying can reasonably be called negligible. In 1936, a sample bad safety-year in the air, a million passengers flew on regularly scheduled airlines and only 46 were killed. That means the odds are better than 21,000 to 1 that the passenger is safe on any given trip.

Although 7 out of 10 prosperous prospects approached by airline salesmen say they don't fly because it's too expensive, that is almost always a mask for timidity. If the airlines get Caspar Milquetoast into the air for just one trip, he usually keeps right on flying and discovers that it is about as cheap as Pullman travel, figuring in meals and tips. So the airlines do anything short of shanghaiing that will get the public to try flying — particularly the traveling business man, the backbone of passenger transportation.

Not that the airlines neglect women travelers. They idolize Dorothy Thompson and Mrs. Roosevelt because their casual zeal in flying hither and yon is magnificent propaganda. Already one out of every four air passengers is a woman. Charming lady-spellbinders troupe the country (by air, of course) making suave

speeches before women's clubs stressing time-and-fatigue-saving and how air travel simplifies things for mothers with children. They also educate department-store buyers and salesgirls in how to plug the flying angles of luggage and clothes. But the purpose of the most intensive work on women is to persuade them to let their husbands fly. For a good many men say, "I'd like to — but my wife has put her foot down on the idea."

The salesman's cue here is to ask permission to talk to Mrs. Prospect. This call often concludes with an invitation to a "courtesy flight" — half-an-hour in a comfortable armchair in a gleaming transport plane with 10 or 12 other apprehensive wives. Sometimes, on longer junkets, luncheon is served. Each such lady-guest costs the line at least \$10, but she is undoubtedly worth it. American Airlines, for instance, finds that 77 percent of such courtesy flights result in selling transportation to new customers.

Crass as it may seem, educating wives about insurance is another useful approach. Airline representatives grow cynical before their time because they so often can guess from a wife's attitude toward her helpmeet's flying whether or not he is in arrears on his policies. Moreover, like most of the public, wives usually believe that life insurance is voided if the insured dies in a plane crash. Mrs. Prospect softens up remarkably on hearing that some insurance

companies now pay no attention to whether or not their policyholders fly, so long as they stick to scheduled airlines. Many others allow the insured 15,000 miles of airliner flying a year — equal to five coast-to-coast trips — before starting to worry him about extra premiums. And air passengers between New York and Chicago can get travelers' insurance through the airlines themselves at the same 25¢-for-\$5000 rate that holds for railroad travel.

United Air Lines, which pioneered that take-your-wife-along stunt, calls it the "Stimpson stimulant," after their west-coast man who invented it to step up business on the San Francisco-Los Angeles run. The California version of the idea presently grew to the point where engaged couples, eager to marry but stymied for three days by local licensing laws, were being flown to Reno — where you can get married in 10 minutes — and supplied with license, ceremony, flowers, "Oh Promise Me," and hotel room, all for one round-trip ticket.

Mr. Stimpson is also credited with putting the first stewardesses on planes. The publicity world has always figured the purpose there as the dramatizing of the safety of modern flying by the fragile presence of pretty young women, habitually hurtling through the clouds as casually as if planes were streetcars. The airlines prefer to talk about the stewardess in terms of passenger comfort — flying is never so cheer-

ful, they say, as when there is a pretty girl fetching you magazines, orienting the scenery on a map, arranging bridge games, calling you by name, and serving you fried-chicken dinner on the house.

Whatever the motive, the stewardesses' trim attractiveness does make just the right psychological impression on the jittery. That is why the brighter girls — some five a week from American Airlines alone — are sent out as occasional speakers, where mere looks will do as much for the good cause as anything the publicity department gives them to say.

United's Helen Stansbury — suave-spoken special air-travel missionary — makes as many as 10 speeches a day before luncheon clubs, chambers of commerce, women's clubs and Junior Leagues. Men get cheery little stories about how golf pros have practiced putting up and down the cabin aisle into a paper cup, with the stewardess shagging the ball and awarding the winner a modest prize. Women get detailed descriptions of the lamp-shades and hassocks, the blue, cream and red-brown color schemes of walls and carpets, the menu of the free dinner that appears out of nowhere — all calculated to make women feel that a plane cabin is as normal an environment as daughter-in-law's living room.

The insurance demon can be exorcised and the speed and luxury of modern flying intriguingly demon-

strated; but beyond that airline-promotion goes off the end of concrete into mud so thick nobody can figure out what to do about it. For years to come the press and the screen between them will probably maintain the American public's impression that, big and handsome as planes look, pretty as the stewardesses may be, impressive as the safety figures are, nevertheless them things ain't safe.

Now that Hollywood is back in another cycle of air pictures, airline executives have that hunted look in their eyes again. Every time the hero bails out of a burning crate or the villain does in the heroine's brother by fixing things so the wings come off at 10,000 feet, the audiences' thrill further reinforces their subconscious impression that planes, any planes, are appallingly risky. And the huge box-office appeal of air thrills has kept the picture industry absolutely deaf to the airlines' frantic yelps.

The airlines can only hope that Hollywood's big shots, who are always flying coast-to-coast, will eventually educate themselves into turning off the heat.

The press is even more discouraging to the airlines. Air crashes are by definition front page news. After a highly-publicized crackup, air-passenger business all over the country drops way below half of normal, and takes two or three weeks to recover.

Observing that the average man

no longer stops and gapes upward every time he hears a plane-motor, the airlines hope that planes will eventually cease to be news. Air-travel promotion men can hardly get much beyond first base till the public becomes as used to planes as it once was to Mississippi steamboats — which, in their day, were far more dangerous.

Fundamentally, that means missionary-work on the younger generation. So that's beginning, too. Many colleges are favored with the presence of airline representatives around vacation-times. And United Airlines

is now going to bat with an Air Babies campaign designed to make the kiddies air-minded. So far the layout includes only a story-and-picture-book about little winged — and notably air-minded — supernatural characters named Speedy and Happy Wings. But there are plans to ring all the changes Mickey Mouse or Charlie McCarthy ever thought of — *Air Babies* playsuits, *Air Babies* dolls, *Air Babies* drinking cups, bibs and pencils.

It all sounds fine. Bring up a child in the way he should go . . . i.e., by air.



Family Information Bureau

Don Herold in Scribner's

WE recently hung a family bulletin board in our hall and are now wondering how any family can get along without one: it is really much more important in a home than in an office. We post dental-engagement cards, insurance premium notices and clippings about coming art exhibits and dog shows and movies.

But the best use of the home bulletin board is for little messages to each other. Modern life is so fast-moving that a family of four may go days without meeting, and a bulletin board helps them to "contact" each other.

For instance, if Mrs. Herold is out for the evening and I want to go to bed, I leave a note: "I took the dog out. Don." Or if a couple of us have a fight, it is a very unembarrassing way to apologize to tack up a "Sorry" on our board.

But the finest fruits of our board have been little notes from Hildegard, invariably to be found when we old folks go out for the evening, such as, "Clara helped me with my arithmetic. Took a bath. My throat doesn't hurt any more. Love. Hildegard."

What Surprised Me About Congress

Condensed from Redbook Magazine

Bruce Barton

Representative from the 17th Congressional District of New York; author of "The Man Nobody Knows," "What Can a Man Believe?" etc.

"**C**ONGRESS is made up of second-rate politicians who couldn't possibly earn \$10,000 a year anywhere else."

"Congressmen enjoy a lot of legal rackets — stationery-fund, secretarial help, and travel allowance."

"Congressmen are lazy. They work about two hours a day. When you go into the House of Representatives, you find only 50 or a 100 members on the floor. Many are talking, reading newspapers, or asleep."

"Congressmen are cowards. They don't vote their real convictions. They drank wet and voted dry; if they voted on the floor the way they talk in the cloakrooms, we would have a different government."

To this sort of criticism, so freely tossed about, I have never contributed. I have, in fact, argued against it. But in the past I have talked from hunch and hearsay. Now, as a member of the House of Representatives, a close-up view has provided me many surprises.

Congress is an exceedingly friendly body; this is the first surprise. Older members want a new man to succeed. On my second day a Democratic leader (I am a Republican) sat down beside me. Said he: "The

House is the fairest jury in the world. The members withhold judgment on every man until he has established his character with them. But then it is hard to change the verdict. Don't be too eager to talk. Wait until something comes up about which you know more than any other member; you will get close attention. They are honestly eager for facts."

He added, "You will discover who are the men that talk all the time and have no influence, who are those that talk seldom but are given careful attention." This was good advice. Old members tell me you will not find ten speeches by John N. Garner in the *Congressional Record* in the past 25 years. Yet he is one of the most influential men on the Hill.

Looking down from the gallery you see a cross-section of the American public, made up of five women and all sorts and conditions of men. There are two cripples in wheel chairs, one blind man and one colored man. You wonder what common denominator unites these so-different individuals. By what trait did they happen to be selected by the 300,000 people each of them represents?

The answer, I think, is that however much they differ in education, philosophy, or social position, they are all very *human*. Unless a man likes people, a Congressman's life must be a continuous annoyance. One is never free. The people who voted for you feel that they have a right to call, telephone or wire at any time. Your waiting room, either in Washington or at home, is always full. One woman wants to get her boy out of the navy; another wants you to get her boy in. One wants a job as an actor on a W.P.A. project; another wants income-tax advice, or wants her mother brought over from Poland. A business man wants a modification in the Patent Law; another is disturbed over the pending reciprocal trade treaty. So it goes from morning to night.

A Congressman is paid \$10,000 a year. He is allowed \$5000 more for clerk hire, \$125 is allotted to him for stationery, and mileage at the rate of 20 cents a mile to and from his home. To delegates from Alaska and Hawaii, this is a tidy sum.

Now, what does the Congressman do with these princely amounts? In most cases he must bring his wife and children to Washington. Then he has to put aside from one tenth to one half of his salary for the expenses of re-election. Finally, there are the multitude of contributions, and chip-ins to the organization. Most Congressmen are wholly dependent on their salaries. A majority live in one or two rooms

in modest hotels, and are very careful about their personal expenditures, for they find themselves poorer at the end of every session.

I was surprised to find *how hard Congressmen work*. Not all, to be sure. But the men who stay in Congress session after session manage it only by diligent application. Their day starts at 8:30 or 9 o'clock, with an hour and a half of dictation, interrupted by calls from constituents. Then comes a committee meeting from 10:30 to 12 o'clock. The House is in session from noon until 5 o'clock, sometimes longer. After that the Representative has another turn at his mail, puts in some work on the speeches he must deliver.

I was surprised to discover how much Congressmen know. No newcomer, however wise, can possibly have much influence in either House his first term. The late Dwight Morrow had been one of the nation's greatest bankers, an important figure in our international affairs, and Ambassador to Mexico. Many expected that he would at once take command in the Senate. They were disappointed when he spent months sitting quietly at his desk listening. Too many things were being discussed which he, with all his experience, knew little about. When a navy bill, for example, comes to the floor, it is debated by men who have been on the Naval Affairs Committee for 5, 10 or 20 years; a tax bill comes from a Ways and Means Committee whose vet-

eran members have framed a dozen tax measures.

I was surprised to find what conscientious work is done in the committees. Let me illustrate: We were about to consider a bill which prohibited the advertising of any product which "may be" injurious. Inasmuch as the penalties prescribed were severe, I thought that the language should be "is" rather than "may be." In my innocence I imagined that all I needed to do was suggest the change. Imagine my surprise to learn that this particular suggestion had been the subject of hours of testimony and debate. The committee had decided that the word "is" would delay action against a dangerous product until there was actual proof of damage to a human being. The words "may be" would make immediate action possible on the basis of laboratory tests on animals. So I had my first lesson as to the care with which legislation is framed.

Finally, I am surprised that our country holds together as well as it does. For example, one of my good friends is a Representative whose district is the western half of South Dakota. He represents 50,000 square miles of territory, and I represent five; yet we have the same number of people. My constituents, being on the seacoast, want a strong navy; his regard the navy as a shameful extravagance. His want

high prices for their farm products; mine want low prices at their meat and grocery stores. His want soil conservation; mine want relief. The amazing thing is not that we have problems in our country, but that we manage to maintain a certain degree of unity through it all.

As to the courage of Congressmen in their voting, they are about as brave on the average and about as cowardly as men in any other walk of life. True, they do not always vote their own convictions. But the difficulty is that the "people back home" judge a Representative not by what he can give to the nation, but by what he can get out of the public treasury for his own district. Pressure groups organize themselves and enforce their demands with the threat of defeat at the polls.

The cure for the faults of Congress may be, in part, better Congressmen. But the deeper and only permanent cure is a change of heart in the American people, a spiritual revival which will give us the same sort of patriotism we had during the World War, when we forgot all about *getting* from the Government and asked ourselves only, "What can I *give*?" Upon one point I am still sure: the American people have a much better Congress than they deserve, considering how little time and sacrifice they are willing to give to public affairs.



Acne—the Plague of Youth

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Inis Weed Jones

FOR GENERATIONS boys and girls have watched the fresh clear complexion of childhood become blotched and pimpled just at a time when they are most conscious of their personal appearance and concerned about what people think of them. Bewildered, they ask what to do about it.

"It's only acne," they are usually told. "There's nothing you can do, except outgrow it."

Let it be said at once that acne does *not* have to be outgrown. Yet most cases are still left to the tyranny of time, because acne more than any other ill, with the exception of insanity and the social diseases, has been surrounded by an atmosphere of ignorance, sex superstition and prejudice.

Nearly 4,000,000 boys and girls have acne. This total may seem high until, for example, you watch several thousand youngsters come rushing out of a large New York high school.

"We have over 4,000 boys in the Textile High," says David Alpern, their health director, "and from 15 to 20 percent of them have acne. That's 600 to 800 boys. We tell them what to do and half of them overcome the difficulty themselves. The other half require medical care

— and most of them don't get it. They can't get jobs, and they feel terribly about the way they look."

Employment directors, probation officers and psychiatrists stress in no uncertain terms the havoc wrought. It is caused not alone by the consciousness of being repellent — though that is hard enough to bear — but quite as much by our censorious beliefs about why one has acne.

Part of the cure is to rid the mind of both youth and its critics of these false ideas.

The most common belief is that if a youngster has acne it's because he's not clean. As one fastidious woman exclaimed, "Why, I didn't know *nice* people had acne!" But little subdebs and boys in exclusive preparatory schools have it as well as those who live in squalor and dirt. Acne is no respecter of persons.

"It's bad blood working its way out" is another common fallacy. This notion is of course a hangover from the days when patent medicine manufacturers made millions selling their "blood purifiers" for everything from cancer to St. Vitus's dance. Yet this explanation is still given by many schoolteachers to their questioning pupils.

4 The outrageous sex superstitions about acne do by far the worst harm. Because acne follows hard on the heels of puberty with its beginnings of the sex urge, facial blotches came to be considered telltale evidence of masturbation.

This superstition still continues to outrage pride and self respect. A case in point is that of a 16-year-old high school boy who came to one of his teachers last winter for denial of what he'd just been jeeringly told was the cause of his pimples. Tears in his eyes and voice, but the set of his mouth resolute. It took three teachers and a doctor to break down his determination to leave and go where no one knew him.

A social worker tells of an incorrigible boy of 14 to whose defiance of standards "The Welfare" had no clue until they offered to help him get rid of his acne. "Gee, if I could get that signboard off my face!" He'd been striking back at a world that had looked askance at him for something not his fault.

It should be made crystal clear that acne bears no relation to masturbation.

Another ancient fear is that acne has some relation to syphilis, either inherited or acquired. Acne does not resemble the lesions of syphilis. Today when the spirochete of this disease may be detected under the microscope this particular specter can be laid. But not so easily the fear of one's half-informed contemporaries.

Is it any wonder, then, that youth has come to feel repulsive and unwanted, and that most of the severe cases result in a profound feeling of inferiority that is never entirely overcome? Occasionally there's a mental crack-up from being made to feel like a social outcast.

What then, *does* cause these unsightly eruptions?

Many factors may contribute to a stubborn case, but primarily the explanation is that during adolescence, with its rapid and often uneven growth, *the functions of the skin don't always keep pace with each other.*

When the minute glands on face, neck, chest and shoulders suddenly begin to speed up oil production faster than the skin can get rid of it the oil thickens and clogs in stubborn blackheads that can't be got out by ordinary means. Then they push up in angry points and deep lumps, and that is acne. Thus what is designed to make us beautiful, temporarily makes us ugly.

Tests show that 70 percent of all children have blackheads, but they cause acne only when you can't manage them. Most cases are mild and of short duration, some last until maturity, a few persist until middle age. But when the body does catch up with itself and the functions of the skin synchronize once more the skin again becomes clear.

Physicians tell us that acne should be treated at the very outset, while it's still easy to correct. This is now

done in a New York State institution for children, and with the happiest results. There is, at present, not a case in the whole school. Sooner or later the doctor in charge will no doubt find one that resists treatment and does literally have to be outgrown, but these instances are rare.

Most doctors get their cases only after they have become serious, and often only after irreparable scarring of the face. Even so, the percentage of cures is high, 85 to 90 percent!

Correction takes several months, usually four, stubborn cases longer. It's of first importance to choose a doctor with the habit of mind that attacks a problem from all angles, for acne *may be* complicated by infected teeth or tonsils, nutritional disturbances or faulty hygiene.

The following methods of correction are now variously combined by family physicians and skin specialists:

1. An incredible amount of face-washing by a technique designed, not for ordinary cleanliness, but to help get rid of the excess oil.

2. Improvement in general health and living conditions.

3. The use of ultraviolet ray and X-ray treatments.

4. Techniques for correcting glandular imbalance.

The first two mentioned — in which your doctor will require your coöperation — are the ones by which half of those high school boys are able to overcome their acne.

Many doctors advise lathering and massaging with the highly alkaline green soap — or, if this proves too strong, with castile. For sensitive skins some advise instead compresses of warm wet towels. After either of these procedures, most doctors say, "Wash first with warm water, then with cold." Many recommend this routine *five* times a day! Concluding this treatment some prescribe either the application of alcohol or the standard "White Lotion" designed to dry and peel the thickened skin so that the pores can work better.

A doctor prefers not to leave to the patient the extraction of blackheads, for bruising from hard pressure spreads infection. "Don't pick, and don't squeeze," he warns.

Your physician will stress the importance of healthy living. "Plenty of outdoor exercise, lots of fresh air and sunshine, proper elimination," he'll tell you. "And a simple diet. Go slow on sweets, pastries and rich fried foods. Eat more fresh fruit and vegetables — along with plenty of milk."

At present dermatologists are inclined to attack persistent cases by a course of X-ray treatments to lessen the overactivity of the oil glands. Family physicians are more inclined to make glandular dosage part of their therapy. Fortunately, *the best men in both fields are making big records in the correction of acne.*

Undoubtedly experience will eventually enable doctors to differenti-

ate between those cases that are specifically glandular, those chiefly due to local causes, and those mainly due to faulty hygiene or nutritional disturbances. Thus the record of acne will be improved even over what it is now.

But the significant fact remains: that acne has at last ceased to be a

medical "no man's land," that half of these nearly 4,000,000 boys and girls can help themselves and physicians can help the other half. Young people must go through "the awkward age" so there'll always be a tendency to acne, but it's nothing to be ashamed of and they don't have to outgrow it!

Unsound Effects

THE CROWD noises heard in many American newsreels of football games are made in Japan. It seems that producers don't make fresh sound recordings of big outdoor events, because one crowd noise is much like another, except that the Japanese are the best crowd noise makers. To avoid the possibility that one strident voice shouting "Banzai!" might be discernible, the sound track is run backwards.

—Adapted from *For Men Only*

AS FAR AS the air conditioning engineer is concerned, "dripping" — not "gripping" — describes the effect of hair-raising melodrama on the moviegoer. Evaporation from an adult is normally one tenth of a pound of moisture per hour, and for a mildly interesting film shown to 1000 persons the ventilating system has to take care of 100 pounds of moisture per hour. But during a love scene or a gangster movie, the ventilating system has to take care of 150 pounds of moisture. *

—*Architectural Record*

BECAUSE music cannot be used in sound pictures to make the actors "give" in a scene, Hollywood stages are being flooded with scents. It was first used by Director Theodore Reed, who found that Bing Crosby and Mary Carlisle reacted best in love scenes when lapped in the odor of heliotrope; that Martha Raye's comedy was aided by the spicy odor of geranium. The scent of mint revived the players about 4 p.m. when energies were at low ebb. —Mildred Martin in *Philadelphia Inquirer*

TO GET the sound of an ice pack breaking up for the film *Eskimo*, tons of ice were dropped on concrete, boxes were smashed with pile-drivers, sounds of a motor crash and a train collision were combined; none was right. Finally the sound department put a teaspoonful of baking soda on a glass-topped table near the mike, pressed it hard with a thumb. Amplified hundreds of times, it gave the exact effect.

—Jerome Beatty in *American Magazine*

☞ Windows, movies, and night driving may all be different a few years hence

The Magic of Polaroid

Condensed from Fortune

IN THE observation car of the Union Pacific's crack streamliner *City of Los Angeles* are 29 quite ordinary looking round windows. In reality they are something new and wonderful, called "variable-density windows." When "open" for viewing the scenery, their color is a neutral gray. They are composed of two glass disks, one fixed, another which rotates when the passenger turns a crank; and as it rotates, the light from outside grows dimmer and dimmer and, at the end of a quarter turn, is blocked out entirely in purple darkness. These magic windows were made by a Boston company called the Polaroid Corp., sole owner and manufacturer of a strange new product.

Polaroid gets its name from the fact that it polarizes light waves — that is, gives them a definite direction as they pass through it. Normal light comes to the eye chaotically from all directions and in giving it direction Polaroid eliminates glare and intensifies color. Indeed, Polaroid really *conditions* light, and we may come to speak of light conditioning just as now we speak of air conditioning.

Polaroid has been on the market only three years. But already peo-

ple are wearing it in sunglasses, researching with it in microscopes, telescopes and other optical instruments, reading by it in lamps, taking pictures with it in cameras. It has — experimentally — produced colored movies *in three dimensions*. And every automobile driver may soon be clamoring for it because it can completely eliminate headlight glare.

In appearance Polaroid is a transparent sheet about three thousandths of an inch thick, which looks and handles like cellophane. The sheet itself is a colloidal suspension of needlelike crystals, several thousand billion to the square inch and all lying parallel. For the protection of the fragile crystals, Polaroid is usually laminated, or sandwiched, between two sheets of safety film or glass.

A glance at familiar objects through Polaroid shows a strange new world. If you examine a milk bottle through it, rainbow-colored stripes reveal the places where the glass has been improperly annealed. If you slip Polaroid into a microscope, a pure white caffeine crystal flowers into a colorful jungle landscape. Polarized light is one of the few mediums through which films a mere mole-

cule in thickness can be seen. It enables jewelers to tell real from artificial gems. It shows defects in silk stockings or sausage casings. It has produced three dimensional X rays, and an inventor is now trying to adapt it to the fluoroscope in such a way that doctors may be able to see the human heart or any other organ at work in the body.

Because it eliminates surface glare Polaroid enables the eye to see into water much more deeply than normally. A camera equipped with Polaroid can photograph a submerged submarine. And many deep-sea fishermen like Polaroid sunglasses because they disclose the fish rising for the bait just before the strike.

Polaroid's inventor is brilliant young Edwin H. Land, who now, at 29, has complete control of Polaroid Corp. It all goes back to a Harvard physics laboratory when, some nine years ago, Land and his physics instructor used to engage in long after-class discussions. Land displayed an incurable enthusiasm for a light polarizer he had devised in his teens in a rudimentary home laboratory. The instructor, George Wheelwright III, in addition to his knowledge and keen judgment, had money. It was a perfect team.

Land never took the trouble to graduate; but after he produced his first successful polarizer, Harvard gave him a laboratory. In 1932, he and Wheelwright founded in a cellar in Dartmouth Street, Boston, a

general laboratory consultant service. No special emphasis on Land's polarizer was planned, but destiny in the form of the Eastman Kodak Company ruled otherwise. In 1934 Eastman signed a contract for the manufacture of photographic light filters and shortly after, the American Optical Company took out a license to manufacture Polaroid for use in sunglasses. The new invention was on its way.

Land was, of course, not the first man to polarize light, but he was the first to work out a practical commercial solution. Polaroid physicists have a favorite analogy to explain how their product works. This regards a ray of light as a round bar and the Polaroid sheet as a slot that flattens the bar into a ribbon when the bar passes through it. In a sheet of Polaroid the billions of invisible slots, formed by billions of crystals in parallel lines, shape the unpolarized barlike rays into polarized ribbonlike rays.

Many of the applications of Polaroid depend upon the behavior of these polarized rays when they meet a second sheet of Polaroid. If the slots in the second sheet are parallel to the slots in the first, the ribbons of light pass through unchanged. If the slots in the second sheet cross those of the first at a slight angle, some light passes but the ray is weaker. But if the slots in the second sheet are turned at right angles to those of the first, the flattened rays are blocked. This explains the

magic windows in the Union Pacific's observation car.

A single sheet of Polaroid in sunglasses decreases the glare because nature herself is a polarizer; that is, light is given a certain direction by reflection, as from the surface of water. Since these reflections are glaring, they prevent the eye from penetrating below the surface; or if they arise from a shiny printed page, they prevent it from seeing the words. Now the surface of water or the surface of a page is horizontal; hence, the light reflected from them is polarized horizontally.

Since this is the case, these rays can be blocked out by a piece of Polaroid set vertically in the frames of sunglasses. In the desk lamp the Polaroid sheet is placed in front of the lamp, instead of at the eye. It polarizes the light vertically, and these vertical ribbons cannot glance off the horizontal paper in the form of glare.

The simplest way to eliminate automobile headlight glare is to have cars equipped with a sheet of Polaroid in front of the driver's eyes like a visor on the windshield, and another sheet in each headlight. Each driver can then see the

light from his own headlights, but the lights of a car coming from the opposite direction appear only as two luminous purple disks. Behind these you can actually make out the detail of the car's hood, fenders, and even the license plate.

All headlight glare cannot be eliminated until *all* cars are equipped with Polaroid. (The cost would probably run about \$3 to \$5 a car.) But a Polaroid visor in your car would give some protection against headlight glare from approaching cars, unequipped with Polaroid.

The use of Polaroid is growing so fast that the company can scarcely keep up with itself. At present the Polaroid laboratories are selling Polaroid for 30 different uses. Twenty-four other uses are in the experimental stage, most of them almost ready for commercial application.

In the field of three dimensional movies, it is worth noting that it will be necessary to wear Polaroid spectacles to get the three dimensional effect. But Polaroid thinks movie-goers would gladly wear the spectacles in order to get the effect of actually being in the room with the actors, instead of just looking at flat images on a screen.

On Bing Crosby's front lawn is this sign: Keep off the grass. Remember when you too were struggling for recognition.

— Jim Tully in *This Week*

Message flashed on the screen of a London cinema theater: A five-pound note has been found in the stalls. Will the owner please form a queue outside the box office tomorrow night?

— *Pearson's Magazine*

Pro | and Shall We Abolish Tipping? Con

Tipping will be outlawed at the New York World's Fair, according to present plans. Restaurants will add a 10 percent service charge. Guides, bat-check girls, boothblacks, washroom attendants will be forbidden to accept tips. This will be America's largest effort to eliminate the tipping system.

Mr. Pro and Mr. Con this month debate the question: "Should we abandon tipping in all service industries, putting employes on a basis of either straight wages, or wages with percentage service charges added?"

*** MR. PRO SAYS YES:**

TIPPING is practically universal and yet no sensible person has anything good to say for it. Neither the employe nor the customer likes it. A *Fortune* survey of opinion last summer showed a vote of only 23 percent favoring the system. Pullman porters, redcaps, waiters, bellboys are predominantly for adequate wage scales and no tips. At a state convention, hotel and restaurant workers went solidly on record against tipping, with a pledge to seek its abolition.

Progressive management doesn't like it. Lucius Boomer, head of the Waldorf-Astoria, says, "The lifting of service employment in hotels to a higher level is hindered, in my opinion, by the tipping system. There should be no argument as to the desirability of ultimately eliminating it." Other leading hotel men agree.

Tipping makes the customer uncomfortable. Practically everyone feels either angry or ashamed of the human race when the washroom attendant uses a whiskbroom to blackmail him out of a dime. This atmosphere of cringing demand is an outrage on both parties. Then there is always the jittery old question of just how much will do right by bellhop or chambermaid, without overdoing it.

The employe hates being forced to seek as a condescending favor what should be his just due for work done. Nor has he recourse when the Pullman passenger doesn't tip, or a party of eight with a \$16 check leaves 50 cents. From both sides of the fence that situation lacks honesty, decency and either moral or economic justification.

Yet tipping is spreading. Lunch counter help begins to expect it, even soda clerks. Taxi drivers are forced by absurdly low wage scales

to look to tips for a major part of their incomes. Women are starting to tip-bribe salesgirls to hold out juicy bargains for them. Money slipped across the counter will often get you a lower berth or an outside stateroom. In no time we shall be like the French, who must tip the postman to bring a registered letter, and the girl fetching a package from the shop.

Cynical absurdity reaches its height in the hat-check racket. The pretty girl never gets the tip. It goes to her boss, who pays big money for the concession.

Waiter-tipping is notoriously infested with petty graft. The waiter must often pay the headwaiter and sometimes the management for his job, and pass a percentage of his tips on to bus boys. Where tips are pooled and split, there is constant wrangling about the division. Cashiers participate; that is why they give change in large coins. All this does not make a pretty picture.

Management has excellent reasons for yearning to be rid of tipping. It hurts business. Tourist camps are taking motorists away from small hotels which charge no more. Hotels lose needed revenue because patrons, rather than be met by outstretched palms every few steps, go outside for meals and services.

Tipping also hurts employer-employee relations. Estimating tips as a basis for wage scales makes for constant bickering. The various

kinds of chiseling keep the help squabbling among themselves, which is reflected in sullen, sour service. Any manager valuing small labor turnover and self-respecting cheerfulness among his staff knows tipping is poison, and puts up with it only because everybody else does.

The word "tip" is said to have originated from the slotted boxes in English inns marked "T.I.P." — "to insure promptness." The very origin of the term indicates its blackmail aspect. Waiters have ways — a drop of soup here, a long wait there — of disciplining the stingy. Conversely, a waiter with high-tipping customers disrupts everybody else's service to favor his pets.

The better employes hate the bribe system. "We want to treat everybody nice as we know how," say Pullman porters. "The spender shouldn't get any better service than some sick man traveling in a sleeper because he has to, without a dime over his fare. But when the 'Big Shot' hands you five bucks and says, 'Boy, I want service now,' he figures he can keep you running all day, no matter who gets neglected. We hate that. But tips are figured as part of our pay, and the pay ain't enough without them. So what can we do?"

Tipped service is by no means the best. Airline hostesses aren't tipped and are famous for efficiency. Private clubs seldom permit tipping. The Longchamps chain of restaurants in New York forbids

tips, adds 10 percent service charge, and is famous for good service. Best service in Europe is in no-tip hotels.

Tipping is European in origin, but Europe is far ahead of us in getting rid of it. By law in Italy and Germany, by growing custom in Switzerland, France and Sweden, service charges are substituted in hotels and restaurants. Such an arrangement is fair, and it makes the patron comfortable, for he knows it takes care of everyone, both those he sees and the invisible chambermaid and "boots."

Think how refreshing it is when you leave a tip in some out-of-the-way country place and somebody runs out to the car: "Mister, you left a quarter on the table."

Americans would never stand for tipping and its servile implications if the system had not been gradually sneaked over on them.

MR. CON SAYS NO:

TIPPING is realistic; it faces the fundamental fact that only the man who pays is the boss. The waiter, bellhop or taxi driver is temporarily working for you. Yet unless an important part of his pay comes from your tips, you have no control over him. It is no more than right that the size of his pay should depend upon how well he works for you — with you as judge.

Under no-tipping systems, the patron's only recourse against sloppy

service is to complain to the management. Most of us will not report every small carelessness or rudeness. Life is too short. Besides, we feel a formal complaint is too serious; it may imperil a man's job. So there is a wide gap between good service and neglect flagrant enough to evoke a squawk to the boss.

Tips are a sort of language. The standard 10 percent means, "OK — no complaints." A heavy tip means, "Much obliged for swell treatment." A low tip, or none means, "You're terrible. But I'd rather keep it between ourselves than tattle to the manager." Eliminate the tip and there is no middle ground between spineless acceptance of bad service and an open declaration of war.

Tipping works well when patrons have nerve enough to use it as a discipline instead of an automatic gift — when they refuse tips to the inattentive, and when they send the waiter back for smaller change.

Longchamps restaurants are famous just because they are the only sizable enterprises that ever abolished tipping and succeeded — which shows the general impracticability of the idea. In countries where the law has abolished the tip, the patron still tips if he is wise. Even Soviet Russia cannot wholly eliminate the tip. In Sweden, hotel employes struck last year to get back the old tip system.

At best the service charge is a pointless bookkeeping formality.

What difference does it make whether tips are added to the bill or left on the table? Except that the service charge destroys the flexibility which is the tip's chief value to the customer, and on the average reduces the waiter's income. Many patrons tip more than 10 percent — enough of them to outweigh the occasional tightwads.

At worst, a percentage service charge inspires the waiter to become a high-pressure salesman on commission instead of a servant, which is highly annoying.

Tips are not as precarious a livelihood as they might seem; most service employees know almost to a dollar how much they can earn in a week — if they do good work. Which is as it should be.

True, tipping was rare in Amer-

ica years ago. So was good service, on the testimony of cosmopolitan, travelers. Tipping is customer protection and it is here to stay. States which pass anti-tipping laws soon repeal them as unenforceable.

Admittedly, the system can be improved. Hat-check concessions and kick-back arrangements should be attacked. Managements might well be forced to post schedules of wages paid, and state whether employees keep tips or have to hand all or part of them in. That way, both patron and employee would know just where they stand. The public would soon stop patronizing wage-chiselers. The customer would have some power to induce proper service. The employee would be paid in proportion to quality of service. What could be fairer than that?

Toward a More Picturesque Speech

THE OCEAN endlessly rose
and salaamed (Harvey Fergusson)
. . . Birds making musical
bouquets (Amanda B. Hall) . . .
Rain water, tasting of the
space through which it had
fallen (Allison Dorrance) . . . Pools
of oil on the wet pavement made little
dead rainbows . . . The wind stage-
whispered in the distance (Charles Martin)

THE KIND of man who remembers

*How Else
Would
You
Say It?*

your age but forgets your
birthday (Isaac Foot) . . . So
persistent she would have the
last word with an echo (Stephen
McCarthy) . . . So late he was
ashamed to look the clock in
the face (K. V. Myers) . . . I
looked at her face and read between
the lines . . . If we could only distill
lovely days and keep the essence in
bottles (Sylvia Thompson)

The Smiths Are Building a Home

Condensed from The Forum

Marc A. Rose

THE Smiths and the Joneses are buying new homes. Even with a depression on, 400,000 new dwellings are being snapped up this year. It is the first energetic display of home building activity in ten years, and it is touching a section of the population other booms have swept past. For half these new dwellings cost less than \$5000, including garage and lot. Banks and loan associations throughout the country have discovered the little man and are competing for his business. They have begun to understand that the small income man, as the automobile industry found out long ago, is a good credit risk.

Back of this sudden upturn in building — and particularly the attitude of the banks toward it — is a government agency that lends nothing and, because it pays its way by fees charged for its services, costs the taxpayer next to nothing: the Federal Housing Administration. Not to be confused with the U. S. Housing Authority, which builds apartment houses, or the Home Owners Loan Corporation, which bailed out hundreds of thousands facing foreclosures, the FHA is simply an insurance corporation. It guarantees banks and loan

associations against loss of principal on loans which it approves. For this insurance the home-buyer pays the premium: from one quarter to one half of one percent on the diminishing principal of the loan.

Guaranteeing the lender against loss, however, is only one of the services the FHA performs. Its advice to the buyer and builder is not less valuable. For the first time the inexperienced home-buyer, making the biggest business deal of his life, has someone looking out for his interests, guarding him against salesmen who would get him over his head in debt, examining the neighborhood in which he proposes to build, and inspecting the home while it is going up.

If you are a prospective homeowner, you first apply to a bank or other approved financial institution for a loan on a mortgage not in excess of \$16,000. Your application is forwarded to one of the 68 insuring offices of FHA.

Five underwriters rate each application. First, an examiner sifts out the obvious ineligible. Second, an architect studies costs and plans; the house must be neither too expensive nor too cheap for its environment, and it must harmonize with its neighbors. Third, a valua-

tor examines rental value, location and marketability. Fourth, a mortgage-risk examiner investigates the borrower's character and the relationship between his income and the contemplated debt. "How hard will he fight to keep his home?" is one question the examiner tries to answer.

The chief underwriter in each office reviews all these reports and gives or withholds approval. About four out of five applications get through the sieve. This may seem high, but even to become an applicant, the borrower has survived the bank's scrutiny.

If the FHA approves, it then guarantees to the bank that your loan will be paid back in monthly instalments over a period of 25 years. Maximum interest charge permitted is five percent. What's more, the mortgage may run as high as 90 percent on a small home. Suppose you buy a pleasant and well-built home for \$4000 — you may pay as little as \$400 down, and pay the rest off at, say, \$28 a month, which covers taxes and insurance and interest and wipes out the mortgage in 25 years.

During construction, a house gets three thorough inspections to see that specifications are met and workmanship is sound. A charge of \$3 per \$1000 of the amount of the mortgage is made for this service.

The FHA has made it possible to buy better homes for less money. It has reduced materially the cost

of financing, which is a big item. Its gradual repayment plan has done away with many of the evils of second mortgages and short-term first mortgages which have to be renewed frequently and expensively. Builders were prompt to see a business opportunity and for the first time went to work seriously on the problem of the really inexpensive house.

Builders often put homes through valuation and inspection merely for FHA's stamp of approval, which has become a good selling point. Buyers do the same, for their own protection, even though they do not take an insured mortgage.

Plainly, FHA has no authority to tell a man what kind of house he shall build, or where. But the man who is told that his project will not pass, has a right to ask, "Well, then, what kind *will* you approve?"

So FHA has developed standards and has published manuals on planning small homes and on land planning. It supplies no stock plans (doesn't want to see thousands of uniform houses tiresomely lining our streets), but it offers suggestive sketches.

Deterioration of a neighborhood may be more disastrous than depreciation of the house. The FHA land-planning division has passed on 4000 subdivisions. Its experts prefer a layout with curving streets, that provides shopping center, parks, and playgrounds, rather than the old checkerboard or gridiron plan.

They often persuade a developer to change his original plan materially. And it usually saves money, for there are fewer streets, less paving, shorter water mains and sewers. Frequently it rescues inaccessible lots. A park strip may eliminate an unpleasant view. Traffic hazards are minimized by creating dead-end streets. Subdivisions for \$5000 homes thus get the attention once reserved for expensive garden suburbs.

Economies in building have been achieved by intelligent planning. The trend is toward fewer rooms. The living room is larger, but the dining room frequently disappears. Fewer homes have cellars. Dimensions are worked out so carefully that it is said a bushel basket will hold all the waste ends of lumber.

The Act which created FHA was amended last winter, raising the insured mortgage maximum from 80 to the present 90 percent of valuation, extending the amortization period to 25 years, reducing the annual insurance charge to $\frac{1}{4}$ percent on the smaller homes, and reducing or eliminating other small charges. About one third of the mortgages which are being accepted for insurance carry the maximum terms; two thirds show larger down payments and shorter lives.

FHA had insured \$1,333,905,208 in mortgages by the end of June, 1938. Banner state has been California, where the leading bankers enthusiastically sold the plan to the

public. There are \$200,000,000 of insured mortgages in force in California, more than one seventh of the national total. Not one has been foreclosed.

New York, eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas and the Southeastern states have built many homes this year. In Detroit, there is lively building, despite dull times in the automobile factories.

Receipts from fees and premiums have gradually increased until they now just about offset FHA's expenses of \$800,000 monthly. Income presently will show a sharp rise, when the new crop of home buyers begins to pay premiums.

When a borrower becomes delinquent, the bank forecloses, and may either sell the property and satisfy the debt, or turn it over to the FHA for debentures which bear $2\frac{3}{4}$ percent interest. When the FHA sells the foreclosed properties, the proceeds of the sale retire these debentures. Actually, out of 324,000 mortgages insured by the end of June, 1938, only 246 properties had been turned back to FHA.

To meet possible losses, FHA has set aside reserves of \$21,000,000, and probably will increase that sum by \$5,000,000 this year.

The critic of FHA asks: Will Uncle Sam some day find himself in the real estate business as owner of thousands of homes? Will FHA increase its personnel by leaps and bounds — as government bureaus

are prone to do? Will Congress pass ever more liberal terms? Will politics enter the picture, especially labor politics, demanding union labor on every house that FHA is to approve?

Most serious question of all, will FHA continue to be administered efficiently? Sloppy administration could easily lead to lax standards and jerry building.

Best safeguard seems to be the fact that the banks and insurance

companies are involved. They don't like to make sour loans, insured or no, and least of all would they want to see the real estate market ruined by a series of FHA blunders. So they watch FHA vigilantly and critically.

FHA supporters, for their part, say politicians will be slow to tinker with an organization which the banks support and which has been so successful in reviving residential building.

Grave Humor

*Epitaphs in Old Churchyards
from the collection of Carl S. Clancy*

IN MEMORY OF ANNA HOPEWELL

Here lies the body of our Anna
Done to death by a banana
It wasn't the fruit that laid her low
But the skin of the thing that made her go
(Enosburg, Vermont)

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF JARED BATES

Who died August the 6th, 1800.
His widow, aged 24, lives at 7 Elm Street,
Has every qualification for a good wife,
And yearns to be comforted.
(Lincoln, Maine)

IN MEMORY OF MR. PETER DANIELS

Born August 7, 1688. Died May 20, 1746.
Beneath this stone, a lump of clay,
Lies Uncle Peter Daniels,
Who too early in the month of May
Took off his winter flannels.
(Medway, Mass.)

Here lies the body of SUSAN LOWDER
Who burst while drinking Sedlitz Powder
Called from this world to her Heavenly rest
She should have waited till it effervesced
(Burlington, Mass.)

The Play's the Thing

BACK in the '80's, James O'Neill (father of Eugene) was touring Texas with his famous production of *Monte Cristo*. Playing to a typical frontier audience one night, things had gone particularly well, and the old melodrama was galloping along to the final duel. When O'Neill drew his sword and hissed, "Your time has come," to Danglars, the villain, a cowboy in the balcony could not stand it a second longer.

"If you don't fix him," he shouted, loosening his holster, "I will!"

Poor Danglars was quaking in his shoes. "Mr. O'Neill, kill me quick!" he whispered. Never was the duel more electric, nor the final lunge more desperately real.

"That's right," came the voice again from aloft. "If you hadn't done it, I certainly would." — *Stage*

WHEN Don Marquis turned from writing to acting, he sometimes couldn't remember the lines. In one play much of his part as an old gentleman was pasted into a newspaper which he could carry. Once in the middle of a scene he found that somebody had gone off with his newspaper. So, waking smartly from his stage nap, he broke into the middle of a love scene going on down-stage center,

bawling: "Somebody has taken my newspaper. I want my newspaper. Who took my newspaper?" Everybody on stage and off entered into the spirit of the moment,

and by the time they had gotten the old gentleman quieted down, the newspaper was hustled in from the wings by one of the actors. Mr. Marquis went back to read and doze, and the lovers went back to getting engaged. Playgoers thought it the best scene of the play, the most characteristic. — *Stage*

LON CHANEY once played the title role of the musical comedy, *The Gingerbread Man*, in a company touring the Coast. In one scene, as the gingerbread character, he had to stand absolutely motionless in a shop window for 10 minutes. One night some of the actors played what they thought was a joke on him by sprinkling itching powder inside his costume, worn next the skin. Chaney betrayed not the slightest sign of the agony he was enduring, but when he came off he was almost a nervous wreck. In those dreadful 10 minutes, he had proved the same marvelous control of muscles which one day was to make him the greatest character actor in screen history.

— Robert Z. Leonard, in *Baltimore Sun*

DURING a performance of *East Lynne* for colored people only, I think every colored person in Greenville (Miss.) was on the boat.

It was raining torrents and, knowing the roof leaked, they had all brought umbrellas and were sitting under them, absorbed in the play. Everything went smoothly until in the third act Little Willie was lying in his cot, getting ready to die, and Lady Isabel, his mother, was kneeling over him, when suddenly the roof sprang a fresh leak over the cot. Willie tried to dodge the stream of water but couldn't. Then an old colored woman sitting in the front row and completely lost in the play, walked up on the stage, announcing proudly, "Yo' pore chile, old Aunt Emma ain't goin' to let yo' die in no puddle o' water." And she held her umbrella over Little Willie while he died.

— Billy Bryant, in *Baltimore Sunday Sun*

ONE NIGHT when the great actor Edwin Booth was playing Hamlet, the man cast for the Ghost had never done the part with him. To the terrace came the Prince of Denmark, to watch for the apparition. The Ghost walked on, but the eyes Hamlet turned on him were so alive with horror that the poor Ghost backed off into the wings, frightened out of his wits.

— Helen Ormabee, *Backstage with Actors* (Crowell)

LILLIAN GISH finds no research too tedious, no effort too great to achieve her ends. In preparing for the movie version of *La Boheme*, and the death of Mimi from a malady of the lungs, Lillian went to the hospital to study the disease and the symptoms at the various stages. The result Mr. Vidor, her director, pictures: "The afternoon we were to photograph Mimi's death, Miss Gish arrived at the studio looking whiter than I had ever seen her and at least 10 pounds thinner. She was unable to speak above a whisper. When death overcame Mimi, Miss Gish had completely stopped breathing. The cameras ground on. When finally they stopped, Miss Gish did not open her eyes. Everyone was fearful of what might have happened. To me Miss Gish had actually died in the portrayal of the scene. Then I touched her gently on the arm. Her head turned slowly, and her lips formed a faint smile. The inside of her mouth was dry, and before she was able to speak again it was necessary to wet her lips which had stuck to her teeth. I hope I shall never see a similar scene quite so well done."

— Albert Bigelow Paine, *Life and Lillian Gish* (Macmillan)

MARK TWAIN dedicated his book, *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and Other Sketches*:

TO JOHN SMITH

IT IS SAID that a man to whom a book is dedicated always buys a copy. If this is true in this instance, a princely affluence is about to burst upon the author.

IN SEARCH OF SOVIET GOLD

A condensation from the book by

JOHN D. LITTLEPAGE
and Demaree Bess

FROM 1928 to 1937 John D. Littlepage, an American mining engineer, held a key position in Stalin's favorite industry, the Gold Trust; and he was largely instrumental in causing the rise of the Soviet Union to second place in world production of gold. From first to last, Littlepage had no interest in Soviet politics. He was a practical, hard-driving engineer. He traveled some 200,000 miles through central and Asiatic Russia, opening up mines, keeping up production, carrying out an industrial campaign of titanic proportions. One of the first American technicians called to Russia, he was one of the last to leave. He had seen more of Siberian backwaters than any other foreigner, he had risen to the post of Chief Engineer in the Gold Trust, he had seen "wreckers" at work and had also watched the police interfere with industry.

After this tremendous experience, Littlepage returned to America and was persuaded to talk by his friend, Demaree Bess, who for many years was Moscow correspondent of *The Christian Science Monitor*. The result is a book which offers food for thought to those who approve and equally to those who disapprove of Stalin's rule. Above all, it offers something to that vast group who feel that no impartial word has ever been written about the land of the Soviets.

IN SEARCH OF SOVIET GOLD

IN THE SPRING of 1928 I left Alaska, where I had been superintendent of a nice gold mining property, and sailed for Russia to work for the newly-formed Soviet Gold Trust. My contract, which was extremely generous, ran for two years. I had not the slightest intimation that I would spend a full ten years on this job.

In Moscow, I spent my first month getting acquainted with the organization of the Gold Trust. I found that plans were being made to expand the gold industry on a gigantic scale and that plenty of funds seemed available. I had been appointed chief engineer for a group of gold mines being developed at Kochkar, in the Ural Mountains in western Siberia. I immediately did what I would have done in Alaska or anywhere else: asked for plans of the mines, production figures, and cost sheets, so that I could estimate whether they were worth working.

I asked a young German economist in the office to get me this material. He was a very earnest Communist who had come to throw in his lot with the Bolsheviks. He told me: "Under our system, you

don't need to worry about costs. If production costs are high in one mine, they are balanced by low costs in another."

Such talk simply didn't make sense to me, but I was in no position to argue the point. I gathered up my family, and climbed on a train for the long ride from Moscow to the Urals.

Siberia Becomes Our Home

WE WERE given a hearty reception at the mines. The natural hospitality of the Russians had not yet been warped by spy manias or campaigns against foreigners, and the people were as kind and friendly as we had known anywhere. We were conducted to an enormous 17-room log house, built for the manager of a French mining concession before the war.

We had hardly taken a look around our new mansion before horse-drawn carriages arrived, and we were rushed over to the house of the Communist manager of the mines for dinner. This was the first of a round of dinner parties which continued for more than a week.

The life at Kochkar in 1928 didn't seem unlike the life we had lived in Alaska. The mines at that time were closed on Sundays: the idea of continuous production hadn't come yet. The nearby steppes provided plenty of good duck hunting, and I found some Russian acquaintances who liked this sport as well as I did. When the weather was fine, we had family picnics in the woods. My two young daughters made friends, and soon picked up the language.

The country and the people suited us fine. We paid no rent; food was abundant and cheap. The peasants brought in their produce to a great bazaar, sat in their carts or spread out their vegetables, fruits, meat, eggs, and cheese on the ground, and spent a sociable day disposing of their produce.

My work absorbed all my energy. Serebrovsky, the big boss in the gold industry, and the man who had signed me up, had sent me to Kochkar because these were the first Soviet gold mines to receive modern equipment. He wanted me to use them as a model and training ground for the industry.

It didn't take long to discover that I had a huge job on my hands. None of the workmen had had any experience with mechanized mining, and many of the older engineers themselves had never seen modern milling equipment. The Russians all had an exaggerated impression of what American machinery could do; I could give examples of what

happened to our expensive imported machinery that would make an engineer's hair stand on end. I saw that it would be necessary to teach individual workmen drilling, timbering, blasting, and especially care of equipment. I put on digging clothes and went to work with the men, as I did during all my years in Russia.

I had one amusing experience with an old Russian miner. While inspecting a mine one morning, I saw that he was using a drilling machine improperly. So I came up behind him, put my arms around him and my hands over his on the handles of the machine. He was surprised, and struggled a bit, but I held firm, nodding reassuringly. I couldn't talk to him.

Soon he seemed to get the idea, but when I let loose, he dropped the machine and indignantly headed for a ladder leading out of the shaft. I strode up to the ladder, reached for his pants cuffs, dragged him down again without a word, picked up the machine, and put it in his hands. I motioned to him to go ahead, which he did.

Somebody apparently observed this incident, and soon it was all over the mines. I heard it later in remote parts of Russia; it was finally put into a textbook on mining, as an example of how engineers should get down into the mines and work with the men.

In Alaska there was no class distinction between officials and men, but Russian engineering traditions

tended to keep engineers in good clothes in their offices, well out of the dirty mine shafts. One day a group of 200 engineering students came to our mines for practical experience. When I went through the mill, they were standing around with notebooks, drawing pictures of machinery. I suggested that they go to work in the mill; that by actually performing the different operations, they would learn better, and could later train workmen more easily.

They were outraged, and curtly informed me that they were future engineers, not workmen. I decided to make an issue. I posted orders that they would not be permitted to enter the plant unless they followed my instructions. Some of them tried to stir up trouble, and even appealed to their institutes.

Fortunately for my prestige, the authorities backed me up and ordered the students to do as I had suggested. Later the young people themselves came around to my point of view. In a few weeks a committee from the group thanked me for showing them how to get the best out of their limited time in the mines. Nevertheless I saw that Russians were a long way from our American forms of industrial democracy.

Moreover, Soviet engineers are subjected to several times more paper work than those in western countries. In the Alaska-Juneau mines, one of the largest gold-mining properties in the world, the office force consisted of five people.

Here, with an output but a fraction of the Alaskan mines, the office force numbered 150 people, and even that number was always behind in its paper work. At the Alaskan mines, I could get any figures I needed in a minute, but in Russia it might take weeks.

On several occasions I proposed to install a system which would permit engineers to obtain promptly accurate reports of operation and costs, which are essential, as any engineer knows, to efficient control of the mines — under the Russian system or any other. But it came to nothing. The system in Russia seems to depend upon paper as its meat and drink.

The figures, when I got them, showed that the output per man per day was less than one tenth that of American workmen in Alaskan mines. Even after allowing for the ignorance and lack of training of the Russian miners, this discrepancy was altogether too great.

I concluded that the trouble was that the men were all working for wages by the day, hence didn't do any more than they had to to get by. At a staff conference I suggested that we install a piecework or bonus system to give them an incentive to work harder. My suggestion was received in horrified silence, and the manager abruptly changed the subject. A friendly engineer later advised me not to mention this proposal again as it might get me into trouble.

An Unrecognized Revolution

DESPITE the difficulties, we managed somehow or other to get the Kochkar gold mines operating satisfactorily. Our property was the most progressive in the industry; thousands of students were being passed through our mines for training.

At the beginning of the winter of 1929, I decided to take a trip to the States to put my two daughters in school. Serebrovsky suggested that while I was there I should line up about ten first-class American gold-mining engineers to help us.

This took a little time, and when I returned to Russia with these Americans, I found the place so changed that I could hardly recognize it. When I had first arrived, the disorders of the 1917 Revolution had been almost corrected. But in my absence the Communists had staged a Second Revolution. They had plunged the country into a state of confusion from which it hasn't yet emerged. I found myself in the midst of what competent persons have described as one of the greatest social upheavals in history.

Among other things, prices had gotten completely out of hand. Butter, which had been half a ruble per kilogram, was now eight rubles (today it is 16 for the poorest quality). Eggs, which had been a ruble a hundred, were now a ruble apiece; potatoes cost 20 rubles for a small pailful.

I could imagine what the Ameri-

can engineers were thinking. I had told them they could live on 300 rubles a month; it was clear that they couldn't live on a thousand. I had told them there was an abundance of good food at low prices; they found food poor in quality, hard to get, and outrageously priced.

Looking back, I think that the only ones who knew what was happening were the Communist leaders in Moscow, and they kept the real purpose of their program secret. The 1917 Revolution had been aimed at the imperial family, the aristocrats, the big merchants and landlords. There were only three or four million of these people. But now, after giving the country a few years to recuperate, the Communists had started off again, this time to break up much larger "socially undesirable" groups, including the private traders, and the nomads, or wandering tribesmen who had lived out on the steppes for centuries.

The biggest job they had taken on was the reorganization of the peasants, about 85 percent of the population. They laid out a campaign to dispossess millions of the more ambitious and successful small farmers — called "kulaks" — and to reorganize the whole peasantry into collectivist farms using large agricultural machinery. To increase the confusion, the Communists had launched this multiple campaign on half a dozen "fronts" at the same time that they had set out upon a

program of vast industrial expansion.

In this Second Revolution, we lost one group of workers in the gold industry when the Communists decided to liquidate our prospectors as "non-socialist." These prospectors were an uncouth lot of men, rough and ready, probably none too honest, but they had a nose for gold and, led on by the ancient incentive of making money quickly, they had been ferreting out a lot of new deposits for us.

Now it was proposed to replace them by collectives of youthful geologists, boys and girls freshly trained for mining. These adolescents, it was contended, didn't drink hard liquor and were sincere Young Communists; wasn't it natural that they could do any kind of work better than these bleary old fellows, most of whom couldn't even read and write?

The liquidation of the prospectors didn't bother the old fellows much. They knew mining, so they joined trade unions to obtain good standing with the Communists, and seemed moderately content. Years later, however, when a fresh opportunity came to hunt for gold, most of them again hit the trail.

Liquidating the Kulaks

ABOUT the middle of 1930, we reluctantly gave up our home at Kochkar. From then onward my work consisted largely of reorganiz-

ing ailing mines. This kept me on the move most of the time, and my wife usually came along.

For years, we found ourselves in the midst of the process described as "liquidating the kulaks." Traveling through Siberia we encountered thousands of families — obviously hard-working small farmers — packed into freight cars so tight they could hardly sit down, being shifted around by armed guards. There seemed to be no end to them; they filled up almost every station.

I think this liquidation was based as much upon the need for unskilled labor in industry as it was upon the desire to reorganize agriculture. I know that we had difficulty keeping enough labor in the mines; poor housing and insufficient food kept free workers constantly on the move in search of better living conditions. Our turnover was terrific. To meet this situation, the dispossessed small farmers were rapidly converted into forced labor.

I had my first direct contact with kulak mine labor in 1931, while I was chief engineer of a group of copper mines in the northern Urals. One day several train-loads of families arrived from villages 2000 miles away. They had been on the way for weeks, and were a melancholy sight.

It was my job to teach these farmers how to mine. They all seemed completely bewildered and cowed by what had happened to them. Very few of them made any effort to

escape, or even complained. Their working hours and pay were the same as for the other miners, and they were free to move around within the district, an area of several miles, so long as they reported once a week to the police. The authorities tried to encourage them to submit promptly to circumstances; those who buckled down to work were soon given their lost citizenship rights and other privileges. When they were brought into a mine, production ordinarily fell off for six months or longer, then gradually climbed up again. The kulaks, who had been the most intelligent and ambitious small farmers, became superior miners, too.

I don't know how many of these kulaks were put at forced labor; I have run across them all over the eastern districts of Russia, not only in mines, but in factories and forests and at work on dams, railways, and canals. There were so many of them that they converted the federal police into the largest single employers of labor in Russia, and have given them a great reputation with the Communist General Staff for getting things done. The police can always count on a steady supply of labor, no matter what kind of living conditions exist where the task has to be done.

The liquidation of the kulaks was pretty hard on the people of Russia in that they went short of food for years because of the removal of so many competent farmers from the

land. It also caused many kulaks to destroy their domestic animals so that now, after almost ten years, there is still a shortage of meat and dairy products in Russia.

Something Wrong with Copper

IN 1930, the copper and lead mines were giving a lot of worry to the authorities, so they assigned Serebrovsky to take them over in addition to gold. Moscow had poured vast sums into these mines; the best modern equipment and foreign experts of all kinds had been brought in. But still the results were terrible.

Conditions were especially bad in the copper mines of the Ural Mountain region. American mining engineers had been engaged by the dozens in this area, and hundreds of American foremen. These men all had excellent records in the United States; Serebrovsky wanted to find out why they weren't producing now. In January, 1931, he sent me, an American metallurgist, and a Russian Communist manager, to investigate.

I was really thunderstruck at the conditions we found. The American engineers were not getting any cooperation at all. Their recommendations had either never been translated into Russian or had been pigeonholed.

The mining methods used were so obviously wrong that a freshman engineering student could have pointed most of them out. Areas were being

opened up too large for control, and ore was being removed without the proper timbering and filling. Several of the best mines had been badly damaged. There had been serious cave-ins and fires, with much loss of ore.

The situation at Kalata was the worst. To this property, consisting of six of the most important copper mines in Russia, seven large-salaried American engineers had been assigned. Any one of them could have put the property in good running order in a few weeks. But their recommendations were ignored; they had no competent interpreters and had worn themselves out trying to do constructive work.

The seven American engineers brightened up considerably when we gave them a real chance to work under a new Communist manager sent by Serebrovsky. Before long things were picking up fast. Within five months, production rose by 90 percent.

When the mines and plant had been thoroughly reorganized, I drew up detailed instructions for future operations. I explained these thoroughly to the Russian engineers and to the Communist manager. The latter, an earnest soul, assured me that my ideas would be followed to the letter. I was never more hopeful about the future of a Soviet project than when I left Kalata.

Scarcely a year later, I had just returned from a trip abroad when I was informed that the mines at

Kalata were again in bad condition; production had fallen even lower than it was before I had reorganized them. This dumfounded me; I couldn't understand how matters could have become so bad in this short time.

Serebrovsky asked me to go back to see what could be done. I found a depressing scene. The Americans had all finished their contracts and gone home. A few months before, the manager whom I had left in charge had been removed by an investigating commission, and the chairman of the commission appointed to succeed him. Not only had production lagged, but thousands of tons of high-grade ore had now been irretrievably lost by the introduction into two mines of methods which I had specifically warned against.

Much discouraged, I set to work to try to recover lost ground. The new manager and his engineers sullenly made it plain that they wanted little to do with me. The food shortage was at its height and the workmen were in an ugly mood.

I worked as well as I could until one day I discovered that the new manager was secretly countermanding almost every order I gave. I saw there was no need to stay any longer and caught the first train I could get back to Moscow. I was so disheartened that I was prepared to resign and leave Russia for good.

When I reached Moscow, I reported exactly what I had discov-

ered to Serebrovsky. He brushed aside my resignation; told me I was needed more than ever now. I told him it was useless for me to try to work in Russia when I could get no coöperation in the mines. "You needn't worry about those men," he said. "They will be attended to."

He started an investigation right away. In a short time the mine manager and some of the engineers were put on trial for sabotage. The manager got ten years, the maximum prison sentence in Russia, and the engineers lesser terms. The evidence indicated that they had deliberately removed the former manager in order to wreck the mines.

Sabotage was something strange to my experience before I went to Russia. In all my 14 years' experience in Alaskan gold mines, I had never run across a case. However, I hadn't worked many weeks in Russia before I encountered unquestionable instances of deliberate wrecking.

One day in 1928, I went into a power station at the Kochkar gold mines. I just happened to drop my hand on one of the main bearings of a large Diesel engine as I walked by, and felt something gritty in the oil. I had the engine stopped immediately. We removed from the oil reservoir about a quart of sand. On several other occasions we found sand inside our equipment.

Such petty industrial sabotage is so common in all branches of Soviet industry that Russian engineers can

do little about it. They were surprised at my own concern when I first encountered it. The Communists are fighting a whole series of open or disguised civil wars, and have made many bitter enemies who gladly damage any Soviet enterprise they can.

Organized Sabotage

IN THE spring of 1931 I decided to take a quick vacation in Europe. Serebrovsky asked me if I would combine business with pleasure. A large purchasing commission was headed for Berlin under the direction of Yuri Piatakoff, then the Vice-Commissar of Heavy Industry. The proposed purchases included some expensive mining equipment. Serebrovsky suggested that I might advise the commission on this.

I arrived in Berlin at about the same time as the commission, which consisted of some 50 persons. The members didn't seem any too well pleased to have me around. But I told them Serebrovsky had asked me to approve every purchase of mining equipment, and they agreed to consult me.

Among other things, the commission wanted several dozen mine hoists. Quotations had been asked for on the basis of pfennigs per kilogram. Several concerns put in bids, but there was a considerable difference between most of them and those made by two concerns which

bid lowest. This difference made me examine the specifications closely. I discovered that the firms which had made the lowest bids had substituted cast-iron bases for the light steel in the specifications. On these bids the Russians would have actually paid more because the cast-iron base would be so much heavier than the steel one, but on the basis of pfennigs per kilogram they would appear to pay less.

This seemed to be nothing less than a trick, and I reported it to the Russian members of the commission. To my astonishment, they were not at all pleased. They even brought pressure upon me to approve the deal, telling me I had misunderstood what was wanted.

I knew I hadn't misunderstood, and I finally told them that if they bought these hoists, I would see to it that my contrary advice got on the record. Only then did they drop the proposal.

The affair left a bad taste in my mouth, but I decided to say nothing about the matter to anybody.

This incident, and that of the copper mine at Kalata, became clearer to me after the conspiracy trial in January, 1937, when Piatakoff and several of his associates confessed in open court that they had engaged in organized sabotage of mines, railways, and other industrial enterprises since 1931.

I was particularly interested in Piatakoff's confession concerning his actions at Berlin in 1931.

He testified that anti-Stalin conspirators, headed by Leon Trotsky, needed foreign currency to build up a fund for their work abroad. Inside Russia, with so many conspirators occupying important positions, he said it was easy to get funds, but Soviet paper money was no good abroad. Trotsky's son, Sedoff, according to Piatakoff, therefore worked out a scheme to get foreign currency without arousing suspicion. All that was necessary was for Piatakoff to place as many orders as possible with two German firms, without being particularly exacting as to prices.

The testimony at this trial aroused a great deal of skepticism abroad and among foreign diplomats at Moscow. Some Americans believed it was a frame-up from beginning to end. Well, the testimony about industrial sabotage sounded more probable to me than it did to them. I know from my own experiences that a good deal of industrial sabotage was going on all the time in Soviet mines, and that some of it could hardly have occurred without the complicity of highly placed Communist managers.

Where Travel Isn't Romance

WORK after 1932 made it necessary for me to keep on the move most of the time, mostly in isolated districts. I had to use every conceivable mode of travel — trucks, barges, reindeer, oxen, camels, sleighs,

and planes — for off the tourist lanes, the Russians have done very little to make travel convenient or comfortable.

My wife and I have had some incredible experiences. On one occasion we waited for five days in Sverdlovsk trying to get a railway ticket to Moscow. On each of the five nights, we had to go to the station about four o'clock in the morning, shortly before the express was due, piling all our baggage into a Russian one-horse carriage and plodding through the snow about four miles. The railway officials positively refused to tell whether tickets were available until ten minutes before the train arrived. These trains were almost invariably late, so that it was no uncommon thing to wait for ten hours before one could even learn whether or not one could get tickets. The hotel was overcrowded as usual, and during these five days we never got a room at all; we slept sitting up in straight chairs in the lobby.

On another occasion, my wife and I arrived at a small railway station in the Far East, in bitter cold weather, knowing that the place had no hotels. The station agent told us that there were absolutely no tickets for that day's train. The train finally pulled in, and I discovered from the conductors that there was plenty of space; but they told me I would have to go back and get tickets before I would be allowed aboard. Before I could in-

duce the agent to sell me tickets, the train pulled out, leaving me and my wife to spend 30 hours in that little station, sleeping on the floor.

Since 1935, the Russian railways have obtained considerable favorable publicity abroad, but I am sorry to report that I couldn't see much improvement. I, as a foreigner, would be more likely to get help from the police and railway officials than a Russian in the same position. Besides, I was always traveling on important business for the Government. If I had such difficulties, it can be imagined what the ordinary Russian traveler puts up with. I have known of several cases in which fairly important people have had to wait as long as 21 days in some railway station in order to get tickets for a necessary journey. It is obvious what effect such conditions must have on the state's business (which is the only business there is in Soviet Russia).

Socialist Gold

HAD BEEN in Russia a long time before I learned that the decision to go into gold mining on a big scale was taken only after a bitter dispute among Communist leaders. It seems that Karl Marx and Lenin had held that gold would lose most of its value under a collectivist system. Most Communists take any utterance of these founders as gospel truth, and therefore

ignored the large Russian gold deposits for a whole decade after the Revolution.

But in 1927, Joseph Stalin in some way became interested in the 1849 gold rush in California, and he began to read every book he could get on the subject. At this time Japan was beginning to menace Russia's Far Eastern possessions. The Far Eastern territory was so sparsely settled that it would be difficult to defend. The California gold rush gave Stalin a clue. Serebrovsky's book, *On the Gold Front*, published in 1936, makes it clear that Stalin was fascinated to observe how rapidly the western regions of the United States had been filled up after gold was discovered in California, and saw the process had been largely accomplished by the incentive of getting rich quick.

It hardly seemed proper for a socialist government to encourage the desire to get rich quick; but this huge, sparsely settled and therefore vulnerable region might, like the American West, also be filled with abnormal rapidity if only a gold rush were started. Stalin knew that there was plenty of gold there and in 1927 he selected Serebrovsky to supervise the creation of a Soviet gold industry. It was shortly after this that Serebrovsky had enlisted me as his man Friday.

In May, 1933, the drive to open up new gold fields was intensified. Having, for almost three years, devoted most of my time to ailing

copper, lead, and zinc mines, I was put back exclusively on gold, with the title Deputy Chief Engineer of the Gold Trust in charge of production. The old-time prospectors, who had been outlawed in 1929 as "un-socialized," were brought back — the scheme to replace them with student geologists had failed — and a whole system of concessions and leases introduced. Notice was given out that men and women of all the Soviet races would be eligible to join in the search for gold, which would be considered one of the most honorable occupations. So the gold rush set in.

The Gold Rush

THERE WAS a little hesitation at first, as the people suspected some kind of Communist ruse. But presently veteran prospectors got back into their old work, and the Chinese in Siberia, who had combined gold prospecting with smuggling before 1927, leaped at the chance to resume their former occupation. They soon became some of the most successful prospectors. Government inspectors in the field constantly checked on explorations; if a field proved to be good, the Gold Trust built an office, a few houses, brought in a general store, and invited other prospectors to come in and stake claims.

As the system finally worked out, a lucky prospector in Soviet Russia can become rich overnight just as

easily as he can in any other country. Many prospectors receive for one lucky strike the equivalent of about a hundred years of day labor.

It's not surprising that the word got around of the chances to make a fortune. Within a remarkably short time hundreds of thousands of prospectors were busily working claims, pushing always deeper into uninhabited regions.

It is not easy for a rich man in Soviet Russia to spend his money. A friend of mine in Moscow once questioned a Russian jazz band leader, who was supposed to have the largest income in the country, about how he spent his money. The band leader admitted it was a lot easier to earn the money than to spend it. He traveled around Moscow in a battered American low-priced automobile several years old, though he had been trying to buy a better car for a long time. It was impossible for him to buy such things as electric refrigerators or a good radio-phonograph because Soviet stores don't stock foreign-made goods and Soviet factories seldom make enough first class products to supply the demand. His wife had to stand in line like other women to buy such clothes as were for sale.

The Gold Trust has been a little more helpful to its rich prospectors. Its special stores import more foreign goods than any others in Russia. Also they are able to get fairly prompt delivery on such Soviet-

made items as pianos, bicycles and radio sets, which are much more of a novelty in Russia than almost anywhere else. But if they make a really big strike, Soviet prospectors find it almost as difficult as the band leader to get rid of their cash.

Nevertheless, the desire to get rich has made the gold rush a great success, Russia's gold output has become second in the world, and Siberia and Asiatic Russia are rapidly being filled with colonists.

Russia's Greatest Asset

IF ANYONE should ask me what I think is the most hopeful thing about Russia, I should reply without hesitation: "Siberia!" So long as the Russians hang on to Siberia, they can afford to give up a large part of European Russia, retreat into the Urals and Siberia, and still consider themselves one of the largest, richest and most promising countries in the world.

I have traveled back and forth across Siberia dozens of times. I will stake my reputation on the claim that Siberia under proper management can be made superior to any other country in Europe or Asia.

Siberia is not an Arctic waste, as most people imagine, but a great country much like the American Middle West and Northwest, teeming with agricultural, forest and mineral riches. It is about 2500 miles wide and 5000 miles up and

down the map. To quote one writer: "You could take the whole United States and set it down in Siberia without touching anywhere on the boundaries. You could then take Alaska and all the states of Europe excepting Russia, fit them into the remaining margin and still have more than 300,000 square miles of Siberian territory to spare — or an area half as large again as Germany."

The Japanese have long coveted Russia's Asiatic possessions. In 1927, they began pressing hard again against Russia's Far Eastern borders.

The Gold Trust, organized at that time, was merely one of a number of instruments which enabled Russia to hold off Japanese designs upon these regions until the Japanese were diverted into China. Thus, at the cost of capital often sorely needed in other parts of their huge country, Siberia has been held as a great reservoir for future generations of Russians.

But beyond this, the Russians continue to push out into Asia, and they are busy as bird dogs in the countries beyond their Asiatic borders. Fleets of trucks pass continually along the highways into Sinkiang and Outer Mongolia, which is treated practically as a part of Russia. Indeed it has become obvious that Stalin is an empire-builder of the first rank. But he has turned his back on Europe and swung the Soviet peoples with him, facing toward Asia.

Europe is already full of people, already developed and filled with rivalries and hatreds. But the Russian part of Asia, together with the vast adjoining interior provinces and dependencies of prostrate China, almost empty and rich in natural resources, is the raw material for a great new empire. The Russians have been busy laying its foundations during the years I have worked in Asiatic Russia. They pulled out of northern Manchuria, under Japanese pressure, because they were too poorly prepared to fight. But when the Japanese exerted pressure on Outer Mongolia, a year later, the Russians felt strong enough to defy the Japanese, and the latter drew back.

Now the Japanese have staked their whole future on the invasion of China proper. To the Russians this means that their own empire is safe. But they are taking no chances. They are making sure that Japan is stuck fast in China by reinforcing the Chinese Government. Russia thus makes sure that she will have time to develop her vast, potentially prosperous Asiatic lands.

There are not many places where one can see such a mixture of races as in this new colonization in Russia's Far East; there are 168 races and tribes in Russia, and all seem to be represented here. For that matter, all of Russia has become a new kind of melting pot where the races of Asia and Europe are being thrown together as never before.

Russia has one colored person (dominantly yellow or brown) for every two whites, and though until recent times the Asiatics and the Europeans tended to keep apart, the Russians have always had remarkably little consciousness of racial differences.

In minority republics, even among very primitive peoples, the Communists strictly enforce a regulation that natives must occupy at least half the jobs in any local industry, and half of the managing jobs as well. This regulation has been carried to ridiculous extremes. I have come up against incompetent, illiterate, arrogant native tribesmen holding down executive jobs in mines and mills for which they were entirely unsuited. The results have not been happy.

It is a curious fact that while the Nazis in Germany have started out to "purify" their race, the Communists are attempting to mingle the blood of their 168 races and tribes as freely as possible. If official encouragement and propinquity will do the trick, a new kind of Eurasian race may appear in Russia within a few generations.

Good-bye to Russia

IN July, 1937, I returned to Moscow from Kazakstan to find the country turned upside down by the Communist conspiracy. Men I had known for years were disappearing right and left. Nobody seemed to

know which Communist leaders were for or against Stalin.

One consequence of the arrests and the hysteria was a great wave of foreign spy mania. Every foreigner became an object of suspicion. Acquaintances whom we had known for years were afraid to visit us. Hundreds of foreign residents were ordered to leave on a couple of days' notice. Foreigners who had married Russian wives were not allowed to take them along.

In such an atmosphere, it was obviously hopeless for a foreign engineer to work properly. It was bound to be only a matter of time until some half-baked individual would jump up somewhere in a Communist meeting and accuse me of spying, as had been the case with other foreign engineers I knew.

When it came time for me to leave Russia, it proved to be a wrench to come away with the knowledge that I was not returning. Certainly it was not the system which held me; it must be obvious by this time, even to fanatics, that Bolshevism is shot through from top to bottom with serious defects. It wasn't even the people, although I had made many friends among them. What held me was the great open spaces of the Russian East — Siberia and Kazakstan and the country beyond Lake Baikal. The Russians have something there which is more important than any political system; they are the only people left in the world who possess a tre-

mendous undeveloped country, equally rich from the viewpoint of agricultural or industrial possibilities, with untold wealth in mineral resources, forests, fur-bearing animals, fisheries, great rivers for irrigation and water power.

It is foolish to pay too much attention to the political system which happens to be current in a country at a given time. These ideas come and go; many of them were discarded during my ten years in the country. There is no reason to believe that Bolshevism will be the same ten years from now as it is today.

But the Moscow rulers have succeeded in keeping intact Asiatic Russia. In my opinion, that is where the future of that country lies. The people and their rulers are conscious of this fact. They are facing east, turning their back on Europe just as we Americans did in a previous century. It was because my work in Russia gave me the opportunity to help open these Asiatic regions that I threw myself whole-heartedly into it.

AFTER I was back at work again in Alaska, I learned from American friends in Moscow that A. P. Serebrovsky, founder of the Soviet Gold Trust and my respected chief during my whole stay in Russia, had been arrested.

Serebrovsky simply disappeared, as hundreds of other prominent men and women have done in Russia during the past three years. Some weeks

later he was officially denounced as an "enemy of the people."

The news naturally came to me as a shock. This man had won my sincere admiration for his numerous superior qualities. But I know that he is not the only superior man who has disappeared during the numerous purges in Russia since 1936. A British correspondent in Moscow recently compiled a list from official sources showing that more than 500 directors of trusts, factories, and big industrial undertakings have suffered Serebrovsky's fate during 1937-38.

Personally, I am convinced that Serebrovsky was *not* guilty of any kind of industrial sabotage. I worked too closely with him for years to be in any doubt about that. This man put all his heart and soul into building up the Gold Trust, and must be given a lion's share of the credit for making it probably the most efficient industrial organization created under the Soviet regime.

If Serebrovsky is alive, I am confident that he is troubled today about the state of the Gold Trust. He is — or was — a hard-bitten Russian revolutionary. I am just a plain American mining engineer. But he and I have shared the heartening experience of helping to create a vast enterprise where none existed before. For that reason, I am certain that the Gold Trust would occupy Serebrovsky's thoughts in prison or exile, just as it does mine, back in my own happier country.

Reader's Choice

A Selection of Articles from the General Magazines for October

THEY'VE GOT TAXES BY THE TAIL, by James Street — Nebraskans are political free-thinkers who know their budgets. They have caused local governments to reduce both taxes and debts, and other states are asking to be shown how it is done.

SCREWBALLS, by John Kieran — The tension of that million-dollar spectacle, the World Series, causes curious slips and aberrations even on the part of umpires. Mr. Kieran relates a number of odd incidents in championship play.

★ **THE AMERICA I WANT**, by Leon G. Lenkoff — The prize-winning article written by a 17-year-old Kentucky high school graduate selected from 231,000 contributions to the American Youth Forum.

IS YOUR DOG IN STYLE? by Earl Sparling — Fashions in dogs, and what kennel owners do about it. Why is the cocker now king, replacing the Boston terrier, which in turn had ousted the German shepherd?


American

DESERT DOCTOR, by Jerome Beatty — Dr. Paul Harrison, Nebraska-born medical missionary in Arabia, is a top-

ranking authority but prefers his poorly-paid desert practice to a rich city clientele or a soft institutional job, because it's more fun. The first of a series on interesting Americans who live in other lands.

TAKING THE RAPS, by James A. Farley — The Postmaster General can take criticism, as his comments on the souvenir stamp "scandal," air mail contracts and postoffice patronage reveal. He speaks out frankly, too, about Gov. Lehman's letter on the Supreme Court, Mrs. Roosevelt's activities, and his reported disagreements with the President.

CRIME'S PAYMASTER, by Courtney Ryley Cooper — How federal agents smashed the empire of Big Bill Hildebrandt of St. Paul, who ruled as dope czar for a decade and cleaned up a million a year.

 **THE MASS-MAN TAKES OVER**, by Ralph Adams Cram — Universal suffrage, the doctrine of equality and the machine age have debased democracy and placed it under the control of barbarians, declares Mr. Cram. Our salvation rests in a radical change of viewpoint, a new standard of personal and social values, and the recognition of a natural aristocracy of "birth, worth, and talents."

DO YOU WEAR EYEGLASSES? by Sidney A. Fox — "Eyestrain" is wrongly blamed for many headaches. Glasses do not weaken the eyes themselves, and many other ideas we have about our eye troubles are wrong.

The American
Mercury

THE COMING SLAVE STATE, by the Editors — Second of a three-part editorial analyzing the plight of America. The ed-

itors hold that, no matter how much good some New Deal measures may have done, the country has been ruined by the purchase and organization of the masses with government money. Even turning out the New Deal won't remedy the situation because it is too good a political weapon to be abandoned.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AARON BURR, by Nathan Schachner — A biographer cites documentary evidence to prove the historians wrong: that Burr had no part in the Federalist con-

spiracy to steal the election from Jefferson; that he was not a traitor to his country; and that his famous duel with Hamilton was not a cold-blooded murder, but was provoked by Hamilton's continued attacks upon his private character.

ANSCHLUSS WITH CANADA? by Richard W. Scott — British influence in Canada is waning. There is a large exchange of population between the two North American countries. American trade is Canada's life blood and all signs point to eventual absorption of a large part of that country by the U. S., declares this Canadian.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS, by Oswald Garrison Villard — In the department devoted to dissenters from the *Mercury's* editorial policy, Mr. Villard advocates the immediate taking over of the railroads by a government corporation similar to the Railway Express Company.

DON'T SEND YOUR BOY TO PREP SCHOOL, by Lew Morris — It is a perfect little totalitarian state, presided over by a headmaster-führer, which has done nothing to justify its existence, says Mr. Morris, who cites statistics showing how few men from exclusive schools achieve distinction in after life.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE "Y", by James V. Taylor —

With its tremendous resources and its big business directorate, the Y.M.C.A. has gone high-hat on American youth, charges this "Y" official. It retains little evidence of its original spirit; and now represents, he says, little more than a chain of hotels and gymnasiums, run on a business basis.

UNIVERSAL FINGERPRINTING? — A debate between Lewis A. Valentine, Police Commissioner of New York City, and Morris L. Ernst, lawyer. Commissioner Valentine contends that some infallible system of personal identification is necessary for apprehending criminals, restoring missing youngsters to their homes, increased efficiency of relief administration, prevention of illegal voting, etc. Mr. Ernst holds that it is an unwarranted invasion of personal liberty, that it would be almost impossible to administer effectively, would result in the capture of few additional criminals, and that it would be chiefly useful in "blacklists" and as a weapon of oppression.

THE CHALLENGE OF PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION, by V. F. Calverton — The progressive schools aim to develop children into sensitive human beings with individual personalities. Is this ideal futile in a world of dictatorships and increasing collectivization?

FORUM

THE NEW FATHER, Anonymous — Is the attitude of divorced couples who "remain the best of friends" so intelligent

after all? This woman thinks not after watching the bewilderment and distress of her young son who couldn't understand such complicated modern ideas.

YOU NEED A LAWYER, as told by William S. Weiss to Stewart Robinson — Finding that many people are victimized because they do not know the meaning of papers they sign and do not consult lawyers because of the expense involved, this lawyer established a legal clinic where people can get advice at small cost.

MILWAUKEE'S "SEWER SOCIALIST," by Lindsay Hoben — A portrait of Daniel Webster Hoan, the perennial Socialist mayor of an essentially conservative city, who puts good government ahead of distant utopias.

IS YOUR MILK SAFE? by Alfred S. Campbell — Mastitis, a streptococcic infection for which no sure cure has yet been found, is prevalent among dairy herds in this country. According to the author, faulty pasteurization and insufficient facilities for inspection permit much infected milk to reach the public, constituting a health menace which calls for drastic measures of control.

Harpers MAGAZINE

ANUM IN MODERN DRESS, by Elmer Davis — Grover Whalen and his super-colossal New York World's Fair, which will be the biggest, perhaps the best, and certainly the most expensive ever held.

THE WHITE COLLAR CHOKES, by Grace Adams — Although WPA white collar projects were conceived for the purpose of preserving the morale of artists, writers and professional people, they have served, this writer charges, in building up an army of people who are making relief jobs their careers.

TOWARD A NEW DESIGN FOR EDUCATION, by Gove Hambidge — The extensive investigation of high schools and colleges made by the Carnegie Foundation reveals why traditional mass education fails and suggests a new orientation which would prevent enormous waste of human material.

THE SUPREME COURT AND TAX-EXEMPT INCOME, by Bernhard Knollenberg — A review of court decisions on taxation of state and federal securities and the income of government employes, with a suggestion as to how a bad situation may be remedied.

LOOK AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER, by Frederick Lewis Allen — Nine years ago John D. Rockefeller was the embar-

rassed custodian of a questionable investment, three blocks of brownstone houses in the heart of New York City. Today Rockefeller Center is a fabulous spot, a metropolis in itself, where 20,000 people work and 80,000 visit daily. It has a gaiety unique among office buildings, and is the subject of controversy wherever city planners gather.

CÁRDENAS OF MEXICO, by Hubert Herring — An honest humanitarian, the Mexican president knows his country and his people as few have known it. But he does not know the outside world, he has seen foreigners in their most unattractive guise, and how he is going to complete his land and industrial program, he does not know.

89 YEARS OF COLLECTIVE LIVING, by Millard Milburn Rice — The Amana communities in Iowa maintained their experiment in collective living from 1843 until 1932. Their failure raises the question whether communal living is as liberating to the human spirit as its advocates claim.

WESTBROOK PEGLER, by Milburn MacKaye — Although now elevated to the "brains page" along with General Johnson and Dorothy Thompson, Pegler remains a working newspaper man with no pretensions to profundity. His vitriolic pen and sbuch-hat cynicism hide a generous and unassuming personality.

THE GREATEST MUTINY IN HISTORY, by R. Ernest Dupuy — In April 1917 the French army was riddled with panic. For six weeks France's defense was only a shell, but Germany struck too late. Major Dupuy now pieces together the authentic story from French military records.

Scribner's

I QUIT SMOKING, by J. C. Furnas — The case history of a swear-off, in which moral stamina was fortified by a

heavy bet, together with results of a questionnaire revealing the smoking habits of celebrities and their strange rationing dodges.

THE FARM MAGAZINES, by Harland Manchester — The homely unpretentious agricultural trade papers have gone in for streamlined modernity, achieved national circulation and become strong advertising media, with *Country Gentleman*, *Country Home*, and *Farm Journal* leaders in the field.

Among Those Present

Elmer Davis (p. 89), who was lured out of Indiana by a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford, has been editor of *Adventure* magazine, reporter for the *New York Times*, essayist, short story writer, and candid political observer. His books include the short story collections, *Morals for Moderns*, and *White Pants Willis*.

Thomas Mann (p. 71), Nobel Prize winner, and author of *The Magic Mountain*, and of the monumental novel series, *Joseph and His Brothers*, *Young Joseph*, and *Joseph in Egypt*, is considered by many critics to be one of the greatest of living writers. He was born in Hanseatic Lübeck, near Hamburg, in 1875, but adopted the town of Munich, where he lived for 39 years. With the accession of the Nazi regime, he immediately went into voluntary exile abroad, and now plans to become an American citizen. "As a German," he says, "I can understand what has happened and why it has happened. As a human being I cannot justify it. . . . If

to be more German means to be less human, I can make only one choice."

Mark Sullivan (p. 48) is dean of Washington correspondents and one of the most articulate representatives of the conservative point of view today. His daily column from Washington is widely syndicated, he makes frequent magazine contributions and is the author of *Our Times*, a panoramic record of the American scene since 1900.

Robert R. Updegraff (p. 30, 62) was born in Salt Lake City in 1889. He did not attend college but instead served as grocery clerk, railway telegraph operator, printer, and hotel clerk, by way of higher education. He has been editor of *The Magazine of Business* and sales and advertising executive for several large corporations. Now he maintains his own advertising offices and contributes occasional fiction and frequent articles to the magazines.



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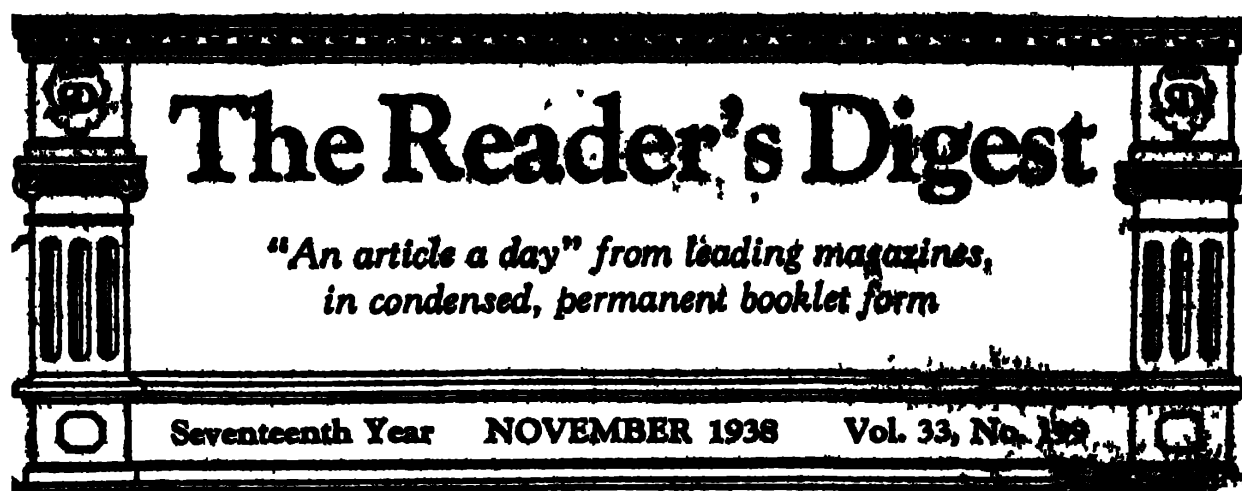
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California's Short Cut to Utopia

Part I: "\$30 Every Thursday for All Over 50"

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Raymond Clapper

IF CALIFORNIA voters approve the "\$30-Every-Thursday" plan — and only energetic effort can defeat it since petitions placing it on the November ballot were signed by about a million persons — they will soon witness scenes worthy of the most fantastic Hollywood imaginations.

Each Thursday morning qualified California residents 50 years old or over, numbering 500,000 to 800,000, will stand in line and receive their "\$30," in the form of special state scrip. This will be considerably larger than ordinary paper money; folding it will be difficult because each week a redemption stamp must be pasted on the back until a year has expired, when the scrip will be redeemable for regular currency.

California's citizens and merchants will have to wrestle with ~~hales~~ ^{bales} of this large, unwieldy wildcat currency, some \$15,000,000 of it coming into circulation every week at the lowest estimate, or a minimum total of \$780,000,000 a year. No wonder they call it "funny money."

Californians have been promised Utopia before by Dr. Townsend, Father Coughlin, Huey Long and other crackpots. Through all these agitations the old folks have learned how to increase their power at the polls, until now they constitute a more powerful bloc of voters than veterans or reliefers. Politicians fear them as much as did the merchants who signed \$30-Every-Thursday petitions under threat of boycott.

Literally thousands of old folks are campaigning for the \$30-Every-

Thursday scheme, working every California precinct with old-time, machine-politics thoroughness. Their plausible story is told in a booklet called *Ham and Eggs for Californians* which has circulated into hundreds of thousands of homes, at 25 cents a copy. The victory of Sheridan Downey, who defeated Senator William G. McAdoo for the Democratic senatorial nomination in California, made the nation conscious of this latest and most spectacular reach for Utopia.

The old folks have learned by bitter experience not to trust the politicians too much. In California, they are taking no chances with the legislature. They have drafted their statute in complete detail, under the California initiative law, as a proposed constitutional amendment; once adopted by a majority of the voters, the plan goes into effect automatically. The amendment lists three sponsors of the plan by name, one of whom the governor must appoint immediately as administrator, in full and sole command of the plan's operation until a successor is elected in 1940.

The amendment, officially titled "The California State Retirement Life Payments Act — \$30 a Week for Life," is proposed to ensure "that a proper distribution of goods, services, conveniences and comforts shall be accomplished without subtracting from the economic status of any person."

The scrip warrants will be accepted for payment of any taxes or other obligations due not only to the state but to any county, city or other political subdivision. All state and local official salaries shall be paid one half in scrip if available, but only scrip received in revenues from the above sources shall be used for this purpose. All purchases by the state and local governments are payable half in scrip.

The pension payments go into effect 12 weeks after adoption of the amendment. The plan safeguards recipients against sharply rising prices. Taking the price of consumer goods in Los Angeles and San Francisco for 1937 as the base, any increase in price level shall be reflected proportionately in the weekly pension payments.

To be eligible for pension, one must be a registered elector of California, 50 years old or over, and not engaged in any gainful occupation. Applicants are to be accepted on their own affidavit to this effect. One must have been a legal resident of California for one year immediately prior to the adoption of the amendment; after adoption, one must reside in the state for five years to become eligible. A wife whose husband works may qualify; both may qualify if neither works.

To make the scrip more desirable, no sales tax can be collected on merchandise bought with it. Thus the recipient, caught with his week-

old scrip on a Thursday night, will have to put a two-cent stamp on each dollar but the next day he can make a purchase without paying California's three-cents-per-dollar sales tax. Individuals and businesses will be exempt from state income taxes on that portion of their income received in scrip.

Banks are given preference as agencies for paying out the scrip; where a bank refuses, a merchant will be offered the opportunity. Failing to obtain the services of either, a state agency will be set up in the neighborhood. The paying agency receives a commission of ten cents a week for each pensioner assigned to it, as well as a two percent commission on all redemption stamps sold. Banks receiving scrip for deposit may make a service charge of two cents per piece of scrip.

That is the blueprint of what President Roosevelt calls a short cut to Utopia. The idea is by no means new. In 1933 a bill calling for the issue of \$1,000,000,000 of this stamp tax money was introduced in Congress by Senator Bankhead of Alabama and Representative Pettengill of Indiana, the latter a reactionary Democrat who thinks Roosevelt's ideas are unsound! A plan somewhat similar in principle was tried in Alberta, Canada, recently with disastrous results. Merchants refused to accept this trick money at face value and the scheme collapsed. But that doesn't discourage California's old folks.

The California plan, like so many easy money pension schemes, is thoroughly unjust to those not sharing in the gratuities. California proposes to pay for enforced idleness to persons over 50, \$1560 a year each. If husband and wife don't work, they have a life income of \$60 a week, \$3120 a year. In our most prosperous year, 1929, according to the Brookings Institution, 42 percent of the families in the United States had less than \$1500 a year income.

When the scheme is in full swing, the state will have to raise a minimum of \$780,000,000 a year — Arthur J. Altmeyer, chairman of the Federal Social Security Board, estimates it at \$1,560,000,000, a tax of about \$625 a year on every gainfully employed person in the state. In addition there will be the administrative expense to redeem the scrip with actual cash. Most of this money will come from the stamps which merchants and others, who have received scrip from pensioners, will affix to it. The haphazard, unfair stamp tax, paid by whoever happens to have a piece of scrip in his pocket on Thursday night, amounts to 104 percent a year. Thus the working people of California will be paying to support idle persons with incomes far above what most of the wage-earners themselves receive for their labors! Social justice!

California only has the fever more acutely than the rest of the country. In many states rosy pension schemes

have become the common coin with which frightened politicians bid for votes, corrupting our political standards to a degree never before seen on a mass scale. Why did the three Republican Representatives in Maine endorse the Townsend plan? Why did sound young conservative Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts spread honeyed words about it along his campaign trail? Why did the conservative Democrat, D. Worth Clark of Idaho, in his victorious campaign for the senatorial nomination, tell his constituents that he was ready to give it a trial? Why do politicians who are horrified at President Roosevelt's monetary policies flirt with it? Simply because they fear the old folks' punitive power.

Alabama has copied the California scheme. In Tennessee one of the candidates for governor is offering \$20 a week. In Pennsylvania a proposal promises "\$60 after 60." Various forms of the Townsend plan are gathering strength in Florida, Georgia, North Carolina and even in the conservative states of New England.

In Oklahoma a \$30-a-week plan is competing with one offering \$100 a month. Washington State is agitating a scheme and the only question is how much will be promised. Fifteen thousand North Dakota voters have signed petitions placing

on the November ballot a \$40-a-month offer. In Texas, W. Lee O'Daniel, the candidate for governor, promises \$35 a month, for which he says the money will be raised "somehow." Arkansas has a proposal on its November ballot for \$50 a month to all over 60 who do not have an income that large. In Colorado a constitutional amendment promising \$45 a month was adopted, but the state has been unable to meet the full payments continuously and the pensions are sapping revenues from other necessary state activities.

Such is the kind of runaway pension politics being played by capitalizing upon the plight of many elderly persons and the justifiable concern with which they view the increasing tendency of industry to employ younger workers. The proportion of aged in our population is steadily rising. This, together with the reduced payrolls of the last ten years, makes the problem of security for the aged a real one.

But already a beginning toward orderly handling of this problem has been made in the Social Security Act and more will be done — unless it is made impossible by reckless pension-mongering politicians who pander in fear to the crackpots and encourage the delusions of earnest victims who deserve more faithful treatment.



*Part II**"Not Really a Pension Plan but a
New Economic System"*

Condensed from The Forum

Frank J. Taylor

TO CALL the "\$30-Every-Thurs-day" scheme a pension plan is a misnomer, as Roy G. Owens, its chief Messiah, readily agrees. The "11 submerged personalities" who guide the movement are really shooting at social revolution along technological lines. Their ultimate aim is production for use and abolition of prices, with social credit replacing money as we now know it.

The pension plan is merely a means to an end. The old folks' votes are necessary to make the proposition a law. Hence it is only fair that they should be the first to live in Utopia. With catchy slogans like "Easy Street for Weary Feet" or "Ham and Eggs for Californians," about 1,000,000 oldsters have been lured to petition for the fantastic plan; 250,000 dues-paying members contribute a penny a day, providing a war chest of \$2500 a day for propaganda purposes; 700 meetings are held every month all over California, spreading the Utopian dream like wildfire. Owens asks but a vote, and in return offers Easy Street — paid for with the credit of the state.

The steps by which the 11 members of the board of the California Pension Plan emerged from obscurity, with expectations of becoming the technological dictators of California, are as fantastic as their naïve scheme for solving all social and economic troubles at one fell swoop.

Some time ago the Rev. Robert Noble, a radio preacher, began advocating a pension of \$25 every Monday for people over 50. A firm believer in Huey Long's share-the-wealth program, Noble invited listeners to mail him a penny a day to promote the pension plan. He soon had 12,000 dues-paying adherents. For a year Noble carried on without offering any concrete program. Then 40 "business and professional men" summoned him to a showdown last October and insisted that he set up a board of directors. This he declined to do. They in turn declared him deposed.

Two advertising men, Lawrence and Willis Allen, assumed leadership and announced over the radio that "the people had revolted and had taken over their own pension movement." The promoters soon

found a pair of "engineer-economists" — to lend authority to the scheme — in Roy G. Owens and Sherman J. Bainbridge. Owens had been a sales promoter for building materials concerns and vice-president in charge of sales for the Lakewood Engineering Co. of Chicago, which went bankrupt in 1920. He served six years as secretary of the American Manufacturers Export Association, lost that job, migrated in 1929 to California where his sole earnings, he says, have been from the WPA for services with a writing project which was eventually abandoned. Sherman Bainbridge, a former actor who had been trained for the ministry, had worked as a spellbinder for the Townsend plan.

Shortly after Owens and Bainbridge became the key personalities of the pension plan, 5000 of Robert Noble's followers switched to the new leadership. When the latter raised their sights from \$25 every Monday to \$30 every Thursday, 5000 more came over. By last January there were 18,000 dues-paying followers. By June there were 100,000, and after the campaign broadcasts were extended to eight radio stations, contributions poured in regularly from a quarter of a million people.

Most of the half million dollars collected since the first of the year by Treasurer Lenn W. Reynolds, a former garage operator, has come in the form of penny-a-day dues. There are few anonymous contributions because the old folks want

their mites on record when the state starts distributing the \$30 every Thursday.

"Engineer-economist" Owens has skillfully drafted a plan to make the \$30 every Thursday seem plausible — borrowing from Townsendism, Upton Sinclair's Epic plan, and Utopian technocracy. The crux of his scheme is "non-savable money"; his idea is to get as much scrip in circulation as quickly as possible so that the pensioners will start buying, the factories and farms begin humming. "All we want is to give the dollar a kick in the pants and start it circulating," explains Bainbridge. "This isn't a charity plan. We're just using the people over 50 as a means of distributing credits for the benefit of the entire people." This plan, according to the earnest Bainbridge, should even do away with taxes: "Taxes are a relic of the age of barbarism," he states, "Why should I tax you? There's enough for all of us to have all we want."

The realistic effect of such a scheme may be judged by the fact that as soon as the state supreme court certified the initiative petition for the November ballot, the market for state and municipal bonds took a tailspin. The California Bankers Association has already thrown down the gauntlet, announcing that all banks in the state will refuse to handle the scrip. Even the visionary Dr. Townsend brands the \$30-Every-Thursday scheme as utterly impractical.

Wealth cannot be created by merely taking from some people and giving to others. Somebody will have to provide the wealth that the idle old folk acquire through spending their scrip. That somebody will be every working person, every business man who has to buy stamps to put on the scrip in his possession every Thursday. Some 800,000 Californians over 50 could qualify for the "pension." To redeem the scrip issued to them and to defray administrative expense, California's employed citizens will have to pay about a billion and a half dollars a year for stamps — a levy stigmatized by President Roosevelt as a tax on the people least able to bear it. This gigantic tax is about double the amount Californians pay annually in federal, state and local taxes, and about one third of the present income of all persons in the state.

The proposed amendment names Roy G. Owens, Will Kindig, a real estate promoter, and Joe Elliott, an employe in the state land office, as potential administrators. If the governor doesn't offer the post to them, in the order named, within five days, Owens automatically becomes administrator, and the others his assistants. The post will become in fact an economic dictatorship, responsible to neither the legislature nor the governor. The administrator will have a \$700,000 fund for the establishment of the pension system. The act provides that this

shall be cash from the state treasury, and not scrip.

If, as skeptics say, the merchants balk at accepting scrip at face value — as happened in Alberta — and business comes to a standstill, the administrator is to take \$200,000 and educate everybody to like it. If, as officials fear, the state goes broke because everybody buys scrip at a discount and pays taxes with it, all its bills can be paid in scrip. If, as the bankers say, the "hot money," which by the end of the year will aggregate two and a half times all the currency in California, drives good money into hiding, the people can get along without currency.

As Owens puts it, "The pension plan is only an expedient until we can catch up with the technological trend. We call this a pension plan, when it's not that at all but a new economic system. California is the best state in the union in which to originate it, but economics pays no attention to state lines. It will become national, and when it does, we can make the scrip legal tender."

If, as some legal authorities predict, the Supreme Court declares the scrip unconstitutional — on the ground that only the federal government may issue money — the act provides that the \$30-Every-Thursday scrip may be paid in the coin of the realm. Mr. Owens has thought of everything. You have to, when you're taking a short cut to Utopia.

Epigrammatically Speaking

ABSURDITY. A statement or belief manifestly inconsistent with one's own opinion.

ACQUAINTANCE. A person whom we know well enough to borrow from, but not well enough to lend to. A degree of friendship called slight when its object is poor or obscure, and intimate when he is rich or famous.

ADVICE. The smallest current coin.

BAROMETER. An ingenious instrument which indicates what kind of weather we are having.

BORE. A person who talks when you wish him to listen.

CABBAGE. A familiar kitchen-garden vegetable about as large and wise as a man's head.

CALAMITY. A plain reminder that the affairs of this life are not of our own ordering. Calamities are of two kinds: misfortune to ourselves, and good fortune to others.

CONSULT. To seek another's approval of a course already decided on.

COWARD. One who in a perilous emergency thinks with his legs.

DUTY. That which sternly impels us in the direction of profit, along the line of desire.

EDIBLE. Good to eat, and wholesome to digest, as a worm to a toad, a toad to a snake, a snake to a pig, a pig to a man, and a man to a worm.

*Among the series of epigrams called *The Devil's Dictionary* are some of the most gorgeous witticisms in the English Language.*

—H. L. Mencken

EDUCATION. That which discloses to the wise and disguises from the foolish their lack of understanding.

EGOTIST. A person of low taste, more interested in himself than in me.

FASHION. A despot whom the wise ridicule and obey.

FUNERAL. A pageant whereby we attest our respect for the dead by enriching the undertaker, and strengthen our grief by an expenditure that deepens our groans and doubles our tears.

HOSPITALITY. The virtue which induces us to feed and lodge certain persons who are not in need of food and lodging.

LECTURER. One with his hand in your pocket, his tongue in your ear and his faith in your patience.

LITIGATION. A machine which you go into as a pig and come out of as a sausage.

NOISE. A stench in the ear. Undomesticated music. The chief product and authenticating sign of civilization.

PATIENCE. A minor form of despair, disguised as a virtue.

PEACE. In international affairs, a period of cheating between two periods of fighting.

POLITENESS. The most acceptable hypocrisy.

REVOLUTION. In politics, an abrupt change in the form of misgovernment.

❏ Otelia Compton denies that she has the recipe for greatness, but all her children have achieved distinction

Mother of Comptons

Condensed from *The Scientific Monthly*

Milton S. Mayer

HONORARY DEGREES are supposed to signify achievement — sometimes achievement in science or the arts, sometimes (though seldom openly) the achievement of the college in wheedling a new dormitory from a prosperous citizen. A few years ago Ohio's historic Western College for Women bestowed a doctorate of laws for neither of these reasons. To a woman, youthful at 74, it awarded the LL.D. "for outstanding achievement as wife and mother of Comptons."

The ceremony over, the new doctor hurried back to the welcome obscurity of an old frame house in Wooster, Ohio. Otelia Compton doesn't want to be famous, and she isn't. But her four children are.

Those who extol the virtues of heredity may examine with profit the Compton family tree. The ancestors of the first family of science were farmers and mechanics. The only one of them associated with scholarship was a carpenter who helped nail together the early buildings of Princeton. There was no reason to predict that the union of Elias Compton and Otelia Augs-

purger, two country schoolteachers, would produce columns in *Who's Who*.

Yet Karl, their oldest son, is a distinguished physicist, now president of the great scientific institution, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Mary, the second child, is principal of a missionary school in India and wife of the president of Allahabad Christian College; Wilson, the third, is a noted economist and lawyer, and is general manager of the Lumber Manufacturers' Association; while Arthur, the "baby," is, at 45, one of the immortals of science — winner of the Nobel Prize in Physics.

How did it happen? The answer, according to the four famous Comptons, is contained in the old frame house in Wooster. Elias Compton was the beloved elder statesman of Ohio education; he taught philosophy at Wooster College for 45 years. But he always explained that he was just one of Otelia's boys. All credit was hers.

Otelia Compton, characteristically, denies that she has a recipe for rearing great men and women. She will

admit that her children are "worthy," but what the world calls great has small significance for her. When Arthur won the world's highest award in science, her first words were, "I hope it doesn't turn his head." The only way I was able to pry her loose from her reticence was to get her into a good hot argument.

There is nothing unfair about picking an intellectual quarrel with this woman of 79; she is more than equal to it. She reads as ardently as any scholar. She thinks as nimbly as any logician. One day this summer, her children kidded her about getting old. It seems she forgot to take off her wrist watch before her daily swim.

Cornered in her kitchen, Otelia Compton simply had to admit that she knows something about motherhood. There are her four children, with their total of 31 college and university degrees and their memberships in 39 learned societies. In addition, there are the hundreds of boys and girls whose lives Otelia Compton shaped during the 35 years she spent directing the Presbyterian Church's two homes for the children of its missionaries.

Her formula is so old it is new, so orthodox it is radical, so commonplace that we have forgotten it and it startles us. "We used the Bible and common sense," she told me.

Did she think heredity important?

That was easy for the descendant of Alsatian farmers. "If you mean the theory that worth is handed

down in a blue bloodstream, I don't think much of it. Lincoln's 'heredity' was nil. Dissolute kings and worthless descendants of our 'best families' are pretty sad evidence. No, I've seen too many extraordinary men and women who were children of the common people to put much stock in that.

"But there *is* a kind of heredity that is all-important. That is the heredity of training. A child isn't likely to learn good habits from his parents unless they learned them from *their* parents. Call that environment if you want to, or environmental heredity. But it is something that is handed down from generation to generation."

She feels strongly that too many Americans today are obsessed with the notion that their children "haven't got a chance." "This denial of the reality of opportunity," she said, "suggests a return to the medieval psychology of a permanently degraded peasant class. Once parents decide their children haven't got a chance, they are not likely to give them one. And the children, in turn, become imbued with this paralyzing attitude of futility."

Certainly the four young Comptons would never have had a chance had their parents regarded limited means as insuperable. Elias Compton was earning \$1400 a year while his wife was rearing four children and maintaining the kind of home a college community demands. The children all had their chores, but

household duties — and here is an ingredient of the Compton recipe — were never allowed to interfere either with school work or the recreation that develops healthy bodies and sportsmanship.

If heredity is not the answer, I wanted to know, what is?

"The home."

"That's a pleasant platitude," I said.

"It's a forgotten platitude," she replied sharply. "The tragedy of American life is that the home is becoming incidental at a time when it is needed as never before. Parents forget that neither school nor the world can reform the finished product of a bad home. They forget that their children are their first responsibility.

"The first thing parents must remember is that their children are not likely to be any better than they are themselves. Mothers and fathers who wrangle and dissipate need not be surprised if their observant young ones take after them. The next thing is that parents must obtain the confidence of their children in all things if they do not want to make strangers of them and have them go to the boy on the street corner for advice. Number three is that parents must explain to the child every action that affects him, even at the early age when parents believe, usually mistakenly, that the child is incapable of understanding. Only thus will the child mature with the sense that justice has been done

him and develop the impulse to be just himself.

"The mother or father who laughs at a youngster's 'foolish' ideas forgets that those ideas are not foolish to the child. When Arthur was 10 years old he wrote an essay taking issue with experts on why some elephants were three-toed and others five-toed. He brought it to me to read, and I had a hard time keeping from laughing. But I knew how seriously he took his ideas, so I sat down and worked on them with him."

Arthur — he of the Nobel Prize — was listening. "If you had laughed at me that day," he interrupted, "I think you would have killed my interest in research."

"The reason why many parents laugh at their children," Mrs. Compton went on, "is that they have no interest in the child's affairs. It isn't enough to encourage the child; the parents must *participate* in his interests. They must work *with* him, and if his interest turns out to be something about which they know nothing it is their business to educate themselves. If they don't, the child will discover their ignorance and lose his respect for them."

When Karl Compton was 12, he wrote a "book" on Indian fighting. Mary was absorbed with linguistics. Wilson's devotion to the spitball made him the greatest college pitcher in the Middle West. Arthur, too, was a notable athlete, but his first love was astronomy. The combination of Indian fighting, linguistics,

the spitball, and astronomy might have driven a lesser woman to despair, but Otelia Compton mastered them all.

When the four children were still under 10 years of age their mother took them to the wilds of northern Michigan where they hewed a clearing and pitched a tent. There these urban-bred children learned simplicity and hard work. There they imbibed, as the mother of Comptons would have every town child imbibe, of the unity and mystery of Nature.

The boys all worked summers and in college, gaining priceless experience; and they all had their own bank accounts, "not," their mother explains, "because we wanted them to glorify money but because we wanted them to learn that money, however much or however little, should never be wasted."

Would she put hard work first in her lexicon? Mrs. Compton thought a moment. "Yes," she said, "I would. That is, hard work in the right direction. The child who has acquired such habits does not need anything else."

And what is the "right kind" of hard work?

"The kind of work that is good in itself."

"What's wrong with working for money?" I asked.

The mother of Comptons exploded. "Everything! To teach a child that money-making for the sake of money is worthy is to teach him that the only thing worth while

is what the world calls success. That kind of success has nothing to do either with usefulness or happiness. Parents teach it and the schools teach it, and the result is an age that thinks that money means happiness. The man who lives for money never gets enough, and he thinks that that is why he isn't happy. The real reason is that he has had the wrong goal of life set before him."

What did she mean by parents and schools "teaching" that money is happiness?

"I mean all this talk about 'careers' and 'practical' training. Children should be taught how to think, and thinking isn't always practical. Children should be encouraged to develop their natural bents and not forced to choose a 'career.' When our children were still in high school, a friend asked Elias what they were going to be. His answer was, 'I haven't asked them.' Some of our neighbors thought we were silly when we bought Arthur a telescope and let him sit up all night studying the stars. It wasn't 'practical'."

Yet it was his "impractical" love of the stars that brought him the Nobel Prize and something over \$20,000; and in order that he might pursue his cosmic ray research, the University of Chicago equipped a \$100,000 laboratory for him.

I thought of the four Comptons and I wondered if "impractical" parents weren't perhaps the most practical.

❏ A grim story of six months in a German concentration camp

The Nazis Got Me

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly

As told to Samuel T. Williamson

The editors of Collier's withhold the narrator's name but have verified his story

TWO WORDS, spoken carelessly in private to one I thought was a sympathetic friend, doomed me to seven months of Nazi terror. They cost me my nerve, 40 pounds in weight, and the right ever again to set foot in my native land.

While visiting my wife's sister in Coblenz, I met an elderly woman who clicked her tongue sympathetically when she heard that my wife and I planned to begin life over again in America. I had made good money as a radio singer but recently the Goebbels propaganda office had refused me an actor's permit — one of my grandparents was so lacking in foresight 75 years ago as to marry a Jew.

"It's too bad," sighed my sister-in-law's caller, "that you lost your job. You sang nicely — nothing but good German songs." She glanced at the wall, then pointed with a half-smile to a photograph of Hitler with Julius Streicher, Germany's most fanatical Jew-baiter.

"That actor!" I exclaimed bitterly. That was all.

Six days later and 400 miles away,

in our home in Munich, my wife and I were awakened very early in the morning by insistent pounding on the door. I opened it, and there stood two plain-clothes men.

"Get dressed and come with us," they barked.

"Why?"

"None of your business!"

I tried to reassure my wife, telling her I'd be back in an hour or so. But that's the last I saw of her for seven months. At headquarters I discovered that the old woman who seemed so sorry for me was what we called a "200-percent Nazi." She had felt it her duty to tell the secret political police about my sneering remark.

During the next ten days I saw the cheerless inside of four of Munich's swarming jails, prisons where cells meant for seven held 20. One day I voiced to my cellmates the question that was constantly in my mind: when would I be brought to trial?

"Trial!" repeated one man who looked like a ghost. "I've been here two years waiting for trial. I was unemployed for a year until I was

enrolled in a labor battalion. Then they said they found a communist newspaper in my kit and sent me here. But I never saw that paper. I never had it, I tell you! Two years here without trial —”

We had to sit on him. He was making too much noise.

Another prisoner wore the black breeches of the *Schützstaffel*, the most Nazi of Nazi units. He had been a guard at Dachau, the dread concentration camp outside Munich. Those who were released from there were broken men with terror in their eyes, pledged on pain of further imprisonment not to tell their experiences. The boy in the black breeches was in the Munich jail for two years because he gave two cigarettes to a Dachau prisoner.

On the 11th day guards herded a dozen of us into a windowless omnibus. Where were we going? Perhaps to trial? Each prisoner was locked in a tiny cell barely large enough in which to sit. Slits in the side gave ventilation and a chance to peep out. About an hour from the city I saw a roadside sign flash by. Dachau!

The camp is surrounded by a high wall, studded with machine-gun towers. Within the wall is a heavy wire fence charged with high-voltage electricity. Behind that are two wooden fences, the space between them being so-called neutral ground; to be seen there means death by a stream of machine-gun bullets.

Behind these escape-proof barricades are barracks lodging more than 3000 political prisoners whose ages range from 19 to 70 — Communists, Socialists, Jews, priests and back-slid Nazis. Segregated into companies of about 100 men, they are guarded by hard-boiled, 200-percent Nazis, mostly between 18 and 20 years old — young enough to have grown up in the cause. They are armed with guns and bayonets, but their real weapons are kicks.

I was assigned to a company of the most dismal, unhappy men I had ever seen. They had been lawyers, doctors, former officials — men of education and among Germany's best. Now, depressed and silent, without hope, they were walking dead, men without souls.

“How long have you been here?” I asked one of them. The man looked at me with expressionless eyes and turned away. I spoke to another. Again the expressionless eyes and he, too, turned away without a word.

A third brushing by me muttered, “Watch yourself, boy! Talking now means trouble and plenty of it. I'll see you later.”

That was my welcome by my new comrades. Before long I, too, shunned newcomers, suspicious that they might be stool pigeons. Most of us had landed in Dachau because a careless remark, like mine, was repeated.

The man who warned me not to

talk was assigned to show me how to arrange my bedding and locker.

"Do everything exactly as you're told," he advised. "If you don't, they'll put you in the darkroom — solitary confinement; bread and water, in a room with no light, no heat and a guard with a big whip."

Our day began at five a.m. Breakfast consisted of one cup of "coffee" and a little black bread. At 5:30 came roll call and assignment of the day's work. Invariably one of the three Jewish companies was detailed to clean the camp latrines. A prisoner whose work did not please a guard might be kicked into one of the open privies. Strange things, those Aryan laws; my one Jewish grandparent prevented me from earning my living in Germany as an Aryan, but, having only one quarter Jewish blood, I did not have to clean camp latrines.

The prisoners marched off to work at six — usually to stand knee-deep in mud clearing swamps, or to back-breaking labor on rock piles. It made no difference whether a political prisoner was 19 or 70; if the camp doctor found him capable of hard labor, he was put at it. Sometimes the older men dropped in their tracks. They were carried back to camp and we saw them no more.

Fifteen armed guards watched each company. If I didn't move fast enough to suit them a guard would go behind me, deliver a spine-rocking kick and roar "*Marsch!*"

Marsch!" And I marched. How often did this happen? So many times I can't remember. Had it been once, it would have been a vivid memory, but I got used to it, and used to seeing others get the boot.

At noon we returned to camp for lunch. Watery vegetable stew and black bread. We heard that meat was in the stew. I never saw any.

Half an hour later came inspection. The slightest disarray usually meant a day or two in the "dark-room."

That was our universal fear. Men who came back from it did not talk, but upon their bare backs I saw welts caused by learning National Socialism from a whip. Ignorance of what happened there gave solitary confinement an even greater dread.

Afternoons until four were devoted to "exercise in the Prussian manner." Companies marched or half-trotted over the exercise *Platz*, and at the command "Down!" every man fell forward on his face. Up and over again. "*Marsch! Marsch!*"

During this pastime came long intervals not for rest but for instruction, while standing in rigid formation, in the virtues of National Socialism and how to behave in the Third Reich.

At four we were back in the barracks for supper: black bread and vegetable stew. At five came a free hour out of doors, followed by another inside. For two hours a day we could talk. But conversation

was cautious. Weeks passed before occupants of neighboring bunks and I had sufficient mutual confidence to speak freely. We rarely knew the full names of our fellow prisoners. It was not healthy to know them, or too much about anything that went on at Dachau. Men who seemed to know much were taken away — where or for what we never learned. Spirits crushed, living in constant dread, preyed upon by unknown fears, we hadn't much desire to talk.

Free for two hours! For what? Tobacco, books and magazines were forbidden. We had only Hitler's *Völkischer Beobachter* to read, the most propaganda-ridden of all Nazi house organs. Once a month we were given one sheet of notepaper on which to write a closely supervised letter home. Once a month a censored letter was allowed in from outside. Long black streaks on my wife's letters blotted out reports of what our families were doing to get me out of camp. For six months I never knew whether I had been condemned without trial, or how long I was to remain prisoner.

The unknown preyed upon my morale as it did upon the others'. Here were 3000 men, possessing some of the best independent minds in Germany. Everything that might occupy those minds was calculatingly withheld. We were treated like dumb, driven cattle; and to be broken to dumb, driven cattle's spirit and reactions was what we

were there for. Dachau meant mental death. What ambition we had left was fixed upon one object: to be on our best behavior in the hope of being released earlier.

And so, at seven, to bed. Ten hours in bed may sound like luxury. In reality they were torture for most of us couldn't sleep. Night after night we lay in the dark thinking, whispering our hopes and fears to each other. The wildest rumors swept through the barracks. Goering had committed suicide; Hitler was assassinated and we would be set at liberty next Saturday!

Some tortured souls managed to die by their own hands. One prisoner on kitchen detail secreted a piece of tin, slashed his wrists and bled quietly and happily to death in his bunk. Others knotted a few rags together, went out to the latrines and hung themselves in the dark.

Thus six months dragged by, day slowly following day with the same brutal routine, until the time when I was led from the barracks to the windowless omnibus that had brought me from Munich. I was given neither reason nor destination and still no word about a trial. Finally a train took me to Coblenz where, after a month of solitary confinement, I was taken into court.

My grievous crime against the German people was unfolded before three judges by the State's Attorney and confirmed by the old

woman who called upon my sister-in-law that afternoon ages before. One of the courtroom doors was ajar, and there stood my wife! They wouldn't let her come in, but during the 45 minutes my lawyer addressed the court we looked at each other, she tense and drawn and I a mental wreck of 95 pounds.

The judges found me guilty and sentenced me to four months' imprisonment, to be deducted from the time served while awaiting trial.

I was free! But before being released I had to sign a pledge: "Whatever I have seen in a concentration camp or a prison I shall keep secret

from the outside world. Violation of this pledge will be punished by imprisonment in a Reich penitentiary."

My wife and I moved to Bremen in order to lose no time after getting our passports for America. Finally they were issued, on condition that I never seek to re-enter Germany.

Even now when my wife and I are with friends in a restaurant, I am jumpy when anything is said about Nazi Germany and I lower my voice lest I be overheard. I cannot yet realize that I am in a country where I may say what I please.

The Short Day of Science

in the Long Life of Man

OUR LIFE today differs from our grandfathers' much more than did theirs from the life of 2000 years before. To dramatize the recent increase in the rate of scientific progress, let us compress the time scale a millionfold. This means that a year ago the first men learned to use certain odd-shaped sticks and stones as tools and weapons. Speech appeared. Then, only last week, someone developed the art of skillfully shaping stones to meet his needs. Day before yesterday man was sufficiently an artist to use simplified pictures as symbolic writing. Yesterday the alphabet was introduced. Bronze was the metal most used. Yesterday afternoon the Greeks were developing their brilliant art and science. Last midnight Rome fell, hiding for several hours the values of civilized life. Galileo observed his falling bodies at 8:15 this morning. By 10 o'clock the first practical steam engine was being built. At 11 Faraday's law of electromagnetism was developed, which by 11:30 had given us the telegraph, electric power, the telephone and incandescent electric light. At 11:40 X rays were discovered by Roentgen, followed quickly by radium and wireless telegraphy. Only 15 minutes ago the automobile came into general use. Air mail has been carried for hardly five minutes. And not until a minute ago have we had world-wide broadcasts by short-wave radio.

—Arthur H. Compton in *Science*

Notes on the Birth of the Nation

Condensed from Ladies' Home Journal

Dorothy Thompson

Well-known journalist and author who has been contributing
a series of editorials to the Ladies' Home Journal

OUR CHILDREN, it seems to me, learn the history of events, but are woefully unversed in the history of thought. Many of them are now taught to interpret history from the standpoint of the characters or material condition of the men who set events in motion; thus the Constitution of the United States is read by some wholly in the light of the economic status of the men who framed it, the presumption being that if they were well-to-do, they were incapable of disinterested thinking, and only concerned with making a form of government protective of their own kind. The result of this kind of teaching is to diminish all respect for intellect, reason and experience.

Yet the form of government that came into being on this continent at the end of the 18th century was the product of an age of reason, and was devised by one of the most extraordinary groups of men ever gathered together in any country at any time. They were, in the most precise sense of the term, aristocrats. By this I do not mean that they were rich and highly born, but that

they were men of extraordinary abilities, who towered so high above the level of their times, and most times since, that they commanded the respect of the whole civilized world, despite the fact that they were citizens of a still uncouth and unformed country.

They were men of exceptional mental capacity and deep culture, familiar with the history, constitutions and political experiences of most preceding civilizations. They devoted the most exacting reasoning to the Constitution which they worked out and defended. Hamilton, Madison, Monroe, Franklin, Adams, John Jay were men who had applied their minds to the question of how republics were born; what threats existed internally and externally to destroy them; what conditions were favorable to their survival. They knew all about the "class struggle"; they knew all about fascism and its causes, although they called it by another name. They set out to make a free federal state; and in doing so they definitely rejected pure democracy, and for a clearly seen reason: They knew that every

attempt at pure democracy in the history of the world had quickly degenerated into tyranny.

It is important to be clear on this point, because words are used these days with extreme looseness. Since the last election, for instance, our form of government has been said to be one of majority rule, and we are told that anything the majority wants to do is justified under our system. Yet James Madison wrote in 1787 that one of the great dangers to popular government lies in the fact "that measures are often decided not according to the rules of justice and the rights of the minor party but by the superior force of an interested and overbearing majority. It must be concluded that a pure democracy can admit of no cure for the evils of faction. A common passion or interest will, in almost every case, be felt by the majority; and there is nothing to check the inducements to sacrifice the weaker party. Hence it is that such democracies have ever been spectacles of turbulence and contention . . . and have, in general, been as short in their lives as they have been violent in their deaths."

To guard against usurpation by a man, an oligarchy or a majority, they planned a division of the powers of government. They knew that this would not promote the greatest possible efficiency; they knew that benevolent tyrannies — of which we have so many modern equivalents — are far more efficient

and often enjoy immense popular favor. But they also knew that tyrannies, benevolent or otherwise, seldom survive the lives of their founders. And like all great political thinkers from Plato to the present day, they were convinced that from the viewpoint of man's dignity, progress and ultimate well-being, tyranny, however benevolent, is of all forms of government the very worst. And man's dignity, his spiritual role on earth, concerned them. For this reason, these extraordinary men not only divided the powers of government but set definite limits to those powers, reserving whole spheres of life into which government might not penetrate at all. This, in fact, was one of their leading contributions to human freedom.

They were extremely realistic men. They knew that man is a creature of passions, self-interest, aggressiveness and credulity. Nevertheless they believed that there *is* a political solvent. They did not believe that all men are creatures of blind forces, economic or biological, and wholly determined by whether they are poor or rich, or belong to this or that race. They believed passionately in man's capacity for reason, and in the duty of government to appeal to reason.

If one compares the tone of public debate today with the tone of debate over the acceptance of the Constitution, one is amazed at how the level has fallen. The issue at stake in 1787 was one of the great-

est in human history. It was, essentially, whether the United States should become, like Europe, an agglomeration of independent states, with separate tariffs and armies, or whether it should be one nation. The country was suffering from "popular convulsions, from dissension among the states and from the actual invasion of foreign arms." Yet, in presenting the national cause to the people, John Jay said:

"This plan is only *recommended*, not imposed, yet let it be remembered that it is neither recommended to *blind* approbation nor to *blind* reprobation; but to that sedate and candid consideration which the magnitude and importance of the subject demand."

Our government, then, was founded on a belief in principle, embodied in law and in the processes of human reason and deliberation; it attempted to keep a balance between factional interests; to provide checks against usurpations, whether by individuals, by oligarchies of the rich or even by majorities of the poor; and to leave in society itself a large area for voluntary action, whether by individuals or by groups of them.

Hamilton, Madison and John Jay defended the new Constitution in a series of 85 editorials published in the newspapers of the time. Together they constitute *The Federalist*, probably the greatest treatise on government which had appeared in the world since Aristotle's *Poli-*

tics — with which, incidentally, the defenders of the Constitution showed themselves thoroughly familiar. It is perfectly amazing to me that an American boy or girl can graduate today from an American university without ever having had thoroughly to study these American documents. The mere fact that this is so is evidence of how little we care about thought and its history.

When we read in the newspapers that a high official in German educational life asserts that the German people are no longer interested in truth, for the sake of truth, but acknowledge as truth only that which serves the interests of the Nazi state, we are hearing a barbarous statement. When we see governments offering no more reason for their actions than that a Hitler, a Stalin or a Mussolini demands them, or, as we now hear at home, that the majority has given a blanket mandate, we are also listening to barbarian voices.

For intellect, reason and experience furnish the only guides which civilized man has ever had, individually or collectively, in his course through this world. Without recourse to them, we live without any standards. It is unavailing to point to our technical progress, our magnificent roads and factories, as proof that we are civilized. These may be only the remnants of a civilization already in decay; they are not, of themselves, a guaranty against a new flood of barbarism.

To the Ladies

Excerpts from a regular department in Liberty

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

AT HER country cottage Helen Hayes maintains a unique shooting gallery. All the targets are portraits of well-known drama critics. Helen and her theatrical friends enjoy taking pot shots at life-sized likenesses of Burns Mantle, George Jean Nathan, John Anderson, *et al.*

JUSTIFIED USE of the anonymous note as a weapon of social defense has been adopted in my neighborhood by some wives who suffer a mutual inability to make their husbands get haircuts. These women now send unsigned postcards every two weeks to their husbands' business offices — postcards with big red letters publicly displaying the command: GET YOUR HAIR CUT.

ONE EVENING recently, when a lady wearing a perfect dream of a little black hat with a red feather in it entered the dining room of Maxim's famous old restaurant in Paris, a spontaneous rattle of handclapping broke out. She wasn't a mannequin; there was no fashion show going on. She was just an incidental lady in an exquisitely distinguished hat. The people at the other tables were strangers to her, but they couldn't help showing their appreciation, so they sat back and applauded as though they were at a theater.

"FOR YEARS," Lillian Gish says, "I rehearsed my emotional lines in a pitch-dark room, with someone listening outside the door. I couldn't see a

thing; there were no distractions. I trained myself to let my voice alone bring out every shade of the thought I was trying to put over. If the listener outside the door failed to get it — I went on trying."

S. S. VAN DINE is a man who can't be fooled. He writes detective stories. He knows dogs.

Mr. Van Dine had a blue-ribbon terrier named Scotty. Scotty ate breakfast with Mr. Van Dine every morning. One morning he didn't show up. Mr. Van Dine went to look for him, and found a man's footprints in the yard. "That man snatched my dog," said Mr. Van Dine.

He measured the footprints to a thousandth of an inch. Took plaster casts of them. Swore he'd catch the thief if it kept him sleuthing until doomsday! Late that afternoon Mr. Van Dine heard a howling and a yowling under his tool shed. Discovered his dog wedged in there hunting a rat.

What about the mysterious footprints in the yard? Mr. Van Dine, by painstaking comparative measurements, determined that they were his *own* footprints. That's the end of this detective story.

"TWENTY DOLLARS for silk stockings, warm slippers, and a pair of rubber anklets . . . \$25 to buy a purple dress . . . \$100 for surgical books and instruments. . . ." A woman with an understanding heart — Corra Harris, the writer — left the above bequests

in her will to two elderly ladies and a country doctor. They had long been yearning for just those things and had never quite been able to afford them.

To me it is a remarkable will. All the world over there are millions of

men and women who lack eternally the few dollars needed to gratify some heartfelt desire — some trivial want or some caprice of the soul which would nevertheless bring them new courage and new spiritual dignity.



Initial Complaint

Stephen Leacock, S.A.S., A.A.A.*

I ADMIT that this is the age of brevity; we have no time to say *telephone*, *debutante*, *cinematograph*, *automobile*: we *phone* an invitation to the *movies* and our *debs* ride in *cars*. But when it comes to cutting out words altogether and falling back on letters, it is time to ask where we are "at." Is it really O.K. to talk about the C.I.O.? And is a man a D.F. if he can't remember what the O.G.P.U. is?

Our grandfathers knew nothing of this haste. If they founded a farmers' society, they called it the Oro Township Agricultural Fall Fair and Flower Show Association, and the more often they said it the better they liked it. But nowadays three or more people no sooner get together than they fuse themselves with the Alphabet.

The Great War started it. Before then, business used it, but not too much: people signed I.O.U.'s or had to pay C.O.D., and things were sent F.O.B., though no one else knew what it meant. We spoke of the Y.M.C.A. and the U.S.A. But in wartime at the front, if a man took time to say "General Headquarters" he might get shot before he finished, whereas if he said G.H.Q. he still had a chance for life.

When the soldiers came back they were all talking about G.H.Q. and the C.O. and who gave the D.S.O. to the V.A.D. Naturally we imitated them. Now the Alphabet has invaded our government administration, overwhelmed business and labor organizations and threatens to submerge private life. We are getting so accustomed to it that things written out seem needlessly prolix; and if we want to keep our history alive, it will have to be rewritten. A new outline of history will contain an account of the American Revolution (A.R.) as follows:

SIGNING OF THE D.O.I. AND THE BIRTH OF THE U.S.A.

THE EXCITEMENT over the S.A. and the B.T.P. (Stamp Act and Boston Tea Party) soon led to open resistance. The battle of B.H., outside Boston, was followed by the appointment of G.W. as C.I.C. of the C.A., and a congress of delegates (F.O.B. Philadelphia) signed on July 4, 1776, the famous D.O.I. written by T.J. The stubborn K.O.E. — G₃ — refused all conciliation, looking upon G.W. as P.E. No.1 of his Empire. The war ended at Yorktown and G₃ recognized the I.O.U.S.A. G.W. became the first P.O.U.S. and was recognized in history as the F.O.H.C.

— *Better English*

*Self-Appointed Secretary, Anti-Alphabet Association.

Churchmen Crusade Against Capitalism

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Arthur Bartlett

IN NOVEMBER my church is going to take a vote. We are going to decide whether or not the profit system is Christian — whether America ought to keep on under capitalism.

For a crusade against capitalism has arisen within the Protestant churches, and the million members of the Congregational and Christian churches will be asked to express their opinions on it. This will be the first time that the whole membership of a denomination has been polled; but in almost every Protestant denomination the battle lines are being drawn.

A few months ago I heard one of New York's most widely known Methodist preachers, the Rev. Dr. Christian F. Reisner, say: "I have been attending our annual conference this week. It was a fight — a real fight. But we finally won, thank God, even if by only a few votes. The radicals wanted us to endorse everything short of Communism itself."

The conference debate, he told me later, came over a Social Service Commission report which, among other things, asked the delegates to condemn our economic system as "selfish" and advocate a "sharing" system instead. He said that when

he proposed to add, "We also unreservedly condemn the dictator Stalin and his murderous system in Russia," the proponents of the other resolutions were quite reluctant to accept it.

"The point is," said Dr. Reisner, "that behind these proposals, whatever their high-mindedness, is a definite political movement, and I think it takes attention away from the true spiritual nature of Christianity."

Since then I have visited many different churches and talked with all sorts of people in various denominations. There is a strong and growing minority group in the churches devoting itself to the revolutionary task of abolishing the capitalistic system. A much larger, more moderate group — perhaps a majority — believes it the duty of the church to look at the capitalistic system with a critical eye and to preach the "Social Gospel," aimed at an eventual Christian commonwealth in which the motive of selfish gain will be eliminated. The rest still hold to the old theory that the church should interest itself in individuals, not systems — that you and I, not the setup under which we live, should be held responsible for greed and selfishness.

The headway the anti-capitalistic movement is now making was impressed on me when I asked the wife of a banker what she thought of this trend in the churches. Said she: "Well, I suppose to be a really complete Christian you have to be a Socialist."

Actually, that lady is a conservative Republican, active in politics and in the Episcopal Church. "Then you don't consider yourself a good Christian?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders: "Sometimes I wonder."

Here surely was something new. Ten years ago, such a woman would have had no doubt that she was a Christian. But now, because she could not be a Socialist, she wondered about it. The test of Christianity had changed in her church.

The last time I heard her rector preach he quoted Bishop Edward L. Parsons, of California, as saying: "Under the present order, business must be conducted for profit. The only way out is a social order which increasingly eliminates the profit motive. There are many hateful things about Russian Communism, but there is something wholesome in a society in which youth is brought up to serve the community rather than to seek success in the form in which we commonly think of it in America today."

Bishop Parsons is president of the Church League for Industrial Democracy. This league of Episcopalians is in the forefront of the

crusade against the profit system, together with the Methodist Federation for Social Service and the United Christian Council for Democracy. The latter is drawn from numerous denominations: the Evangelical and Reformed, Baptist, Community, Congregational, Disciples, Presbyterian, and Unitarian.

Many conservatives in the churches call these organizations Red. I decided to see what the leaders of the movement had to say about it. At the office of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, in New York, I talked with the Rev. Charles C. Webber, field secretary. He handed me a leaflet describing his group: "An organization which rejects the method of the struggle for profit as the economic base for society; which seeks to replace it with social economic planning in order to develop a society without class distinctions and privileges."

"Of course," he said, "we have certain ideas in common with Communists and Socialists. But that does not make us either one or the other. We are Christians, working toward social change."

Mr. Webber explained that his organization is financed by the membership. "We don't get one cent from the church body."

I glanced through the leaflets and pamphlets which were stacked in large piles along one wall. One leaflet read:

"Have you lost your job? Have you had to take an income cut? Is your

child through school, and now can't get a job? Have you lost your savings? Has your mortgage been foreclosed? Has none of these things happened to you? *Do you feel certain that it won't?* Do you realize that back of what has happened to you, to millions, is that *the profit system has broken down?*"

Mr. Webber told me that of the 3000 members of his organization, about 2500 are ministers — which is one out of every six Methodist Episcopal ministers in the United States.

"Does that mean that they all agree with your program?" I asked.

"Not necessarily," he said, and referred to one of the leaflets. Under the heading, "Who Are Welcome," it said: "Those who want to go in the general direction indicated by our program. Also, those who know that something is seriously wrong, but are not quite sure what, and therefore do not know what to do about it."

Obviously there is plenty of room for opposition and for a wide scale of in-between opinions. And that is exactly the situation, although the most active opposition seems to be among laymen, rather than among the clergy. A Conference of Methodist Laymen, with Arthur M. Hyde, former Secretary of Agriculture, as one of its leaders, has been formed to combat the ideas of the Federation.

One church in the Eastern New York Methodist Conference, which is headed by the president of the Federation, Bishop Francis J. McConnell, refused recently to accept

a pastor assigned to it, on the ground that he was too radical. One of the opposing laymen told me:

"We are primarily afraid of the influence these men will have on our children. A minister is entitled to his own political and social views, like anybody else. If he tells me that the will of God coincides with his particular political notions, I'm tough-minded enough not to believe him. But I don't see why I should teach my children that the will of God is all-important, and then have them taught in Sunday school and Epworth League meetings that the will of God is Socialistic."

A small manufacturer told me: "When I first heard about what some of these fellows are preaching I quit going to church, and quit giving anything to it. And I know a lot of other men who did, too. Our pastor finally talked me into coming back. He is sound and all right, and I saw that I was wrong in bucking the whole church just because of a few wild-eyed radicals in it. But I can tell you that if they put one of those fellows in our pulpit I wouldn't give the church a cent. Why should I finance somebody to pull my house down?"

So the battle rages among the Methodists; and in other denominations it is much the same.

The Church League for Industrial Democracy, the Episcopalian organization, has stirred up strenuous opposition. Not long ago Bishop

William T. Manning of New York publicly disclaimed its members, saying they were not representative of the church as a whole; and a Church Layman's Association has been formed to oppose them. At present the League has 2861 members, of whom 486 are ministers and 29 are bishops.

The United Christian Council for Democracy is still in the process of being formed in several of its denominational branches. Its creed is virtually the same as those of the Methodist and Episcopal groups, both of which are allied with it. "We reject," it says, "the profit-seeking economy and the capitalistic way of life, with its private ownership of the things upon which the lives of all depend."

Discussing it with a minister from Ohio, he said, "I'm just an average American minister in an average American town. I'm no hidebound reactionary. Sometimes I preach old-fashioned personal religion, and sometimes I preach what they call the Social Gospel. I'm all for any sensible steps that can be taken to make conditions better. I voted for the New Deal, and would again. But when it comes to turning the whole system upside down, I balk; and I hate to see so many other ministers veering off that way."

Recently, in a small New England town, I asked the minister of the Congregational Church what he thought of the profit system. "Frankly," he said, "I'm against

it. Come to our Young Men's Forum this evening. We thresh these questions out there."

A dozen young men were at the Forum, and the minister led the discussion on the subject: "What Christians Can Learn from Soviet Russia." Only one man seemed inclined to condemn the Russian system completely. The others deplored Stalin's methods but agreed with the minister when he said: "In their social and economic order, the Russians are pointing the way to the realization of the Christian ideal of the brotherhood of man."

The Council for Social Action of the Congregational Churches is an official agency set up in 1934 to keep the church abreast of the social questions which had become so much involved with religion in many minds. I talked with the Rev. Alfred Schmalz, a young minister of the modern, matter-of-fact type.

"Some reactionaries in the church think we should not be mixing up in social questions," he said. "But the preponderant thought in the church today — in all the churches — is that we can't keep out of social questions. The religion of Jesus has social implications. When it comes to such a fundamental issue as the rights and wrongs of capitalism as a whole, it is up to the whole church to speak. That is why our General Council authorized the Economic Plebiscite in November."

And so we are getting ready to cast our ballots. Capitalism or —?

Q Whether the war lords win or lose there is only misery for the common people of Nippon

Japan's Silent Millions

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Ernest O. Hauser

Former staff member of the Institute of Pacific Relations; author of
"The Rest of the World"

IF THE JAPANESE had wings instead of arms, or fish tails instead of legs, it might be easier to understand them. In observing people who read newspapers, smoke cigarettes and go to the movies, we naturally think they are like us. And we are baffled when we realize they are quite different underneath.

Commentators who predicted Japan's collapse after a few months of war overlooked these differences. Inside Japan there is depressing evidence that the people, few of whom know why the war is being fought, simply accept it as they have always accepted earthquakes, typhoons and poverty.

Japan differs greatly from us in social inheritance. Consider, for example, her much-discussed low wage scale. Most attempted justifications of this have centered around the low living costs. These explanations are not altogether satisfactory. We do more justice to the Japanese setup if we assume that Japanese wages actually are not wages. While the idea of selling commodities is familiar to the Japanese mind, the idea of selling one's

labor has never really been accepted. The system under which work was done in ancient Japan consisted of mighty lords and obedient subjects. The subjects were given protection, food and shelter by their lords, and they, in turn, were expected to do the necessary labor. Work was never given in exchange for money.

When Japan imported the Western tricks of industrial production this feudal concept of labor was carried over, the only difference being that money is given by the modern lords instead of protection and shelter. This money is paid for the sole purpose of assuring the life of those who work. It is not meant to represent the equivalent of a certain amount of labor. Hence there is no proportion between wages and the amount of work done. The result has never been pleasant for the poor and silent millions in Japan.

In Japan's large industrial enterprises, as increasing numbers of factory workers have been called to the colors they have been largely replaced by women. Women's wages average between 15 and 40 yen a month (\$4.05 to \$10.80).

Every visit to a Japanese factory is, for an American, a shocking experience. To know the gay and playful nature of Japanese girls is to appreciate what these serious little workers are missing. They stand, in neat uniforms, unreeling silk cocoons or servicing cotton spindles, incredibly quick and efficient. They seldom lift their eyes; a supervisor is always nearby. In the large machine halls, the huge banner with the Rising Sun offers the only spiritual elevation. The girls live in factory dormitories which, although equipped with libraries and gyms, are, in effect, sadly crowded little prisons.

Traces of the feudal system are quite as noticeable in the white-collar field. Eighty percent of Tokyo's salaried men have to be satisfied with less than \$27 a month — and they are. How these people manage to live and keep their clothes neat is a miracle.

The war has brought a nearly intolerable increase in working hours. The Japanese apparently have no idea of the relationship between recreation and efficiency. In the last year, many offices have canceled vacations altogether and people work at their desks many hours after dark. On their way home, men and women usually fall asleep in the streetcar. Offices are reluctant to enlarge their staffs; they extend their working hours instead, and the effect is low efficiency.

However, with wartime condi-

tions straining human endurance, the Japanese Welfare Ministry (recently established as a sop to incipient malcontents) has just promulgated a decree ordering stores to close at 10 p.m. This will cut the salesgirls' working day down to 11 hours. (Women have been working 13 to 15 hours a day.) These new regulations affect only larger establishments. Conditions in the smaller places are worse; rules for them will come later.

Wherever one goes, in field, office or factory, hard work and extreme poverty emerge as the outstanding features of wartime Japan. In a recent survey I found appalling conditions in Tokyo. Mukojima Ward, on the left bank of the contaminated Sumida River, is inhabited by some 80,000 people. Here many low-priced commodities typical of Japan's foreign trade expansion are manufactured, not in factories, but in homes. This is probably the cheapest industrial production in the world, controlled by middlemen who furnish the raw materials and own the finished products.

Mukojima is an unfriendly place in which to live. At high tide the river overflows, and crossing some of the narrow streets means wading through slimy puddles. There is no sewer system, and the smell is penetrating. The work is usually done in one badly lighted room in which the members of the working family sit on the floor in a circle. Some fam-

ilies make toys; others brassware, pencil caps, machine parts, etc.; others produce salt shakers, fountain pen barrels, aluminum caps for radio tubes; others knit cotton gloves or finish raincoats.

Apprentices of 14 enter the "profession" and usually stay until they reach military age. All they receive is food, lodging (in the crowded and vermin-infested family sleeping quarters above the work-room) and "wages" which start as low as 81 cents a *month* and may rise to 48 cents a day for older men. The top wages for women are between eight and 16 cents a day. Working hours are long, sometimes 15 a day, and the work is exhausting and often dangerous. Harmful acids and other chemicals are often used in the work, and those who do the brass work are almost certain to develop tuberculosis.

Under these conditions those in fair health just manage to live. But disease is fighting them at close quarters. With the wartime shortage of raw materials, the shrinking of export business and the rise of prices, misery and the danger of starvation increase. Fatalism and inertia are the result. The government has nothing revolutionary to fear from these people.

It is a curse to be born pretty in these districts. Two or three hundred yen (\$54-\$81), paid by the houses of prostitution for a very young girl, may rid the family of its debts. While this is officially an

advance on the girl's earnings, there will be so many deductions for her cosmetics and kimonos that there is no hope of ever redeeming it. The girl will be the property of the brothel or tea-house keeper for the rest of her life. This may not be long — an early death from syphilis is the most probable redemption.

All this is known by both parties when the deal is made. Yet, as a rule it is not done against the girl's will. The career offers escape from the depressing realities of a humdrum life. It means pretty gowns, lipstick, music and having fun. Finally, and this is the typically Japanese attitude, it means a supreme sacrifice for the sake of the family. This is a very high honor.

The labor conditions in Tokyo are more or less typical of the situation in the home industries, small stores and restaurants all over Japan.

Now, poverty is not new in Japan. The people who first settled there more than 3000 years ago did not find any riches. A hundred generations of Japanese have lived and died since then, and all of them were poor. There is no other explanation for the Japanese way of living: 70,000,000 Japanese have nothing to sit on except the bare floor. Yet not a single Japanese enjoys squatting on his mat; his legs hurt just as ours do. And there is not a single Japanese who would not prefer a substantial steak to his

dish of rice and seaweed. Even the famous tea ceremony can be best explained by the appalling poverty of the people who had to build up a structure of ceremonial jugglery around an ordinary cup of tea because they had nothing else to offer their guests. And the traditional hot bath, which is not so much a means to keep clean as to keep warm in long winter nights, remains their only luxury — after a hundred generations.

Great catastrophes, such as earthquakes and floods, have often reduced the populace to more acute misery. The present war, with all its terrific expenditure and useless bloodshed, seems just another link in this endless chain of catastrophes. In silent, utter resignation, people shoulder their burden and send their sons and horses to the front.

But not quite all the Japanese people are poor. There are the barons of finance and industry — a thin layer of wealth — who live in the hills of Tokyo Yamanote ("up-

town"), far removed from the miserable masses. The fate of the people who suffer and die in one of the greatest calamities of Japan's history seems to affect the upper thousand of Japan very little. They still go to parties, buy useless things, and read about the war in the newspapers. Their sons, miraculously, escape conscription. Taxes are the only alley through which the nation's sorrow comes home to them. And, thus far, these contributions do not seem to have induced them to take a more serious view of the present situation.

Thus, for Japan, the Far Eastern War stands out against the gloomy background of poverty and despair. Every new victory brings Japan closer to the totalitarian paradise which her glory-mad leaders in uniform and morning coat seem to envisage. Tomorrow she will be mistress of Asia or a hopelessly beaten country. Neither result promises any relief to the silent millions of Japan.

Two for the Price of None

¶ A GENTLEMAN came into a Paris barbershop with a small boy one day and explained that since he had an appointment in the neighborhood he would like his own hair cut first. This accomplished, he handed the small boy up into a chair, urged patience upon him, and departed. When the boy's haircut was finished, the gentleman had not returned, and the barber sat him in a chair. A half hour passed. "Don't worry," said the barber reassuringly. "I'm sure your father will be back soon." The boy looked startled. "He isn't my father," he said. "He just came up to me in the street and said, 'Come along, let's both get a haircut'."

— *Foreign Travel*

Q Grover Whalen, "America's greatest greeter,"
presents the World of Tomorrow

Barnum in Modern Dress

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Elmer Davis

ON APRIL 30th of next year New York will open its first world's fair. It will be the biggest world's fair ever held, perhaps the best, and certainly the most expensive.

This institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man — Grover Aloysius Whalen, president of the World's Fair Corporation and America's greatest greeter. "A greater showman than Barnum," said one who used to work with him. And the chairman at a testimonial dinner for Whalen once observed, "When New York wants a hard job done we have the habit of saying, 'Grover, you're elected.' And he always accomplishes more than we had hoped."

By and large, that is true. It is also true that he spends more money than they had expected. Not his money, their money.

Whalen, born in 1886 on the lower East Side, was a rising young business man when the municipal campaign of 1917 came along. As a Tammany Democrat he organized a Business Men's League which was active in electing John F. Hylan Mayor. He was rewarded by

appointment as the Mayor's secretary. When, following the war, it fell to the Mayor to receive officially more distinguished foreigners than New York had seen for decades, Hylan turned the job over to a reception committee. As vice-chairman, Whalen provided the ideas and the energy, while Rodman Wanamaker, the chairman, took care of the deficit.

The purpose of these greetings, said Whalen later, was "to show the world that New York is not a cold and indifferent city, but has a warm heart and a sympathetic hand." The distinguished guests were often pretty limp by the time the warm heart and the sympathetic hand had been working on them all the way from the Battery to the Waldorf-Astoria, for they were never let off anything; the King and Queen of the Belgians, arriving incognito, had to be ferried back from the Waldorf to the Battery the next morning to go through the regular routine.

Greeter Whalen left little to chance; at one reception he had more than 1000 people working under 82 squad leaders, drilled by long rehearsals

to take their proper part in the welcome. It was Whalen's fertile mind that decided to stage all the triumphal progresses at the hour when lower Broadway was full of people going out to lunch, so that however unfamiliar to the public the distinguished visitor might be he always encountered a crowd.

These displays, which familiarized the town with visiting celebrities, also made New York aware of Whalen — Whalen with silk hat, morning coat, white carnation and "the most carefully groomed mustache in New York." Today he would probably be recognized on the street by more persons than any other New Yorker except Al Smith, Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey.

In 1924, when Hylan reputedly became jealous of his popularity, Whalen resigned to assist in running the Wanamaker department stores. But, under Hylan's successor, Jimmie Walker, Whalen continued to receive distinguished heroes and heroines — Lindbergh, Gertrude Ederle, and other celebrities.

In 1928 he was drafted into the most thankless job in the public service — the Commissionership of Police. Arnold Rothstein, reputedly New York's leading racketeer, had been murdered, and the police were not finding the murderer. The situation called for a man who could Do Things, and do them so spectacularly that people would forget what was not done. Whalen filled the bill. He did not catch the mur-

derers of Rothstein or of other prominent racketeers killed during his incumbency; but he announced so frequently that he was on the point of catching them that most people probably took the will for the deed.

His genius for showmanship made the inaugural night of the new theater-district traffic system a big front-page story. Complete with white carnation, Whalen directed his men from the police booth in the middle of Times Square like an old-fashioned general on the battlefield. The crowd roared, flashlights blazed and newsreel cameras whirled; the Commissioner waved his hat and took a bow. And Jimmie Walker, hearing of the uproar at dinner, had to come over in a hurry to get in on the tail end of the publicity.

There never was a Police Commissioner like him. In the Headquarters barber shop he had a personal chair in which he was shaved every morning and in which nobody else was ever shaved at all. He took office in semi-formal morning dress. He personally designed a new uniform for the department. Whenever he got out of his open car — a police car, with siren, of course — the chauffeur had to come around and occupy the Commissioner's seat, to keep it warm in winter, to keep it cool when the rays of the sun beat down. The button of the siren was placed where Whalen could reach it, and he blew his own horn as he went along. He used to attend

all the big fires and sometimes annoyed the firemen by telling them how to put them out.

In short, while he may not have made any touchdowns, he gained an unprecedented amount of yardage in newspaper columns — far more than Mayor Walker was getting. And Walker began to feel about Whalen just as Hylan had felt in 1924. So in May, 1930, Whalen resigned and went back to Wanamaker's.

At that time Whalen may have looked to many like the next Mayor of New York. But he wisely went on keeping his store. When, in 1933, it was proposed to put over NRA by a nation-wide ballyhoo, Whalen, who was chairman of the New York NRA committee, was right at home. He got up in honor of the Blue Eagle the greatest parade ever seen in New York — a quarter of a million people marching, a million and a half looking on.

With the coming of repeal, the newly legalized liquor industry needed front men with good standing in politics as well as in business. Whalen left Wanamaker's to become chairman of Schenley Products; from which he resigned in 1937 to make a full-time job of the World's Fair.

He was the man for the moment, for the Fair was behind schedule and he could make things move. Soon after he took charge, a commissioner of the San Francisco Fair, also scheduled to open next year, visited New York and patroniz-

ingly remarked that there would be no conflict, as New York's show could not open till 1940. Whalen snapped back that the New York Fair would open as planned on April 30, 1939 — and at the rate it is going now he could open it in March if he wanted to. The Fair's calendars and inter-office memoranda sheets are marked with the warning, "Time Tears On."

The plan of the Fair and its rainbow color scheme are not Whalen's work; but its promotion and scale of expenditure bear the imprint of his personality.

The Administration Building, which cost \$930,000 and will be torn down in a couple of years, has executive offices that look like a Hollywood scene representing a super-luxury hotel, and the walls of its state dining room are covered with sheet copper. The Fair is beginning to take on some of the aspects of a sovereign state. Before the Administration Building flies, alongside the national flag, the Fair's own flag of blue and orange, with a third staff for the flag of whatever nation has a delegation on the grounds that day. In the Fair's Capitol you will meet men of international renown. Admiral W. H. Standley, retired, once Chief of Naval Operations, is head of the Fair's foreign relations; the Fair even has a Chief of Protocol borrowed from the State Department, to see that distinguished foreigners are received with proper ceremonial.

Scarlet-and-silver motor trucks have lately visited the capital of every state, carrying the keys of New York to each Governor. New York automobile license plates bear the legend, "New York World's Fair 1939." And the sleeves of the players of New York's three big-league ball clubs are familiarizing baseball crowds everywhere with the Fair's insignia — a connected spike and ball, the famous Trylon and Perisphere.

It has been computed that the Fair will pay if it draws fifty million admissions — or fifteen million people, on the theory that the average visitor pays his way in about three times. No Fair ever drew quite so large a crowd, but the immense population of the metropolitan district is counted on to supply close to a third of the total. That leaves ten or eleven million individuals from outside who must come to the Fair if it is to be a success; and it is going to take quite a lot of promotion to bring them in.

Yet persons who lack Whalen's far-ranging vision are beginning to fear that the Fair is being over-promoted. Says the Fair's official bulletin: "Women everywhere will be wearing World's Fair dresses, carrying World's Fair compacts; men will sport World's Fair neckties, use World's Fair matchboxes and playing cards; wrapping paper will bear World's Fair designs, automobiles will reflect World's Fair

motifs, and hundreds of other items of daily use will show the influence of the 1939 Exposition." All too true. Already you can buy a set of table silver embellished with the Trylon and Perisphere, and a 10-cent-store chain lately bought 50 thousand dozen women's hats decorated with the spike and ball. Whalen argues that people living at a distance have to get ready for a trip to New York well in advance, and that this design-in-merchandise promotion will get them used to the idea early.

Some qualms are also aroused by the Fair's philosophy — which Whalen says it has to have to convince people this is something different and not "just another Fair." The formal theme is Building the World of Tomorrow, with such other constructive world concepts as the Creation of a Better and a Fuller Life, the Discernment and Pursuit of the Public Good, and the Cause of World Peace. Yet a preview of Fair preparations on last April 30th included a parade of tanks, field guns, anti-aircraft batteries and truckloads of infantry. A somewhat cynical military man remarked that he could imagine no better preview of the World of Tomorrow.

So it would seem that Whalen has his blank spots. Undoubtedly he Does Things, and with a violent energy; but he sometimes seems a little foggy as to why he is doing them. Perhaps he is all front. Yet among men who have known him

a long time he seems to be generally liked; they may be amused by him but they respect his abilities. And he has held office in some rather smelly periods and come out without any stain on his personal integrity. If the Fair is a success, he may be Mayor yet. A Whalen administration would be a good

show if the city budget could stand it.

Meanwhile he will give you a good show next year, and the visitor who doesn't see Whalen and his white carnation will not have seen half of it. But you'll probably see him; it was never his habit to lurk in the background.

Coming In Fine

THE PROGRAMS of radio station WOR are broadcast from two 385-foot towers in East Rahway, N. J., and the home life of people within a half-mile radius has pronounced peculiarity. When they turn their radios off, the WOR program comes in through the plumbing, steam pipes or kitchen stoves.

The technical explanation is that any oxidized or rusty metal surface "rectifies" the powerful electromagnetic waves, turning them into sound waves. People are always dropping round to the towers to report that their cast-iron lawn deer is giving out Bulova Watch time or their wire fence issuing news bulletins. An alert little boy in East Rahway has rigged up a copper antenna with which he catches enough power to supply a lighting system in his playhouse. Radio men admit that during broadcasting hours you could light an entire house with radio energy.

This brings us to John Morskowsky,

who came into the transmitting station one evening with a very strange story. He said his house was close by and that all the time he was home he could hear WOR's program. "Comes out of the faucets, eh?" said one of the staff. Morskowsky said no, it just seemed to be in the air wherever he went. "I can hear it now," he added with a faraway look. They were in a soundproof room at the moment, so the WOR men were skeptical. "What's on?" they asked. "Rudy Vallee, broadcasting from the Steel Pier in Atlantic City," said Morskowsky. As this was correct, the entire technical staff got to work on him to see what went on. They eventually discovered that he worked in a factory breaking up carborundum, and then it was plain enough: the carborundum had got on the metal fillings in Morskowsky's teeth, transforming him into a crystal receiving set. They told him to brush his teeth hard night and morning, and if that didn't work, to come back. He hasn't been back yet. — *The New Yorker*

☞ The latest health fad — gulping pills under the delusion that they give sunshine, health and happiness

The Vitamin Follies

Condensed from *Hygeia*

Lois Mattox Miller

THE OPINION of the medical profession, the American people have gone "vitamin crazy." Victims of the latest health fad, they gulp quantities of vitamin pills and capsules, to prevent colds, to ward off a long list of dread diseases, to give them pep, beauty and strength. The family washes with vitamin soap, and milady may rub vitamin cream into her skin to "nourish the skin cells and bring back the bloom of youth." Children chew vitamin gum.

In drugstore sales, vitamin preparations have leaped from tenth to third place, and, in the words of one trade paper, "are already eating big chunks from the sales of rival laxative, cough and cold groups." Manufacturers have learned that their drug, cosmetic or food products will sell faster if they are labeled as "containing valuable vitamins A, B, C, D, G," etc.

One current advertiser proclaims the joyous news this way:

Wonders can happen — to you.
Wonders of feeling well, looking well
— of being awfully glad you're alive.
Vitamins can be the secret. Which vitamins? All those vitamins you may

need. . . . Combat the strain of everyday living — be a very charming person to know.

So millions of Americans who want to be charming, who want to feel well, look well and be awfully glad they're alive, down their vitamin capsules every day. Even the cigarette girls in New York night clubs now sell vitamin pills — and plenty of them.

It's all pretty silly, at best, for there is some doubt whether many of the pills advertised so blatantly contain the vitamin potency claimed. Worse, the fad encourages people to feel they can neglect diet and sunlight — then take a pill and be all right. And it encourages, too, the dangerous notion that when you're below par you can dose yourself back to vigor, when perhaps you ought to consult a doctor. The "below par" feeling may not be remotely related to a vitamin deficiency. Finally, it wastes a lot of money.

The doctors have no quarrel with vitamins. Every man, woman and child needs a normal supply every day in order to be well. A lack of any of the vitamins may result in

what the doctors call "deficiency diseases." But the reason these deficiency diseases are not common in America is that most people get all the vitamins they need simply by eating three adequate meals a day. Which is just the way grandpop got his vitamins long before they were discovered. With young children it may be a good precaution to supplement the diet with proper vitamins.

The medical profession's quarrel is with the advertising which creates the impression that vitamins are drug preparations rather than elements in the balanced diet. As Dr. Nina Simmonds of the University of California School of Medicine reminded the American Medical Association convention last June, this type of advertising is "leading people to depend too much on drug-store capsules and not enough on ordinary food from the grocery and butcher shop."

The American Medical Association calls this latest health craze "shotgun vitamin therapy," and has expressed the opinion that "even if no harm results, it should not be forgotten that the giving of complex vitamin concentrates often proves to be an economic waste." Just a dignified way of saying, "Don't be such a sucker."

The tendency of many manufacturers has been to offer as many different vitamins as possible in a single pill — the theory being that the more vitamins you can offer the faster your preparation will sell.

Some particular brands even try to outbid their rivals for public favor by adding "valuable minerals" to the combination. The Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association has repeatedly refused to approve such combinations and has pointed out that some vitamins may lose their potency entirely when combined in this complex form.

What, after all, are these mysterious vitamins? They are infinitesimal chemical substances that are present in certain natural foodstuffs, and they have been found to be vital to health and life. If all the vitamins present in the foodstuffs of one day's adequate and balanced diet were isolated they would bulk about one tenth of a gram, or approximately .003 of an ounce. Yet the lack of any of the vitamins contained in this microscopic pile can eventually cause ill health and even death. Rickets, anemia, pellagra, beriberi and other "deficiency diseases" are results of long-continued and extreme deficiencies of one or another of the vitamins.

The whole subject is highly complex and rapidly grows more so as research extends the frontiers of knowledge. But the ordinary person need be concerned only to get five vitamins. They are A, B, C, D, and G (B₂). Never mind the rest of them, which run through the alphabet as far as Y.

This is where you get the five essentials:

A, in butter, milk, cheese, cream, liver, lettuce, spinach, carrots, corn, artichokes, peas, Brussels sprouts, sweet potatoes, bananas, cantaloupes, prunes, and dates.

B and G, in liver, kidneys, hearts, spinach, watercress, green cabbage, turnip greens, lettuce, whole cereals, oranges, cantaloupes, turnips, carrots, muscle meats (as steak), and certain types of yeast.

C, in orange juice, tomato juice, spinach, raw cabbage, peppers, strawberries, and the citrus fruits.

D, in egg yolks, sea food, cod or halibut liver oil; and is formed by sunlight.

Obviously, most adults can get all needed vitamins from milk, butter, eggs, green leafy vegetables and a few meats. Oh, maybe some of us don't eat enough liver, or drink enough milk. Maybe we boil our vegetables too long, which diminishes the potency of vitamins, or we boil them with soda which keeps them pretty and green but causes a marked loss of vitamin content. In winter we could use more sunshine, and in lieu of that may need cod-

liver oil or some other acceptable vitamin D preparation. But most well people certainly don't, need the A-B-C-D pills. The people who buy the pills probably need them least; it is the people who can't afford a good diet and certainly can't afford expensive medicines who suffer from deficiency diseases.

There are, of course, valuable vitamin pills, capsules or solutions put out by highly ethical pharmaceutical houses, designed for prescription by physicians in the treatment of deficiency cases. They never were designed to be peddled indiscriminately, and they aren't the brands so alluringly advertised.

Vitamin addicts could save money and still stock up on their vitamins by switching their interest from fad to food. Impressively enough, it is the doctor (who believes in vitamin pills but knows how and when to use them) who advises that in most cases you had much better eat your way to health.

So Sweden Took to Coffee

*D*URING the 18th century, King Gustav III of Sweden used a supposedly modern method of scientific investigation to settle a bitter controversy of the day. The argument was over the possible injurious effects of tea and coffee, beverages but recently introduced into Scandinavia. When identical twin brothers were condemned to death for murder, the King commuted the sentence to life imprisonment on condition that one twin be given a large daily dose of tea and the other of coffee.

The brothers lived on and on. Finally, at the age of 83, one — the tea drinker — died. The question was thus settled, presumably to the satisfaction of the Swedish people, who now lead the world in per capita consumption of coffee.

— *Science News Letter*

The Lost Battalion

Condensed from the book of the same title by

Thomas M. Johnson and Fletcher Pratt

IT WAS 8:30 on the morning of October 2, 1918, the seventh day of the Argonne drive by U. S. Division 77 — "New York's own." Regiment 308, on the western edge of the forest, stumbled forward into the depressed-looking jungle of second growth and underbrush. Advance north straight ahead, the orders said, through the main German line to a position just beyond Charlevaux Brook.

Major Charles W. Whittlesey, the tall, spectacled, New England lawyer who commanded the First Battalion, looked grave. The terrain was difficult, the woods too thick to permit good artillery support. Liaison with the French army on the left was bad. His men had no blankets, no raincoats, no reserve rations, and no experience. They were draft boys from New York City's lower East Side; only 10 percent of them knew how to work a hand grenade, and as for the rifles: "I can't make the bullets go into this thing," said one. But the orders were: Go ahead, pay no attention to flanks or losses.

They went forward, against machine-gun fire. Men fell here and there — "First aid!" — and the advance slowed. Finally the fire in their faces became a horizontal

rainstorm. To continue straight ahead was suicide. Whittlesey swung his force to the right, up Hill 198. Crawling, sneaking from tree to tree, skirmishing by singles and twos as American soldiers have done since the days of Mad Anthony Wayne, they encountered only snipers and isolated machine-gun nests. And then — the leading patrols came upon a trench, part of the main German defense line, but deserted! The German command, counting on the unfavorable terrain to hold up the American advance, had switched most of the defenders further east.

Beyond the abandoned trench was Charlevaux Valley, and across the opposite slope ran a road, their objective point. The sun of the short October day was going down behind scurrying clouds. Whittlesey and his men topped the ridge, charged down into Charlevaux Valley like a herd of wild cattle, and spread out in a pocket at the foot of the hill beyond. The parapet of the road loomed out of the forest. Whittlesey decided to spend the night up there, protected from German artillery fire by the hill. He had 575 men with him.

Early the next morning Company K of the 307th Regiment straggled

into the position. The rest of the regiment, sent to support Whittlesey's right flank, had gone astray in the forest during the night.

Soon a message arrived from the commander of the 308th in the rear: "Do not advance until you receive the order from me." The message was timed at 7 p.m.; it had taken all night to come through, so some of the runners Whittlesey had left posted behind him must have been shot or dislodged by German patrols. Whittlesey sent Company K to retrace the route of the advance, but the men soon returned with the information that the hill behind them was now alive with Germans and protected by new wire.

Whittlesey was hemmed in. What to do next? Perhaps the strictly sensible course was to smash back through the new German line. However, a general order had been issued when the Argonne offensive started: "Ground once captured must not be given up in absence of direct orders. . . . *We are not going back, but forward!*" Whittlesey, with a New England background and a lawyer's training, obeyed that order to the letter. The rest of the general advance might come up to him during the day; and he realized that his battalion, driven into the German front, exercised a paralyzing effect on the whole enemy line.

The German command, knowing that the battalion was surrounded,

decided not to waste men by attacking the position in force. Heavy machine-gun fire and attacks by bomb-throwers ought to be enough to bring about its surrender.

At three o'clock that afternoon, a line of Germans advanced through the forest, heaving "potato-masher" bombs in unison, scuttling forward in the shelter of the bursts. But as soon as the line became visible to the Americans a rippling blaze of fire ran along the pocket, every shot aimed. There was a choir of shrieks; half a dozen bombs burst at the feet of the men who had meant to throw them. The attack was stopped.

For a few minutes the men of the 308th relaxed in the holes they had dug. Then the Germans opened up a trench mortar, together with all the machine guns they had cautiously shifted into position. When the storm died down a little, Major Whittlesey sent a message to the rear via carrier pigeon: "Situation very serious. Have not been able to re-establish runner posts. Need ammunition."

Dawn of October 4 found burial parties of the 308th hard at work. Instantly the German mortars tuned up, and although most of the shells pitched to the foot of the hillside, the noise shattered nerves and kept every man on edge.

The men had almost no food now, and what was worse, they could no longer get enough water. Two men had been killed trying to reach the water-hole in the valley. Finally Zip

Cepeggia, a little Italian runner, took a string of canteens and hunched, rolled, slid toward a shell hole where muddy liquid had collected. His foot struck a gravel pile, sending a miniature avalanche over a soldier who lay behind it.

"You son-of-a —!" said the man softly but with feeling. It was too much for the overwrought runner's nerves; in spite of singing bullets he leaped to his feet: "You wanna make something of it? All right, I fight you right now!"

Someone grabbed him by the ankle. "Lay down, you crazy wop! If you want to fight, fight the Germans."

More potato-mashers came over in a shower. There were only three pigeons left, but Whittlesey had to send another call for help: "Germans still around us. Men suffering from hunger and exposure. Cannot support be sent at once?"

At noon on the 4th there came a lull in the German fire. Then, suddenly, there was a violent explosion, then two more, then three. Their own artillery, believing the battalion to be somewhat to the rear of its actual position, was accidentally bombarding it!

Shells burst in among the funk holes where the men lay helpless. Trees crashed, brush flew. All over the position men shouted, screamed, tried frantically to burrow deeper into the earth. Twenty years later the survivors recalled that terrible period as the worst of the siege.

At the headquarters hole Major Whittlesey sat down to write an emergency message. Someone noticed blood on his face. "Are you hurt, sir?" Whittlesey dabbed at a shrapnel cut, shook his head irritably and went on writing.

There were two pigeons left. A soldier fumbled at the crate and one of the birds whirled through his hands and away. Whittlesey swore; the soldier pulled out the last pigeon, Cher Ami, and attached the last message, the last chance this side of hell. "We are along the road parallel 276.4. Our own artillery is dropping a barrage directly on us. For heaven's sake, stop it."

Cher Ami rose in a spiral, circled several times, and then settled down on a tree and began preening his feathers.

"Boo!" yelled Whittlesey. "Hey!" shouted the soldiers. Cher Ami was oblivious. They threw sticks at the obstinate fowl, ducking as each shell burst near them. Finally one of the men shinned up the tree and shook the branch. The bird took off.

Cher Ami reached the 77th Division pigeon loft at 4 o'clock. He had been caught in shellfire and came in with one eye gone, his breastbone broken and a leg cut away. But he delivered his message.

At 4:15 the shelling stopped, and immediately the Germans laid down heavy machine-gun fire. Twice that night parties of Germans got into the outpost lines, only to be shot down or driven back. Under the cliff,

the fighting closed in a queer battle of words. "Gaz masks!" shouted a voice — words good, but accent foreign. "Gas masks hell!" replied an American voice, accompanied by a shot that brought a howl from the forest — undeniably German, for while Americans grunted when hit, the Heinies wailed like banshees.

The exchange started a series. "First, Second and Third Companies, this way!" shouted an authoritative voice, deceptively American this time. Good trick, but there were no first, second or third companies in the U. S. Army. "Bring ten machine guns over here on the left!" Then a long cackle of hoots. "Order your coffins, Americans!"

But there were German-speakers among the Americans too. Corporal Speich of the 308th covered himself with glory by bellowing, "*Ach, du wint Betebren!*" — "Oh, you bunch of stink experts!" It brought down the house, and also a final shower of bullets.

October 5 dawned wretched and misty. The ground was covered with a chilling fog. The men were weak with hunger, old food cans were licked clean, even the birdseed for the pigeons was eaten. From down where the wounded lay came constant calls for water. The place stank frightfully of dead men and gangrene.

Meanwhile, back at Brigade Headquarters, plans had been made for another attempt to come to Wittlesey's aid, while airplanes carried him food and munitions.

The attack petered out again in the bloody ravine before Hill 198. The planes were unable to spot their objective and had to drop their loads by guess. The Americans could hear the glad, guttural shouts as the Germans gathered the food for which they were starving, and their own hunger seemed a thousandfold increased.

Then came the shock of guns to the rear, the same sound they had heard the day before. Every head turned, every heart stood still. The barrage crept closer, closer — "Oh, my God, again?" — then jumped their position and pounded the hill ahead. This time the artillery had the range! The German mortar went silent, the machine guns coughed and stopped. Commands and shouts came from the woods above.

"Jeez, Jim, listen to those bastards yell!"

In spite of cold, hunger and wounds, the Lost Battalion, for the first time since it entered the pocket, began to enjoy itself. Nothing is so pleasant as seeing the man who has bullied you take the same treatment from a bigger bully.

All through October 6 the battalion held its position. Commanders and commanded were discovering the secret of siege — as it has been learned in all the great beleagerments of history — that the human capacity for endurance exceeds all belief, as long as there is a leader to say, "Don't give up."

we're not licked yet." And this battalion had such a leader, a man who held his men steady by his own unshaken presence.

On the morning of October 7, Whittlesey asked again for volunteers to take a message back. So far, no messenger had got through; some had been killed, some driven back by enemy fire. But now Abe Krotoshinsky, a little, stoop-shouldered Polish Jew, stepped forward with two other men. In a moment they had slipped away through the bushes toward Hill 198.

"I hope they make it," the Major said, without conviction.

That afternoon a captured American private turned up with a letter for Major Whittlesey from the German commanding officer, demanding surrender. "It would be quite useless to resist any more," the message read. "The suffering of your wounded can be heard over here and we are appealing to your human sentiments."

Captain McMurtry, second in command, cried: "We've got them licked, or they wouldn't have sent this!"

Whittlesey, in full agreement, sent no reply. Word of the happening ran through the command by grapevine. Everywhere heads popped out of funk holes.

"What's that?"

"They want us to quit! The Major told 'em to go to hell!"

Every emotion of the dead-weary, starving, hysterical men

was transformed into a wild rage at the enemy. Tired men, sick men, sat up and sharpened bayonets on pieces of stone. Wounded men, who had not fired a gun in two days, hunted for cartridges on the bodies of their dead buddies. The German attack that afternoon met the fiercest and bloodiest repulse of any yet delivered.

Later the two men who had started out with Abe Krotoshinsky came back, one with a smashed shoulder and face white with pain. Someone offered them a bit of candle to eat: "Good for the Eskimos, why not us?" The messengers had separated in the woods, lost track of Abe. "He's probably been killed," they said.

But Abe Krotoshinsky had not been killed. He had crawled from one bit of cover to another until he found himself among the German outposts. Then he had inched through the brush, sometimes within earshot of German patrols and machine-gun nests, until suddenly he heard American voices. Safe in the American lines, Abe asked for food, then gasped out the location of the battalion and its desperate need for help.

"Can you lead us back?"

"Sure. I feel good now."

That night the 307th Regiment fought its way past Hill 198 into Charlevaux Valley. Here the advance patrols began to smell the Lost Battalion long before they could see it — a frightful odor of

corruption, wounds and death. Now they reached the pocket, where men were groaning and muttering in the fox holes all around. Every man they met broke into a grin, an almost foolishly happy smile. The Lost Battalion had been relieved.

Major General Alexander, commanding Division 77, was one of the first into the pocket next morning. "Where's Whittlesey?" he asked. The Major was down the hill, handing out food to his men.

"Shall I get him for you?"

"By no means. I'll go to him."

The Major's face was haggard, his uniform torn and dirty. Alexander greeted him warmly. "From now on you're Lieutenant Colonel Whittlesey."

The men cheered.

With incredible nerve, many of the 194 who had gone through that week of hell without becoming hospital cases volunteered to go up in the line again as soon as they had eaten.

After the war General Alexander

accepted full responsibility for getting the Lost Battalion into its hazardous position: "Whittlesey's battalion did what it was told." The Lieutenant Colonel was awarded the Congressional Medal, and received General Pershing's commendation as "one of the three outstanding heroes of the A.E.F."

But Whittlesey himself never got over those terrible days. An idealistic pacifist before America's entry into the war, he had been thrust by fate into an unwanted military role. The death of so many of his men weighed upon his spirit, and the lionizing he received only caused him greater anguish. It never occurred to him that Pershing's thanks might have been not only for his courage but also because the siege of his command had materially aided the victory in the Argonne. He saw the deaths without seeing the triumph they bought.

In 1921 he took a steamer from New York for Cuba, ostensibly for a vacation. The first night out he sat late in the saloon; then went out and jumped over the rail.

Local Favorite

SOME CHILDREN from the lower East Side of New York, on their first visit to the country, were watching a terrible hailstorm, and one small girl expressed her disapproval: "God's getting awful fresh, throwing down those big stones! First thing He knows, He'll hit somebody."

"You mustn't talk like that about God!" exclaimed a little comrade, poking her vigorously. "Most everybody on our block likes Him."

— Lillian D. Wald, Head of the Henry Street Settlement, quoted by W. Orton Trewson

Cigarette Holders Put to the Test

By

Robert Littell

FROM THE WAY we Americans smoke cigarettes — 162 billions a year, nine times as many as in 1915 — one might assume we thought them harmless. Yet we must be uneasily aware that the stuff which destroys potato bugs can't be too good for us, that Lady Nicotine, two drops of which can kill a dog, should be wooed with caution. Otherwise, would 3,000,000 Americans have bought, in the last few months, filter-holders advertised to reduce the amount of nicotine and other injurious substances taken into the smoker's lungs?

The filter-holders are by now familiar. You unscrew the mouthpiece and insert a fresh cigarette, like a cartridge in a gun barrel. Through this is strained the smoke of a second cigarette, the one you light. After some twenty smokes, the filter cigarette, now malodorous and disgusting, is removed. "Rejoice," say those who use this holder, "that what you see is in the filter cigarette, and not in *you*."

Do these new filter-holders live up to the claims made for them? Interesting answers to that question were discovered in exhaustive scientific tests conducted for The Reader's

Digest by the Food Research Laboratories, of New York, under the supervision of its director, Dr. Bernard L. Oser, Fellow of the American Institute of Chemists.

To judge their significance, let us look at the filter cigarette again. Its dramatic discoloration is caused by accumulated tarry substances called resins. Don't expect to see Lady Nicotine herself. She is there too, but colorless, a volatile oil of such poisonous power that three cigarettes contain enough to kill a man. Cases are on record in which minute doses of nicotine have been used for suicide.

Then why aren't all smokers dead? Because some nicotine is destroyed by combustion, some escapes into the air, some is caught in the unsmoked butts, which act as filters. Because we breathe a lot of it right out again. Because our kidneys and perhaps our livers help eliminate it. And especially because the human body, through repeated small doses, can build up some degree of tolerance to almost any poison.

There is no physiological evidence that smoking does us any good. There is a good deal of circumstantial evidence that the nicotine and the resins do us harm. They clearly aggra-

vate certain unhealthy conditions of the throat, heart and lungs. Tobacco smoke has been accused of impairing the wind, of causing stomach disorders, of dulling mental powers and lowering muscular strength. A recent study by Professor Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins indicates that heavy smokers don't live as long as light smokers, that abstainers outlive them both. The nausea of those who smoke for the first time, the occasional dizziness of those who smoke again after quitting, the disagreeable effects of a day's excess, or a smoke before breakfast, all say here is a weed which you'd better do without.

But as a nation we don't seem able to do without. The habit has spread to women and high school children, so that not only do more of us smoke oftener, but we start earlier. Granted that very few of us are going to stop, can we absorb less of the harmful substances if we use filter-holders?

In Dr. Oser's test, fresh cartons of a popular brand of cigarette were analyzed, and the average nicotine content of a single cigarette was found to be slightly more than 2 percent of dry weight. Then 36 samples of the same brand were smoked in a robot. The robot, constructed of glass tubes and flasks, "smoked" as nearly as possible the way a human being would. It puffed an average breath, for two seconds twice a minute; it paused, puffed, paused and puffed again until the cigarette

was burned down to where most of us would tamp it out in the ashtray. When the contents of the robot's chemical lungs were analyzed, it was found to have inhaled, per cigarette, an average of 23 milligrams of resins, plus about three milligrams of nicotine — about one seventh of the nicotine present in a fresh cigarette.

Then, with various cigarette holders in its rubber jaws, the robot puffed and paused again, smoking a large number of cigarettes over a period of weeks to avoid error. The solvents in the absorption tubes were analyzed for resin and nicotine content. Results:

A careful check showed that the "Zeus" holder — the one which uses one cigarette as a filter — removed a little more than half of the nicotine and a little less than half of the resins. In other words, with this device you can smoke two cigarettes for every one smoked in the good old-fashioned way, at the same price to your health and comfort.

Another Zeus model containing two filter cigarettes instead of one screened out 78 percent of the nicotine and 65 percent of the resins, but is less popular than the single Zeus, because its superior efficiency is offset by unhandy length and higher price.

The Absorbo holder, built on the same principle as the Zeus, filtered out 36 percent of the nicotine and about a third of the resins.

Other holders with filters made of chemicals, cotton wads or rolled paper instead of cigarettes removed from a third to a quarter of the harmful substances.

Tobaccos differ considerably in their nicotine content. The small Turkish leaves have less than our own large-leaf varieties, and cigarettes made chiefly of Turkish tobacco, such as Murads or Abdullahs, were found to contain about half as much nicotine as the four most popular American cigarettes in which Virginia tobacco predominates.

And the smoker's own habits affect the amount of nicotine and resins which enter his mouth. From exactly the same brand of cigarette one smoker who inhales deep, fast and often, who smokes the butt down to his teeth, who relights an extinguished cigarette, who lets the smoke remain in his lungs, will absorb more of these substances than another smoker who takes shallow, infrequent puffs, blows the smoke out quickly, and throws the cigarette away before it is half smoked.

The unsmoked portion of any cigarette acts as a filter, and the longer the butt the more thorough is the filtering.

Many smokers point out objections to the filter which cause them to give it up after a few weeks. They say that it takes the edge off the flavor, that it burns cigarettes faster than the usual method, that the holders soon acquire a strong smell and must be treated with pipe cleaners or soap and water.

Still others find that once they have discovered how to halve their consumption of noxious substances, they are likely to cancel the advantage by smoking twice as much as before.

Dr. Oser's tests indicate, however, that to those who want to use it the filter cigarette can be of hygienic value. It's possibly the best idea yet, short of giving up cigarettes altogether.

It is a paradox that every dictator has climbed to power on the ladder of free speech. Immediately on attaining power each dictator has suppressed all free speech except his own. — Herbert Hoover

Benito Mussolini

*In preface to his book, "John Huss,"
published before the World War:*

As I PREPARE this little volume for printing, I cherish the hope that it may arouse in the minds of its readers a hatred of every form of spiritual and secular tyranny.

❏ Labor unions that cooperate with management to solve their common problems .

The Union of Tomorrow

Condensed from *Factory Management and Maintenance*

Charles B. Coates

Assistant Editor

EVEN IN this, the most turbulent period of our industrial history, some surprising things can happen when progressive unions and managements get together. Organized labor *can*, if it will, cooperate with employers in meeting management's problems. Some unions *do* help to cut costs, reduce waste, and increase production.* Management *can*, if it will, utilize unions as a means to efficiency. Some employers do.

Not long ago, an Eastern factory was about to close. To the worried directors came a union delegation.

"Our research department has been studying the plant," they said. "We believe it can make money. Your layout is antiquated; there's a lot of costly waste motion. We'd be willing to cut wages until things improve."

The factory stayed open and prospered, saving the investment for the owners, the industry for the town, and the jobs for the men.

This year the Photo Engravers

* See "Labor's Long-Range Job" (Excerpts from a CIO Handbook), *The Reader's Digest*, October, '38.

Union opened a research department as a clearinghouse for technical information and a testing ground for new ideas, offering its services to employers as well as members.

As a result of the 1932 depression, one of America's oldest clothing firms, long non-union, seemed about to fail. A new production manager, brought in from a successful firm, threatened to resign unless the plant were organized by the Amalgamated Clothing Workers. The manager wanted the help of the unions in installing efficiency methods.

The firm is doing well now. The manager told me:

"I wouldn't have attempted to reorganize the plant without their help. They know more about production methods and piece rates than any single factor in the industry. But, above all, they handle the *human* problem, the problem of getting our 1400 employes to give their best to the job far better than we could. We've increased wages steadily. They've increased production. We've been able to lower prices without cutting quality one whit, and we've had no layoffs."

Coöperation with employers has been a policy of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers for many years, says the union's president, Sidney Hillman.

"Efficiency in the men's clothing industry has reached its highest point," Mr. Hillman says, "and our policy has had something to do with it. We maintain a large research and technical staff that is constantly at the service of employers. We have helped many manufacturers to introduce efficiency methods because, in doing so, we knew we were helping our members by enabling their employers to stay in business on a competitive basis."

The historic Baltimore & Ohio case remains on the records for all to ponder. In 1922, the year of the shopmen's strikes, Daniel Willard, president of the B. & O., retained Otto S. Beyer, Jr., a wartime engineer of the Federal Railroad Administration, to install a coöperation program. What followed attracted world notice.

In shops still raw from the bitterness of recent strikes, grievances were cut 50 percent, appeals 75 percent. Frequent idea conferences produced 3800 *accepted* suggestions in eight months, many of them effecting substantial economies.

The idea was copied in part by other roads. Canadian National Railways picked it up — and borrowed Beyer. Said the president of CNR, "We have 16,000 partners now instead of 16,000 employees."

A notable case is the collective bargaining plan under which West Coast lumber mills from Canada to Mexico do business with 12,000 members of the International Brotherhood of Paper Mill Workers. The companies concede the closed shop. The union agrees to work for "safety, economy, quality and quantity of output, cleanliness, and protection of property." There is a standard system for settling grievances in the plants and a "supreme court" to hear appeals. Unauthorized strikes are outlawed, government intervention obviated.

When two employes of a Pennsylvania hosiery mill were fired, 37 others stopped work. They, too, were fired. The case came before George W. Taylor, Chairman of the Hosiery Industry, who hears about 200 such disputes each year in a "court" set up jointly by employers and the union as part of an industry-wide collective bargaining program. Chairman Taylor ordered the first two men reinstated *and the 37 permanently dismissed*. Why? Because the union contract included not only the closed shop but also a rigid no-strike proviso.

"Their transgression was not against the company only, but also against the union because it challenged the sanctity of the contract and the word of the union," said the Chairman. The union supported the decision. Strikes, since then, have been nil.

As the hosiery industry's setup

took shape, \$25,000 was spent for time study and research, half of which was contributed by the Federation of Hosiery Workers. Wages are now stable where once they fluctuated wildly.

A printer was engaged in an expensive wrangle with a press manufacturer over a printing press that wouldn't do its job. The manufacturer insisted that the fault was not in the machine. Legal action was threatened.

The printer turned to the International Pressmen's union for advice. Two members of the union's technical staff came from distant cities, studied the press, and sub-

mitted a report contending that the machine was unfit for the work for which it was guaranteed. Accepting their verdict, the manufacturer took back the press and refunded a payment of \$40,000.

These union trouble-shooters have cleared up many threatened strikes by helping employers to meet the prevailing union scale and at the same time compete with other printing firms.

All rays of hope in a cloudy sky. There is hope, at least, that industry in the future may avoid some of the tragic conflicts that have marked the past — through the union of tomorrow.

Frozen Legacies

THREE billion dollars are in the bony fists of this country's dead and nothing can be done to get them out. The lost legacies include:

An endowment in Massachusetts for the relief of superannuated wool-carders. There have been no wool-carders there in the last 150 years, but the fund is still accumulating in the banks.

An endowment providing for the ransom of American seamen held by Barbary pirates on the North African coast.

An endowed lectureship at an American university on the use of coal gas as a cure for malarial fever.

An endowment dated 1683 providing for the "relief of seven aged Protestants

in the County of Cork, Ireland." For the last 50 or 60 years the trustees have been unable to find seven Protestants of any kind in all County Cork. The fund now has \$288,000 in it.

The Bryan Mullanphy fund, St. Louis, 1851, aids "worthy and distressed travelers passing through St. Louis to take up new land in the West." At last report the fund had slightly more than \$1,000,000 surplus and no takers.

The English Parliament nationalized similar wealth in 1837, when a board of inquiry found 30,000 trust funds, endowments and foundations for classes of people and charitable causes that had vanished from the earth.

— Kent Sagendorp in *Kes*

¶ The little-known Court of Claims is a tribunal to regard with pride

You May Sue Uncle Sam

Condensed from *Current History*

Edith M. Stern

“THE SOVEREIGN cannot be sued,” is an axiom of law, a corollary of the ancient doctrine, “The King can do no wrong.” Every school child knows we repudiated kings and their infallibility in 1776, but not so many know that the United States, alone among all the sovereign states of the world, may be sued by right and without express permission. The special court which keeps hard at work on such cases long ago was dubbed the Unknown Court.

Its shabby home, a block from the White House, is never pointed out to sightseers. Yet it disposes annually of claims running into hundreds of millions of dollars, its decisions have established law, there is no appeal from its findings of fact, and only the Supreme Court can reverse it on legal points.

In this court an inventor can sue the government for infringement of a patent that the very same government has granted. Even the humblest citizen may seek justice from the “sovereign.” Duke Stubbs, for instance. Duke and his wife had been on relief for some time. But he won a judgment of \$50,000

from the U. S. Court of Claims a few months ago because the government ruined his silver fox farm in Alaska when it extended the boundaries of McKinley National Park. Forest rangers, tramping across the premises, made breeding impossible, foxes are such temperamental animals.

Duke Stubbs was fortunate; he might easily have failed to hear of the Court of Claims. The dean of a midwestern law school told a building contractor who had a claim that his only recourse was to write to the Treasury. One of the leading lawyers of New York had never heard of the court.

If the court is a boon to the humble citizen, it likewise saves the taxpayers from paying millions of dollars to satisfy unjust claims. When army bombers miss their target and set fire to a farmer's hay, he is all too likely to decide that it was worth \$10,000 — for which anyone else but the government could buy the whole farm. An Illinois landowner claimed \$10,000 because his lands were flooded by a new spillway. The court decided that his lands used

to be flooded before the spillway was built and he was therefore not entitled to recover.

In the early days, claims against the government could be settled only upon passage of special legislation by Congress. This meant, of course, confusion, caprice and corruption. There was the notorious Fisher case that Mark Twain immortalized. The heirs of a farmer whose crops were said to have been destroyed by troops during the War of 1812 milked the government of \$67,000. The widow would have been content with \$600.

It was to relieve this situation that the Court of Claims was established in 1855. Originally it merely reported its recommendations to Congress. Lincoln, in his first annual message, 1861, urged enlargement of its powers. "It is as much the duty of government," he said, "to render prompt justice against itself in favor of citizens as it is to administer the same between private individuals." Since 1866, the court has been empowered to render judgment.

The court now has five judges, assisted by seven commissioners whose duty is to sift evidence. Suit is started by a petition, to which the government, represented by attorneys of the Department of Justice, replies. Instead of witnesses coming to court, the Court — in the person of a commissioner — goes to the witnesses at the place most convenient and economical.

The process of fact-finding often goes on for years and the matters involved are astonishingly varied. A navy vessel collides with a fishing boat. A government dredge destroys an oyster bed. An army post changes its heating system to oil while it has a contract for coal. A spark from a government-operated locomotive starts a forest fire. Inventors have claimed that the War Department infringed upon their patents for a tin helmet, an airplane propeller, and a potato-peeling machine.

The 98 Indian claims pending involve staggering sums and intricate details. The Sioux entered suit 17 years ago and today their claim, with interest at 6 percent since 1876, amounts to \$900,000,000. The government appropriated their lands and promised to use proceeds of sale for the benefit of the tribe. That it did not is the subject matter of a petition that runs 4835 printed pages — eight bound volumes.

There is something about the court that often prompts an uncommon sense of fairness among those who deal with it. The plaintiff's attorney recently asked a bricklayer who was a witness, "Don't you think your real interests lie with your employer? Why do you take the government's side?" The bricklayer drew himself up. "As an American," he said, "I am the government!"

Once the evidence is complete, the five judges hear the argument,

which often takes no more than an hour. Since there is no jury, there is little oratory. Two or three months later, the Court renders judgment. Whatever the verdict, the claimant knows that his case has had thorough consideration by judges appointed for life, free of political influence, and never since the beginning touched by the slightest breath of scandal.

Sometimes, by agreement, a test case decides a whole class of similar claims. Some 1400 soldiers are claiming \$75 to \$300 each as reenlistment bonuses. Only one case will be tried. Similarly, after the war, 4500 officers banded together to finance, and win, a test claim for \$150 each for dress uniforms.

True, the court does not cover personal injury cases. If you are run over by an army truck, you have no legal right to sue the gov-

ernment. All you can do is entrust your claim to your Senator or Representative. If he has the time, the influence and the inclination, he may get Congress to pass a private act for your benefit which can take the form either of a direct appropriation or special permission to sue.

But even with its limitations, the Court of Claims is something for an American to regard with pride. It is democracy in action when a corporation claims and recovers \$16,000,000, and a clerk in the Department of Agriculture, \$1.50 for lunch money. The court is a living negation of the dangerous doctrine that the State can do no wrong. And it is an evidence of high national morality that, in a world of increasing arbitrary dictatorships, to sue the United States rests upon a right and not a prayer.

Sayonara

OF ALL the good-byes I have heard, the Japanese *sayonara* — "Since it must be so" — is the most beautiful. Unlike *auf wiedersehen* and *au revoir*, it does not cheat itself by any bravado "till we meet again," any sedative to postpone the pain of separation. It does not evade the issue like "farewell," which is a father's good-bye — "go out into the world and do well, my son." It is encouragement and admonition, but it passes over the significance of the moment; of parting it says nothing. "Good-bye" and *adios* say too much; they try to bridge distance, almost to deny it. Good-bye is a prayer: "You must not go — I cannot bear to have you go! But you shall not go alone, unwatched. God will be with you." But *sayonara* says neither too little nor too much; it is a simple acceptance of fact. All understanding of life lies in its limits; all emotion, smoldering, is banked up behind it. It is the unspoken good-bye, the pressure of a hand, "sayonara."

— Anne Morrow Lindbergh, *North to the Orient* (Harcourt, Brace)

¶ The paradox of Horatio Alger, whose "rags-to-riches" books sold 20,000,000 copies and affected the ambitions of an American generation

"Holy Horatio"

Condensed from The Saturday Review of Literature

Frederick Lewis Allen

Author of "Only Yesterday," "The Lords of Creation," etc.

IF YOU RELISH paradoxes, consider the career of Horatio Alger, Jr., who made his fame writing books in which boys rose "from rags to riches." The boys in his books got ahead by outwitting thieves and sharpers — yet he himself, a mild and generous little man, was an easy mark for impostors. His books were generally regarded by the critical as trash — yet their sales mounted into the millions; he was one of the most popular of all American authors, if not of all authors of all time; and there can be little doubt that he had a far-reaching influence upon the economic and social thought of America — an influence all the greater, perhaps, because it was so naïvely exerted.

Alger was born in 1832 in Revere, Mass., the son of a bleak, Godfearing Unitarian minister. Young Horatio was kept from all playmates who might prove naughty influences; was put through such a strict course of study that by the time he was eight he could explain the Revolutionary War, add fractions in his head, and write the synopsis of a sermon. In fact, he was such a little

prig that the neighbors' children called him Holy Horatio.

Even when he reached Harvard his primness remained. He fell in love with Patience Stires of Cambridge when he was 19, but gave her up — to his lasting regret — when his father told him that marriage would prevent him from continuing his preparations for the church. Later, he left a boarding-house at college because, seeing his landlady scantily dressed in the doorway of her room, he resolved to "move to where there is greater respect for decency." Yet young Alger did not want to follow his father into the ministry. He wanted to write.

After completing a long theological course, which he hated, he went to Paris. There he tasted the Bohemian life but went through agonies of shame over his affair with Elise Monselet. He tried to write but failed miserably. He then returned to become a minister at Brewster, Mass. But still he was so obsessed by his literary ambition that he would sketch out plots on the margins of his sermons; and in 1866 — when he was 34 — he went

to New York to write his boys' books.

There he remained most of the rest of his life. He never married; there was a period when he was pathetically in love with a married woman, adoring her so that when she tired of him he suffered a mental breakdown.

Alger spent most of his time at the Newsboys' Lodging House, for he was devoted to the ragged boys who frequented it. And year after year he turned out Horatio Alger books in profusion — always wanting to write important books for adults, always dreaming of becoming a man of letters, but always failing because his mind was childishly naïve, unimaginative and bewildered by the complexities of mature life.

The truth seems to be that Horatio Alger never fully grew up. Always, deep down in his heart, he wanted a boy's life — not a boy dominated by a stern father but rather a boy free from parental supervision, free to test his budding self-reliance. After his books had become widely known and people turned to him as an authority on slum conditions, he was asked to serve on charitable committees, but though he was happy to be treated as a person of importance he usually sat silent at board meetings, too self-distrustful to speak.

Once he did plunge briefly into city affairs with ardor and courage. Having learned how the Italian *padrones* in New York kept little im-

migrant boys in virtual slavery, lived on their earnings, and thrashed them cruelly, Alger wrote a book exposing the *padrone* system (*Phil the Fiddler*), conducted a campaign of public protest, and was instrumental in ending the abuse, though more than once he was beaten up by irate *padrones*.

But most of the time Alger shunned adult society. He loved to play with the Lodging House boys: to beat the drum in their children's band, to go dashing off with them to fires. One excited entry in his diary, about an especially splendid fire, ended with the triumphant words, "Rode back on engine." As he made money with his books he would spend it on the boys — setting up a bootblack in business, helping a newsboy's mother with the rent. He died in 1899, at the age of 67 — still a hardworking boy, generous and innocent of heart.

The titles of Alger's more than a hundred novels (*Bound to Rise, Sink or Swim, Strive and Succeed*) will evoke nostalgic memories in many an older reader today. Almost all of the books were essentially the same — variations upon an invariable theme.

The standard Alger hero was a fatherless boy of 15 or thereabouts who had to make his own way. Sometimes he had to help support a widowed mother with his bootblackening or peddling; sometimes his parentage was unknown and he lived with an aged miser. But he

was always a good boy, honest, abstemious and prudent. The excitement of each book lay in his progress toward wealth. Always there were villains who stood in his way — crooks who would prey upon his innocence. They tried to sell him worthless gold watches on railroad trains, held him up as he was buggy-driving home with his employer's funds, chloroformed him in a hotel room, slugged him in an alley. But always he overcame them — with the aid of their invariable cowardice. (There must be many men still living who remember the shock of outraged surprise with which they discovered that the village bully did not, as in the Alger books, invariably run whimpering away at the first show of manly opposition, but sometimes packed a nasty right.) The end of the book found our hero well on his way toward wealth.

The Alger style was incredibly matter-of-fact. Nor did any subtleties of character-drawing prevent one from determining immediately who were the good characters and who were the bad ones. And always virtue triumphed. Reading an Alger story was like watching a football game in which you knew all the players, and the home team made all the touchdowns.

The period in which these books were the delight of millions of American boys was that very period when our economic expansion was going full tilt, and the Alger books offered them an intelligible picture of eco-

nomic life and the making of an individual fortune: Work, save, shun the fleshpots, and presently the fortune will fall into your lap.

Possibly this explains something about the Gilded Age — when America worked furiously, and opened up the West, and accomplished wonders in invention and manufacturing, when the average American of moderate means was hard-headed, diligent and fairly scrupulous; but when the ethical level of the big operations in capital was often well-nigh barbaric.

The total sale of the Alger books, will probably never be known, for they had numerous publishers and many editions. But it is safe to guess that the grand total must have been well beyond 20,000,000 copies. One seldom sees an Alger book nowadays; when the Children's Aid Society questioned 7000 boys in 1932 (on the 100th anniversary of Alger's birth) it found that only 14 percent of them had ever read an Alger book, and not a single boy owned one. But during Alger's heyday, from about 1870 to the World War, boys of all ages and conditions ate them up.

As they read, they must have dreamed of success — wealth, power and a chance to marry well, live in a fine house and enjoy the good things of the earth. One wonders what they would have thought had they been able to see the man Alger himself — scribbling away in his room in the bare, dour-looking building

of the Newsboys' Lodging home; leaving his labors to play with the little newsboys and bootblacks; a man defeated in his real literary ambition, disappointed in love, awkward in the society of mature men

and women, and apparently almost unaware, as he went obscurely about the city, that his influence was reaching into millions of families and helping to determine the trend and tradition of American business life.

Men of Resource

A YOUNG Wall Street man left his office early one afternoon and wanted to take his girl to the beach. Recalling that the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, where she worked, closed its offices for the day if the temperature at three o'clock was over 90, he called the Weather Bureau and was told that the mercury stood at 89. Not a bit discouraged, he called Standard Oil, posing as the *Sun*, and asked a vice-president if the company was shutting down on account of the temperature's being over 90. The vice-president, caught off guard, said he guessed they *had* to. The young man then called his girl and said he'd be around at 3:30. He filled part of the half-hour by phoning the *Sun* and telling them that Standard Oil was closing for the day because of the heat. The *Sun* promised to run the story in the late-afternoon editions. They had a fine time at the beach.

THE N. Y. *Daily Mirror* recently sent several photographers to dicker with the Catholic ecclesiastical authorities about the possibility of taking pictures, in color, of the installation of a bishop. Telescopic lenses can't be used in color photography, so the cameraman had to be close up. Permission was finally given for one of them — a Catholic — to dress in acolyte's robes and stand close with his camera.

Just as the church was filling up for the ceremony, two breathless photographers from the Times Wide-World picture service dashed in. Recognizing the *Mirror* man who was in mufti, they asked him about chances for shots. "I'll take you to the monsignor, and you can ask him," said the *Mirror* man, who naturally wanted nobody else horning in.

Solemnly he led them to the other *Mirror* man, pontifical and unrecognizable in his acolyte's robes. He listened thoughtfully to the Times Wide-World men's respectful request, and, when they had finished, looked at them sternly. "Go. Leave this church and never come back," he said.

They went, leaving a case of flashlight bulbs in their haste. Probably they're still wondering what they did wrong.

— *The New Yorker*

Mexico's Kilowatt Crooks

Condensed from New York Herald Tribune

Henry J. Allen

Editor of the Topeka, Kansas, State Journal

A BIZARRE SPECIES of confiscation threatens the electric light and power companies of Mexico. The two companies that control practically all of the energy generated in Mexico — the Mexican Light & Power Co. of Toronto, Canada, and a Mexican subsidiary of American & Foreign Power Co. — are losing 25 percent of their output because of ingenious pilfering.

Company managers have discovered there are 140 ways of stealing electricity, but they cannot check the practice effectively because stealing current in Mexico isn't a crime. A civil action can be brought to collect for stolen current, but the courts are not responsive. It is foreign capital, so why worry?

Recently a new plant was built at a cost of \$10,000,000 to produce 230,000,000 kilowatt hours for the growing business; before it was finished, increased stealing had absorbed the new capacity.

The simplest device for burglarizing current is within the reach of the humblest customer — a thin curved rod which detours the current around the meter. Experts in tampering with meters boldly canvass from house to house, selling this and more cunning tricks.

In many cases consumers get all the current they want by tapping street cables — without even being on the company's books. An entire new real estate addition provided current for its houses by cleverly tapping neighborhood wires. They were stealing current while applications were on the waiting list because the companies could not add to their load. A country club has done the same thing and refused to make amends.

In many parts of the country such thefts have cut off profits completely. The companies' labor costs, including social benefits, have gone up 55 percent during the last year. They haven't been allowed to increase their rates for 20 years. And if the plants are forced to suspend operations the government declares them bankrupt and takes them over.

There is little doubt that the persistent animosity of the government toward the plants expresses a definite plan to confiscate them — in line with the growing determination to confiscate all foreign-owned property. It gives added evidence of the irrepressible craze that is sweeping Mexico hell-bent for industrial and commercial chaos.

Keep Up with the World

Excerpts from a regular department in Collier's, The National Weekly

Freling Foster

"**Rock of Ages**," one of the most popular Protestant hymns, was composed under unusual circumstances. In 1775, Augustus Toplady took shelter from a storm in the cleft of a large rock at Barrington Coombe in Somerset, England, and, while waiting for the rain to stop, wrote this famous song on the only piece of paper he could find, a playing card.

MELOQUENCE of a mother's fidelity is her carved effigy, dressed in her own clothes, which stands in an open window of a house in Bruges, Belgium. When her son went to war in 1914, she promised to watch for his return at this window. Refusing to believe reports that he had been killed, she continued her vigil until bedridden, when she had the effigy put in her place. She and her son have been dead for years, but the silent figure still watches the road leading to Liège.

THE American Civil War was noted for the large number of men who evaded the draft and deserted their armies. Thousands failed to report for service, thousands bought their exemption, and a total of at least 300,000 deserted from both sides. In 1865 desertion grew so widespread that whole companies, garrisons and even regiments decamped at one time.

AT ETON, England's most distinguished preparatory school, stu-

dents are still flogged, on rare occasions, for a serious misdemeanor. Such a birching is considered by the faculty to be a service — like the pressing of the boy's clothing — and he has to pay for it as "medical treatment."

MORE THAN 1,500,000 commercial motor vehicles in this country now are equipped with "governors" that limit drivers to a maximum speed of 40 miles an hour. One truck company has used them on over 2,000,000 miles of night driving, saving much gasoline, oil and wear on its vehicles and with only four minor accidents since the installation.

THE "One-Cent Sale," long a feature of drug and grocery stores, was recently held by a used-car dealer in Portland, Oregon. The purchaser of a car was allowed to buy a second one for an additional penny.

MANY Chinese characters or words, when translated into English, describe objects with a picturesque clarity. As examples, soda water is angry water; a razor is a scrape-face knife; an elevator is a rise-descend machine; a railroad engine is a fire cart and a match is a self-come light.

THE Riverside Church in New York City carries on so many educational and recreational activities that most of its 80 assembly rooms and halls, which

include studios, classrooms, bowling alleys, basketball and handball courts, locker and shower rooms, a gymnasium and a theater, are in use day and night and require the services of about 75 full-time and 150 part-time employes.

AMONG the most gruesome warnings to bandits are the equestrian statues which dot the pampas of northern Chile today. Each consists of a mummified highwayman, astride his mummified horse, both held in an upright position by wires and wooden props.

A UNIQUE steamship service operates between the East Prussian towns

of Elbing and Deutsch-Eylau, a distance of 40 miles. Part of the trip is made on a canal, and part on a railroad, whose specially designed trucks pick up the little vessels and quickly carry them over four long hills. These "hill-climbing boats" have rendered unnecessary the construction of 20 locks.

DURING the hunting season in England, fox hunts have the right of way over railroad trains. Not long ago an inconsiderate fox led a pack of hounds and hunters across the path of a crack London express and delayed it and its several hundred passengers for eight minutes.

Long-Range Cattle Breeding

HALF a dozen Shorthorn calves born recently in Argentina were sired by a bull 8000 miles away. The spermatozoa from the bull were shipped from the National Agricultural Research Center near Washington, D. C., in a capsule packed in a specially made vacuum bottle; and after a six-day airplane trip were used to impregnate artificially seven cows. It has heretofore been impossible to effect such a mating because Argentine cattle are generally infested with ticks, and the imported bulls promptly died from them.

Stockmen have long practiced artificial insemination of animals in order to breed pure seed with greater economy — it makes it possible for a single bull to serve 500 females instead of 50

or 60 — but the seed were considered perishable. Then it was found that bull sperm were usable for at least three days, and could survive as long as 15 days. The discovery may revolutionize animal breeding, for in future only the best proved sires can be selected and used at long range.

Last May, 105 New Jersey dairymen formed the first coöperative artificial cattle-breeding organization in the United States, and already it is expanding. Membership is expected to exceed 175. In the beginning, three high-producing Holstein bulls served 1100 cows scattered over the state; subsequently, 750 Holstein cows were added to the list. Two Guernsey bulls have just been added to serve 500 Guernsey cows.

— *Country Home and Dairymen's League News*

¶ The gorilla, which of all animals most nearly resembles man, is the most terrifying and unpredictable of jungle creatures

Caliban of the Jungle

Condensed from The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Frank Buck

Veteran of many jungle expeditions; author of "Fang and Claw,"
"Bring 'Em Back Alive," etc.

SHOCKINGLY LIKE a monstrous and hairy human being, the gorilla is the source of innumerable legends among African natives. They say that gorillas lurk in trees and snatch up luckless passersby to hideous death; that they will attack a man on sight, disembowel him with one sweep of a great hand, and tear him limb from limb; that they carry off native women, cohabit with them, and produce men-monsters which lead gorilla bands in mad marauding; that they talk together just as humans do; that an old gorilla, when love is done and life is almost over, will commit suicide by leaping off a cliff.

Upon investigation, these tales turn out to be tropical fantasies. But even without the legends, "Ingazi" — the gorilla — is still the most impressive and fascinating of all wild creatures.

It is hard to exaggerate the effect the first sight of this strange brute produces even on the seasoned explorer. In repose, the gorilla's aspect is that of a respectable old barbarian, deep in his own

jungle thoughts. But the ferocity of the gorilla's face in anger is without counterpart in all the world; then the primal savagery of the wild beast is displayed on a countenance grotesquely human. The wild black features, framed by shaggy hair, the glaring eyes, deeply sunken beneath prodigious beetling brows, the snarling yellow teeth, with two huge canines fearfully protruding, the hands beating the huge drum of the breast in maniacal rhythm — thus seen, Ingazi is nothing short of a horrible nightmare.

As to the actual danger of hunting gorillas or of "bringing them back alive," there is the greatest divergence of opinion. Some hunters have overrated Ingazi's genuine ferocity; others have insisted that he is mild by disposition. My own observation coincides with that of Martin Johnson, who has described the gorilla as the most *frightening* of all wild creatures, and one of the most unpredictable and dangerous.

When man appears on the scene, the gorilla, like all other animals,

runs away. Yet his flight is not cowardly; if he is with his family, he acts as rear guard to cover its retreat. When a lone male has been driven to the border of his natural range he will turn in rage and put on his "threatening" act. Standing nearly erect, his hunched and shaggy shoulders connoting primitive might, he beats his cavernous breast, screaming and grimacing to terrify his enemy. After that he may attack, although many hunters declare that if the observer stands his ground the gorilla will merely hold his position — sometimes for an hour or more. But few human beings could endure such an ordeal. Personally I believe that a man would be a fool to permit one of these monsters to come close — say within 12 feet. Should the gorilla lay hold of him there could be but one result. One of my men told me of finding the remains of a hunter set upon by a gorilla; the victim's head had been completely torn from his body.

Excepting man, the gorilla seems to have no enemies. He lives amicably on the same range with elephants and even buffaloes — considered by many hunters the most dangerous of African beasts. He is a vegetarian, feeding principally on the dwarf bamboo, wild celery, and bananas. As far as is now known there are but two species of this animal: one is the coast gorilla, found in the Cameroon lowlands of west Africa; the other lives in the

wilds of the Belgian Congo, where the government has established a wild life sanctuary. Because of the security thus afforded, the extinction of the gorilla, threatened a few years ago, now seems exceedingly unlikely. In one area near Lake Kivu, their number is estimated at 2000 — a figure nearly 10 times greater than Carl Akeley's estimate of a decade ago.

Ingazi is usually monogamous. Except for certain old males who have become solitaires, gorillas roam in bands of 10 to 30. Within each group are found distinct families. The mother gorilla ordinarily produces one baby at a time, which at birth is smaller than a human child and just as hairless and helpless. She suckles it precisely as a human mother would, and the relationship between the black infant and its mother appears to be very tender. If she is shot, it will climb wailing to her breast, uttering heart-broken cries. Sometimes pitying native women will nurse gorilla babies whose mothers have been killed.

How big do gorillas grow? Males average about five feet eight inches, though some top six feet. The spread of the arms sometimes exceeds nine feet! Gargantua, the gorilla now in my possession, weighs 460 pounds and is still growing; he may reach 600. He measures 70 inches around the chest; heavyweight champion Joe Louis measures 41 inches.

In coördinating his massive powers, Ingazi is disappointing; he is

not completely at home either in trees or on the ground. He throws his arms and legs about in an ungainly fashion, and on level ground a man can outrun him. Since he does not have to run down his food, and is not hunted by other animals, he moves about very slowly. Ordinarily he travels on all fours, walking on the knuckles of his hands, his body bent at a 45-degree angle. Whereas other creatures may travel scores of miles a day, Ingazi will go perhaps a mile, frequently sitting down for a nap.

Ingazi is a noisy fellow. When gorilla bands move through the forest they can be heard for a great distance. Their so-called "roaring" is really a series of guttural barks. If they come upon an especially inviting patch of bamboo or celery they "talk" about it in voices that are remarkably musical and bird-like in quality. But when startled, Ingazi gets off a scream that is one of the most hair-raising sounds in nature.

The gorilla travels only in daylight. As twilight falls he makes a nest of leaves, which he occupies until sunrise. Old males sleep sitting up with their backs to trees, acting as sentries for the group.

I am often asked how this creature endures captivity. Although gorillas are sensitive to human diseases, particularly pulmonary trouble, the problem is chiefly a mental one. Ingazi must have affection and companionship, and he is capable

of great emotional attachment. John Gorilla, the famous London ape, died of loneliness when his keeper, Miss Alyse Cunningham, went away on a trip. Yet keeping a gorilla as a pet is dangerous, for Ingazi does not realize his tremendous strength. One woman's pet gorilla broke both her arms with a playful sweep of the paw.

The gorilla's intellect equals that of the chimpanzee, usually ranked highest among the anthropoid apes. The chimp learns more quickly, but the gorilla never forgets what he has learned. He can be taught to do such things as turn on a water tap, fill a glass, and turn the tap off at the proper moment. Once Miss Cunningham refused to let John Gorilla (then a youngster) climb onto her lap because she was wearing a party dress; whereupon John ambled across the room, got a newspaper, opened it and spread it over the gown.

It is an extraordinary fact that while nearly all other tropical beasts wild and tame, swarm with vermin, the gorilla is free of them. And as to personal habits and behavior, Ingazi is far more decent than any other ape or monkey. A young gorilla is tidy, even fastidious; he eats slowly and with excellent manners, and brushes carefully from his coat any stray crumbs.

Ingazi's skeleton is almost a counterpart of man's, though built on far more massive lines. Yet, for all his human resemblance, the

gorilla is still a beast of the jungle. It is when he stands erect that he is most impressive; for then, with

unconscious but dreadful pathos, he appears to be a savage caricature of his human enemy. *



Six-Man Football

A NEW KIND of football — fast, high scoring, full of spectacular passing and open field running — is being played this year by 2000 high schools. It's six-man football. Invented in 1934 by Stephen Epler, coach of a small Nebraska school, the six-man game has swept like wildfire through the smaller high schools. Big schools and even varsities also are taking it up.

Spectators love it because there's action all over the field, every minute — and the crowds can follow it clearly; the reverses and trick plays the game encourages aren't screened by a converging jumble of 22 men.

The players, too, have a grand time. The fun of football is in running, kicking, and passing, not in the drudgery of the linesmen's job. The six-man team consists of a center, two ends and three backs, and any one of them may pass or receive a pass, make a sensational run or score a touchdown. The back who first receives the ball must pass it immediately. This rule prevents bone-cracking power drives into the line. In fact, the new game opens up so fast there's no line to plunge into. In one popular play, all six men handle the ball. There's plenty of kicking; rules put a premium on field goals, minimizing the danger of injuries in desperate goal-line defense. There's plenty of blocking and tackling, but no dangerous piling on.

The best part of it all is that nobody gets hurt! Eleven-man football is dangerous for small schools with their inadequate coaching staffs, poor equipment and small squads which they have to piece out with young boys. Records of 17,000 high school players in 1935 showed boys of 14 and 15 were only seven percent of the group, but suffered 24 percent of the injuries. Small schools have the worst record. There were no deaths from college football last year. But there were 13 in high schools. In a five-year period, 44 percent of all football deaths were among high school players. Six-man football spares the community the possible tragedy of crippling injuries or deaths in the name of sport.

From all over the country come reports of six-man football teams playing a whole season with no greater casualty than one sprained ankle or a broken collarbone. Leg injuries, often from cleated shoes, account for half of the total casualties in 11-man football; the six-man teams wear rubber-soled shoes.

Safe, inexpensive, exciting to spectator and player, six-man football should answer the need of 10,000 American high schools now without football teams. Many other small schools, now risking the lives of students with the 11-man game, might well adopt Mr. Epler's invention.

❏ The amazing career of a lone American woman who for 20 years has cleaned up plague spots in Europe and the Near East

The Woman Who Couldn't Come Home

Condensed from The American Legion Magazine

Jerome Beatty

Now making a round-the-world trip to discover little-known Americans who are doing the most distinguished work abroad

WHEN the troop transport *Finland* sailed for France in 1917, young Alice G. Carr of Yellow Springs, Ohio, was one of the spic, span and spunky nurses aboard. That was 21 years ago. Miss Carr has not come home yet.

For two decades she has been busy helping people crushed by conflict — stopping epidemics, feeding and clothing the penniless. She has worked in France, Poland, Serbia, Czechoslovakia, Greece and Asia Minor.

Ohio State University and Antioch College, her alma mater, have given Miss Carr honorary degrees because she is one of Ohio's first citizens; the Greek government has awarded her the Order of the Commander of St. George because she is the most amazing woman they ever saw. But her incredible achievements cannot be estimated thus; they are recorded in terms of lives saved, diseases conquered, plague spots abolished.

After the war when the Turks drove more than a million Greeks from Asia Minor, refugees swarmed into Greece. Athens was a helpless

mass of sick and hungry people living in theaters, churches, barns — even doorways. Their suffering was appalling. Aided by the League of Nations, Greece slowly began to provide. But her resources were limited; even today the country would be in terrific want were it not for Greeks in the United States who last year sent home \$25,000,000. Slowly the work went ahead — but it needed a “spark plug.”

Miss Carr rolled up her sleeves. She showed the unfortunates how to keep well and how to earn a living. The keynote of her work, and that of the Near East Foundation which has financed some of her crusades, is: “Start it well; and let the natives carry on by themselves.”

To aid in her work she has eked out small contributions from America with persistent solicitations from the communities she helps. But it is in accomplishing great deeds with limited means that Miss Carr is at her best. Such was the job she performed at Corinth from 1924 to 1926. To that city of 10,000 the Near East Relief had moved 3000

orphans from Smyrna, housing them perforce in old army barracks. Within two weeks, more than 2000 children were stricken with malaria.

Miss Carr quickly organized the women from Corinth's best families into a corps of sanitary inspectors. She put the older orphan boys to work digging drainage ditches. She spent \$500 of her own for a secondhand car and toured the city pouring oil on wet spots. She made sure that all wells were covered; she saw that every hoofprint that held water, every puddle was drained or oiled. A hundred miles of drainage ditches were dug. Several thousand natives were educated to the battle. When she finished her three-year job malaria was definitely checked around Corinth, untold numbers of lives had been saved.

She was once called upon to fight typhus several hundred miles up the coast from Athens. To stop the epidemic she had to kill the lice. Officials told her no delouser was available, but she poked around and found one in Athens they'd used in the war. It weighed about a ton, and the regular boat couldn't carry it. She loaded it on a barge, and finally persuaded the reluctant boat owner to tow it. After a three-day trip they reached the town at midnight, unloaded the delouser on a rickety pier — and *wham!* — the pier gave way. Miss Carr woke up the mayor, demanded men and horses, and got the delouser safely

to shore. She stopped the typhus.

At times soft and completely feminine, Miss Carr is often a tough, unflinching martinet who will tear red tape to shreds, spend money she hasn't got, fight fiercely any person who tries to oppose her plans for aid to the suffering. Once, when she was fighting tuberculosis in Athens, the police were unable to make food sellers observe the sanitary regulations. Miss Carr had been teaching several thousand refugee women about tuberculosis. Now she incited the women to revolt. She had huge pictures made, showing how shops must be kept clean, food kept under screens and glass. When the women discovered a dirty shop they would gang up on it, wave their fists, and shout that the slovenly food seller was murdering their children. The shops were soon cleaned up.

Time and again she has seen her beginnings taken up and carried on by the people themselves; seen filthy plague spots turned into tidy, healthy communities. She went into Mosul, where the Assyrian babies were dying at the rate of 722 per 1000 born. Within a year and a half she had reduced the death rate to 150 per 1000 — about normal in Oriental countries — and organized her work so that it was perpetuated under a local committee.

One of her most important jobs was at Kaisariani, a refugee city on the edge of Athens, the worst

plague spot in Greece. Beginning in 1930, she worked for four years in a section housing 10,000 persons in unbelievable poverty. Families were crowded into barracks hastily built of boards, tin and paper. The gutter was the sewage system. Vermin were everywhere. A survey of 1000 families showed 430 cases of tuberculosis — and it was increasing.

Three years later in the same section only 33 cases of tuberculosis could be found in 1332 families. There had been no money for hospitalization; Miss Carr had done it by teaching the women the principles of diet, cooking, cleanliness, the dangers of contagion, the need of sunlight. She had a clinic but in effect she taught the people to cure themselves in their own shabby huts.

Miss Carr's work has taken her to the threshold of important scientific discoveries. Kaisariani abounded in bedbugs, except in one section. There Miss Carr discovered that ugly brown spiders about the size of a quarter were eating all the bedbugs. As a demonstration, she put 50 bugs in a box with a spider. He ate 45 in one day. News of the spiders got around, and they were sent all over Greece. The Soviet Union heard of them and asked for samples.

In fighting malaria at Marathon, one of the worst malaria holes in Greece, Miss Carr and her two Greek doctor assistants carried on

a blood injection treatment that had been tried sporadically elsewhere. Into 43 malaria patients they injected the blood of persons who had had malaria for so many years that they had become immune. It is a treatment that experts say won't work. But it worked in Marathon. Every patient was cured. Not one has had a recurrence. Miss Carr makes no claims. She just tells what she and her doctors did. And wonders why others don't follow up this research.

When Miss Carr was sent to Marathon, 40 percent of the workers were too ill to go into the fields. Today malaria is practically extinct there. Further, she taught the women how to make money weaving or raising geese and silkworms. In four years the farm income in three villages increased from \$96,000 to \$175,000 — mostly because of her work.

Miss Carr gets positively furious at the ignorance of many of the poor she works with. Squalling babies get on her nerves and undisciplined children drive her mad. But she has done some of her most effective work when she gritted her teeth and went in and risked her life to stop epidemics among orphans. She loves to do things she doesn't like to do.

But with all her vitality, Miss Carr is only human, and the strain tells. In 1922, after months of work in Poland, Serbia and Czechoslovakia, in snow and rain, with

starving children and crippled soldiers, she decided she was through with relief work. She and another nurse, each taking \$1500 they had saved, went on a grand three-months' tour of Europe and Egypt. When Miss Carr arrived in New York, dead broke, she was sure she would never, never — and then the Red Cross asked her if she wouldn't go to Greece.

Again in 1925 — after a five-day mountain trip on a donkey to refugee camps in western Greece — she decided to quit. She spent all her savings, touring Egypt in a private caravan consisting of nine Arabs, four camels and a donkey. It carried ice, fresh fruit and salad. Every evening she bathed in a portable shower, then dined in solitary

state, attended by an Arab butler in red coat and fez. For ten days she sailed the Nile on a private felucca. She camped by the Sphinx in her own tent, and lifted her chin at the tourists who couldn't afford such luxury. Then, every cent gone but feeling swell, she went back to Greece and to work. "Mister," she says with deep feeling, "that was *some* trip."

In Miss Carr's desk is a little diary she bought when she went to France. The entries to date are:

June 9, 1917, Boarded *Finland*. June 10, 11, 12, In harbor. June 13, Sailed. Very rough. Very busy.

Life has been so very rough, ever since, and Miss Carr has been so very busy, that she has never had time to make another entry.

The Power of Suggestion

¶ DR. BRUCE BRUCE-PORTER, famous English surgeon, once found a slowly dying girl reading a newspaper serial in which the heroine suffered from the same disease she had. Hurrying to the author, he was told that the character died in the last installment. Dr. Bruce-Porter persuaded the writer to change the ending — and the serial's heroine and his patient both lived.

— *News Review*

¶ I WAS once marooned with a dozen other men on a small island. On the fourth day, when we had only dry bread, one man ate his crust with great gusto. "I pretend it's suckling pig," he explained and, sniffing the air, added, "Oh, it smells good!"

Daily he would enjoy his imagined roast pig, often sighing, "My wife will never cook it this well." When we were rescued he looked as robust as the day he was marooned, in striking contrast to the rest of us.

— Konrad Bercovici in *The American Magazine*



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We Are Not Poor

Condensed from *The American Mercury*

Ethel Ambler Hunter

IN A COUNTRY where the doleful refrain of "hard times" still echoes, it might be well to look ~~our~~ poverty in the face and see of what it is made.

Nothing is more demoralizing to the character of a nation or an individual than self-pity; and right now this country seems to be drenched in self-pity. The fact, however, that a large part of our population is considerably better off than the entire populations of other countries seems to suggest that perhaps we are not so unfortunate as we think. At least it is true that we have no need for many of the things we crave — some of them are actually bad for us — and, in comparison with other peoples and other times, the great majority of our 130,000,000 are not poor — not in the true sense of the word, which is destitution.

We *are* poor in the sense of want — we want everything the other fellow has, and if we cannot have it we cry poverty. Poverty is the prevailing excuse for every evasion of debt and duty, used when hard, unpleasant work is offered or when the time comes to contribute to funds for churches, community chests and hospitals.

For example, let me present a

young couple in our neighborhood — and to be found in almost any neighborhood — who consider themselves among the so-called poor. The husband has had no luck as a salesman and the young wife supports them, for the most part, by secretarial work. They owe nearly everyone in town. Yet they have a car (a good one), send their boy to a summer camp, take trips during the wife's vacation, and dress well. Mary says it costs her eight dollars a month to keep her hair decent. She forgets that generations of women with handsome hair relied on soap and water and a clean hairbrush instead of a beauty parlor. Certainly they are not poor, and had they belonged to the "poor" of 20 or 30 years ago they would have gone without the things I have mentioned rather than owe money.

On Saturday afternoons in our town, Scout leaders find it impossible to organize country hikes, despite their educational and healthful features, and even with refreshments offered free; for Saturday is Movie Day for the children, and this includes the children of those on relief. Out-of-work adults, bitter and discouraged, may need the anodyne of the movies, as social

workers say, but why spend money to stupefy children with such unrewarding excitements?

The truth of the matter is that the movies are just another of the extravagances stimulated by contemporary high-pressure salesmanship, which is also responsible for the great demand for glossy new cars, elegant refrigerators, abundant cosmetics and similar luxuries-not-necessities. Since 1932 the American public has decreased its gifts for support of churches by 30 percent, for general benevolences 29 percent, for community chests 24 percent and colleges 18 percent. At the same time, however, expenditures for the luxuries mentioned above, and for theaters, cigarettes, automobiles, liquor, jewelry, radios and other dispensables, have soared by 25 percent to as much as 317 percent.

Years ago, when Americans had fewer luxuries and often ran short of necessities, we were not, strange to say, nearly so self-conscious about poverty. When I was a child few of our neighbors thought they were poor, although today everyone in that neighborhood — my own family among them — would be so labeled. We had no electric or gas lights and no refrigerator. Perishables were kept in the cellar or down the well. Clothes were washed on Monday in two wooden tubs; then the tubs were put away until Saturday, when they were used for the weekly bath. (We had

no bathroom.) We had, at most, two pairs of shoes, a best pair and an everyday pair. We had a coat; not a raincoat or a sport coat or a fur coat — just a coat.

Work at the shoe factory where my father was employed was more seasonal than in factories of today, and sometimes he was laid off for months at a time. There was coal to buy, and food and taxes and interest on the mortgage and sometimes a doctor's bill. Yet we never felt poor. We expected to get along and did. Paying the bills was planned far ahead, and paid they were. Nothing was bought that we were not sure we could pay for, and consequently merchants trusted us.

One thing which, I believe, made us happier was that almost forgotten commodity, "elbow grease." After doing a good job we could look anyone in the eye with pride, or face any situation with interest and courage.

Using oil lamps isn't being poor, nor is going without white coats or cars or permanents. Living in a cellar is, and so is insufficient milk for the baby, or the responsibility for sick, indigent parents. The greatest calamity, however, is *feeling* poor — the beaten spirit, the petty stinginess to keep up an outside show.

A sturdy sense of well-being *can* be cultivated and the will-to-do restored, if only we will find another god than the "good car"; other

happiness than that found in costly and exhausting amusements and expensive (or expensive-looking) clothes. There are still sunshine and fresh air, soap and water, books, friends, fields to walk in, streams to fish in, woods to roam.

If we can't go back to something simpler and more wholesome, or

forward to something finer, then the whole race of Americans as the world thinks of them — the American of robust humor, courage and the ability to turn in casually a tremendous amount of excellent work — will have vanished from the earth. Then, indeed, we shall be poor.



Speeding Up Operations

IMRESSED by industrial methods which have eliminated 30 percent of manual work as waste motion, Dr. W. H. Lawrence, 60-year-old physician of Summit, N. J., had a slow-motion picture made of an appendicitis operation. The picture showed astonishing delays and waste motions by the surgeon and his assistants: replacing instruments without using them, crossing hands unnecessarily, and so on.

Then Dr. Lawrence started to improve his own surgery, using a large piece of beefsteak wrapped in silk as a "patient." With surprising ease he trained himself to make incisions with either hand, thereby reducing operating time. He next rearranged the positions of his assistants and of the operating tables. Ordinarily a nurse has to turn completely around to pick up an instrument, and the surgeon may have

to turn to receive it. Dr. Lawrence designed special tables, with instruments in set positions, and on both sides of the surgeon; he developed a "touch" system whereby surgeon and assistants can grasp the desired instrument without taking their eyes from the patient. To further increase efficiency and conserve strength, his assistants are seated during operations; there is even a device upon which the surgeon can lean in a half-sitting position while operating.

Several months' use of these methods by the doctor and several colleagues show a saving of time of from 25 to 50 percent, not through hurrying, but by eliminating unnecessary motions. One Summit hospital is already equipped with Dr. Lawrence's special operating set-up, and an Orange, N. J., hospital is installing one.

— *Newsweek*

The Unimpressible Years

SHE WAS the littlest, the sweetest maiden of about ten I have ever seen, and she came dancing up to me in the park with a smile and wink that was simply bewitching. She tripped along just as if I had been her grandpa — petting my arm and trusting me with little confidences.

"Little maid," I said, "hadn't you better go home? Your mother may be anxious about you."

"Oh, no," she said; "Mama is at the window watching. She knows that I am walking with you, for I wanted to a lot of times."

Well, I felt tickled all over. In my mind I patted myself on the back: "Mark, old boy, they *do* love you, all of them."

But I was puzzled because she kept talking about selling tickets and how nice it must be to take so much cash for tickets. I thought she was referring to tickets at church festivals and, to increase my credit with her, I said that I bought lots of them and that people took chances on my books and sometimes I took chances myself and got burdened with some to cart home.

"Oh, you write books, too?" she said.

"Oh, yes," I said. "I am a sort of bookworm; and now you must go in, for it is getting late. Good night, little lady, and sleep well. When you are a big girl and have a husband and a house, you can tell your friends that once you walked with Mark Twain —"

"Mark Twain!"

As I looked at my adoring and adorable little friend her lip began to quiver. Her blue eyes filled — could not hold the tears — they dropped on her face and on my flattered hand.

"Oh," she sobbed, drawing away from me (I thought she was brokenhearted because she had to leave me) — "Oh!" she said, "I thought you were Buffalo Bill!"

— Henry W. Fisher, *Abroad with Mark Twain and Eugene Field*

GENIAL old Professor Blackie, with his handsome features and hair falling in ringlets about his shoulders, was a picturesque figure in Edinburgh streets. One day he was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack: "Shine your shoes, sir?"

The professor, impressed by the dirtiness of the boy's face, said, "I don't want a shine, my boy, but if you'll go and wash your face, I'll give you sixpence."

"A' richt, sir," the boy replied. He went to a fountain nearby, performed his ablutions, and returned. The professor beamed.

"Well, my boy, you have earned your sixpence. Here it is!"

"I dinna want it," returned the boy with dignity. "Ye can keep it and get your hair cut!" — John de Morgan, *In Lighter Vein* (Elder)

Q Wallkill, a prison without walls, where convicts
regain self-reliance before returning to the free world

Until They Get Out

Condensed from *The New Yorker*

Sanderson Vanderbilt

WALLKILL PRISON is a New York state institution about 70 miles north of Manhattan to which are transferred reasonably reliable long-term convicts who have already served most of their time. Inmates there have a good deal of freedom; they must try to learn a trade and do self-supporting work in fields and shops. Thus Wallkill is a sort of halfway step on which prison-bred misanthropes can regain self-reliance before going back into the world.

As Dr. Leo J. Palmer, the superintendent, drove me onto the prison grounds we passed tidy white cottages built by inmates for members of the prison staff. Nearby was a cannery where they preserve farm stuff to send to other state institutions. Wallkill prisoners raise about half of their own food. There was an orchard and a modern dairy barn. It might have been a gentleman-farmer's estate.

Every now and then we drove by tanned and grimy men who seemed like ordinary laborers, working near the road, alone or in pairs. Invariably they waved and called "Hyar, Doc!" He told me they were "pass

men" — convicts who had behaved themselves long enough to work alone in the fields.

Six years ago Wallkill consisted of seven run-down farms. Dr. Palmer went there with 150 convicts, all men who had been in other prisons for years. The buildings had not been finished, so he kept his charges in old barns at night and put them to work in the fields during the day. "Those boys never worked so hard in their lives," he chuckled. Three escaped before the prison was completed; but the record since then has been better than in other prisons in the state. Only 15 out of a total of 1900 convicts have escaped, and all were recaptured. Fifteen percent of the Wallkill inmates are guilty of committing crimes with guns; all of them are felons.

The prison itself is a long, low, buff-colored building with slanting tile roofs, which suggests a college dormitory. Behind it is a 30-acre recreation field, the boundaries marked simply by occasional signs with the words "Post Limits." For a couple of hours daily, some 500 prisoners are turned loose there. Only three unarmed guards watch

them. "They're like cops in a park," Dr. Palmer said. "Their job is to keep peace and order, not to keep people on the property."

If a convict bolts, the field guards telephone the prison. Then a whistle calls in the other convicts. About 40 members of the prison staff comb the countryside. There are no sirens or searchlights to harass the nerves of the other inmates, and the total arsenal at Wallkill consists of only 10 revolvers. It's a man hunt, all right, but devoid of melodrama.

There is one guard for every 20 or so inmates at Wallkill, while in other prisons the ratio is about one to seven. On the other hand, the percentage of men who teach trades at Wallkill is twice as high as is customary.

"We feel it's our job to teach men to live in a community, not in a jail. We try to make as many community situations as are consistent with the penal law. Take an inmate who's late for breakfast. Nothing happens to him except he has to work on an empty stomach until lunch."

The assumption at Wallkill, Dr. Palmer went on to say, is that a man dreads nothing more than continued imprisonment. A man who has been locked up for 15 years and comes to Wallkill with, say, two years to go is naturally chary about jeopardizing his chances of release, for when a convict is caught running away, a new sentence is tacked onto his old one.

Surprisingly, most convicts ob-

ject to being transferred to Wallkill. Men on the verge of freedom after a long time in jail don't trust themselves. A convict has more opportunity to break rules at Wallkill, so it seems better to many of them to play safe by staying in a real lockup. Most of the transferred convicts are nominated by the wardens of other prisons and, after approval at Albany, the men have to go to Wallkill willy-nilly.

Convicts also dislike Wallkill's insistence upon breaking up the usual pattern of prison life. "It's generally a matter of from three to six weeks before they develop enough initiative to take care of themselves," Dr. Palmer said. "They're scared they won't be able to resist walking off that recreation field and over the hill the first chance they get."

Still another reason men don't want to be moved to Wallkill is that a lot of them have a pathetic desire to be left alone in the evening. The regulation prison locks its convicts in their cells at five in the afternoon. Wallkill gives the men a somewhat restricted run of the building until 10. During that time they are encouraged to play games, read, work on hobbies, or whatever. It all sounds easy enough, but for them it isn't. Men who have grown to prefer solitude and who have been trained to do only what they're told become upset when they have to live as neighbors and decide what to do next.

In the workshops convicts were

busy at forges, electric motors, lathes, potter's wheels, and in adjacent classrooms they were being taught the technical principles of their jobs. The men were chatting as they went about their work, the shops were sunny, and through the windows there were views of the soft, green countryside. Looking at groups in that way, it was easy to think of the whole thing as a gentle experiment in humane prison relationships. It was another matter, however, to single out from the crowd the haggard faces of men who had not been in a home, or ordered a meal, or taken a woman out since Harding was President.

One room was a "hobby shop." "It's open evenings," Dr. Palmer said, "for the lads who want to take up hobbies, and we hope they'll carry them along when they get out." A meek, sad, middle-aged prisoner showed us some table tops carefully inlaid with rose and vermillion woods. Dr. Palmer praised them and asked what he was going to do with them. The inmate spoke gravely. "I sold one in here for \$5," he said, "and I'm going to give one to Bill Rogers because he's been so nice teaching me this work. And the rest — Doctor, I'm just trying to make myself a little stake so's when I get out . . ."

In one of the shops there was a sign: "Keep your cutting tools sharp." I asked Dr. Palmer what they did about checking up on tools when work was over. He said the

men aren't searched at all. "Old-time prison officials turn pale when they see inmates walking around with hacksaws in their hands," he said indulgently. But so far there have been no suicides and only once in Wallkill has a prisoner started "playing with his bars." "And he was just a plain damn fool," Dr. Palmer added. "He was a pass man who drove a tractor and walked alone to work every day. But he just felt he had to cut a bar in his cell. He didn't know why."

Convicts get paid a little for what they do, and may spend half of what they earn at the prison commissary. The rest they must save until they get out.

Finally we came to a block of 42 small but comfortable cells, with wooden doors.

"None of them is ever locked," Dr. Palmer said.

During the evening the prisoners are allowed to drop around and visit each other in their cells as long as they leave their doors open. When the lights are turned out, each cell block is cut off from the rest of the prison by an iron gate which locks in not only the convicts but an unarmed guard. They don't fear riots. The guards have no keys for the men to make off with and they have no weapons for them to steal. Said Dr. Palmer, "It's just like gunpowder — when you empty some on the floor and put a match to the stuff there's no explosion because there's no pressure."

Is Capitalism Doomed?

Condensed from Barron's

James Truslow Adams

Distinguished historian, author of "The Epic of America,"
"The March of Democracy," etc.

LATELY a leading American socialist said that "capitalism is doomed because of its well-nigh complete lack of standards and sanctions, intellectual and ethical." His statement set me to pondering. As compared with other "isms," is capitalism (the system of private property and the profit motive) so devoid of standards and sanctions?

Sanctions are those things which, as Webster defines them, "induce the observance of law or custom." The strongest sanctions for any law or custom are those which lie deep as instincts in the very structure of our being. Now the desire for private property, gain and personal advancement is so widespread as to indicate a fundamental instinct in man, and it has been especially strong in the America of the past three centuries. No one can fail to realize this who is not carried away by wishful thinking, and who understands our history, beginning with the failure of the communistic experiments in the founding of Jamestown and Plymouth; the vital change which private ownership made in those settlements; the whole story of our later immigration of tens of millions, our rapid expansion over the continent, and the produc-

tion of the American standard of living. Here, then, in spite of a limited number of communists and socialists — negligible as voters even in the 1932 election, in the midst of hitherto unknown poverty and suffering — is a most potent sanction, far more potent than any which would support their forms of society if forced on us.

Another is the fact that capitalism has worked. To say this is to invite the jeers of many. But I would ask such scoffers what other great population in the world has reached the same high level of general well-being?

I need not repeat here the oft-discussed gains labor has made in the past century in such matters as working hours, leisure, purchasing power. As I write this, I look down a country street to a small house that is being built. There are 14 cars parked before it, belonging to the workmen — a sight which one would not see anywhere but in the U. S. A.

The average man, particularly in the lower economic scale in other countries and here, has shown his belief that our capitalism has worked, in spite of all its faults, first by wanting to emigrate here, and second, when here, by refusing in gen-

eral to vote to change the system to either communism or socialism in spite of promises held out. Instead of none, we thus have these two sanctions, aside from others, which are extremely important and which certainly neither of the other two economic systems of society can guarantee us.

And now for standards, or ideals, of capitalism. The first is that, not only for old Americans but also for the millions who have come to us in the steerage, capitalism offers liberty and a chance to order their lives to suit themselves, as opposed to regimentation. That is both an intellectual and ethical standard as well as an instinctive one in the American nature.

There are all sorts of people, of many moods. There are those who love adventure, the chance to rise at the risk of falling, a variegated world with prizes to struggle for; and there are those who prefer security even with a flat level of monotony with soul-killing boredom. After the exciting centuries since the Renaissance, culminating in the horror of the Great War, the numbers of the latter type may have increased for the time being. For them there may be a compelling lure in all forms of defeatism if they can cease the competitive struggle, though the comfort and security promised are a mere mirage.

I believe that this is *not* true of Americans as a whole, but that, even when they wish to improve the

rules of the game, they are still intensely anxious to play the game without being herded like cattle, or losing control of their individual destinies. Only capitalism offers a game to be played with free initiative, and this freedom to express one's own personality in any way desired is a standard or ideal of capitalism and of neither communism nor socialism.

The latter two claim as a standard a wider and fairer distribution of the social product, but this has also, under changing conditions, become a goal of capitalism. That system is finding the necessity, practically and not theoretically, of raising the living standards of all for the sake of its own profits. It is moving steadily in that direction. It is doing so by constant adjustments of the interests of all, and not by revolution or a sudden alteration which would involve intense suffering with no certainty of betterment for any.

There is also another point of difference. To divide a social product equitably, it must be sufficiently large to go round. It seems to me that every experiment in history shows that the product is larger under a system of free initiative than under any other. Of our first experiment in communism, in Virginia, John Smith wrote:

"WHEN our people were fed out of the common store, and laboured jointly, glad was he who could slip from his labour, or slumber over his taske, he cared

not how, nay, the most honest among them would hardly take so much true pain in a week, as now for themselves they will do in a day: neither cared they for the increase, presuming that howsoever the harvest prospered the general store must maintain them, so that we reaped not so much Corn from the labours of thirty as now three or four do provide for themselves."

Because of lack of incentive, slavery, too, was always a most inefficient form of labor.

Under capitalism the world has seen an incredible increase in its goods, which I believe neither communism nor socialism, with their lessening of individual incentive, could maintain.

Moreover, if differences in wealth and position were more or less ironed out and men made equal, society would be applying the famous physical law of entropy to itself. In physics we are told that "if all the particles in the universe reached the same degree of heat, no power could anywhere be exerted by one upon another, and nothing could ever again take place."

This might happen in society; but as yet there is a great difference in its members. Even under communism or socialism, there will be those at the center attempting to control the whole. It is no accident that all the totalitarian or communistic experiments of the present day have ended in complete dictatorships. Capitalism, in attempting to maintain freedom and individual initiative and incentive, while also trying

to correct abuses, has a distinct standard, superior to that of its rivals.

We have thus found two sanctions and two standards, all four of which seem to me to be of enormous importance and worth fighting for. In conclusion, let us add a word as to the changes occurring in capitalism. From the earlier belief that ownership was absolute, we have steadily advanced to a realization that in many forms property is tinged with a public interest. Thus society, which protects us in our property, has the right to see to it that it shall not be used in an anti-social way. But this — as exemplified in regulation of railroads and utilities, the zoning of urban sections, and like social controls — is vastly different from turning over the management of all natural resources and productive enterprises to the State. That would mean complete alteration in the entire social, political and psychological situation.

Capitalism *may* be doomed because of the activity of a minority and the inertia of the mass, but I can see no warrant for saying it is so because of lack of sanctions or standards. Socialism and communism are still blueprints of theorists, for, as communists have found, there is not communism even in Russia. What sanctions or standards can they guarantee to us which, in practice, will be better than those capitalism already has as a going concern?

Vote-Getting Vaudeville

THE HON. Roarin' Bob Reynolds got his present job as Senator from North Carolina on a strictly home-made issue. The man whose seat Bob wanted was the Hon. Cameron Morrison, an opulent fellow whose Washington existence was soft with every luxury. To beat Cam, Bob stumped the state in a ramshackle car, his only luggage a roll of red carpet and a small glass jar of caviar. At every stop, after some preliminary bellowing chiefly devoted to his own homespun poverty, he would seize the red carpet and roll it out across the pine boards of the platform in one grand swirling motion. Then he would imitate Cam Morrison arriving at his Washington hotel in his Rolls-Royce.

When Bob showed the people how Cam got out of his "ten-thousand-dollar cah," the general effect was of Louis XIV descending from his carriage in the courtyard of Versailles. The voters loved to see Bob strutting down that red carpet with his hands curved in behind his back to show the tails of Cam's shadbelly coat. But the big moment came when Bob whipped out the jar of caviar and led the plain people of North Carolina right up to Cam's dinner table. He would ask them what they thought Cam ate, and the voters would shout back at Bob to tell all.

"Friends, it pains me to tell you," Bob would say. "Fish eggs, that's what he eats. This here jar I'm showin' you ain't a jar of squirrel shot; it's fish eggs, and fish eggs from Red Russia at

that, and they cost two dollahs, just for this little jarful. Now, fellow citizens, let me ask you, do you want a Senator who ain't too high and mighty to eat good old North Carolina hen eggs, or don't you?"

The North Carolina electorate answered this question to Bob's complete satisfaction.

— Joseph Alsop and Turner Catledge in
The Saturday Evening Post

THE IMPORTANCE of being "one of the common people" has been realized by all politicians, but perhaps none has carried out the doctrine as dramatically as did Eugene Talmadge when Governor of Georgia. Scheduled to appear at a Georgia crossroads town to tell the folks a few things he would straighten out in Washington, the Governor stopped off at a nearby farmhouse for a glass of buttermilk and found the farmer being carried in from the field. He had been kicked by his mule while plowing.

Governor Talmadge went out into the field, knocked the mule's ears down with a single yell, and in a few moments was driving the plow at top speed. As he plowed, he delivered his speech. In 20 minutes, 300 people were following him back and forth across that field, listening to him hollering down land taxes, public spending, crop-limiting, Yankee professors, and Communists — studding his ambulatory oration with frequent and bitter objurgation upon the mule. He kept on until the plowing was done. It did not matter that the field had to be plowed all over again because the crowd had stomped the furrows back flat — Governor Talmadge had effectively demonstrated neighborly willingness to aid

the unfortunate, and his ability to perform the simple task of the common people.

— Walter Davenport in *Collier's*

REPORTERS who stumped Kansas with William R. Stubbs when he ran for Governor some years ago insist he was elected by a torn pocket handkerchief. At each meeting, soon after he launched into his speech, Mr. Stubbs would reach into his pocket for a handkerchief to mop his brow. Out would come a frayed and torn one.

"My, my!" the candidate would say in surprise. "Just look at that handkerchief — all torn and worn out. It certainly was careless of my wife to let me go off with a handkerchief like that. I'll have to speak to her about it. But she doesn't often do that sort of thing. She looks after me pretty well, and I must say one thing for her — Mrs. Stubbs makes the finest salt-rising bread anybody ate in their lives."

Mr. Stubbs would then tell exactly how his wife made her salt-rising bread. From that it was easy to give other homely details of his domestic life, of interest to the farmers. By the time he was ready to talk tariff, Mr. Stubbs and his audience were on the most intimate and delightful terms.

— Frank R. Kent, *Political Behavior* (Morrow)

ONE YEARS AGO I was startled at a public meeting when a candidate for office whistled his oration through a gap in his dental plate where a tooth was missing. I inquired how a man who could not get his teeth repaired could expect public office. My experienced friends explained that the speaker had left his front tooth in the bureau drawer at home — where it belonged, if he hoped to get the rural vote. They said

that unpretentious farmers felt much more at home with a candidate whose smiling face revealed the same imperfect dentistry as their own. Sure enough, when he was elected and the tooth could no longer harm him, he took it out of hiding and screwed it back among its fellows!

— Eleanor R. Wembridge in *The Forum*

PLACATING both sides in a controversy without committing himself is one of the politician's greatest problems. Touring a section of the Northwest in his vice-presidential railroad special in 1888, Adlai E. Stevenson found that the paramount issue of the campaign was whether the mountain peak which dominated the landscape should be named Tacoma or Rainier. At some stops the citizens were pro-Tacoma; at others pro-Rainier: it was impossible to avoid the issue.

With the assistance of the engineer, Stevenson arranged a showmanly device. In every speech he made his peroration on the beauty of the mountain, and referred to the controversy over its name. "This controversy," he continued, "must be settled and settled right by the national government. I pledge myself, here and now, that if elected I will not rest until this glorious mountain is properly named. There is only one appellation which is worthy of consideration and that . . ." Here he pulled a cord which the engineer had secretly installed; his voice was instantly drowned by the scream of the engine's whistle, whereupon the train pulled out of the station. The sentence was never completed and nobody ever learned where Stevenson stood on the Tacoma-Rainier controversy.

— Alva Johnston in *The Forum*

☞ Three weapons are available
against these blots on nature

The Billboards Must Go—II

By

Roger William Riis

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, workmen started digging holes along a road by beautiful Lake George, New York. They thought they were digging holes for the supports of billboards. As it turns out, they were digging the grave of outdoor advertising.

That road was the wrong one for them to select. Near it lived Elizabeth B. Lawton. When Mrs. Lawton counted 80 advertising signs on a nine-mile stretch, she was aroused beyond indignation. How many of us have felt that indignation! How few of us have done anything about it!

Mrs. Lawton has made it virtually a life work. Through her garden club, through the New York State Federation of Garden Clubs, she built up the war against the billboards. From the committee she appointed in 1923 has grown the campaign of the National Roadside Council, supported by a host of organizations whose members prefer scenery to sales appeal. Note the quality of the enlisted groups: the Garden Clubs of America, American Association of State Highway Officials, American Institute of Architects, National Grange, National Federation of Business and Profes-

sional Women's Clubs, American Nature Association, American Tree Association, historical societies, veterans' organizations, nurserymen, state planning boards and women's groups whose number is legion.

That's one side. The opponent — all there is in defense of billboards — is the Outdoor Advertising Association. It's plenty. Outdoor advertising amounts to \$39,300,000 a year. The National Roadside Council, of which Mrs. Lawton is Chairman, has \$2800 a year to spend.

From the beginning, Mrs. Lawton has been ably assisted by three men — her husband, William L. Lawton, a civil engineer who has built many roads; Arthur Newton Pack, good angel of the American Nature Association and the American Tree Association; and Albert S. Bard, veteran counsel, shrewd as any billboard lawyer, who for years has donated his legal skill.

This is the general staff. At first glance, its efforts might look like a losing fight. The handsome 280-page book, *Standard Circulation Values of Outdoor Advertising, 1938*, says: "The industry is expanding; the trend is moderately though definitely upward."

Perhaps. But the seed of defeat is

planted and growing. The National Roadside Council, says Mrs. Lawton, after 15 years of warfare, has learned three vital facts:

(1) That the small signs, the "snipe" signs, can be eliminated; (2) that a type of legislation can control all signs; (3) that such legislation can be passed despite the wily resistance of lobbyists for the outdoor advertising industry.

For this is what the sports writers call the pay-off: until now, the crusade has been a silent struggle in legislative committee rooms. But now the fight is coming into the open. Public opinion, heretofore dormant, is being aroused. And public opinion is the decisive factor because advertisers — the companies whose names appear on the billboards — are extremely sensitive to it.

Billboard advertising is sold, by outdoor advertising agencies, to manufacturers. Those manufacturers cannot, will not, run the conscious risk of offending their public. They have everything to lose by that. The advertising agencies, on the other hand, are most anxious that advertisers shall not be conscious of any complaints or hostile feeling. They are now being made conscious.

Three weapons are available against the blots on nature. Mrs. Lawton rates them in the ascending order of effectiveness. First is the boycott of goods so advertised. It works with amazing speed, and the signs come down. But it works only tem-

porarily. The public feeling dies, the signs return.

Second is taxation. There is reason for taxing signboards, because they get much for nothing. Motorists pay big gas taxes to build fine roads, and the signs move in and reap the benefit. But the trouble with taxing is that taxes can be evaded, and passed along to the advertiser.

The third weapon is zoning, and that's the one which will win the victory. It is popular today; it is one with community planning — modern, progressive, intelligent. "Strip" zoning does away with the "ribbon slums" which billboards create along highways. It is now accepted that the highway is a unit, a "transportation corridor," and must be under control. For 1500 feet on both sides of the road, it should be landscaped into the scenery, or left to capable Nature.

The U. S. Bureau of Public Roads stipulates that when any State uses federal funds on highways, *1 to 1½ percent thereof must go to roadside development*. Mark that well, you groups working to protect your highways.

The newest and (to date) best law to control billboards through zoning is California's. The first result, in a state once covered with billboards, is 1000 miles of roadway, south from San Francisco, zoned against them. It is simply achieved; the law says that billboards may appear in business districts, and de-

finest business districts as those where for 600 feet on one side of the road or 300 feet on both sides, more than 50 percent of the frontage is used for business purposes. Elsewhere, no signs.

The weapons, you see, are at hand. And what counter-arguments do the billboard people advance?

Aware that the signs are ugly, they set out to make them pretty. They have plastered countrysides with reproductions of Gainsborough's famous "Blue Boy." That's art, so they now call the signs "the poor man's art gallery." Take them away, and presumably the poor wretch in his sedan will have no art in his life.

Again, they present unrented boards to safety movements for signs urging safe driving. Sounds like public service; but the effect, as one safety authority after another has said, is to take the motorist's eyes off the road. Such signs are hazards to safety.

They induce politicians to use the unrented boards during campaigns. This makes it easier at the next legislature to shunt anti-billboard legislation off into some committee's dark room.

Again, and most plaintively, they tell us "you will throw people out of work. Outdoor advertising is a legitimate business and you must not interfere with it."

Outdoor signs represent a bit over eight percent of the total advertising of America. The most offensive outdoor signs, on rural and

scenic highways, may be only four percent. Take that away, and you have made hardly a dent in the advertising business as a whole. But even that four percent is not lost business; it can go right on advertising in other places: newspapers, for example, and magazines, and radio. Actually, all these are better advertising media. The general agencies, which deal impartially in every kind of advertising space, speak slightly of billboards. It's reminder stuff only, they say. Keeps a name in your head, but doesn't sell much.

And what happens to our highways? Take as a single instance Gettysburg, a national shrine full of meaning to every American. What greets us on the road into Gettysburg? Twenty-four huge billboards, 34 smaller ones, six sign-covered barns. Driving in from the west, three and a half miles of advertising. From the east, between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, 167 miles through some superb country, 2017 signs. That's 12 to a mile, or one every 150 yards. Drive at 40 miles an hour; you have a sign every 8 seconds. America's woods and templed hills are behind the signs. No other nation is thus afflicted.

The trouble is that outdoor advertising is profitable to the outdoor agencies. Commissions on \$39,300,000 worth of space run over \$6,000,000 a year. But what does the owner of the land bearing the signs get? Often nothing, often \$1

to \$5 a year. Let the owner help the campaign by going on strike for very much larger rentals.

That's the fight — a great group of civic organizations on one side, motivated by public spirit; a compact, rich industry on the other, motivated by anxiety to hold on to profits at your expense and mine. Where do *you* belong in that fight? Do *you* like the billboard?

If you do not, write the National Roadside Council, 119 East 19th Street, New York City, for literature and advice. The Council will tell you about the campaign in

On most of our highways
you're bill-bored stiff.

your state. Go to work with that campaign. You'll enjoy it because you will soon see results.

Remember the positive side. Advocate the offering of prizes for the best roadside stands, the best planted stretch of highway. It's done successfully on Long Island. We want our countryside to be as beautiful as it naturally is, and that means — no signs. Remember Ogden Nash's —

I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Perhaps unless the billboards fall
I'll never see a tree at all.



Turning Points — I —

"Believe It or Not"

A NIGHTMARE in which he dreamed that Chinese were marching across his chest all night started Robert Ripley's "Believe It or Not" cartoons. "Being of a mathematical turn of mind," he says, "I began to wonder next morning if all the Chinese in the world could have crossed my chest during the night, and tried to figure it out. The Chinese themselves are uncertain how many there are, but taking the accepted estimate — 500,000,000 — I figured they could march in columns of four forever and never finish passing.

"Now that may seem incredible. But, marching four abreast, 29,840,000 Chinese could pass in a year. Estimate the birth rate as 10 percent and allow for one half of the newborn children to die, and you have 30,000,000 Chinese coming along each year to join the parade. That means there would always be 500,000,000 Chinese waiting. They could go on marching through all eternity.

"When I drew that cartoon of the marching Chinese, it caused such a stir that it started me in the believe-it-or-not business."

— Robert Ripley, quoted in the *N. Y. Times*

¶ The motor truck has modernized cattle-stealing, and the vigilantes ride again

Streamlined Cattle Rustling

Condensed from Ken

Don Rogers

THE TRUCK appeared to be a furniture van, enclosed, fast. But it stopped at no residence or warehouse. It pulled up beside a mesquite tree in West Texas, 30 miles from any human habitation.

An endgate was let down, and a mounted horseman rode out! Other men left the cab seat. The rider lassoed a fat steer that dozed nearby, and in two minutes the men had hazed it into the truck. The process was repeated, without fuss or flurry, until four more steers were captured. The horseman rode back in and the truck rolled on.

Closely related to the activities of the truck was a crude sign nailed to a tree in New Mexico:

\$500 REWARD
For Cattle Thieves
Just Help Us Catch Them
We Won't Have No Trial

Quite a few statistics exist to prove that this is 1938 and the American west is no longer wild. *Yet more American cattle are being rustled in 1938 than ever before!*

The whole business of cattle thievery has been streamlined. Modern rustlers use vans to speed stolen cattle to faraway cities. Fences re-

ceive the steers — worth up to \$100 apiece — and have them butchered, frozen and placed on sale within 24 hours.

Sheriffs are nearly helpless. A western sheriff may have only six deputies to cover all crime in a county bigger than Massachusetts. Moreover, the cattle owner may not miss his stolen steers until the next roundup. If an officer does happen to catch a rustler, he must have abundant proof, and the actual owner of a cow cannot prove ownership if the branded hide is removed. Many cows are butchered in the wilds at night, put in refrigerator trucks, and delivered direct to meat stores.

If some honest butcher asks where the beef originated, the van people are ready with an answer. They have bought or leased a bit of land and keep several cows on it. Apparently they are just small operators, trying to get a start in the trade by cutting prices under the big packers and slaughterhouses. The butcher makes his purchase, conscience clear.

Often the rustlers' preparations are amazingly thorough. Near Phoe-

nix, Arizona, the sheriff stopped a truck with half a dozen steers in it. The officer pulled his gun — but he needn't have. The two men on the truck were just honest-looking boys, with nary a pistol or rifle between them.

"Whose cows?" demanded the officer.

"Them is Mr. Lawson's," the driver said. "We're taking them to the Lawson ranch over at Kingman in Mohave County. Here's the bill of sale."

The paper was exactly in form. It described the cows; their brands checked. Apparently Tom Lawson had bought the cows from Grimes and Wilson, near Lordsburg, New Mexico.

The sheriff had heard of Lawson's ranch, and everything seemed legal, but to be on the safe side he held the men while he put in a phone call for Tom Lawson at Kingman. Lawson said yessir he had sent for six cows. The sheriff apologized to the truckers and let them go.

He told his deputies about it later, and one who had lived in Mohave County said, "Tom Lawson's ranch ain't got no phone." The sheriff looked blank and called Kingman again. Correct, the Lawson ranch had no phone. The "Tom

Lawson" who had received the call had lived in an automobile camp cabin on the outskirts of town.

To combat this new-style rustling, the cattlemen are reverting to their traditional direct action. They are, for instance, erecting a few signs like the one posted on the tree in New Mexico. Another one, meaning precisely what it says, declares that "we are out after cattle rustlers and will pay for same dead or on the hoof."

There is no record — nor will there be — of the results. But on the sheriffs' books in the southwestern cow states are several unexplained killings. Bodies have been found out on the desert, with bullet holes in them. Other men have just disappeared.

Those old rusticuss ranchers are standing guard in 48-hour shifts in some sections, each man with a bag of grub, canteen, pistol and rifle. They perch on hillocks where they can command long stretches of highway. Sometimes they "plant" a bunch of steers as temptation for thieves.

If you hear of more "mystery murders" out west this year and next, and there is less howling from the cattlemen about rustling, you'll know the reason why.

The Artful Swapper: Fayette Cherry, a county patrolman of Mayfield, Kentucky, recently started a series of trades with a 10-cent pocketknife. In 10 weeks, after making 100 swaps, he had an automobile valued at \$200.

— Albert Benjamin in *The American Magazine*

¶ A city manager who, unknown to national fame, is doing an outstanding job

Meet Mr. Cookingham

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Karl Detzer

THE POLICE radio dispatcher at Saginaw, Mich., is speaking. "Car 3," he directs, "go to bridge number 1. Ship coming up. Car 7, take bridge 2. Car 9, go to bridge 3."

Radio cars rush to the river. Blue-coats leap out and man the draw-levers; a coal barge steams past, the bridges slide back, policemen return to patrol. . . . And Saginaw saves \$20,000 a year.

Three years ago, 42 tenders manned these seven bridges. Then a new city manager, Laurie Perry Cookingham, came to town. He found that the 42 tenders raised their bridges an average of twice a week, and were paid full time. He did some quick arithmetic. By keeping tenders on the outer bridges only and connecting their watch towers with police headquarters by telephone, patrolmen could man the rest of the bridges and save the taxpayers 35 annual salaries.

He did just that, and the anguished cries of politicians who generously had dished out those 35 jobs echoed through the town.

In Saginaw, don't be surprised to see firemen rolling to duty in taxi-

cabs. For years, two or three drivers sat around headquarters, as they do in many towns, waiting to rush out with city trucks and collect off-duty firemen, in the event of a second alarm. Cookingham put these men back to work with their companies, and posting addresses with three cab lines, told them to pick up the reserve men if needed. Second alarms occur only once or twice a year; when they do, it costs about \$7.50 to get the extra men on the job, instead of an annual expense of several thousand dollars.

Shortly before Cookingham arrived, the old city hall had burned, and Saginaw was paying \$500 a month office rent in downtown buildings. On his second day the new manager inspected the \$3,000,000 waterworks, unpaid-for monument to a previous administration, and found under the roof a quarter acre of empty floor space. Although not a perfect office, it would do in an emergency. Cookingham moved to it all city departments, and saved an amount equal to his salary the first year.

Now Saginaw has a new municipal building — half as big as the

old one, with 26 percent more office space. The partitions between offices are of glass. No private back rooms, no closed doors, no cuspidors, no loafers. John Citizen need only look around to see what is happening everywhere. He can walk unchallenged into the manager's private office, any day. There he will find Cookingham, working at a plain desk, surrounded not by precinct committeemen but by municipal reports, engineering and financial data, ready to listen to any plain householder's troubles or advice.

Citizens like the municipal information bureau, too. No longer are they and their questions shunted from one city department to another. Instead, inside the main door of the city hall a girl sits ready to answer all questions in person or by telephone.

Time was, in Saginaw, when city employes were assigned cars, drove them home nights, and were restrained only by conscience from loading them up and driving the family to the movies. Cookingham ordered all cars into the municipal garage, where they must be checked in and out, their mileage recorded, gasoline consumption registered. In the old days many employes bought their gasoline at retail and charged it to the city. Cookingham installed a huge tank and saves several cents a gallon.

Politicians had laughed, seven years before, when a committee of

women voters began to study Saginaw's government. The politicians had met reformers before. But these determined ladies weren't doing their reforming in the newspapers. Instead, they cornered business men and talked taxes.

Among those they aroused was Arnold Boutell, washboard manufacturer, who had seen Saginaw grow from a lumber camp to an industrial city of 90,000 people. When he joined the tax reformers, he found their work blocked by Saginaw's outmoded city charter.

"Let's get a new charter," he decided, and quietly formed a committee consisting of a lumber dealer, a grocer, a lawyer, an accountant, an automobile dealer, a foundry worker, a wholesaler and a manufacturer. They spent two years studying other city charters, which they found average 100,000 words and are so complicated it takes a staff of lawyers to interpret them.

"We'll write a simple one for Saginaw," Boutell said; and in 7000 plain words he drew up a charter so clear that the voters, able for once to understand what they were voting for, adopted it. Not only that, they named Boutell and his committee as the new city council to make the plan work.

The charter stated concisely that a council of nine, chosen at large in nonpartisan elections, should appoint six advisory boards and a city manager. The manager would institute civil service and run the town.

That year, 1936, 445 American cities were operating under managers. (Today there are 475.) From coast to coast, in 35 states, alert towns were saving money, getting results under the manager plan.

After studying the qualifications of 40 first-rate men, Saginaw found Cookingham in the Detroit suburb of Plymouth. A 40-year-old ex-soldier and civil engineer, he was at the moment spending his days directing 25,000 Wayne county relief workers, his nights managing his town. The Saginaw council, hiring him, said, "Don't be afraid to break with tradition." He took them at their word.

One way Cookingham broke with tradition was in the matter of sealed bids for city purchases.

"We asked for bids on soda-ash water purifier," he explains. "Six companies solemnly submitted them, all for \$21.60 a ton. We talked privately with their salesmen, who vaguely mentioned trade agreements. They'd like to sell for less, but didn't want to put bids on paper for their competitors to see. This year, without sealed bids, we saved \$1.60 a ton on 2000 tons."

In nearly every type of purchasing, the city's nonpolitical business methods are saving money. This is one of the few towns in the nation where automobiles are bought on a really competitive basis. Most cities specify the make and model of any car or truck on which bids are asked. Saginaw throws competition

open to *all* makes, rivalry becomes genuine, and the city gets low prices.

By means of this rivalry in every division from cars to fire hose, Saginaw's finance officer can show that they saved over \$37,000 last year on equipment.

Not content with lopping off useless jobs, Cookingham lopped off useless bookkeeping, too. The offices of controller, assessor and treasurer had been keeping duplicate books, in longhand. After comparing notes with other live-wire managers, Cookingham sent to Topeka, Kan., for a finance director, surrounded him with accounting machines, and told him to keep *one* set of books.

Thus 86 separate accounts were cut to 15, useless work was reduced, and city finance brought into the open. And Saginaw discovered to its surprise that householders owed \$200,000 in delinquent water bills.

Don't think this condition exists only in Saginaw. In dozens of cities many property owners haven't paid for water for years. Cookingham requires all but indigents to pay current accounts within 21 days. If they don't, their faucets go dry. Now, each month, Saginaw is collecting \$5000 in overdue accounts.

Delinquent taxes are another matter. A state moratorium protects property owners, and when Cookingham came to town an average of a quarter of each year's tax went on the delinquent roll. The

new manager put away his big stick, appealed to city pride, and six sevenths of last year's taxes were paid.

Furthermore, Cookingham has held taxes to less than 57 percent of the 1930 figure — the lowest, in fact, since 1908 — and is issuing no bonds. It will take 29 years to retire all those issued before Cookingham arrived. But he's paying them, in spite of low taxes and no new bonds, at the rate of \$330,000 a year.

And what are the people getting out of it? In two years they have got a new quarter-million-dollar city hall, a new \$150,000 fire headquarters, a modern police station, miles of new parks, a big addition to the municipal garage — and *every building paid for, to the last penny*, when the last nail was driven!

They have 22 additional policemen, half a dozen added firemen, 55 new trucks and cars, higher wages for all city employees except department heads. They are getting new water mains, new sewers,

new pavement. Their three municipal cemeteries, which for years had been let out to custodians who paid for upkeep and pocketed the profits, are being reorganized, and the city will get the profits as they begin to come in.

These are only some of the things the citizens of Saginaw get.

But remember, Laurie Perry Cookingham is merely an outstanding example among the 500 professional city managers who are making the plan work throughout the nation.

To see how well it works in Saginaw, you need only glance at the tax figures of the 93 cities of the same population class. The average per-capita cost of government in these cities is \$45.83 a year. If you live in Saginaw, your share of the annual cost is exactly \$17.15. Thus business management rather than political management proves its worth.

The lady voters of Saginaw, who started things seven years ago, had quite an idea.



DR. WILLIAM OSLER, having been invited to inspect a famous London hospital, was proudly shown about by several physicians and surgeons. Finally the charts were reached, and he looked them over carefully, observing the system of abbreviations: SF for scarlet fever, TB for tuberculosis, D for diphtheria, and so on. All diseases seemed to be pretty well under control except one indicated by the symbol GOK.

"I observe," said the famous doctor, "that you have a sweeping epidemic of GOK on your hands. This is a symbol not in common use in American medical circles; just what is GOK?"

"Oh!" one of his hosts lightly replied, "when *we* can't diagnose, God Only Knows."

— Quoted by Walter Neale in *Life of Ambrose Bierce*

❗ Love of Nature leads to many interesting jobs,
rewarding in their deep personal satisfaction

Careers in Nature

Condensed from Natural History

Donald Culross Peattie

Author of "Singing in the Wilderness," "A Prairie Grove," etc.

+

A YOUNG WOMAN in New York City with a living to make discovered that she knew more about the migrating birds that passed through the great metropolis than about the various jobs offered her. So she began conducting bird walks in Central Park, using the exhibits at the American Museum of Natural History as a supplementary classroom. There she attracted the attention of museum scientists, and before long she found herself in British Guiana, collecting birds for the museum. By conspicuous ability and service this girl got what she wanted most in life — a career devoted to Nature.

In 15 years of writing about Nature, I have received hundreds of inquiries from young people who want to make careers in that field. My problem has been to encourage those who have an incurable bent for natural history, and to dissuade others who may love Nature but not more than they love material success.

Raymond Ditmars tells how as a boy he got into the Museum of Natural History. His collection of snakes, lizards, frogs and live flies

had been banished by an indignant family. They made no objection to his collection of moths, however, and with this he trudged into the museum, demanding to have some puzzling specimens named. The old scientist who admitted him peered incredulously at a splendid series of a rare species, five times as extensive as the museum's own collection. Young Ditmars was told that the museum needed a young fellow to mount and label specimens, and that he might come back some day to apply for the job. He turned up next morning. For years thereafter he toted equipment, kept his eyes and ears open. Today he is No. 1 man in herpetology at the museum and at the zoo.

Sometimes a wise parent bends the twig. A girl who had to spend a year in bed was given a collection of shells to amuse her. She became so fascinated that she later studied conchology in college, and soon afterward was head curator in her subject at a great museum.

A widow in Chicago, holding down a dull proofreading job, became so interested in botany that she would go out on Sundays with

a famous botanist, carrying equipment, looking and learning. Today, in our leading museum of plant collections, she is an expert on the most economically important plants in the world — the grasses.

The public thinks that museums exist in order to put curious and colorful objects on display. But behind "No Admittance" doors the real work goes on — a delightful fellowship in study among miles of back-stage specimens.

Museums also employ artists with a bent toward Nature. The Blaschka family worked themselves into life employment making glass flowers for Harvard. Herman Mueller, glass-blower, has found a career in making models of microscopic life. Exhibit work requires skilled draftsmen and people able to make wax, paper, cloth and plaster look like living tissue.

Anyone good at night photography, microphotography, X-ray and infrared photography, or brilliant, swift out-of-door work, would be valuable to many institutions.

Private industry also utilizes Nature career men. Pharmaceutical houses employ botanists; fruit growers employ plant pathologists. A southern lumber company, losing thousands yearly from fungus ravages, sought an expert — and found him working quietly in the laboratories of a botanical garden. The practical controls he devised are so valuable that he is regularly retained by timber interests.

In the United Fruit Company there are botanists, pathologists, soil experts. Wilson Popenoe, for instance, was a government agricultural explorer when he brought out of Latin America avocados which attracted the company's attention. He was bought away from Uncle Sam at a handsome figure, and is one of the company's most successful plantation men.

Uncle Sam is the biggest single employer of naturalists in the world. And political upheavals and patronage have no effect on the jobs of government scientists; the work is too hard and the pay too low to interest sinecure-seekers.

The records of the Bureau of Entomology contain some of the greatest stories of pure natural science, practically applied, in history. The lad who is now laughed at by his companions for his beetle collection may be a future L. O. Howard, the veteran "insect fighter" of the Bureau. Or a Theobald Smith, who won the battle against Texas cattle fever.

The chances of getting a job in the Forest Service are better than in some other related fields, for there is an unusual turnover in its employment. Boys trained in the white-collar world, however, should steer for the Service's research and technological jobs. The successful lumber expert usually has had a lot of tough practical experience in lumber camps, and the ranger who can manage Forest Service's im-

mense holdings of unforested range or browse land usually grew up in cattle country, understands grass and steers, and likes cattle men and can handle them.

The business of the Biological Survey is to purchase and maintain bird refuges and game sanctuaries. It employs both theoreticians and practical field men. While it assigns one young man to work on the life history of the field mouse, another seeks a new way to poison rats without poisoning anything else. The man who knows all about polar bears works at the desk next to the game warden who has had gun battles with criminal plume-hunters and game bootleggers.

For a healthy life and permanent employment there is nothing like the National Park Service. If there is a man I envy it is the park naturalist in the country of deer and bear, snowshoe rabbit and ptarmigan, giant spruce and redwood.

Marine life, as studied at the Bureau of Fisheries, is a fascinating field which has engaged the first attention of the philosophers of science, from Aristotle at the seashore to William Beebe in his bathysphere.

All these services come under civil service examination. The inside track, in my experience, is to

make contacts in the branch that attracts you, learn what posts are really open, and let these veterans guide your training. If you have graduated from a college with stiff scholastic standards, civil service examinations are easy.

Those whose bent in natural history is close to the medical, but who are temperamentally not cut out for a doctor's life, may find themselves happiest under the aegis of one of the great foundations, like the Rockefeller or Carnegie Foundation, whose experts in genetics, vital statistics, parasitology, bacteriology, archaeology, etc., have fascinating travels. Remember the career of the immortal Noguchi, starting in Japan and ending in a martyr's death for science in Africa.

In all these stories of successful Nature careers there are obvious morals. First is the need of long training and patient apprenticeship; second is the need of outstanding ability. Just as important is a love of the whole field. These successful careerists all threw their hearts in, all started at the bottom, had insatiable curiosity, worked fast, thoroughly and cleverly. They were after, not money or fame, but knowledge and truth. They have the deep satisfaction of doing what they want to do.



Beautiful young people are accidents of nature. But beautiful old people are works of art. — Marjorie Barstow Greenbie, *Be Your Age* (Stackpole)

Pro and Shall We Legalize "Mercy Killing"? Con)

Organizations supported by famous writers, scientists and clergymen are working for the legalization of euthanasia — "mercy killing." Such legislation has been introduced in American legislatures and the British Parliament. But the public has not yet made up its mind on this issue. The American Institute of Public Opinion reported a close vote — 54 percent "No." Fortune found 47 percent against it for adults, only 40 percent against mercy killing of defective newborn children. Fifteen percent of those approached said they didn't know what they thought.

So Mr. Pro and Mr. Con this month struggle with the question:

Should physicians have the legal privilege of putting painlessly out of their sufferings unadjustably defective infants, patients suffering from painful and incurable illness and the hopelessly insane and feeble-minded — provided, of course, that maximum legal and professional safeguards against abuse are set up, including the consent of the patient when rational and adult?

That summarizes the American organization's program. The English organization would allow euthanasia only for extreme suffering from incurable illness.

YES, SAYS MR. PRO:

"DEATH IS a fact. Man has progressed only by using facts intelligently.

"At present we use death only with stupid brutality. In war — in capital punishment — in criminal violence. Legal euthanasia would use death intelligently — as the merciful release when all else has failed.

"Emotion and intelligence go hand in hand here. Euthanasia is the only humane and logical answer for

a case of cancer of the throat, say — unimaginably painful, with little chance of the knife giving even temporary relief. When increasing doses of a stupefying drug fail to keep the victim below the threshold of burrowing pain, he begs for the release of death. Wife or daughter, frantic with horror and grief, may beg with him.

"In the doctor's bag is a merciful remedy — an overdose of the same drug. But both the law and professional ethics tie the doctor's hands.

"It sounds like a situation pur-

posely created by a sadistic maniac. To make it even more savagely pointless, the law takes exactly the opposite stand about animals. Fail to put your suffering horse or dog out of the way and you go to jail.

"When confronted with the poignant facts in an actual case, public sentiment is miles ahead of the law. In recent years juries have acquitted 'mercy killers' in several American states, as well as in England and France. In several other cases, the mercy killer committed suicide, willing to pay with his own life for the relief of another's suffering. One wife wrote that she knew both killing and suicide were deadly sins, but she couldn't bear to see her husband tortured any longer — would her friends please try to judge her kindly and pray for her soul? No legal notion of technical murder can justify forcing that poor woman into such misery.

"A civilized criminal and medical code, admitting euthanasia, would stop all that sort of thing tomorrow. Present regulations are as barbarous as if they wantonly prohibited the use of anesthetics because heaven intended man to suffer pain. Some people felt that way about anesthetics a hundred years ago. A hundred years from now our descendants will find our attitude toward euthanasia equally shocking.

"Euthanasia would also do away with our present savage insistence that some of us must live on incurably insane or degraded by the help-

lessness of congenital imbecility. Doctors would no longer be obligated to keep alive newborn physical monstrosities, burdens to themselves and society as well. It takes millions on millions of dollars every year to play such incurables the dirty trick of forcing them to live. If they stood any chance of happiness, it would be another matter.

"No wonder doctors sometimes rebel and take matters into their own hands. But every time a doctor knowingly overdugs a hopeless sufferer, or performs a surgical operation as a pretext for inducing death, he has made himself legally a murderer, risked his professional standing and even laid himself open to blackmail.

"The law gives the doctor power over life and death in several other directions. He can perform an abortion if his colleagues agree that the mother's health or sanity is imperiled. He can decide at childbirth whether the baby shall be sacrificed to save the mother's life. He determines whether a condemned criminal is sane enough to be electrocuted. Only in the place where he most needs the privilege of approving and administering death is he denied it.

"Standard excuses for this cruel situation are lame: For instance, that to allow doctors to use death as final cure would enable venal doctors to commit murder for hire. No euthanasia schemes allow any room for that danger. They always in-

clude elaborate safeguards. The best propose that patient and family must consent in writing and the decision must be unanimously approved by a large board of other doctors, the personnel of which is constantly shifting to put criminal collusion out of the question. A murderer on trial has fewer and less expert protections against error. Yet society executes him on the mere word of judge and jury.

"Or that, if the patient knows the doctor can use death as last resort, he loses faith in medical help. That implies a lack of prestige among doctors and a stupidity among patients that are both thoroughly unreal.

"Or that disease now considered incurable may eventually be found curable. Has that much to do with it? It must be little comfort to a man slowly coming apart from multiple sclerosis to think that, fifteen years from now, death might not be his only hope. Naturally euthanasia will not be applicable to any diseases found curable.

"Or that a tyrannical government could use euthanasia as a pretext for putting inconvenient citizens out of the way. Dictatorships have no occasion for such subterfuges. The firing squad is less bother.

"We must get out from under the inflexible stupidities of the past. The issue is clear between the barbarity of unnecessary torture and the humanity of quick relief. True, the Old Testament says: 'Thou

shalt not kill.' But the New Testament says: 'Blessed are the merciful.'"

MR. CON SAYS NO:

"**H**ERE IS a true story for the mercy killer to think over: He was an actor, absolutely dependent on physical fitness for a livelihood. They pulled him out of a wrecked car with his spine snapped. He guessed that, even if he lived, he would be paralyzed for life. As they put him into the ambulance, the assisting policeman missed his gun. The patient had stolen it and was on the point of shooting himself.

"Skillful care saved his life. According to the mercy killer, that was a wantonly cruel mistake. He had wanted to die. He was doomed to be a living dead man from the waist down, and in all probability to die eventually from gangrene.

"But presently he recovered the will to live. In his hospital bed, he became a theatrical agent, using the telephone. Later he toured the country in a specially-built sedan as manager of a side-show troupe. There have been complications. His dead legs recently had to be amputated. But he is still game and carrying on, never yet regretting his decision to change his mind and fight.

"That is a parable of a few of the things wrong with euthanasia. Such as — how can society take the word of a pain-racked, fear-shattered suf-

ferer as to whether he really wants to die? To do away with him without his own consent is unthinkable. Yet nobody can ever know if his consent is trustworthy. When rescued, suicides are often pathetically grateful. These are not situations where consent can be rational. Some doctors say that a sufferer's expressed wish to die is usually a neurotic symptom rather than the direct reflection of unendurable pain.

"As for applying euthanasia to the insane and feeble-minded, that is by definition killing without rational consent. No five-syllable word can gloss over that appalling fact.

"'Incurable' is an equally tricky word. Medical prognosis is anything but an exact science. Case after case crops up where the 'incurable' confounds the prediction of his medical attendants by outliving them. To persuade the patient that he is inevitably going to the grave with pain every step of the way — or to allow him to come to that conclusion himself — would amount to medical fraud.

"Here is another story, also true, for Mr. Pro:

"Twelve years ago a woman was dying of pernicious anemia, then considered 'incurable' — a perfect case for euthanasia. Suddenly medical research announced a cure. She is alive and well today. Think how the realization that she had been killed just a week too early would have haunted her family.

"Not long ago general paresis

was incurable. Now artificially induced fevers are attacking it with considerable success. Insulin shock and certain delicate brain operations may soon cure certain forms of insanity that now would be perfect pretexts for mercy killing. No doctor can ever be sure that, in giving way to the soft-heartedness of the mercy killer, he is not robbing his patient of some future chance of normal life.

"Considering all that modern medicine knows about relieving pain with drugs, much of that soft-heartedness is mistaken anyway. 'No one suffering from malignant disease need endure pain if morphine is given in sufficient doses' is the flat statement of one expert. Moreover, surgery has developed brilliant operations on the nervous system that give a new approach to the problem of totally relieving pain.

"When neither drugs nor surgery are effective, medicine would still rather not see euthanasia legalized. 'Doctors know,' says the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 'that cases arise when decisions have to be taken on this supreme matter. What they will strongly oppose is any effort to legalize such a course of action.' In plain English that means the doctor alone can judge the subtle complex of physical condition, patient's temperament, chances of long survival, that makes up his decision in cases where death may be indicated.

"In some cases he never knows

himself whether a drug dosage heavy enough to relieve pain will be fatal. If it is fatal, he seldom regrets giving it. When he finds a newborn child is a hopeless monstrosity, he is aware that extraordinary measures alone will keep it alive; he can solve the problem on his own by giving it merely routine care.

But in no case should either patient or family be let in on his decision. The patient is no competent judge. His family is little better. And the legal machinery that euthanasia crusaders want to set up would be, like all legal machinery, blunt and inflexible. The doctor needs to be able to take his own measures, limited and yet allowed discretion by the shrewd wording of the Hippocratic oath, the cornerstone of medical ethics: 'Neither will I administer a poison to anybody *when asked to do so*, nor will I *suggest such a course*.'

"Many doctors find themselves unconvinced by the euthanasia crusaders' touching faith in legal safeguards. They suspect that no law, however shrewdly framed, could baffle the ingenious shyster doctor forever. They know how many medically unnecessary abortions are performed under legal pretexts, how many eccentric and in-

convenient people have been tucked away in insane asylums on medical certification.

"Some euthanasia salesmen emphasize the social aspects of mercy killing. To put it crudely, they want to save money by ridding society of such nuisances as the 'incurable' feeble-minded and insane. True, if the worst cases of insanity and feeble-mindedness were painlessly killed off, your taxes might be a little lower. Most of us, however, would prefer to keep such unfortunates as comfortable as possible while genetics and medicine track down causes of and cures for their misery. A world that can spend billions on war can surely afford the mere millions necessary for these poor devils.

"You might have made a case for euthanasia back when anesthetics were unknown, asylums were more horrible than Devil's Island, and medicine had only begun to be a science. Nowadays, with pain under far better control, the care of psychopaths and imbeciles better understood, and a dozen likely avenues for medical progress opening up every decade, society has no right to let mere thrift obscure the dangers involved."

Everything in Its Place

☞ A RED socialist once knocked at a house in Park Lane, London, and shouted to the footman: "The Revolution is here!"

"All revolutions must be delivered at the tradesmen's entrance," replied the footman coldly.

— Mrs. M. V. Hughes, *London at Home* (Morrow)

Art for Our Sake

Condensed from Time

THERE IS no fresher news in the world of art than the mushrooming of the Community Art Centers sponsored by the Federal Art Project. Located mainly in cities where no art museums or schools previously existed, in two years they have had an attendance of about 4,000,000 people — almost equal to the combined two years' attendance at New York's Metropolitan Museum and Chicago's Art Institute. The centers are designed to be permanent, for they belong not to the Government but to the communities they serve. As they flourish and multiply, millions of adults and children who seldom saw an oil painting in their lives are seeing plenty of them, and are being taught to think differently about artists and art.

Nobody asked or expected the Federal Art Project to do more than keep unemployed artists at presentable work under capable direction. It has done more than this because it is directed by an energetic little man named Edgar Holger Cahill, who knows the history of American art more intimately than anyone else, and who uses refined horse sense. In 1935, to his great vexation, Cahill, eminent for arranging memorable exhibitions of American folk art, was summoned to Washington for a conference on WPA aid to artists. At the conference he observed

flatly that what the government had been doing for U. S. artists in depression was "unimportant." He was immediately asked to take the job of making it important.

Director Cahill started out with the aim of breaking up the big city monopoly on Art by getting people all over the U. S. interested in art as an everyday part of living and working. To carry out his aim he and his six Regional Directors have devoted themselves to building up community art centers. They began in the South where Cahill had observed the greatest need. They planned and planted centers from Harlem to Key West and then in ten western states. This year they will begin on the Midwest.

In all cases the project starts by getting the community itself worked up over the idea. One of Cahill's assistants arrives in town, confers with everybody from the mayor down. When, and only when, a local committee has raised a minimum of \$2500 and has acquired a suitable building, the Project consents to help plan the center and recruit a staff.

One important rule is that the location selected be in the business section, preferably on a ground floor. For the 50-odd U. S. neighborhoods which have adopted the plan in the past two years, the appearance of art in the business district was un-

precedented. Another rule is that no center may consist of merely a gallery; it has to have studios and workshops, too. A third is that the center, once opened, shall relate its exhibitions and teaching directly to what everybody knows in the community, not to what everybody ought to know. High-hatting is taboo. The Project, by renting plain, large quarters, and in general by going easy on creature comforts, has not only saved money but has avoided artiness so completely that its various units in operation resemble sober workmen's guilds.

Director Cahill is himself surprised at the way small towns and cities have responded. In Sioux City, Iowa, the local Plumbers' Union, WPA carpenters, the High School manual training classes, a local fur dealer and the Junior League all labored

together to give Art a fitting home. In Salem, Ore., a retired professor contributed the first \$100, and 2000 school children chipped in. In Greensboro, N. C., the community center was established in a defunct bank and is regarded by adjacent businessmen as a greater asset in the location than the bank ever was.

Director Cahill started his community art centers with the conviction that an art museum or gallery should mean a great deal more to a community than a treasure house to get bored in on Sunday afternoons. And his art centers *have* meant more, for visitors have not stopped at viewing the 226 traveling exhibitions which the Project has sent to the centers. More than half of them have themselves become active and eager participants in the workshops and in classes in local crafts.

Movie Managers See the Light

NOWHERE do movie managers cater so to the taste of an audience as in Bogotá, Colombia, where the patrons don't leave, if displeased — they stay and demand something better, and the management always has to have extra films to substitute. If a picture is slow, the patrons begin to stamp their feet; unless the story picks up quickly the stamping becomes menacing and the audience get out their matchboxes. They stick the ends of the matches under their fingernails, light them and hold up their hands. Soon the darkened theater is ablaze with little five-branched candelabra. If the management does not soon change the picture, the audience begins to split the chair bottoms into kindling wood.

— Hudson Strode, *South by Thunderbird* (Random House)

¶ The most spectacular spender of his time
has no heart for breaking up his empire

Mr. Hearst Steps Down

Condensed from The Saturday Evening Post

Forrest Davis

FOR MANY YEARS the apt cliché "empire" has summed up the worldly goods of William Randolph Hearst. But Mr. Hearst no longer sits the throne he solely, absolutely occupied for 50 years. In 1937 he abdicated; now a regency rules his vast layout of presses, palaces, mines, and ranches. A regency obliged to lay up cash against the day when death and death duties deal the empire a double blow, for Mr. Hearst has entered his 76th year and the twilight of his power.

All his life Mr. Hearst bought, bought, bought — whatever touched his fancy. He purchased newspapers, Egyptian mummies, California mountain ranges, herds of Tibetan yaks. He picked up a Spanish abbey, had it knocked down, crated, shipped to New York, and never has seen it since.

To his shares in the Homestake, largest gold producer in the United States, his Peruvian copper mines, his 900,000-acre Mexican cattle ranch, and his other inherited properties, he added 28 daily newspapers, 14 magazines here and in England, eight radio stations, wire services, a Hollywood producing

unit, a newsreel, a castle in Wales, and one of the world's greatest collections of *objets d'art*, gathered at a toll of \$40,000,000.

An all but obsessed buyer, Mr. Hearst abruptly ceased buying in the midyear of 1937. Just as suddenly he began to sell.

The about-face did not lie in a change in Hearst himself. Physically he was fit. He still rode, swam, played tennis. But in early 1937 bankers, lawyers and subordinates began demanding retrenchment, and Hearst startled newspaperdom by extinguishing the New York *American*, for years the bellwether of the Hearst flock. Through the summer he dropped a few more papers. In November he began to trade his art assets for cash.

The announcement of his abdication said he was retiring to liquefy his estate in order to prolong its life after his own death. Were he to die without large cash reserves, his holdings very likely would be subject to forcible liquidation to satisfy inheritance taxes. The announcement failed to explain why the reassortment of Hearst's assets required their transfer from the man

who had gathered them. The guess is that the bankers and tougher-minded subordinates recognized Hearst's unwillingness to part with anything once owned, and deemed him more a hindrance than a help in any program of contraction.

So, reserving editorial policy, Hearst ceded all else to a trustee and a cabinet which includes W. R. Hearst, Jr., and the heads of varied Hearst enterprises.

The exact niche which Hearst's politico-journalistic reputation will finally fill is a matter of opinion. His spending is not. He plunged \$7,500,000, supplied by his mother, into his newspaper invasion of New York City. He spent \$500,000 in the New York *Journal's* coverage of the war with Spain. He ran twice for mayor of New York, once for governor, once for presidential nomination. Twice, he was elected to Congress. The presidential effort alone set him back a sum placed at \$1,400,000.

Hearst's behavior doubtless owes much to his origins in the gold-fevered California of the '60's and '70's. His father, an Argonaut from a Missouri farm, was temporarily on his uppers when Hearst was born. Later, through participation in the Comstock riches, in Anaconda and Homestake, George Hearst became fabulously wealthy — one of the Bonanza Kings: booted, bearded, frock-coated; tossing golden eagles in the What Cheer House to broken comrades of the gold camps.

In 1887, after being expelled from Harvard and working briefly on the New York *World*, young Hearst induced his father to give him the San Francisco *Examiner* and he burst upon the city like a comet. Copying Pulitzer's methods, Hearst hammered tellingly on the cupidity, envy, lubricity and prejudices of the masses. Eight years later he moved into New York to challenge Pulitzer.

Swiftly, his *Journal* surpassed the *World* in circulation. From 1895 to 1920, Hearst beat the drum for the people versus the "criminal corporations." He assigned Ella Reeve Bloor, the "Mother" Bloor of present-day Communism, to match Upton Sinclair's exposure of the packing houses. He advocated the eight-hour day, woman suffrage, and declaimed as loudly for a federal income tax as he later advocated its repeal in favor of an all-embracing sales tax. He sought to espouse the somewhat skittish labor movement and whooped it up for municipal ownership of public utilities. Conservatives of this period denounced him as a Socialist and an Anarchist. All these years, money poured like water from the Hearst coffers; and poured back in a tide so great that even Hearst's apparent profligacy could not consume it. His purpose seemed to be the forging of a coast-to-coast chain of papers, magnifying his voice and enlarging his political prestige.

Twice Hearst has been all but submerged by waves of national animosity; first, when, in 1901, he was accused of inciting McKinley's assassination with cartoon and editorial abuse of the President; second, when he opposed American entrance into the World War and pursued an anti-Ally course thereafter. Hearst publications suffered boycotts on both occasions. A third boycott came in 1934, after Hearst's flirtation with National Socialism during a visit to Germany.

Throughout the 1920's, Hearst's income continued to soar. As unrestricted owner of his enterprises, he tapped the till whenever he liked. Between trains, he might scoop out all of a publisher's cash reserves. Estimates never contradicted put his personal take at \$10,000,000 a year. Hearst probably in those days had more ready cash than any other American except Henry Ford.

The principal point to bear in mind about Hearst is that he is pre-capitalistic, as much so as a maharajah or a Florentine grand duke. He was never rich in the sense of a Rockefeller, a Mellon or a Ford. To him, income was spending money — as it was to any feudal baron — and he never saved a nickel in the capitalistic meaning.

The outward symbol of this grand-ducal attitude is San Simeon, a palatial estate which bestrides the Santa Lucia mountains along a 50-mile seafront midway

between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Hearst liked to hunt and camp there when it was his father's 45,000-acre cattle ranch. He was nearly 60 when he outlined the present exorbitant establishment. He added 225,000 acres to the domain and into it poured the revenues of a kingdom — an estimated \$36,000,000 — and it still is unfinished.

San Simeon includes four palaces, three of them for guests, who come in main from the movie colony. It boasts carillons with an attendant bell ringer; a zoo with 100 species of animals. There are two swimming pools: an outdoor lake-size salt-water basin of Carrara marble; an indoor pool lined with tile of antique lapis lazuli and gold, baked into glass. The indoor diving platform is a 15th-century Italian marble balcony. At San Simeon is an armorer, charged with care of the mail and plate. Alongside a mile-long pergola grows every fruit and flower known to California. Hearst's guests may arrive and depart in one of two San Simeon planes, alighting on a standard air field. Or they may come by train. Mr. Hearst has a private railroad and three-car train, made up of locomotive, diner and two sleepers. Once he invited all the week-end party at San Simeon to join him on a holiday in Europe. Most of them accepted.

In the main house, Casa Grande, guests tread on tile from Pompeii,

see the California sunshine filtered through stained glass from a neglected monastery, warm themselves before a Gothic fireplace, old when Europe was young. In his suite, Hearst sleeps in a bed once occupied by Richelieu.

San Simeon has been the No. 1 drain on the empire, although Wynthoon, the 50,000-acre retreat at the foot of Mt. Shasta, has taken its toll, and St. Donat's, the castle in Wales, was modernized at an estimated cost of a million. Hearst paid \$120,000 for the latter, sight unseen, chiseled bathrooms out of its 11th-century stone walls, transformed the moat into a croquet green and probably has not occupied it for a longer aggregate than two months.

The depression, naturally, contracted the empire's income, but it did not curb the Hearst scale of living and buying. Never a haggler if he wanted something, he often paid the asking price. Once he shocked a group of owners by giving them \$900,000 for a property that had cost them \$86,000. His \$38,000,000 worth of New York real estate, much of it held specu-

latively, became an acute problem as the depression deepened.

He had, by this time, lost his domination of the mass circulation newspaper field to the Patterson-McCormick combination of the New York *Daily News* and the Chicago *Tribune*. Now only in California does Hearst enjoy a newspaper ascendancy, and even there the \$5,000,000 yearly his San Francisco and Los Angeles properties formerly netted him has been almost halved.

Until recently, Mr. Hearst cherished the hope that he might transmit the empire to his sons in all its magnificence. But all hands now agree that it could not withstand, at this stage of transition, the shock of death duties. Whether the regency will be successful in tiding it over may depend somewhat upon Mr. Hearst's own private bout with Father Time.

But whatever the fate of the empire as an entity, its acquisition by the most spectacular spender of his time provided a glittering spectacle not unlike in dramatic values the gold and silver strikes out of which it originally stemmed.



Illustrative Anecdotes — XXI —

¶ JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER borrowed a dime from his secretary one day to pay his bus fare home from his office. "Be sure to remind me of this transaction," he said.

"Oh, that's nothing, Mr. Rockefeller," replied the secretary.

"Nothing!" exclaimed Rockefeller. "Why, that's two whole years' interest on a dollar!"

— George Lyttleton Upshur, *As I Recall Them*

The Schools Widen Their Horizons

MORE THAN 100 boys and girls of the Junior Speakers' Bureau of the three Long Beach (Cal.) high schools are available to some 75 business, fraternal, civic, religious, patriotic and educational groups of the community for five-minute speeches on live issues of the day. The Advertising Club has invited a student speaker to every meeting for the past five years; the Community Chest, the American Red Cross and the Social Welfare League annually ask students to help promote their campaigns or to introduce speakers. "Gee, was I happy!" exclaimed one boy on returning from a speaking engagement at a luncheon club. "I sat by the Governor!" Last year Polytechnic High School alone presented 456 talks before almost every kind of organization. In addition, on request, the Bureau presents complete afternoon and evening programs.

— William V. McCay in *California Journal of Secondary Education*

IN New York City two new types of vocational high schools have been opened this fall — one devoted exclusively to the training of potential bakers, butchers, grocery-store clerks and tearoom hostesses, the other to the training of garage workers.

The Food Trades Vocational High School was opened because the Board of Education decided that the food trades, with millions of workers, deserved a place in the curriculum. The first class has 300 pupils; hundreds have been turned away. An evening session will be opened in February, when 500

adults will be admitted; 1200 applications have already been received. Featured in the school are model stores: a completely equipped grocery store, including coffee grinders, cash registers, a refrigeration plant, and window displays; a butcher shop, complete even to white aprons and sawdust floors; a bakery with everything from fancy iced birthday cakes to coarse rye bread; a cafeteria where food bought from the "stores" is prepared and served to hundreds of students each day. The boys and girls act as salesmen, buyers, clerks, delivery boys, managers, bakers, butchers, and even as customers.*

At the Brooklyn High School of Automotive Trades, 2500 boys bent on learning the various aspects of the automotive trade have enrolled for the four-year course. The school is a model plant because the educators worked in close coöperation with leaders of the automotive industry before purchasing the \$500,000 worth of machinery and equipment. In the building, occupying the equivalent of two city blocks, there are 26 laboratory shops; 94 new automobiles have been purchased, disassembled and distributed to the various shops. In addition the boys are allowed to bring their own cars into the classroom for free clinical advice. In a special "collision" department, fenders are straightened, broken radiators repaired and balky engines tuned to hum like new. By the time a boy completes

* For the first graduates, says the director of the school, there will be at least 800 jobs waiting in New York City alone. — *Time*

the course, he will be well trained to take a job in a garage. Courses in salesmanship will be offered also.

"Every auto in this city has to be serviced periodically," the director of the school explains. "At present, garagemen are not licensed; anyone can open a service station and beguile the motorist into thinking that 'expert' advice is given. We are training these boys so that they can do a good job, and enable the public to ride in safety."

— Benjamin Fine in *N. Y. Times*

HARVARD STUDENTS, who at their social service center, Phillips Brooks House, come into contact with many boys eager and intelligent enough to carry on their education beyond high school but without time or money for college, began last year a new service

called the "Undergraduate Faculty Association." These volunteer teachers go over their lecture notes with boys of their own age from the poorer districts. Each applicant for instruction is asked what courses interest him most, and is paired off with a Harvard undergraduate studying in that field. Most of them meet in Harvard rooms, and the instruction is entirely informal and free of charge. Besides an increased interest in social problems, the undergraduate teachers profit by being forced to organize their own work for presentation in this way.

The course started with 20 students and 20 undergraduate teachers, but more than 130 applications have been received for this year, of which about 60 will be taken.

— *N. Y. Times and Harvard Alumni Bulletin*

No News from America

Condensed from *The Spectator* (London)

THE BRITISH PUBLIC receives no adequate picture of America in its newspapers, writes an officer of the Association of Foreign Press Correspondents in *Foreign Press*. It worries him, and should worry others, that while "the American reader knows all there is to know about the Englishman — how he lives, his likes and dislikes, his rearmament, financial and unemployment problems, his gas-mask drills and his building of dugouts against the ever-present threat of war — when it comes to giving a similar picture of the Amer-

ican to regale the English reader, Fleet Street is not interested."

The United States is certainly of greater importance to the average Englishman than any other country in the world, and the present trend in Europe increases its importance daily. It is accepted as a fact that the friendship of the two countries is of ultimate importance for both; and it is equally accepted that the friendship exists. Yet the indifference of the general public is largely shared even by political leaders. The history of relations with America in recent years is a

series of rebuffs and misunderstandings. In general, in the shaping of British policy American opinion is given little or no weight.

This situation must be altered if America is to play the part she should play in the world; and the Press can have a decisive effect in altering the indifference of the average Englishman and correcting that slightly contemptuous attitude which Europeans have to American civilization. It can convey to the Englishman the immense scale and significance of events in America, the character of the young, immensely productive and unique civilization that has grown up there, and the rapidity of the changes which are taking place there. The English public is used to hearing of the U.S.S.R. as "a momentous experiment"; there is profound realization of the changes that have taken place in Germany, France, Italy and the Far East. Say to an Englishman that in comparison with America these countries are of small importance and he will answer with polite skepticism; yet such an exaggeration would be nearer the truth than the skepticism. For it is not merely that self-interest commands us to give heed to America, that without her help democracy in Europe can scarcely hope to survive; the truth is that American civilization itself is a new force that must be of decisive importance in modern history.

For such things there is an audience in this country and one that will grow by feeding. As the British correspondent says: "Talk with English visitors in New York and you will find they want to know far more about this country than they get a chance to read in their own papers. They are interested in Americans and their plans, in life in the factory and down on the farm, in the East, the South, the Middle West and the Far West."

Everyone cannot cross the Atlantic to satisfy his interest; but if the Press performed its function efficiently he should be able to do so at home. And he would not merely satisfy curiosity. At a time when Europe retreats from progress and threatens to relapse into barbarism, when the ordinary man fears for his security, for the future of himself and his children and of civilization itself, there is some alleviation to despair in the knowledge that on the other side of the Atlantic is a great and young nation which may inherit what Europe has not known how to preserve, which may help to save Europe itself from ruin, a new world which may yet adjust the balance of the old. But such knowledge and such hope are not to be had — and America herself will hardly respond to them — so long as in English minds the capitals of the American continent are held to be at Hollywood and Reno.

¶ A well-known critic says it's a
dog's life — and departs

On Moving from New York

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Bernard DeVoto

Author of "Mark Twain's America"

COMING TO New York, you work up a really powerful pity for the New York dog, bred perfectly to functions never exercised. Mongrel or bench champion, pulling at the end of a lead along sidewalks that crack his pads, a strap round his jaw, constrained and disarmed, he seems a tragic paradox. It is not only that he would die if left unattended in this environment — from starvation if he escaped traffic that long. A more monstrous distortion is inflicted on him in that he has been superbly bred for use and then denied it.

I have seen an English sheep dog peering through his fringe across the thin, scrofulous grass of Central Park. Innumerable generations of his kind had been bred to do a special job perfectly. So here he was, doubtless a better dog for the job than any of his ancestors, searching for a flock of sheep that the Park has not got — and in his blood and nerves God knows what impulses never in his whole life to find release.

I have seen Labradors in the Park too, whose thick black coats were meant for protection in waves

crackling with ice. And when the winds across Central Park turn chill, the cutest blankets are buckled over the black coats, and if a dog made an atavistic leap toward the lake there would be mobilization of the police to pull him out.

But I will remember longest a magnificent Samoyed who had snapped his leash in the Park and broken free. In his stance and movements one could see his ancestors, who had herded reindeer on the tundras, beaten off wolves, and dragged sledges through blizzards. As he loped about the Park one could see and almost share his ecstasy. He carried in his mouth an object he would drop and break away from — then, crouching, he would leap at it as at a gray wolf's throat. I watched him until, depressed, I had to turn away, leaving this watchdog with nothing to guard, this hunter with nothing to hunt, this workman with nothing to work at — flinging himself about the grass, growling in counterfeit ferocity, and worrying his rubber rat.

There are composition bones for these metropolitan dogs to chew;

there are even treadmills for them to run on and so get exercise in the living room. You may have their meals served by a caterer. You can see the pitiful beasts sniffing the stenches of the streets, cringing when trucks backfire, promenading with a nurse, docilely awaiting their chemically formulated food.

But you forget the dogs in New York when you glance at the crowds in front of windows of travel agencies which sell passage to — anywhere else. Or the windows full of paraphernalia for games to be played on lawns; idiotic, futile games — but the citizen's eye lightens and for a moment life breaks free. Next week the window will be packed with salt-sea objects — and all day long the citizens pause to hear the sound of water, taste spray on the lips, and see a wide and empty space. It is a drop of digitalis to steady the dragging heart, a grain of barbital to soothe the tortured nerves — for today. And again the windows will have camp axes in them, pocket compasses, canoe paddles, sleeping bags and a hundred other things to allay frustration.

New York's most dependable wish-fulfillment for males, a friend of mine called those windows.

But what one reads in those faces pressed to glass is not a mere phantasy gratified by a moment's peering. Here is discharged an energy, a love that has been displaced. Life has been dammed off from its func-

tion, and it must dig such frustrate channels to flow in. Shop windows are but one symptom. At every hand one encounters the same deflection of life's essential energies to substitutes which are most terrible in that they are accepted with delight.

They live, the New Yorkers, in a splendid, glassed-in, air-conditioned sickroom. They have been magnificently bred, they have teeth stronger and whiter than their ancestors. They lope across the grass of the Park in a counterfeit delight, and they hurl themselves at a rubber rat and worry it as if it were real. Use without function. They like it — but I don't. I'm getting out.

I've heard all the assurances, these last few weeks, and I admit them all. Isn't it a beautiful, spectacular city, and isn't the skyline breath-taking? Why, yes, here and there, though the town's beauty would go better if it didn't smell so bad. But aren't there gorgeous colors in the winter sunset? Yes, lovely colors when you can contrive to see them, and if you can remember no countryside and no other skies. But aren't the signs above Broadway like fairyland? They would be still better if I did not know how to read. But where else will you find so many excellent restaurants? Yes, I like to eat excellent food, though preferably in my own house. But the marvelous police force and the fire protection and the street cleaning — the theaters, concert halls,

libraries, museums, hospitals — where else are so many graces and diversions available to everyone?

Yes, boys, they've built a fine ward for you: you've heard the stories about the lifers who are afraid to leave their cells. New York has come to seem to you more desirable, more natural even, than a place where life runs of its own momentum in its own ducts. It is an opulent life here for those who can afford it, and the keepers are expert, and you like it. That is why your dogs no longer seem pitiful to me — they can't when I see you chewing your own rubber rats.

So long, boys, I'll be seeing you. I really will, after I've gone. I saw you oftener before I came here, as the saying is, to live. One doesn't see one's friends in New York. One only means to.

So long, Archie. We did have dinner once. That was 16 months ago, and we phoned each other now and then, saying we'd do it again, and meaning to, but we never did. So long Lee, Elmer, Gene. We did

meet occasionally, we did sit for a few minutes talking together; there was some sense of liking and mutual respect continuing across the city blocks that are really few, when you count them, but add up to more than we contrived to bridge. So long Jim, George, Howard. I'm getting out. I'm going back to America, to civilization. Civilization is a place where a man can, and does, sit sometimes talking with his friends.

And you may bury my rubber rat. No, you can't bury it, for there is no ground to dig a grave in: incinerate it. I had my rubber rat: I came here to write about other men's books, and that gives you the measure of this maniac town. In this air it seems sensible, — and it is quite as functional as any dog stretching his legs on a treadmill in a steam-heated room.

Good-bye, proud towers. It's a swell place to visit. But I'm going away: I'm going to write my own books, and let someone here write about them.

Times Have Changed — VI —

"I WILL NOT permit 30 men to travel 400 miles merely to agitate a bag of wind," said President White of Cornell University, in 1873, when the University of Michigan challenged Cornell to a football game to be played at Cleveland, with 30 men on a side. — John McCarthy in *The Commentator*

THE COMING STRUGGLE FOR LATIN AMERICA

A CONDENSATION FROM THE BOOK BY

CARLETON BEALS

Author of "Mexican Maze," "Banana Gold," etc.



*I*N THIS important and timely book, Carleton Beals lays bare the web of intrigue that the Fascist nations are successfully wrapping around our South American neighbors. Here is an authoritative story of the struggle for rich resources in twenty Hispanic countries, the drive for trade, for control of raw materials, for military advantage — all the forces that menace the future peace of the New World, the future security of the United States, and the very life of the British Empire.

This vivid account is based on documented facts, personal investigation and the author's 20 years of first-hand study in Latin America. "To Carleton Beals," writes Hubert Herring, Director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, "we owe more knowledge of present-day Latin America than to any student of that area."

Swastika Over the Andes

ON A horseback trip through the Peruvian Andes, I came upon a German salesman, Herr Teufelsdroeck, selling drugs in small South American settlements.

With Indians to carry his wares, he had traveled the length and breadth of the continent: through the Chaco, across wind-swept Patagonia, up Amazon tributaries where scientifically equipped American exploring expeditions get lost. Undergoing dangerous hardships for a wage the American salesman would scorn, he was opening up a vast market of primitive folk.

The Germans in Latin America are industriously developing markets never before reached. They have spread into the interior corners of the various republics. Every German pursues a hobby which brings him profitable contacts. He collects reptiles, butterflies, rocks, builds up a herbarium or becomes an expert photographer. He studies archaeology or anthropology or history. He records native folklore or music. His click-heels correctness appeals to Latin Americans, also full of gravity when dealing with outsiders.

Few American residents in Latin America have such scientific pro-

clivities; on the whole they display little interest in the local history, literature or art. They forgather in exclusive clubs, play golf and bridge, and stick to their own national circle.

IN MOST Latin-American countries, except perhaps Cuba, Mexico, and Panama, there are more Germans than Americans. About 100,000 Germans live in Argentina, where frequent beer-halls, with neat denim curtains and checkered table cloths, attest to their presence and love of *Gemütlichkeit*. In southern Chile, German knowledge of horticulture has caused Chilean fruits to compete in size and beauty with those of California. A Chilean writer mourns that already Chile is two regions, its nationality divided, that the Germans, strongly welded in clubs and associations, keep their language, sing their Turnverein songs and shout "*Deutsch ist die Saar*."

Since Hitler has come to power, German colonization of the Americas has become more determined and has taken on a new significance. In several countries the sons of Hitler exercise a dominance unequalled by any other resident foreigner.

The German immigrant turns to lines where he can crowd out competition. Hardware stores almost invariably are in German hands; so are music stores and fine printing and engraving establishments. The paint and chemical industries attract him. He is engaged in the sale of agricultural and electrical machinery. The Germans have developed the cheap Opel car, which is gaining ground in many countries, and is far more economical in price and operation-cost than any British or American car. They are now about to turn out a still lower-priced Volks car.

Coffee-growing is the German's specialty all through Central America, and above all in Brazil. Most breweries have been started by Germans. In Mexico, Peru, Brazil and elsewhere they own textile factories. In Cerro de Pasco, 15,000 feet up in the Andes, sits a German dye factory, its products in part based on new discoveries of Indian secrets.

As part of Germany's efforts to gain control of needed war materials, the Krupps have developed a large steel and munitions plant in Chile, while the German house of Gildemeisters — also strong in Peru — has embarked on Chilean nitrate production. Hugo Stinnes bought large oil tracts in Argentina. In Brazil the Germans have gotten hold of copper mines, nickel mines, a million and a quarter acres of presumptive oil land in Matto Grosso,

and are acquiring 13,000,000 tons of iron ore.

GERMAN TRADE with most South American countries has steadily increased in the past few years. In Central America as a whole — our home bailiwick — from 1933-36, the Reich increased her export trade 500 percent. Nicaragua last year announced that she would buy no more munitions from us, and placed orders in the Reich and in Italy. In Salvador Germany is now sharing most of the market for light bulbs with Japan, and is displacing us in the sale of office equipment, especially typewriters, adding machines, and other calculating apparatus.

In Mexico, long an important field of American and English investment, Germany has pushed England down to third place. With the recent oil expropriation and the breaking off of relations with England, the Reich will probably sell more. Mexico has made arrangements to barter oil in part for German machinery, which will also cut into purchases from the United States.

There is no doubt that in part German trade has been artificially pumped up. The Reich's rearmament program creates a heavy demand for many of the raw materials found in Latin America, and buttresses up her barter system there. That system, plus trade subsidies, plus government-controlled

purchasing, is playing havoc with the outdated conception of a free international market.

IN THE Reich's drive for influence, few instrumentalities of propaganda have been neglected. One important field is news distribution. The German News Agency, government-controlled, has now gotten an advantage over all others through the Hell Service (named appropriately after the inventor). This is a radio teletype monopoly which permits a single broadcast to reach simultaneously every corner of the globe and be automatically recorded, thus reducing costs to almost nil. The only charge for this service is the installing of the apparatus, distributed by the electrical firm of Siemens and Halske, which has retail branches in Latin America. Trial use of the apparatus is free for three months, and if adopted, it costs only a few hundred marks.

The German News Agency — in Latin America called Transocean — broadcasts alternately in French and German, from 7:15 in the morning until half an hour before midnight. The news is world-wide, not merely of events in the Reich. Needless to say, the releases are all cleverly colored. Recently Transocean transmitted stories of relief riots in our midwestern cities and an account of the elimination of all unemployment in happy Germany. Another release called the United States "a democracy of noise." It

commented on the vast sums being spent by us, especially in Brazil, to attack Germany and spread propaganda. The "idealism" of the United States, it claimed, was purely "practical" to offset Germany's heavy buying of Brazilian instead of American cotton. Much of America's propaganda, it averred, is spread by "Jewish Yankee telegraph agencies and unscrupulous merchants eager to increase dollar earning."

In all these reports, the French Popular Front government is damned. The reputations of Loyalist Spain, Soviet Russia, England and the United States are systematically blackened. The virtues of Hitler, Mussolini and Franco are extolled. Blessing is given to the Ethiopian conquest and Japan's invasion of China. Some South American dictators look with favor on all such Nazi news propaganda. For them the word "democracy" is synonymous with rat-poison, Bolshevism and atheism.

THE GERMAN steamship services have been expanding, maintaining fine passenger service and many regular cargo lines, while prominent British lines and several American lines have gone into bankruptcy. The Hamburg-American Line has just installed the all-electric *Patria* on the Colombia-Panama-West Coast run. Completely air-conditioned, it is the most de luxe boat now in South American trade.

Air service has been promoted. Until recently, fortnightly trans-Atlantic Zeppelin service was maintained. A mail plane leaving Rio every Thursday and reaching Berlin every Sunday, and another plane flying the opposite direction the same days, carry on regular trans-Atlantic service. Special passenger and cargo flights brought the number of overseas flights last year up to nearly a daily schedule. It is worth much pondering that Lima, a far western city on the Pacific Coast of South America, is now brought closer by air to Berlin than to many places in the United States. Argentina is now two to three days closer to Berlin than it is to New York; Rio de Janeiro is four days closer; and northern Brazil is now but two days from Berlin.

These are facts that are remaking trade and international relationships faster than fuzzy speeches about the sacredness of democracy. As this is being written, two German Lufthansa officials are making agency arrangements to extend the present network of German lines throughout South America. When completed, this network will serve most of the countries far more adequately than the Pan-American Airways because of the ramified web of domestic services maintained by the German companies. Germany already has extensive air services for all countries except Venezuela.

Its hangars, landing fields and

equipment are of the best. Excellent radio and meteorological service is maintained. The planes, marked with the swastika, which criss-cross the southern continent have a high record of safety.

THIS GENERAL expansion of trade, communications, aviation, news and propaganda is today part and parcel of the Hitler program for "the spiritual unity of the race," and has political and military significance.

There is, in Berlin, a central bureau for "organization and colonization" in the Americas, where men preparing to enter the Latin-American field are taught Portuguese and Spanish, and study Hispanic culture and trade regulations. These men must also acquire fervor for mystic Nazi race doctrines and the spiritual super-state; they are not merely commercial promoters but also active agents for the Hitler government.

In addition to this regular preparation, a special six months' course in "Foreign Political Training" must be taken at an institute founded by Alfred Rosenberg, the great exponent of revived paganism in his war against all non-Aryans and Christians. This institute indoctrinates jurists, economists, commercial agents, scientists. They are taught the National Socialist ideology and the evils of Bolshevism and democracy. They are instructed in foreign affairs, Germanism abroad, press-re-

lationships, languages, even society manners and sports. They are taught how to combat British and American methods.

Those who, after rigorous selection, are admitted to the course and pass final examinations, are guaranteed posts abroad in the Gestapo or other secret corps, the diplomatic service (which now includes many extra agents), or business firms, obliged to take on such employees.

The Reich is ever behind those chosen. The German press at home and abroad supports them. Such agents are given material aid, credits, relief in distress, medical care, schooling for their children. They have plenty of German literature for distribution; they receive films to show at gatherings. Free vacations are arranged through the agency "Strength Through Joy" — a most solemn Nazi designation, which maintains large excursion boats, easily convertible into airplane carriers.

The work among Germans, naturalized as citizens of other lands, is directed by Dr. Hans Steichner, and seeks to prevent further assimilation so that Germans may become — part of the "super-state racial body." It is now claimed that "racial comrades in foreign states look up to the Führer with deep faith. They feel the blood-unity which is the foundation of the new German life."

All over Latin America, there are Bunds and youth organizations receiving material and spiritual aid from Germany. A Bund in Cali, Co-

lombia, on the borders of Panama, engages in military maneuvers; other marching Bunds give their eager "Heils!" in Panama itself.

The work in athletics and the Youth movement is aided by Count Schulenberg, director of the foreign section of the Reich Athletes' League. "Naturally," he declares, "the German emblem of honor (sports insignias) for physical capacity is given only to men and women who have become closer spiritually and intellectually to the new Germany." Such decorations serve as bait that gets even the children of non-Nazi Germans. Count Schulenberg maintains a big corps of radio haranguers, who spread Nazi sport and blood doctrines across the far-off ether waves of the Pampas and the Rio Grande do Sul plateau.

In Brazil, Argentina and elsewhere, second and third generation Germans have been enthusiastically reclaimed as spiritual subjects of the Reich. The belief is held that the Germans will eventually comprise a semi-independent Brazilian state.

In Latin-American countries with considerable German population, the Reich maintains diplomatic attachés of "*Nazi Kultur*." These keep the local colonies rigidly in line, oversee many secret activities and are immune from arrest because of their diplomatic status. They report directly to Hitler and have the weight of the Führer in relation to German nationals abroad.

The nerve center in Germany of all this tub-thumping is the dread Gestapo secret service, under the evil-faced, shifty-eyed, jawless Heinrich Himmler. It has large credits for Latin-American activities. Under various guises, Gestapo agents circulate in South America. Many business and professional men are paid or voluntary Gestapo agents who keep close tab on the activities of all Germans abroad and denounce those not wholeheartedly pro-Nazi. They likewise report on anti-Nazi propaganda to enable the Hitler regime to bring pressure, official, economic or otherwise, to halt it. Since the various German-Japanese-Italian pacts, there is considerable indication that the secret agents of all three governments frequently work together.

THUS Hitler is fighting not merely for commerce, but first of all, for the bodies and souls of all Germans in Latin America. Except for the Jews, the outward conversion has been well-nigh complete, although the anti-Nazi daily *Argentinisches Tageblatt* still publishes. Hitler agents recently tried to fire the building where it is published. That it continues to survive is in large part due to the support of German Jews in Buenos Aires.

The business power of German merchants everywhere has left little alternative to the so-called Aryan Germans than to seize the Hitler life line "of indissoluble community

of blood and destiny" or perish. Those not becoming "coördinated" face a boycott by all their fellow citizens. The few who have openly resisted have lost their passports, have been stripped of citizenship and academic degrees, and have been publicly denounced as traitors.

The effort to control Germans abroad, body and soul, has included the customary tragic purge of the Jews. Boycotts terrorized even native merchants into not dealing with Jews. Jewish employes were often discharged. An anti-Semitic propaganda service of vast ramifications was put behind this effort. Millions of pieces of anti-Semitic literature have been and are being distributed. German merchants have forced newspapers to run Jew-baiting articles. In Argentina, Hugo Wast wrote his infamous *Oro* (Gold) which calls for the complete "extermination" of the Jews. The Nazis have circulated it from Argentina to Mexico.

Various prominent newspapers — secretly subsidized — have taken up the Semitic witch-hunt. Though the Reich itself has persecuted Catholics, in Latin America Nazi agents have cleverly linked up anti-Semitism with religious prejudices, making a Catholic crusade to save the Church. Hymns of hate against the Jews as enemies of the Catholic faith are printed on the back of colorful prints of the Virgin.

Hispanic America has had a long tradition of complete racial toler-

ance. The German poison has changed all this. The long hairy arm of ignorant Nazi race-hatred now reaches out across the Atlantic.

INEVITABLY these efforts among Germans abroad have led the Nazis to attempt also to persuade local governments and native populations to embrace Nazism. To this end, short-wave broadcasts from the Charlottenburg district in Berlin and elsewhere are sent out in Portuguese and Spanish.

The Germans have developed a narrow beam broadcasting technique which hashes up all other transmission and rides supreme on the air waves, despite even troublesome tropical static.

Goebbels, too wise to clutter up the radio merely with Nazi glorification, provides classic and popular music and other entertainment. Latin-American artists are used extensively.

The work goes on steadily, with little fanfare. German broadcasts fill the air 16 hours a day in Central America, Chile, Brazil, in all South America. The radio programs published, for instance in the Guatemalan papers, are about 90 percent Berlin broadcasts. For December 31, 1937, I find the trade item that 8800 additional German radio sets had been received in Guatemala. These sets are sold very cheaply or are given away, and are so manufactured as to receive only German broadcasts.

Germany has not yet been able to cut deeply into the movie field. The Latin Americans, if Spanish-speaking films are not available, prefer them in English, a better-known tongue. But the Germans do send out many "educational" films to be loaned free to movies, schools and public meetings.

Recently, moreover, the Nazi film industry has created the Hispanic Film Corporation, using Spanish actors, to turn out feature films subtly full of Nazi propaganda for the southern market.

Great pressure is brought on the native intellectual groups. They are flattered socially and writers are influenced or secretly subsidized to flaunt the Nazi banner. Many free scholarships are extended to young people to study in Germany, transportation and expenses paid. Military and naval officers are invited in large numbers to the German training schools. Scarcely a month passes without one or more large groups leaving Brazil to study in the Reich. Nearly all the countries are similarly favored. These students go back as Nazi addicts, enamored of the goosestep and the *Heil Hitler!* swastika flag-saluting rigmarole. The Napoleonic complex, all too strong in southern officers, is swelled to the bursting point.

WHAT DOES this all add up to? Is the struggle for markets, for trade, a sufficient explanation? Is it merely the need for raw sup-

plies, the need to dispose of war materials?

Why then the intensive effort not merely to add Germans abroad to the Reich's great "spiritual" empire, but to convert native governments and peoples to Nazism?

Obviously the stakes are much larger than mere commercial interest. The whole Teutonic Latin-American crusade, carried on in such grandiose scale and so successfully, apparently has for its goal an ambitious achievement of world power. Latin America is today definitely planned as part of Germany's proposed defense line. On events there may hinge her success in any conflict on the continent of Europe.

The outcome of Germany's cunning maneuvers for position and influence may spell the fate of the British empire, for from Argentina come British bully beef and the wheat essential for survival. Argentina and Brazil are keystones in the arch of the British colonial system. In wartime, her ability to get Venezuelan and Mexican oil might be a matter of life and death.

During the last war, England fought two naval battles (lost the first, won the second) off the coast of South America. She could win any such battle today.

What then can Germany do without a fleet to strike in South American waters? The answer is that, though Germany is rushing to completion a mammoth naval program, she apparently does not intend to

be entirely dependent upon one or two naval battles but now seeks definite New World allies. Even if they do not openly join with her in any struggle, they can withhold supplies from Germany's enemies.

Germany is going the limit to create pro-Nazi regimes in Latin America because of the aid they could be to her in wartime. In the last war, little Salvador, already German-dominated, refused to declare war on the Central powers, remained neutral even at the price of an American blockade of her ports. Mexico, smarting from our Pershing expedition, openly pro-German, gave great aid in divers ways to the Central Powers.

For another war, Germany is far better prepared to the south than before. The equivalent of strong Nazi regimes exist in several countries. If she cannot control Latin-American war-supplies and food she can perhaps plunge Latin America into conflicts which will cut off such exports. She can try to promote internal revolution. The present German policy to the south is but one of many bricks laid one on another in a daring gamble for world power.

With every Nazi-Fascist victory, diplomatic or military, the prestige of Hitler and Mussolini in Latin America increases. Most of the numerous dictators there, themselves petty Hitlers, believe today that Germany is the coming World Power whom they should favor and

whose form of government they should emulate.

The Black Shirts March

EARLY this year, the Italian semi-official *Corriere Diplomatico e Consulare* boasted that "seven Latin-American countries are proceeding decisively toward stabilization upon the principles laid down by Premier Mussolini's Fascism."

During the past 75 years, Italy has sent some five million of her sons to western shores. Next to New York, Buenos Aires is probably the largest Italian city in the world. It is not strange, therefore, that the German drive for position and influence has been paralleled in many ways by Italian action.

Italy's first drive was to convert the Italian settlers to Fascism. This was more difficult than in the case of the Germans, for many Italian immigrants are definitely proletarian. But little by little, propaganda and pressure have worked. Recalcitrant Italians were cut off from their Fascist fellows. Large Italian firms boycotted all non-Fascists; they were thrown out of their jobs, their passports rescinded. By and large everywhere, the resident Italians have mostly been whipped into line or into silence.

The second propaganda advance was to convert the Latin-American governments and populations to the Fascist creed. Various Italian-language papers were brought into

line. One of the largest Buenos Aires afternoon dailies is now Italian-controlled. The Rome propaganda office maintains a free press-service for Latin-America which exalts Mussolini, Japan, Germany, Franco, belittles the United States and Great Britain.

Short-wave broadcasts are sent out daily from three powerful short-wave stations in Rome, and a new station, even more powerful than those of Germany, has recently been completed. •

Italy's dramatic gestures in aviation are particularly interesting. In 1934 the flight of Balbo's great air-squadron to Rio, the greatest and longest mass flight of military planes in history, had a terrific effect on the Brazilian official mind. Other less heralded flights have been made. The most recent has been that of Bruno Mussolini, with two companion planes. The Italian authorities described this as "a propaganda flight."

When the United States promoted the Pan-American aviation congress in Lima, with the obvious purpose of shutting out Europeans and selling American planes, our government sent down the aircraft carrier *Ranger* with a fine squadron of 78 army wingers. But we had no monopoly of the show. The Germans came along with Focke Wolf, Hotha, Klein, Junkers and Heinkel planes. Italy, enjoying special government invitation, showed up with a whole load of

planes aboard the *Gloria Stella* to pay tribute to Jorge Chavez, an early Peruvian aviator killed in Italy. They brought a whole assortment: Caproni, Caproni Ghibile and Fiats.

Waiting until the American planes were sailing over in perfect, sober formation, 40 of Italy's most daring aviators dashed in and recklessly performed thrillers over the city, stealing the show. They sold six bombers, the Americans none.

The Italians then flew on with the rest to Chile, Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil, calling forth a delirium of enthusiasm, and everywhere promoting the sale of Italian planes.

THE PROPAGANDA by the Italians has been facilitated by common Latin culture and institutions. The Germans have had to pipe low about anti-Catholicism in Latin America. But Rome is Catholic; Mussolini plays ball with the Pope, and Fascism is considered a protector of the religion, a belief heightened among reactionary feudal elements by Italy's armed support of "Christian" Franco in Spain.

Though some feeling against Italy was provoked by the invasion of Ethiopia, success more than offset this; and though Ethiopia was already a Christian nation, the propaganda was spread that Italy was merely invading that benighted land of Africa in order to promote Catholicism.

ITALIAN munitions are found in nearly all the countries, including those of Central America. Heavy shipments of Italian artillery and machine guns were sent to Peru last December. Venezuela has lately purchased two Italian war vessels, paying for them with oil. Italian-built war-vessels and submarines have been sold to Brazil. The Italians are now training the Bolivian army.

Most of the countries going in for armaments have bought many Italian planes. Peru has refused to liquidate large debts owed to the United Aircraft Company and other American concerns, but at the same time is spending money for Italian planes. Her air fleet is said to number 500 war planes, nearly all of Italian make and under Italian control, and within less than a day's flying time from the Panama Canal.

"We believe," says the Peruvian Consul-General in the United States, "that the Italian Air Force is one of the most efficient in the world. It is natural that our officers and pilots, who handle airplanes of Italian make, should be trained by Italian instructors and pilots."

ITALIAN influence, strong in Brazil, overwhelming in Peru, important in Argentina, and potent in at least four other countries, is an expanding force, and in conjunction with Nazi propaganda may well bring European struggles to American shores.

Mussolini, before he came into power, declared that the achievement of Italy's true greatness eventually would require the destruction of the British Empire and its monopoly of the major part of the resources of the world. The Latin-American drive by the Fascists obeys the law of struggle Italy has set for herself in compassing her expansion. If Italy does not have such grandiose ambitions in South America as does Germany, she realizes, as Fascist leaders have said repeatedly, that it cannot be ignored in any world struggle. In that struggle, Italy expects her sons in exile to carry their part of the burden. She expects certain Latin-American countries to come to her aid. She expects, like Germany, to be able to cut England's life line of supplies.

The Mikado Looks South

THE JAPANESE are great fishermen. In Latin America the Japanese are also great barbers. You will hear that they are great spies. They fish and fish and spy and spy. They cut hair and spy. They shave people and spy. Scratch a Jap fisherman, and you'll find an imperial naval lieutenant. Scratch a Jap barber, and you'll find an imperial army officer.

All this may be true. I don't know. In some few cases, I have a hunch that it is true. All nations, including our own, hire spies to

nose around foreign arsenals and bridges. Mostly, I suppose, Japanese fishermen and barbers in Latin America are just poor immigrants trying to get along. However, given the fanatical patriotism of the Japanese, every citizen can be more easily used to promote the greater purposes of the fatherland.

I have known spies, in Panama and elsewhere. Some pose as wealthy men, with fake titles, and maintain swank apartments where the wives of officials and army and navy officers can amuse themselves. International spies lounge around fashionable bars, often in the company of munitions salesmen, who frequently combine both professions. The association is mutually helpful as well as congenial.

The whole racket is full of humbug. Spies draw good salaries, turn in big expense accounts, are very favored by Aphrodite, and send home, in the case of the Canal Zone, maps anyone can buy in any good stationery store. They copy off official reports anyone can obtain.

Any responsible American can get permission to go through the secret canal fortifications as I did. Some visitors are later indiscreet. Their information is rarely technical, but it is enough, coupled with a close perusal of newspapers, for officer transfers, troop movements, Congressional appropriations and what not, for a spy, without at all risking his hide, to be able to send

in reasonably accurate information regarding the number of soldiers quartered, vessels, airplanes, the location of batteries, and other sundry data. Most of it costs the various governments far more than it is worth, though in case of war it might be valuable.

According to our own Intelligence Service, the Japanese are the most active. This may well be so. For Japan, though not seeking trouble with the United States, is going on the theory that we — never themselves — intend to create friction, that conflict is inevitable. Already they are quite convinced that we have shown more unfriendly aggression than they have. They argue that they have planted no garrisons in Latin America as we have under their noses in China. They have no gunboats on the Amazon as we have on the Yangtze. They have no fortified over-Pacific colonies near our shores as we have near theirs. They fear that eventually we intend to force the issue to the point of war.

They do not intend to be caught napping. If the evil day is to come, they are aware that our vital line would be, not the coast of California, Oregon or Washington, where they would stand short shrift, but in Latin America, and they have not been idle. They have been looking over the ground there methodically.

The Japanese have a practical monopoly of fishing the long Mexi-

can coastline, and their fleets are busy off Panama and Central America. Some of their trawlers are equipped with fathometers and powerful radios. Unquestionably the Japanese have on occasion used the fishing industry to gain valuable information of nearly all the islands, coasts and harbors of Latin America, including Caribbean shores. Of course, excellent charts already exist of much of the area, but even so, it is of value to have created a large corps of young Japanese officers personally familiar with all the ins and outs of the southern shorelines.

OVERPOPULATED Japan has sent many of her hardy sons to Latin America as permanent immigrants — probably nearly 350,000.

Most of these immigrants have come over poor, often contracted for by large plantation owners as field hands. But Japanese newcomers do not long remain underprivileged. Competent, industrious, frugal, loyal to each other, as a rule they rise rapidly. In any case, they soon get into some independent activity, be it peddling peanuts or novelties or cutting hair. There is hardly a town in all Peru, however remote in the Andes or the jungles, in which the barber is not a Jap. They are great tailors, and their establishments are sprinkled from Mexico City to Buenos Aires.

Particularly adept at agriculture, they acquire large estates. In Mex-

ico, Central America and Peru they own large plantations. In Brazil, largely through Japanese initiative, the new cotton-growing experiment has progressed by leaps and bounds; 6,000,000 acres are now under cultivation, and in a very short time the production is expected to surpass that of the United States.

More recently, Japanese have gone in for engineering projects, bidding on public works, dams, city water supplies, harbor improvements. In most cases their bids have been the lowest, though often political pull, bribery by others, or U. S. diplomatic pressure, has caused such bids to be thrown out.

THE JAPANESE have a fine fleet of passenger and freight steamers plying both coasts. Some years ago at Callao, Peru, in the company of a Japanese friend, I boarded one of the largest passenger liners. The crews work for a few yen a month, sleep on mats, and are content with a little rice and fish. Each vessel carries a far larger officer personnel, with many more titles and more assistants, than our boats do.

The captain of the vessel explained to me that young fellows, eager to learn, will gladly work for a few dollars a month so long as they can have a badge, for officer experience counts for advancement in the imperial navy. He praised their frugality, industriousness, loyalty and particularly their shore conduct.

"Go ashore in any port, and you will see the sailors of all nations making a bestial nuisance of themselves. The various consuls are constantly having to get them out of jail. But rarely, if ever, do you see a Japanese sailor making such a spectacle of himself. He is deferential to the people he visits. When a respectable woman comes along, he quietly moves clear off the sidewalk. Our men go ashore with a guide book. They look up the points of interest. They try to learn all they can about the country. They study the language. I'm not saying they're all saints, but they don't get drunk in public. They don't, as you say it, paint up the town. We are a disciplined people, and we can't afford to splurge foolishly."

As a result of cheap labor setup, Japanese boats cut heavily into the freight trade, even as carriers to American ports. A few years ago the Grace Line made considerable effort to develop the vegetable ivory traffic. When it had grown to good proportions, the Japanese promptly handled it for a third less.

PHENOMENAL have been the general Japanese trade efforts, and results on the whole have been highly gratifying. Cheap textiles, cameras, toys, drugs, munitions, boats, sporting-goods, electric materials, light bulbs, toothbrushes, perfumes, crockery and glassware, cutlery, dried fish, lacquer ware, art objects, even delicately traced

pornography — such are some of the numerous products which have rained on Latin America at low prices.

The Nipponese have also perfected the small Datshun car for sale in Latin America, particularly in Chile, at a cost two thirds that of the cheapest Yankee type. Peru has bought cement and steel products, sheet-iron, nails, wire from Japanese factories. Tokyo nails hold together crates of Cuban oranges. Mikado-style radio sets provide audiences for Mr. Roosevelt's periodic Pan-American goodwill messages. Japanese phonographs and records grind out American jazz. Ecuador and Colombia are buying Tokyo auto tires.

When I was in Panama, it was possible to buy a passable Japanese tennis racket in the U. S. commissariats for fifty cents. Silk shirts sell four for a dollar. The Japanese are clever at imitating preferred native goods, textile patterns and weaves, as well as French, German, English and American goods. Mickey Mouse went south to Rio and Santiago on Japanese glassware, crockery and toys. Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs have already traveled to Osaka and back south in new designs on Japanese goods.

Thanks to devaluated currency, State subsidies, and cheap labor, Japan has been able in a few short years to put her textile industry in an insuperable position in Latin America. In the five years from 1931 to 1935 Japan's cotton-goods sales

to Latin America showed a gain of over 900 percent; those of the United States a decline of 40 percent. At one time, also, Japan bought her raw cotton mostly from us; now, since our crop controls have rigged up the price, she buys the bulk of her needs from India, Peru and Brazil. We are dealt a double blow.

IN DEALING with Latin-American business men the Japanese trader has an eminent advantage. His own civilization, semi-feudal and formalistic, gives him a better clue to the psychology, practices and tastes of the southerners than is possessed by most Europeans and Americans. The gravely formal, courteous, leisurely and punctilious manners of the Japanese are exactly the prized traits of the Latin American in relations with outsiders.

The canny Orientals also have utilized a sort of Pan-Japanism for the promotion of friendship and trade. In many countries they claim racial brothers, arguing that the ancestors of the Indo-Latins came from northern Japan centuries ago across the Bering Straits. No North American would thus admit racial equality — the native folk are repeatedly incensed by our attitude of superiority — and the wiser Jap at once wins gratitude and confidence.

In many official circles, also, the Japanese government is looked upon as a friend. The Japanese authoritarian ideas are much more wel-

come news to southern dictators than the unpleasant prattle about democracy which is heard from Washington.

THE SALE of munitions invariably brings undue political influence. In various quarters Japan gets considerable orders for uniforms, flags, cartridges, shells. Recently she made generous offers to a number of countries to supply them with munitions and battleships in exchange for coffee, vegetable oils, ores and rubber. An unusually magnificent offer was made to Brazil to build up her navy and merchant marine on a vast scale in return for raw materials. The hurried offer by Secretary Hull to lend Brazil battleships from the American navy — an unheard-of gesture, above all to a dictatorial semi-Fascist nation — may well have been an effort to spike this and German and Italian proposals.

At present Japan needs most of her munitions herself, but when the war with China ends she will certainly be looking for a place to dump guns, bombs, artillery and other supplies at bargain-counter rates in order to keep her bloated armament industry from collapsing over night.

JAPAN, in short, is a factor to be reckoned with in Latin America. Quite apart from trade, Japan will have great economic, political and cultural importance there in the future. Her commerce and cultural influence — though it may be weak-

ened by defeat in China — in the long run is apt to increase.

Whither Democracy?

FOR ENGLAND, the products of Latin America are of vital importance over and beyond any question of mere commercial prosperity. During the World War, she sent over more actual funds to Argentina for supplies than even to the United States. In a new European war, especially with Italy blockading the Mediterranean, England's Rumanian and Mesopotamian oil supplies would be cut off. She would have no access to the Ukrainian and Rumanian wheat fields. For this reason the British recently have promoted oil production in the New World at a great pace. The recent expropriation of oil properties in Mexico — where British output had at last so greatly outdistanced that of American companies — was a real blow below the belt.

England's need for the raw materials of Latin America is imperative today as never before, but recently British influence in Latin-American political affairs has sadly declined. This is in part due to the loss of prestige and commercial efficiency and to the unreliability of English diplomacy. Her weakness in the Spanish imbroglio, the manner in which she has played second fiddle to the Fascist powers, her backing down in the Ethiopian dispute, her mangling of the League

of Nations to suit her own interests of the moment — these and similar actions have lost for England much of the respect she once commanded. The Hispano-American countries believe that she has connived in every recent aggression against small nations and cannot be depended upon in any crisis.

The purposes of Germany and Italy are at least clear. And it is easily seen that England no longer even exercises the balance of power in Europe.

England has seen the hand writing on the wall. Now, as during the World War, she has just ordered that all her merchant ships in South American trade — particularly those carrying meat and wheat from Argentina — shall be converted so that guns can be instantly mounted.

World affairs today are a shifting battle line, and the devil take the hindmost. In Latin America, England doesn't wish to be the hindmost, but despite all her efforts she is slipping badly.

What of our own recent policy in Latin America? We woke up to the pernicious state of affairs there only after a body blow had been struck at our commerce by Germany, Italy, and Japan. When Mr. Hull got around to reciprocal favored-nation agreements, the Fascist powers had gone on to barter arrangement, subsidy and currency juggling. Our officials, still dreaming of free markets, apparently could not realize to what extent the world had got-

ten down to a barter basis or to government-controlled trade.

It is nice for us to believe still in laissez faire and free competition, which is the basis of the Hull trade policy. But laissez faire does not exist in international relations or trade wars or in modern national controls. The free market is today a myth, and the nation which depends on it can be left in a very precarious position.

The real bulwark in Latin America against foreign domination is in the people themselves. The people of Latin America, so oppressed by their own semi-Fascist governments, are not kindly toward the Fascist powers. Wherever they have been given a chance to express their true opinions, they have indicated a desire for more democracy. The tragic aspect of our present Good Neighbor policy is that it indirectly aids dictatorial regimes in many states. We have shown small sympathy for the struggles of the Latin-American people to liberate themselves from military tyrannies.

We can gain nothing by imitating the tactics of the Fascist powers, by trying to bid against Germany for influence with the little gilt-braid Hitlers and Mussolinis whose regimes temporarily infest South American countries in defiance of the will of the people. The only way we can exercise sound influence in Latin America is to stand squarely with the democratic and progressive forces in those countries.

To Build a Fire

Condensed from the story by

Jack London

DAY HAD BROKEN exceedingly cold and gray when the man turned aside from the main Yukon trail and started up a little-traveled trail which led through the fat spruce timberland. It was nine o'clock. There was no sun nor hint of sun. Though the day was clear, there was a gloomy pall over the face of things. This did not worry the man. It had been days since he had seen the sun.

He flung a look back along the way he had come. The Yukon lay a mile wide and hidden under six feet of ice and snow. North and south, as far as his eye could see, was unbroken white. But the absence of sun, the tremendous cold, the strangeness and weirdness, made no impression on the man. It was not because he was long used to it. This was his first winter here. The trouble with him was that he was without imagination. He was quick and alert in the things of life, but only in the things, not in the significances. Fifty degrees below zero impressed him as being cold and uncomfortable, and that was all. It did not lead him to meditate upon his frailty as a creature of temperature, able to live only within cer-

tain narrow limits of heat and cold.

As he turned to go on, he spat speculatively. There was a sharp, explosive crackle that startled him. He spat again. And again, before it could fall to the snow, the spittle crackled. He knew that at 50 below, spittle crackled on the snow; but this had crackled in the air. Undoubtedly it was colder than 50 below. But the temperature did not matter. He was bound for the old claim on Henderson Creek. He would be in camp by six o'clock: the boys would have a fire going, and a hot supper ready.

He plunged in among the big spruce trees. The trail was faint; in a month no man had come up or down. At his heels trotted a dog, a big native husky. The animal was depressed by the tremendous cold. It knew this was no time for traveling. Its instinct told it a truer tale than was told the man by his judgment. In reality, it was not merely colder than 50 below zero; it was 75 below zero. That meant 107° of frost! The dog experienced a vague, menacing apprehension that made it slink along at the man's heels, questioning eagerly every unwonted movement as if expecting him to go

into camp and build a fire. The dog had learned fire, and it wanted fire.

The man's red beard was frosted solidly, the ice deposit increasing with every breath he exhaled. If he fell down, this crystalline beard would shatter itself, like glass, into brittle fragments. As he walked along he rubbed his cheek-bones and nose with the back of his mittened hand. The instant he stopped they went numb. He was sure to frost his cheeks, he knew, but frozen cheeks were never serious.

He was keenly observant of where he placed his feet. Once, coming around a bend, he shied abruptly. The creek, he knew, was frozen to the bottom, but there were springs that bubbled out from the hillsides and ran along under the snow. They were traps, hiding pools of water that might be three inches deep, or three feet. That was why he had shied in panic. He had felt the give under his feet and heard the crackle of a snow-hidden ice-skin. And to get his feet wet in such a temperature meant danger.

At 12 o'clock the day was at its brightest, yet the man cast no shadow. The sun was too far south to clear the horizon. The man unbuttoned his jacket and drew forth his lunch — carried against his naked skin to keep the biscuits from freezing. The action consumed but a quarter of a minute, yet in those seconds the numbness laid hold of the exposed fingers. He struck the fingers against his leg and returned them to the

mitten. He tried to take a mouthful of biscuit, but the ice-muzzle of his beard prevented. He had forgotten to build a fire and thaw out. He chuckled at his foolishness, and as he chuckled he noted that the stinging which had first come to his toes when he sat down was already passing away. He wondered whether the toes were warm or numb, and decided they were numb.

He was a bit frightened. That man from Sulphur Creek had spoken the truth when telling how cold it sometimes got. And he had laughed at him! That showed one must not be too sure of things. He got out matches and proceeded to make a fire. From the undergrowth he took firewood. Working carefully from a small beginning, he soon had a roaring fire, over which he thawed the ice from his face and ate his biscuits. For the moment the cold was outwitted. The dog took satisfaction in the fire, stretching out close. When the man pulled on his mittens, settled the ear-flaps of his cap, and took the creek trail, it yearned back toward the fire. This man did not know cold.

Then it happened. At a place where the soft, unbroken snow seemed to advertise solidity beneath, the man broke through. He wet himself halfway to the knees before he floundered out to the firm crust.

He cursed aloud. This would delay him an hour, for he would have to build a fire and dry out his foot-gear. He climbed the bank. On top,

tangled in the underbrush about the trunks of several small spruce trees, was a high-water deposit of dry firewood. He threw down several large pieces for a foundation. The flame he got by touching a match to a small shred of birch bark that he took from his pocket.

He worked slowly and carefully, keenly aware of his danger. He squatted in the snow, pulling the twigs out from their entanglement in the brush and feeding directly to the flame. He knew there must be no failure. When it is 75 below zero, a man must not fail in his first attempt to build a fire — that is, if his feet are wet. If his feet are dry he can run along the trail and restore circulation. But the circulation of wet and freezing feet cannot be restored by running when it is 75 below.

The cold of space smote the unprotected tip of the planet, and he received the full force of the blow. But now he was safe, for the fire was beginning to burn with strength. He remembered the advice of the old-timer on Sulphur Creek, and smiled. The old-timer had been very serious in laying down the law that no man must travel alone in the Klondike after 50 below. Well, here he was; he had had the accident; he was alone; and he had saved himself. Yet he had not thought his fingers could go lifeless in so short a time. Lifeless they were, for he could scarcely make them grip a twig, and they seemed remote from

his body. When he touched a twig, he had to look and see whether he had hold of it. The wires were down between him and his finger-ends.

Before he could cut the strings of his moccasins, it happened. It was his fault — or, rather, his mistake. He should not have built the fire under the spruce tree. The tree carried a weight of snow, and each time he had pulled a twig he had agitated the tree. One bough cap-sized its load of snow, which grew like an avalanche as it descended without warning upon the man and the fire; and the fire was out!

The man was shocked. It was as though he had just heard his death sentence. Then he grew very calm. It was up to him to build the fire again. Even if he succeeded, he would likely lose some toes. He gathered dry grasses and tiny twigs. He could not bring his numbed fingers together to pull them out, and in this way he got many bits of green moss that were undesirable, but it was the best he could do.

When all was ready he reached in his pocket for a second piece of birch bark. He could hear its crisp rustling, but try as he would, he could not clutch it. He threshed his arms back and forth, beating his hands against his sides. After a time the first far away signals of sensation in his fingers grew stronger till they evolved into a stinging ache that was excruciating, but which the man hailed with satisfaction. He stripped the mitten from his

right hand and fetched forth the birch bark, then his bunch of sulphur matches. But the cold had already driven the life out of his fingers. In his effort to separate one match from the others the whole bunch fell in the snow, and his dead fingers could not clutch them. He drove the thought of his freezing feet out of his mind, devoting his whole soul to the matches. He watched, using the sense of vision instead of touch, and when he saw his fingers on each side of the bunch, he willed to close them; but the wires were down.

After some manipulation he managed to get the bunch between the heels of his mittened hands and carried it to his mouth. The ice crackled and snapped when by a violent effort he opened his mouth and picked a match with his teeth. Twenty times he scratched it against his leg before he succeeded in lighting it. But the burning brimstone went up his nostrils, causing him to cough spasmodically. The match fell into the snow and went out.

The old-timer was right, he thought in a moment of controlled despair: after 50 below, a man should travel with a partner. Suddenly he bared both hands, caught the whole bunch between the heels of his hands, and scratched the matches along his leg. They flared into flame, 70 sulphur matches at once! As he held the blaze to the birch bark, he became aware that his flesh was burning. He could smell it. He jerked his hands apart.

The birch bark was alight. He began laying twigs on the flame.

He could not pick and choose, for he had to lift the fuel between the heels of his hands, but he cherished the flame carefully and awkwardly. It meant life. The cold made him shiver, and he grew more awkward. A large piece of green moss fell squarely on the little fire, his shivering made him poke too far, and the twigs were hopelessly scattered and went out.

A poignant and oppressive fear came to him as he realized that it was no longer a matter of merely losing hands and feet. It threw him into a panic, and he ran up the creek bed, along the old, dim trail. The running made him feel better. Maybe, if he ran on, his feet would thaw out; and anyway, if he ran far enough, he would reach camp and the boys.

It struck him as curious that he could run at all on feet so frozen that he could not feel them when they struck the earth. He seemed to skim along above the surface, but several times he stumbled, and finally he fell. When he tried to rise, he failed. He must sit and rest, he decided, and next time he would merely walk and keep on going. He noted that he was feeling quite warm and comfortable. And yet when he touched his nose or cheeks there was no sensation. Then the thought came to him that the frozen portions of his body must be extending. He tried to keep this thought down, for he was afraid of the panic it caused. He started another wild run.

And all the time the dog ran with him. When the man fell down a second time, it curled its tail over its forefeet and sat in front of him, facing him, curiously eager and intent. This time the shivering came more quickly upon the man. The frost was creeping into his body from all sides. The thought drove him on, but again he staggered and pitched headlong.

It was his last panic. When he had recovered his breath, he sat up and entertained in his mind the conception of meeting death with dignity. He was bound to freeze, and he might as well take it decently. With this new-found peace of mind came the first glimmerings of drowsiness. A good idea, he thought, to sleep off to death. There were worse ways.

"You were right, old hoss; you

were right," the man mumbled to the old-timer of Sulphur Creek. Then he drowsed off into the most comfortable sleep he had ever known.

The dog sat facing him and waiting. The brief day drew to a close in a long, slow twilight. There were no signs of a fire, and never in the dog's experience had it known a man to sit like that in the snow. As dusk drew on, its eager yearning for the fire mastered it, and it whined. But the man remained silent.

The dog crept close to the man and caught the scent of death. This made the animal bristle and back away. A little longer it delayed, howling under the cold stars.

Then it turned and trotted up the trail in the direction of the camp where, it knew, were the other food-providers and fire-providers.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933

of The Reader's Digest, published monthly at Pleasantville, N. Y., for October 1st, 1938.

State of New York
County of Westchester } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur E. Griffiths, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Reader's Digest and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editors, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., Pleasantville, N. Y.; Editors, DeWitt Wallace, Lila Acheson Wallace, each of Pleasantville, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Kenneth W. Payne, Pleasantville, N. Y.; Business Manager, Arthur E. Griffiths, Pleasantville, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: The Reader's Digest Assn., Inc., DeWitt Wallace, Lila Acheson Wallace, Pleasantville, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are; none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed, Arthur E. Griffiths, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September, 1938. (Seal) Bertha P. Lee, Notary Public.

Reader's Choice

A Selection of Articles from the General Magazines for November



THE SINUS RACKET, by Martin Ross, M.D. — A leading authority on ear, nose and throat ailments exposes the high-priced practices of unscrupulous specialists who are cashing in on America's latest medical fad.

BATTLES WITHIN THE PARTY, by James A. Farley — The rift between New Dealers and conservatives in the party is not as wide as it seems, says the Postmaster General, who denies that the "federal patronage machine" was or could be used in the primaries. He predicts the election of a Democratic President in 1940 and forecasts his own early retirement from the cabinet.

I WAS AFRAID OF MY BOSS, by Leonard Yost — Dogged by continual fear that his employer was about to fire him, this man was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when he finally tackled his problem, traced his feeling of insecurity to its source and, in unique fashion, got rid of it.

CAPITAL + LABOR + PROFIT SHARING = WHAT? by A. H. Vandenberg, U. S. Senator from Michigan — A Senate com-

mittee investigates profit sharing and the possibility of encouraging its voluntary adoption by granting tax exemptions.

AN AMERICAN HELPS ITALY OVER THE HURDLES, by Jerome Beatty — Stung by the inferiority of Italian athletes in Olympic competition, Mussolini has hired an American track coach. And Boyd Comstock is getting results by teaching Italians rhythm.

4,000,000 COVERED WAGONS, by William F. Frazer — The rapid rise of a nation-wide trucking industry and what it means to railroads, Sunday drivers, and the larder of the average citizen.

DOPE DYNASTY, by Courtney Ryley Cooper — A clue turned up by a young narcotics agent led across the continent and into the mysterious depths of Oriental intrigue, resulting in sensational big-time arrests.

The American Mercury

ROOSEVELT DOES NOT WANT RECOVERY, by Harold Lord Varney — "The most potent and relentless enemy of the American capitalist system is the President of the United States." He has had three major opportunities to restore American capitalism to economic health and has thrown each one away by choosing that moment to launch ill-timed reforms.

THE HALL-MILLS MYSTERY, by J. L. Brown — The notorious murders, in which a New Jersey clergyman and his pretty choir leader were shot to death, remain unsolved, although proper detective work would have spotted the criminals within 24 hours.

THIS MOTHERHOOD BUNK, Anonymous — The old idea that childbearing is the acme of martyrdom is the bunk,

says one who has just given birth to a daughter. If anyone gets the worst of it, it's the father.

WORK YOUR WAY THROUGH COLLEGE? by Joe R. Motheral — Without financial assistance only a born entrepreneur can really work his way through college and still maintain a wholesome outlook inside and outside the classroom, according to this working student. "If I am unable to pay for my son's college education, my boy will stay at home," he says.

WAR-MONGERING ON THE LEFT, by Eugene Lyons — Communist forces are wooing "democratic" allies and preaching the doctrine of collective security not because of their concern for democracy, but because of their desire to strengthen Russia's military position against Germany. People frightened by the dictatorial tide cannot recognize that the proposed cure may prove infinitely worse than the disease.

THE DRUG-PRESCRIPTION RACKET, by M. O. Gannett — By incessant advertising and a

smooth soft-soaping of physicians, the manufacturers of valueless, absurdly expensive or flossily-renamed drug products plunder the citizenry of \$1,000,000,000 a year, says this author.

IS SEX LIFE LAWFUL? by Anthony M. Turano — When the campaign against venereal disease got under way it seemed that the doctors were about to bury the remains of Mrs. Grundy, but various attempted definitions of obscenity still make sex mentionable only in its pathological condition.

OUR YES-MAN NAVY, by William Oliver Stevens — The morale of our Navy, says Mr. Stevens, is shot to pieces by a promotion system which, through favoritism or sheer malice, throws many able officers out of the service, keeps others who have flattered the right men, and makes every officer fearful of having an idea of his own.

THE MEDIEVAL COUNTY JAIL, by James V. Bennett — Though progress is being made in a few states, conditions in the most important unit in the American correctional system are deplorable. Secure from neither fire nor escape, these jails are usually administered on a fee basis by political hacks who pay no attention to discipline, recreation needs or rehabilitation. The writer pleads for regional penal farms under state control, plus an extended use of probation and parole.

FEAR FLIES OVER ENGLAND, by Christine H. Sturgeon — The British masses have swallowed six months of "Air Raid Precaution" propaganda almost without a question. Is the purpose to instill a fear psychology that can later be shifted to hate? Is it an effort by the "old order" to have peril always present but always averted so that popular support may be won away from a growing opposition in a future General Election?

FORUM

THEY SAID I WAS MAD, Anonymous — The lurid personal experience of a woman who was "put away" in a private mental institution for six weeks in complete disregard of what she knew to be the cause of her troubles.

IS GOD NECESSARY? — A debate between Mrs. Sylvia Stevenson and Mrs. Emily Newell Blair. The former declares that revealed religion is hopelessly inadequate to satisfy intelligent thinkers today and outlines a personal philosophy that does not demand the existence of God but puts the responsibility for the future on our own efforts. Mrs. Blair cites the great leaders of history to show that only through reliance on God and an effort to meet His standards can we work for ends beyond our immediate ease and comfort.

I WON'T WRITE MY CONGRESSMAN! by John A. McAfee — On the theory that our Congressmen should be leaders rather than listeners, Mr. McAfee attacks the growing practice of writing and telegraphing to Washington.

COMPANY TOWN, by Marquis W. Childs — Sweden's "company towns," where socially-minded employers provide a decent environment for thousands of families and at the same time preserve an independent relationship between employer and employe, hold a real significance for America.

Harpers

MAGAZINE

CHICAGO: TIME FOR ANOTHER FIRE, by Milton S. Mayer — Chicago will be a city fit to live in only when the walls

in the many foreign groups are broken down and the city's best people take some responsibility for decent government and intelligent planning.

INFANT INDUSTRY: THE QUINTUPLETS, by Merrill Denison — The five Dionne sisters have effected an economic rejuvenation of their section of Ontario.

THE STORY OF BEANO BREEN, by Joseph F. Dinneen — The "portrait of a prominent Bostonian," a tough Irish gambler whose greatest joy was fighting the cops. He beat up 20 of them, his gambling places were raided 271 times, he made over a million dollars, yet during his lifetime he paid only minor fines and never spent a day in jail.

FROM STATE RIGHTS TO STATE AUTARCHY, by James Harvey Rogers — Because of depression conditions and the activities of powerful lobbies, state legislators today are busily destroying the chief economic basis of our national unity by setting up vicious trade barriers between the states.

THE 22-BILLION-DOLLAR TOUCH, by Charles R. Walker — The American Liberty Loan drives during the World War were the greatest money-raising efforts in history. Capitalizing on patriotism with such slogans as "Come across or the Kaiser will," the U. S. Treasury collected from rich and poor alike — but not all of it was voluntary sacrifice.

ELECTING A REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT, by Ted Patrick — Acting as fictitious advertising representative for the Republican National Committee, Mr. Patrick shows what his client must do to sell its 1940 model to the voter. The candidate easiest to sell, he believes, would be Thomas E. Dewey.

GRANDMOTHER SMITH'S PLANTATION, by John A. Rice — Memories of a South Carolina plantation, its pipe-smoking

matriarchal ruler, and her family: among whom was Uncle Ellie, now better known as "Cotton Ed" Smith, U. S. Senator.

WE NEEDN'T GO TO WAR, by Norman Thomas — Fascism is a menace but it won't be cured by war, declares the Socialist leader. Moreover, if we go to war, we will immediately become a dictatorship ourselves.

LIECHTENSTEIN, THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SAFE, by Vladimir Pozner — The smallest of all independent countries is now inhabited chiefly by peasants and corporation lawyers. The change came in 1924, when it offered itself as a safe and cheap repository for holding company funds.

SLEEP AND INSOMNIA, by George W. Gray — Insomnia is neither especially dangerous to health nor related to insanity, as many people fear. Yet the plague of wakefulness does cause distress and medical authorities are trying to find out what causes us to sleep, as well as the effects of drugs and other methods of inducing slumber.

Scribner's

JOSEPH V. CONNOLLY, by W. L. White — Joe Connolly, as recently-crowned head of the Hearst newspaper properties,

warms almost as many swivel chairs as Mussolini, and he may be the man to rejuvenate the sprawling Hearst empire which some believe to have survived beyond its era.

HALF A MILE FROM HELL, by Russell Owen — A vivid description of a bombing demonstration near Langley Field, Virginia, by the most efficient large bombing planes in the world, the "Flying Fortresses."

TENT CITY, TEXAS, by Eleanor West — A glimpse into the pitiful, poverty-stricken existence of a nomadic group of trailer-pioneers.

Among Those Present

Ambrose Bierce (p. 8), witty journalist and writer of short story masterpieces, fought in the Civil War at 19. He then went West with an army expedition against the Indians and settled in San Francisco where his writings and cartoons soon attracted attention, and brought him a job on Hearst's San Francisco *Examiner*. For 22 years his caustic column delighted readers all over the country. In 1909 he resigned — in protest against Hearst policies. As old age approached, Bierce, dogged by family misfortune, remarked one day to his daughter: "Old people are cranky, infernal bores." A few days later he left for Mexico to observe the Villa Revolution and never returned. The mystery of his disappearance is unsolved to this day.

Raymond Clapper (p. 1), for many years chief political writer of the Washington Bureau of the United Press, holds an enviable position among political commentators for his accuracy and keen analysis of men and events.

Bernard DeVoto (p. 108) has taught English at Northwestern and at Harvard, and has been editor of "The Easy Chair" in *Harper's Magazine* since 1935. Among his books are *The Crooked Mile* and *The Taming of the Frontier*.

Jack London (p. 128) had a wild and colorful youth on the San Francisco waterfront. At 15 he was captain of his own sloop and became known as the "Prince of the Oyster Pirates." A little later he crammed two years' high school work into three months and passed examinations for the University of California, but left after one term. He joined the first Alaskan Gold Rush, and though he found no gold, he returned with a wealth of literary material. By the time he was 27 his *Call of the Wild*, and other Alaskan tales, had made him famous.

Donald Culross Peattie (p. 91), naturalist and creative writer, is best known for his widely popular story of Audubon, *Singing in the Wilderness*; and for *An Almanac for Moderns* (1935) which was awarded the Gold Medal of the Limited Editions Club as the book written by an American during the past three years most likely to become a classic.

Dorothy Thompson (p. 18) first took her place in the top flight of journalism as a result of brilliant work as Vienna correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. For many years Miss Thompson ranged over Europe wherever political changes were brewing. In 1934 her book *I Saw Hitler* brought about her ejection from Germany. She is the wife of Sinclair Lewis.

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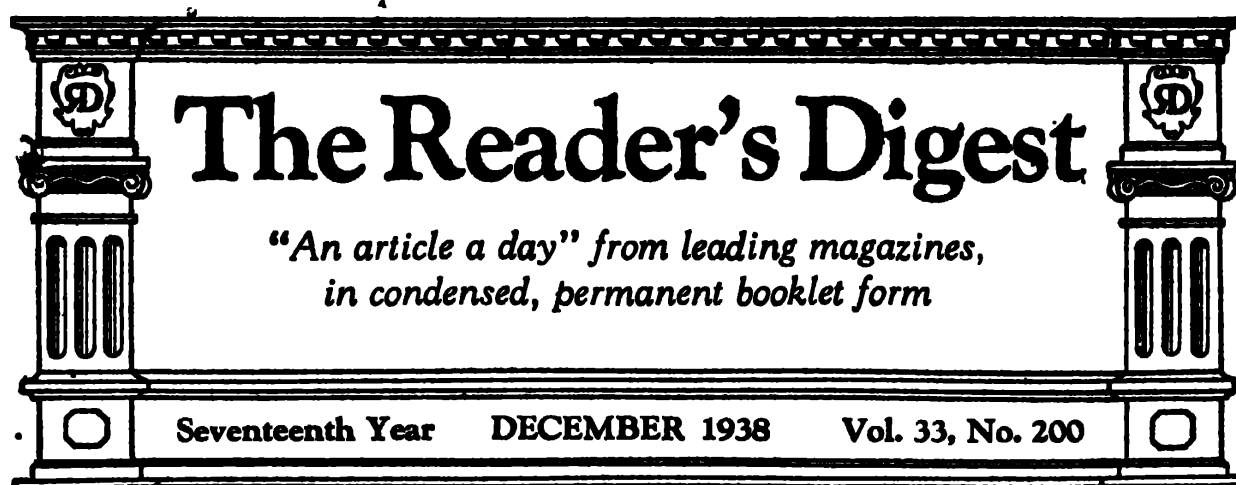
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¶ How unemployed executives are selling each other in New England

Hired After Forty — Boston Style

By Ray Giles

BOSTON'S most unusual and perhaps most exclusive club is the one which meets every Friday night, behind locked doors. You can't get in unless you are out of work and over 40, unless you've earned from \$4,000 to \$14,000 a year as a business executive, and unless you're fully capable of holding such a job again.

Of course, the members are looking for jobs. Every week they make calls — about 200 of them — on employers. But — and this is the surprise — no member ever asks for a job for himself. If he unearths a vacancy, he tries to land the place for one of his fellows.

Usually there are four or five men in the "Forty Plus Club of New England" who can fill the bill to perfection, whether the job is in

sales, production, finance, personnel management, engineering or advertising. Occasionally, the employer offers the job on the spot to the man who has come to see him. The answer always is: "Wait! We want you to consider some other members; they may suit you better."

No wonder one prominent employer, after a genial explosion of profanity, snorted, "You fellows are trying to work the Golden Rule!" Well, so they are. But not from ethical considerations. Simply because it is practical.

Let's meet Roland Darling, father of the plan. "This club," he explains, "grew out of a small experiment I made in Bar Harbor, when I was editing a paper there. People who work for resort hotels have heart-breaking ups and downs in

going up round the public buildings and museums in Downing Street and Whitehall. Traffic was complicated by trucks loaded with anti-aircraft machinery and Air Territorials.

A typed notice went up in the lift of my flat, stating that tenants who wished to contribute to the construction of safety measures for the building should see the head porter — two-and-six was suggested as a suitable amount. It seemed to me very little. All that night spade-work went on under my windows which faced the back. The hum of planes was almost never entirely absent, and on Tuesday night searchlight drill with target planes began.

It is literally impossible for anyone living in America to conceive the state of mind and nerves of those living in England during the tension of the past summer. Compared to September 1938, August 1914 was an irresponsible carnival of high spirits, blind sentiment, and sublime ignorance. It was still possible in 1914 to work up a fine lather of patriotism and recklessness and glory-hunting, and carry the thing off with a jest and a gesture. It was still possible in 1914 to believe that it would be all over by Christmas.

In 1938 we said somewhat the same foolish things — that economically Germany could not last two months, that they were already short of food. There were already rumors of anti-war riots. We said

"He's not a fool, he must know the temper of his own people. He won't dare . . ."

But after Chamberlain's first visit to Germany, it became plain enough that he *did* dare, and by the end of September, almost the only question left was: How much damage can he do before he can be pulled down?

Yes, damage was going to be done. We must therefore protect things, prepare things, put things out of his reach.

Nearly all the private schools along the south coast had already made arrangements for new headquarters deep in the west country and were ready to move out boldly. The Council schools, corresponding to our public schools, issued to each child a ticket which entitled it to a place in the school's evacuation train heading for Scotland or Wales. Twenty-four hours would probably elapse before their parents would know where they had been taken.

Nervous children were sick and tearful with apprehension over these arrangements. My charwoman had a delicate little girl who had never been away from home overnight. Facing the possible separation, the child cried all the time, could not eat, and finally made herself genuinely ill. "My husband's only got one good hand from the last war — so *he* can't go," the woman remarked that morning. And, after a moment — "It's the children this time, isn't it, mum."

The fitting and distribution of gas masks was going forward: "Get your chin well in . . . that's right . . . is that quite comfortable? Please breathe deeply . . . thank you . . . a little tighter, I think . . . breathe once more . . . thank you . . . that's all, madam. . . ."

It was a large bare room in a parochial school, just 9 p.m., and raining outside. Down the center of the long room a double row of plain wooden chairs had been set back to back. Every chair was occupied, and there was a queue at the door. Up and down each row moved half a dozen volunteer ARP workers, and from the practiced hands of each dangled the small black snoutlike apparatus designed to preserve its wearer's life against certain forms of gas. Only certain forms. Not mustard gas.

"That's yours, madam. Keep it dry, and don't let the eyepiece get crumpled. You register just there on the way out, where the next queue has formed. Good-night, madam. . . ."

My vacated chair was filled at once, but he turned back smiling to the one next down the line: "Put your chin well in . . . that's right . . . is that quite comfortable?"

He was young and plain, with a kind face and a gentle voice. He is printed on my memory forever in humble admiration and respect. He had been fitting gas masks since 8 o'clock that morning, tireless, polite, cheerful, smiling, with nothing

to keep him going that he could recall except a couple of beers. Frightened, large-eyed children had sat quiet under his reassuring hands — very few of them cried. (Every child over 4 years of age can be fitted with a gas mask. But it is admitted that no dependable apparatus has been devised for children under four.) Old ladies had been shaky and tearful, with anxious eyes brightening to his friendly smile. He was young England in the Crisis. I shall never see him again and I shall never forget him.

At a long bare table under naked electric bulbs in another cheerless room adjoining, a couple of girls sat in their hats and coats with notebooks and pencils, taking down names and addresses, and the size of each gas mask issued. After about 13 hours of it, with very little relief, their handwriting was still neat, they still looked up and smiled at each newcomer in the queue, and said good-night. At the exit, leading into an alley, another girl whose voice was gay and sweet stood wearily leaning against the doorpost, her job being to remind each person again as he left the building to keep his mask dry.

Comforted and sustained by the gallant sanity and tact of the volunteer ARP, people who had queued up outside the front door looking drawn and old and anxious came out the back door smiling and hugging a gas mask and chatting to strangers. That is morale.

Until you have stitched a canvas bag for your child to carry a gas mask in you have not faced modern warfare as England faced it in September. Until you have watched powerless while your dearest friends do anxious sums stretching limited funds over an indefinite period of living expenses outside London, while the London rent must still be paid, you have been spared one of the finer points of impending war in 1938. And as they assured themselves that the family would surely be safe at such-and-such a place, the men who meant to stay behind in Town were well aware that there would be no rules to this war, no boundaries, no precedents — except perhaps those set in Spain, which it was best not to think of.

"I hate to leave him here alone," a woman friend said to me through stiff lips. "But one of us has got to keep safe, I suppose, on account of the children."

A lovely girl I know who married two years ago telephoned me on Tuesday from Sussex. The house was full of refugee relatives from London, and her voice was hard with strain. "Get out of here, what are you waiting for?" she said. "If this war comes, it's going to be hell's delight. Fred says it's got to come. Why don't you get out of here while you can?" They weren't panicky people. Her husband, who was in the last war, is a very sound man in the City. They adored each other, had a gracious home, and

had brought a child of love into what kind of world? Hell's delight, she said.

I hung up the phone wanting to cry, and went out to my bank. A fortnight earlier, the manager, an enormous cheery man, all golf and Savile Row, had discussed the situation quite lightly, and had rocked with laughter because he was a Special Constable with Piccadilly Circus as his beat. We had laughingly agreed, a fortnight ago, that if anything dropped it could hardly miss him.

On Tuesday he looked at me thoughtfully, and asked about my sailing date. I said October 15th, as I had to repeated inquiries. The sailing suited me. But nobody else was satisfied; by noon on Tuesday there was a concerted drive on to move me. I was told to go home and pack, and I obeyed without any sense of reality at all.

The Tuesday evening papers carried the news of Germany's general mobilization order for 2 p.m. on Wednesday, which cut down the chances for peace by half. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday — all that valuable time for last-minute inspiration or action by somebody was swept away. No one could blame Czechoslovakia if the shooting began tomorrow instead of Saturday. Then France. Then England. Then — we hoped — Russia. Hell's delight.

On Tuesday evening we listened with poker-faced hopelessness to Prime Minister Chamberlain's broad-

cast from Downing Street. Our eyes met when he said "I would not hesitate to return even a third time to Germany," and we looked away again quickly. He was magnificent. He was heartbreaking. But what was the good? He said himself that he had done all that one man could do.

On Wednesday morning, with the 2 p.m. German mobilization order hanging over us, London was heavy with a grim calm. Newspaper placards proclaimed the mobilization of the British fleet. Trenches and sandbagging went forward doggedly everywhere. At the steamship office I was handed a ticket for September 30th from Liverpool. I had already been told that unless I took that ticket, *any* ticket operating before October 1, I might find myself marooned "for the duration." The boats would be used for troop transport. And if I didn't want that ticket a lot of other people did.

Still feeling numb and unreal, I looked round the seething office full of strained, unhappy faces and hurried clerks. It didn't feel like London any more. Perhaps my London had really come to an end. Perhaps this was really the twilight of the world, and the place to be was home, which was after all New York. I took up my new ticket and went away. I felt no gratitude and no relief, as I stepped out again into the gray, pregnant streets — only a greater desolation. England was "for it." I wanted to pick England

up bodily and run. I stood still in Trafalgar Square in a dreary drizzle with an aching throat and saw things through a blur.

Well, yes, I was overwrought and very short of sleep. One sat up for the late BBC News at 11:50, and the planes made a noise overhead all night. One woke sharply at the sound of the morning paper coming through the letter-slot and rubbed tired eyes to read brave headlines and less reassuring details. There was no letup all day. One bought the papers as they came out, waited for the BBC News, stiffened one's upper lip, clutched at straws — sat tight. And the planes interfered with sleep again the next night.

For days it had been impossible for me to settle to anything or to keep out of the streets and parks for long. I drifted along, watching people's faces. Four boys from a Highland regiment, looking pitifully young and grave. More Territorial anti-aircraft trucks. Five maimed men singing in the gutter. Old, old taxi-drivers, hunched over their wheels, brooding. Boyish bobbies, looking exactly as usual. Sometimes a young man and a girl, walking blindly with locked hands.

I lunched on sawdust and shavings at a restaurant in Bond Street. It was full of the usual people, eating the usual things, talking quietly — so quietly. The waitress and I exchanged the helpful, understanding smile of two people who meet at a sickbed. Everybody was

subconsciously sorry for everybody else, and wanted to be kinder. Nobody knew what greater burden of anxiety the next person carried.

I took a bus into Oxford Street, and more or less came to again in a large department store. Its aisles were nearly empty. With a dim idea of gifts for people at home, I picked up some embroidered handkerchiefs and stood futilely holding them a few moments, then carried them over to a girl who looked at me with dazed eyes, and performed a smile. "I'm sorry you had to serve yourself," she said. "Half our girls are out on gas mask fittings."

Mr. Chamberlain would be facing the crowded House now. We had to kill time till after that.

Suddenly I was chilly and tired and sick and wanted a decent cup of tea. I stepped into a taxi and went home to the flat where my luggage stood ready to close, to wait for the BBC News. At last a friend arrived with the evening papers. We stared at each other, afraid to feel too glad. I tried to read the papers and hear the BBC at the same time.

"It — doesn't settle anything, of course," I said cautiously. "He's been to Germany before!"

"No, perhaps it's not quite as good as it looks," the Englishman agreed. "It's worth a couple of drinks — but that's about all it's worth at the moment."

However, we went out to dinner feeling years younger, and there

was a little sober revelry in London that evening.

On Thursday morning we drew in our spiritual belts again, and remembered several things we had temporarily allowed ourselves to forget. *Respite*, was the morning headline. We dared not call it more.

Because travel out of London was so heavy, and because any movement of troops or evacuation of children would further disorganize traffic, I was taking a Thursday train to Liverpool for a Friday boat. Until you have held to your best friends' hands and said, in a voice carefully steadied before you began, "If anything — spectacular — happens, you'll cable me about yourselves, won't you?" you have missed one of the chillier aspects of impending war in 1938.

I had dinner in the Liverpool train, but I don't remember much about it. The talks at Munich were still going on. There was no radio in the hotel, no late papers. I went to bed with a book, and I don't remember much about the book either. There were planes over Liverpool too.

I woke with a start and leaped for the morning papers. PEACE was stretched across the columns — again. An agreement had been signed at Munich at 1:30 a.m.

It was over. Well, that is, it wasn't going to begin tomorrow. And I was out of it. Out of it.

It will be impossible to say for a while, perhaps, whether Mr.

Chamberlain was right or wrong to pay so high a price for the present safety of the people of England and the world. But at least there would be no war tomorrow.

You hear a lot about the new cathedral being erected in Liverpool. In the mood for cathedrals, I set out to find it. I sat down in one of the wooden chairs and tried to envision the completed building.

Then something happened.

A short, stumpy woman in a shabby tweed coat and a black hat, with wispy hair, came in the door as though in a hurry. She went straight to the end of the row nearest the entrance and dropped to her knees on the stone floor and buried her face in her dreadful, work-worn hands and was still. To her, in spite of workmen tramping about, it was a church — and in her heart was thankfulness for PEACE.

As F.D.R. Sees Himself

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

Anne O'Hare McCormick

Distinguished political correspondent

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has dropped the phrase "a little left of center" to describe the direction of his policy and the slant of his mind. He has revived the old-fashioned word "liberal." He refers to himself as "a fighting liberal," and declares that he will be found battling for liberal principles as long as he lives, up to 1940 and after 1940, in the White House and after he leaves it.

As for the New Deal, its objectives and program are embodied in legislation either enacted or in preparation. No "surprises" are in store. From now on the Administration will concentrate on the

natural extension of principles already accepted.

The President confesses that, like most good bargainers, he often asks for more than he expects to get, in order to achieve what he deems essential. Perhaps the fight for the liberalization of the Supreme Court is an instance of this tactic. Looking back, at any rate, Mr. Roosevelt expresses satisfaction with the consequences of that defeat.

Whether or not the most militant phase of the New Deal ended with the unsuccessful interventions in the Democratic primaries last summer, it can be said that a period

of pacification is beginning. The new efforts to conciliate business and reconcile the differences of the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. are the outgrowth of the European crisis and the settlement made at Munich. Europe's plight brought home to Washington the urgent necessity of internal unity and the consolidation of forces in the United States. The tense weeks of crisis convinced Mr. Roosevelt not only that the first defense of democracy is strength on the home front but also that if a new synthesis of interests and energies is required to save representative government it must be worked out in this country.

The foregoing views were amplified by the President in recent conversations with the writer. At close range, in the setting of marine prints, ship models, stamp albums, chairs piled with books, the President never fits the picture drawn either by his ardent critics or his ardent disciples. After nearly six years in the White House, the center of deeper domestic controversies than have shaken this country for generations, his personality is still oddly intact and unclassifiable. His fundamental ideas change very little. Listening to his discursive talk, it is difficult to think of him as any kind of extremist. It is difficult to imagine stone or steel under that smooth, bright flow. Only once, when speaking of someone else, did the fighter flash through. "He is a man who wouldn't

risk a blow, much less a battle, for anything," he shot out, with biting scorn.

The President sounds, in fact, like the liberal he proclaims himself, and there is a peculiar significance in his new emphasis on the old word. Mr. Roosevelt's shrewdest instinct is for the variations of the popular mind. In his public utterances he seldom fails to strike the note to which the American chorus is attuned.

So when he talks of domestic affairs without once using "left," "right," "communist," "fascist" or any of the words we have lately imported in wholesale lots, it must be from an intuitive sense that the American people are returning to political designations more suited to their own special pattern of life.

To the President, "liberals" are those who desire change and are willing to adopt the machinery to bring it about. All liberals therefore move left, "move with history," as Mr. Roosevelt puts it. But they are not radicals. "A radical," he says, "is one whose inclinations and beliefs are liberal but whose methods are badly thought out and if put into practice would not work."

Conservatives, on the other hand, do not attack reforms; they oppose the methods proposed to realize reforms. And since they do not propose alternative methods, but slow up progress by demands for breathing spells, the President concludes they do not want to move at all.

Nevertheless, they do not stay where they are. The dividing line shifts constantly to make the liberals of today further left than they were yesterday, and by their movement they drag the conservatives after them. In Mr. Roosevelt's view, there is no static in human progress. There are periods of speed-up and periods of slow motion, and the latter, because the process of invention outstrips the political process, are really periods of retrogression. He figures that at the beginning of his Administration the country was 30 years behind the times. "In five years I think we have caught up 20 years," he says. "If liberal government continues over another 10 years we ought to be contemporary somewhere in the late 1940's."

Mr. Roosevelt's strongest personal conviction is that he is safeguarding the American system by applying overdue reforms to adapt it to present conditions. He holds that few Americans oppose the ends he has in view, that most of the quarreling is over the means or the tempo he employs to attain them.

To the criticism that the social legislation of the New Deal is improvised and ill-considered, his reply is that the American government, by the time it got round to measures like old-age insurance, had the experience of 30 years of trial and error in other countries to draw upon. Far from rushing ahead in contrast to the gradual pace of

England, he says we are much more deliberate. Lloyd George a quarter of a century ago put through in two years a greater body of radical reforms than the New Deal has attempted in five.

If you ask whether every grant of power to government should not be weighed, especially in these days, with reference to its effect on the democratic system, and whether that system is not weakened as the margins of individual liberty are narrowed, the reply is another question.

"Just how much personal liberty have you lost under the New Deal? Have the citizens lost their power to control, criticize and change their government or not?"

Democracy, in Mr. Roosevelt's view, is a process—not a static condition we have attained. "It is where we in the United States are going now; also it is the way we are going. It means relative security for all in a free society."

Centralization of government, he contends, has little to do with politics, the New Deal or his own desires or ideas. Science, speed, motors, radio, corporate ownership, the far-spread spiderwebs of power, industry and business have done more to undermine States' rights than all the legislation trying to catch up with the technical revolution. These are the facts of life which the law must recognize. Any control that can be exercised locally should be left in local hands, but

an everwidening field of activities cannot escape national regulation in the national interest. To face that honestly, he argues, is the best way to avert the chaos that does lead to "overcentralization and the super-State."

The President admits, moreover, that he is in a hurry. He is moved by the sense of urgency that presses on all the rulers of our time. There is no doubt, convinced democrat though he is, that he is irked by the slowness of democratic procedure. As a typical instance he cites the 11-year fight in Congress for an airport to take the place of the small and poorly placed field, the President considers a danger and disgrace to the capital. This summer, by means of personal initiative and the PWA, the indefinitely postponed project has been started and Mr. Roosevelt is able to present Congress with a *fait accompli*.

He is irked, too, by the rising tide of protest against the cost of government. "It is the cost of improvement," he protests in turn. "If you live on a dirt road ten miles from a paved road you have to pay the price if you want the road paved to your door. Everybody wants the road without footing the bill. Also, it's the cost of insurance for the system the critics of the costs accuse us of undermining. If we really wish to save the system we must accept the fact that relief and unemployment are not temporary accidents. They are varying but

fixed charges, to be dealt with on a permanent basis."

The President's impatience to take short-cuts and push things through by any means is what most disturbs a good many worried citizens. In his own eyes he is merely seeking to hasten two fundamental compromises. The first is a coördination of controls between local, State and Federal authorities so that their fields are clearly marked and non-controversial. The second goes deeper. In Mr. Roosevelt's social philosophy "the submerged third" of the population does not enjoy the freedom of choice which is the essence of democracy. The object of most of his non-emergency program — the Wages and Hours Bill, the Labor Relations Act, social security, profits taxes, housing, resettlement, trust-busting — is to strike a balance between the freedom of the two thirds above water level and the necessities of the fraction underneath. He recognizes that American democracy functions through free enterprise, or the capitalist system. The question he asks is: How far is this system willing and able to bear its own burdens? How far, in other words, can it support the costs when government guarantees not only the right to life, liberty and pursuit of happiness but to a modicum of economic security?

This is the compromise — between political liberty and economic security — the New Deal is really

after. The search represents the riskiest adventure of our epoch, and the hardest. The chief reason Mr. Roosevelt is alternately charging ahead and drawing back, lambasting business and calling it into conference, veering from one labor front to another, spreading confusion with each shift of weight, is that he himself does not know how to do what he thinks should be done. He has come to doubt whether anybody really knows anything about economics, or can know enough, in a world where the elements of change work so incalculably, to guarantee that any prescribed economic treatment will produce the effects intended.

In foreign policy Mr. Roosevelt is torn between the desire to play a resounding role in the world as the leader of democracy and a natural caution against involvement in the power politics of the other democracies. The caution is more than a reflection of the isolationist sentiment of the American people. It is partly native suspicion and partly a hard-headed knowledge of the world. In dealing with other nations the President is not likely to stand aloof; nor is he likely to be taken in or to affix the signature of America to something he cannot carry out.

Perhaps the real clue to the direction American policy is taking under his guidance is to be found in the declaration made in Canada in August. In essence it gave notice

to the world that the American hemisphere represented a coöperative self-defense system. Undoubtedly the major tendency of this Administration is to build up this system.

His compound of bold impulse and cool caution is what makes the President baffling to the analyst and understandable to the simple. If there is danger in his leadership, danger because he has deep designs to centralize power and extend the control of government over all private enterprise, or danger because a shallow light-heartedness blinds him to the implications of his policies, the rank and file of America cannot be frightened into thinking of him as dangerous. To the mass of Americans Roosevelt seems a pretty typical American — of the first families, to be sure, but friendly, even folksy, and uncommonly steeped in the tradition, lore and fluid spirit of this land. They refuse to believe that the persuasive conversational voice of the fireside chatter is the voice of a revolutionist. They question or resent specific acts, like "fooling with the Supreme Court" or "muscling in on local politics," but can't be convinced that he aims at changing the form of government.

Next Month: "What's Wrong with Roosevelt?" — an article in Collier's by Congressman Bruce Barton — will be condensed in the January Reader's Digest.

¶ An adventurous American who chose to practice in a pest hole of Arabia, and became one of the world's leading surgeons

Desert Doctor

Condensed from *The American Magazine*

Jerome Beatty

who is making a round-the-world trip to discover
little-known Americans engaged in outstanding work

ONE OF the world's most successful surgeons is Dr. Paul W. Harrison. He has practiced 28 years, and the most he ever asked for a major operation was \$15. For a cataract operation that might bring a bill of \$1000 from a New York specialist, Dr. Harrison usually asks \$1.85. If he is lucky, he gets 37 cents.

Dr. Harrison — a graduate of Johns Hopkins, fellow in the American College of Surgeons, a top authority on hernia and spinal anesthesia — is a medical missionary in Muscat, Arabia, a seaport 1000 miles northwest of Bombay, India. Muscat, frying on sand, hedged in by stone hills which block all breezes, is the hottest city in the world, and — its main industry being the drying of fish — probably the most evil-smelling. Most of the 15,000 Arabs and Dr. and Mrs. Harrison move out in midsummer, when temperatures reach 108 in the day and 115 at night.

Dr. Harrison grew up in Scribner, Nebraska. Graduated with honors from the University of Nebraska, he decided to become a

medical missionary, and he sought the worst place, medically, in the world, a place where doctors were reluctant to go, but where they were needed most.

It took Dr. Harrison two months to get to his first station, two years to learn to speak Arabic well. Since then he has worked in most of the hell holes in the Persian Gulf region and for the last 10 years he has been in Muscat. When he is home on sabbatical leave, medical friends urge him to give up missionary work, start practice in America, make money, and live comfortably.

But practice in America seems to Dr. Harrison a bit on the sissy side. He likes the tough jobs in Muscat. A medical missionary who had practiced for years in Arabia recently accepted a profitable job as doctor for a big oil company. "I was sick and tired of being poor," he said. Such an attitude was totally beyond Dr. Harrison's comprehension. He told me, shaking his head, "But he won't have *fun* any more."

Though Arabia has worn him and he looks older than his 55 years,

there is a twinkle in his eye and his tall, thin, wiry frame has the ability to withstand the terrific heat.

Dr. Harrison's stone and concrete hospital cost but \$14,000. Nearby are tiny, flat-topped mosques and low, white, plastered houses, and open-faced stores the size of a bathroom, in which you can buy daggers and coffeepots and opium. Around the hospital compound are huts on narrow, dusty streets filled with donkeys, camels, cadaverous hounds, and poverty-stricken Mohammedans.

Close to the hospital is a space as public as the street in front of your post office. This is the neighborhood comfort station. In front of the hospital are 12 depressions like shallow graves, each covered with a robe to keep the depression a little less hot. That is where the town's 12 lepers sleep. It is the best Dr. Harrison can do for them. He has no funds for the treatment of lepers, but under these conditions there is no danger of transmitting the disease.

On an average, Dr. Harrison treats 125 patients a day and performs 15 or 20 operations a week — usually in his hospital but sometimes on a rug under a date palm in the blistering desert. Most of the patients are given free treatment. Some may pay a few rupees.

Dr. Harrison's work is with the ragged, hungry poor; with sore-eyed Bedouins who never bathe; with overburdened laborers who

carry heavy bags of dried fish all day long for 10 cents; with wounded bandits; with men whose hands have been cut off because they were caught stealing; with girls whose throats have been cut by their brothers because they committed adultery; with pearl divers with burst eardrums; with children, hundreds of children, who in Arabia die like flies. Few women come for operations, as an orthodox Arab woman is considered actually unfaithful to her husband if she exposes any part of her face or body to another man. For eye operations Dr. Harrison often is not allowed to raise the veil, but has to cut holes in it to get at the eyes.

The average American doctor would be about as willing to practice in a farm tool shed, with the instruments at hand, as he would with the facilities that are Dr. Harrison's. One day a week, with Mrs. Harrison and a native helper, he drives out into the desert to treat the natives. Hundreds of thousands of them never have enough to eat. Some have starved so long that a mere scratch causes death.

Six days a week Dr. Harrison works in the hospital, which contains 36 bare, concrete rooms for patients who can pay small sums, and a general ward on a porch. A few rooms have beds, but Arabs don't like them. Most patients bring rugs, a charcoal stove, food, and friends to care for them and to do their cooking.

It is a one-doctor and no-trained-nurse hospital. Dr. Harrison is helped by Mrs. Harrison — one of three white women in Muscat — who, with no medical training, gritted her teeth and learned. He also has four native assistants — of mixed Persian, African and Arab blood. One was a slave who fled in shackles to the British consulate in Muscat, gaining his freedom from a sheik 50 miles out on the desert. The other three are brothers, sons of a pearl diver.

Dr. Harrison runs the hospital on \$1800 a year — of which he pays his four assistants a total of \$900 — all of it collected a few rupees at a time from the “rich” patients. The women of the Dutch Reformed Church in America send him gauze, bandages and gloves. His salary is \$185 a month, and a house.

There is no X-ray machine and few facilities for diagnosis. If he had time and money he believes he might find what causes appendicitis. He practiced 25 years in Arabia without seeing a case of it. Recently four or five have turned up among the Arabs who have adopted the customs and food of the West.

Dr. Harrison's operating room is without glittering display of nickel and enamel. The lights over the operating table were put together by a local carpenter and cost \$6. The sterilizer is a steam-pressure cooker such as is found in many a kitchen, and it works perfectly.

One day I saw a native boy bring

a blowtorch to the operating room. “What's that for?” I asked the doctor. “We have no electric cauterizer,” he replied. “We use that to heat a soldering iron. It works just as well.”

After an operation Dr. Harrison usually takes the patient in his arms — most Arabs are undernourished and small — and carries him upstairs to his rug on the floor. The native attendants might be too rough.

Once, on a camel trip, Dr. Harrison had to perform a rush operation. A mat on the ground was the operating table, a sterile towel the instrument table. Instruments, sponges and towels were boiled for ten minutes in a pressure cooker over a fire of camel dung. Fifty dirty Arabs crowded around to look, dust filled the air and a million flies walked through the wound and covered instruments and sponges the moment they were laid down. Yet the wound healed perfectly.

Forced to work under such conditions, Dr. Harrison has learned that the danger of infection lies mostly in foreign bodies — ligatures and sutures. If you keep these clean you're fairly safe, for the tissues of the body will usually resist the flies and dust. He might never have discovered that in a modern hospital.

Perhaps no other surgeon in the world has advanced so far in spinal anesthesia. Dr. Harrison had to — he couldn't use ether because he

had neither apparatus nor helper to handle it properly. Most American doctors don't know yet that all the bad points of spinal anesthesia have been eliminated by this surgeon practicing with inadequate equipment in a dirty town in Arabia. But Dr. Harrison is working now on a report for surgical journals, supplementing articles which have already won him recognition as an authority. The report will tell why his patients suffer no headaches after spinal anesthesia; how the anesthetic can be used for operations above the waist without affecting the lungs; how he has solved every problem that has stumped American surgeons.

Dr. Harrison has performed more than 3000 hernia operations. American surgeons as a rule are not interested in hernia. It is considered a simple operation — and usually the patients are workmen who cannot pay big fees. Yet hernia recurs in 5 to 10 out of every 100 operations.

Dr. Harrison has a new sort of operation which, he is sure, will

stop nearly all recurrences. He puts in a "blowout patch," a piece of tough ox tissue about two inches square, reinforcing the weak spot in the abdomen. In his last 52 hernia operations he has not had a single recurrence, although in each case the patient went right back to his heavy work from the hospital.

The Arabs themselves have no doctors. A sick Arab gets advice from all his friends and tries all their remedies, ranging from a potion of senna leaves, or a verse from the Koran tied to the body, to the use of a branding iron. When an Arab breaks an arm or leg his friends lay him on the sand and bind the fractured member to stakes so it cannot move — making no effort to set the bones. Then they erect a tent over him and care for him there for weeks. This treatment nearly always leaves a terribly bent arm or leg.

No wonder the Arabs have come to look upon Dr. Harrison as a miracle man — without knowing how truly right they are.



*They Have the
Right Idea in Samoa*

AT A BANQUET given by a native king in Samoa for Dr. Victor C. Heiser, time came for the tribute to the guest of honor, but His Majesty still squatted at the feast, while a professional orator laid on the palaver for Dr. Heiser. When he ended, the doctor moved to rise but the King restrained him: "Don't get up; I have provided an orator for you. In Polynesia we don't believe public speaking should be engaged in by amateurs."

— *The Commentator*

Wanted: More Glamorous Patriotism

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly*

Howard Mumford Jones

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WHILE the dictator nations grow in strength and the question "Can Democracy Survive?" becomes more serious, few people seem to realize that the totalitarian states apparently have something that American democracy has lost. With their mythology of semi-divine hero-leaders, their perpetual celebrations and parades, they have made patriotism glamorous. We, too, used to have Glamour in this country, but during the '20's we rubbed it all off.

The official history of the dictator countries, which obedient citizens are required to swallow, would not delude even a weak-minded freshman, but that is not the point: the point is that the official history is full of heroism, chivalry, romance. It takes the form of the rescuing of the helpless maiden Germania or Italia or Russia by knights-errant against overwhelming odds. It is a modern version of the King Arthur story, the American Revolution, and freeing the slaves, all in one. The result is that the communist or fascist citizen has an exhilarating sense of living in a vast grand opera.

American democracy had its own grand opera until, under the attacks of the debunking biographers and

social historians, we grew shame-faced about it.

In the course of teaching several thousand undergraduates during a period of years I find their ignorance of American history is so immense that Harvard University has just instituted a system of competitive prizes to get them to read some of it. Who today can recite from memory Patrick Henry's oration; the Declaration of Independence as far as the bill of particulars; the peroration of Webster's reply to Hayne; Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address?

How many can tell me the anecdote which gave birth to each of the following sentences? "Damn the torpedoes — full speed ahead." "We have met the enemy and they are ours." "Don't give up the ship." "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." Identify the following: the Swamp Fox; the Rock of Chickamauga; Old Rough-and-Ready; Tippecanoe and Tyler too.

I freely admit that some of our heroes have been shown up by modern writers. I know that Washington did not pray at Valley Forge, that Sheridan's ride never occurred, and that the charge on San Juan Hill was a hilarious absurdity. I have, however, one advantage over the rising generation: I knew my Amer-

ican mythology before I knew its historical corrective.

Now that scientific historians have destroyed most of the American myth, what are American democrats to believe in? If democracy should have to fight for its life against totalitarianism, will it be emotionally inspired by the sound historic fact that the Lincoln administration is supposed to have favored the high tariff crowd?

Throughout the 19th century every American knew that this nation was the greatest thing that ever happened in history. On Friday afternoons, classes were adjourned while perspiring victims declaimed fragments of nationally known orations and patriotic poetry. Every Fourth of July some rising young lawyer read aloud the Declaration on the village green. The image of Washington or Jackson or Lincoln or Lee held the same place in the esteem of the people as Mussolini or Hitler or Stalin wants to hold in his own nation. In those days we announced to an amused universe that Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, was bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the east by the Garden of Eden, on the west by the Fortunate Isles, and on the south by the day of judgment. We made ourselves supremely ridiculous and supremely happy. We had our mythology and we believed in it.

Today Washington is a figure on a postage stamp, and we are not quite sure whether Andy or Stone-

wall Jackson beat the British at New Orleans. A little old-fashioned Fourth-of-July oratory is the tonic we really need.

If the fervor has gone out of our patriotism, one cause may be the enthusiasm of "progressive" educators, who ignore the fact that the child develops in the United States of America and not in a gray abstraction called the modern world. The child is supposed to be brought up to love his fellow man, and therefore stories like the fight of the *Serapis* and the *Bonhomme Richard* have been quietly dropped from school. The child is nevertheless supposed to develop into a little voter, and in place of hanging out the Old Flag with Barbara Frietchie, riding twenty miles with Phil Sheridan or learning to hate Benedict Arnold, he is instructed in the mysteries of the local waterworks. It is not yet clear, after a quarter of a century of advanced education, that the results, as shown in municipal politics, have justified the erasure of romantic drama from the American school.

We have debunked too much. Iconoclastic biographers have told us that Lincoln was a small-town politician, Washington a land grabber, Grant a stubborn and conceited mule. In place of being American vikings, the pioneers turned out to be neurotic, dissatisfied fellows unpopular in their home towns, and Columbia, the gem of the ocean,

was described as a sort of kept woman in the pay of millionaires. When the biographers got through, all the heroes had disappeared.

Meanwhile in Germany, Italy and Russia the manufacture of heroes has gone steadily forward. There is no use in saying they are fake heroes. The only way to conquer an alien mythology is to have a better mythology of your own.

It is not that we want unhistorical history or legends marked "Approved by the Bureau of Propaganda, Washington, D. C." I do not propose that on a given date all good Americans shall devoutly believe that Washington cut down the cherry tree. But in our enthusiasm for depicting history in terms of social movements and economic forces we have omitted most of the thrilling anecdotes and the romance of personal endeavor. We have modernized American history so thoroughly that John Smith, Thomas Jefferson and Buffalo Bill are made to behave as if they were members of the Kiwanis Club looking for better business sites.

It would be idle to deny the economic motive which sent adventurers to the New World, but it seems equal folly to omit the tale of the heroic exploits which they wrought. I have no doubt that the Massachusetts Bay Colony was intended as a profitable commercial enterprise, but the Pilgrims and the Puritans both wanted to worship

God in their own way. Washington did not cross the Delaware in the fatuous manner of the celebrated painting; nevertheless he crossed it, and it was full of floating ice. And I may add that he and his ragged Continentals were likewise extremely uncomfortable at Valley Forge.

A whole regiment of researchers cannot rob the little American navy of glorious episodes during the Tripolitan campaign or the War of 1812. We have a picturesque and romantic past, which we seem bent on making as dull and modern as we can.

If we really want to believe in political democracy, we need to be told over and over again what pain and suffering it has cost. We need to be told about Magna Charta and Arnold von Winkelreid and John Huss and Savonarola and the burning zeal of Calhoun and the fervid faith of William Lloyd Garrison and the quiet heroism of Grant's last years. We need to know about Custer's Last Stand and the Watauga settlement and Boonesboro and Fort Bridger and the Oregon Trail. We need to know these things, not as the products of economic forces, but as human drama, so that the history of liberty may become a living tradition.

And if we do not have a patriotic renaissance, reviving the history of liberty as a living faith, how shall we combat an alien mythology of race, militarism and brute force?

¶ The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is rejuvenating farms and farmers through its unique agricultural program

New Life for a Million Acres

Condensed from The Country Home Magazine

Ralph Wallace

NOT LONG AGO, while revisiting my home county in Kansas, I drove past what used to be the most run-down, shabby farm in the township. I saw a big new chicken house, a fine windmill whirring overhead and a handsome home. The corn looked like a 50-bushel crop.

"What's happened to old Jess Eberhardt?" I asked a neighbor.

"He went broke," the neighbor chuckled, "and that's what put him on his feet. The mortgagee foreclosed and Jess has learned so much as a tenant he's buying the place back!"

When I looked behind Jess Eberhardt's story, I discovered the world's most fabulous agricultural empire — an empire which owns enough land to make a mile-wide farm from New York to Los Angeles, and supports between 50,000 and 60,000 persons on its 1,618,000 acres of improved land. This chain, consisting of more than 7000 foreclosed farms taken over in the last eight years by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, has been modernized, beautified and brought

up to top productivity through a company agricultural program unprecedented in the history of private capital. While the government is losing millions in farm resettlement projects, this business development of run-down farms is already bringing the Metropolitan and its tenants \$12,000,000 a year.

Behind the project stands Glenn E. Rogers, Metropolitan farm loan manager. When farm commodity prices collapsed in 1930, his company was foreclosing on as many as 2500 farms a year, even though it was foreclosing only as a last resort. Almost every foreclosed farm showed depleted soils, because owners had loaded their land with cash crops in a last effort to stave off foreclosure, and dilapidated buildings, because owners had been financially unable to maintain them.

The best way to prevent colossal losses for his company, Rogers figured, was to hire former county agents and soil experts as field representatives (each man to supervise 80 farms), map each farm, take inventory of its improvements and put its soil through the laboratory.

With analyses complete, a huge army of workmen rebuilt houses and barns (at a cost of \$7,500,000), dumped thousands of tons of fertilizer on perishing soil, stopped erosion, exterminated weeds, established crop rotations. Within six years the scheme was so successful that other holders of foreclosed farm lands have begun to adopt a similar policy.

One official of another insurance company told me, "Glenn got the jump on the rest of us by making every farm a going concern, with good buildings and restored land fertility. That's why his farms are practically 100 percent rented, with a long waiting list, while we have to fight for good tenants."

At the beginning, however, Rogers' plan was not always well received. For instance, when two brothers leased an Illinois farm, one of them complained to the field representative, "Your rotation calls for 25 percent of our land to be planted to red clover mixture. Well, we need money and this year we're planting the whole farm in cash crops. We'll start your rotation next year."

"Oh, no," said the representative, pleasantly, "you'll start it this year, just as your contract says. Play along with us and see if you don't make more money in the long run."

Within three years the brothers earned a total of \$22,000. One year they averaged 53 bushels to the

acre on 720 acres of corn, earning \$9000 from that crop alone. Today they have bought the company's farm — but they still operate it the company's way!

For years the fixed rent system in parts of the South has led to abject poverty for nine out of ten tenants because of the back-breaking load of debt built up in years of crop failure. So Rogers adopted a system under which the tenant pays in rent only a share of what he actually makes.

"A fixed rent," he reasoned, "means the tenant has no interest in the land except to crop it as hard as he can."

Today more than 90 percent of the Metropolitan farms in the South operate on a production percentage basis, and there is a list of applicants waiting for acreage.

Part of this eagerness to get on company farms is due to the Metropolitan's construction of hundreds of comfortable new homes of four to eight rooms, costing from \$1200 to \$3000, and so practical they have been widely copied. A poultry house has been installed on nearly every farm, to provide farm wives with pin money, and the family with eggs and broilers.

But the real secret of the Metropolitan's success in obtaining tenants lies in the improved yields obtained by building up the farms through soil improvement crops. In a group of Iowa counties the average corn crop was 40 bushels

per acre, while the Metropolitan average reached 53. On a 1310-acre Arkansas farm taken over by the company the average cotton yield was 229 pounds per acre, compared to the previous owner's 171 pounds.

One legume prescribed by the company to improve the soil is burr clover. Metropolitan farmers in Arkansas and Mississippi are planting this crop in the early fall, plowing under eight or ten inches of lush clover in April, and then planting their cotton. Crotalaria, another legume introduced, has the unique advantage that grazing cattle won't touch it. Numerous Metropolitan farms set aside plots to grow the 4,000,000 pounds of legume seed needed each year.

Rents charged are never more than the average of the community in which the farm lies. And there are only three qualifications for tenants: that they own good implements, be reasonably free of debt and have interest in ultimate farm ownership. For the Metropolitan entered the farming business only from necessity, and it is Rogers' policy to turn company farms into farmer owned and operated farms as quickly as possible.

A dozen salesmen plus the company's 125 field men are on a continuous hunt for farmer purchasers. Rogers is so intent on obtaining owners who will live on the farm that he sells to such men for a considerably smaller down payment than he demands from absentee owners.

Perhaps the work that brings the greatest satisfaction to the company is selling back foreclosed farms, greatly improved, to the families from whom they were taken. "We don't make a practice of taking losses," says Rogers, "but we always stretch a point to restore a foreclosed farm to its original owner, charging cost price only for the improvements we have made. If the former owner is a tenant, the rent he pays is applied on the purchase price of the farm."

More than \$16,000,000 worth of land, largely improved and restored, has been sold in the past few years — an estimated 80 percent of it to operating dirt farmers as opposed to the investing type who would perpetuate our present tenant system. This kind of coöperation of business with agriculture should go a long way toward solving our national farm problem.



THE study of German in New York high schools has fallen off 30 percent since the Nazis came into power. Our kids fear that if they are heard speaking the language, Hitler will come over and liberate them. — Howard Brubaker in *The New Yorker*

HITS

THE HOTEL LEXINGTON in New York, whose clientele includes many salesmen and buyers from other cities, keeps a record of the business houses represented among the guests. A breezy lady, buyer from the West, after filling in her name and address on the registration card, seemed to be brought up short by the query, "Firm?" She nibbled her pen a moment, then wrote "Not very," and headed for the bar, ready for anything. — *The New Yorker*

AND

APPlicants for jobs at the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency have to fill out a questionnaire, revealing much about themselves. One applicant got through the first three questions easily, his name, address, and age coming readily to mind; but he got hung up on the fourth. Finally he gripped his fountain pen and wrote opposite the entry "Sex" the frank answer "Occasionally." — *The New Yorker*

ERRORS

AN INDIAN RAJAH of fabulous wealth accidentally fell overboard the ship on his way to England, and was saved by an Irishman who jumped to his rescue. "What can I do to repay you for saving my life?" inquired the Rajah.

"Oh," replied his rescuer modestly, "when you come to Dublin for the horse show you can buy me a few golf clubs."

Two months later, when they met in Dublin, the Rajah said apologetically, "I'm awfully sorry, and you must think me very ungrateful. But really I've been in terrible trouble: I couldn't buy the Portmarnock Club for love or money, but my secretary is now trying to buy Dollymount, Hermitage and one or two others. Meanwhile, I've purchased 150 acres of land in Wicklow, and when the Land Commission is satisfied I'll get the course laid out with all speed!" — *The World Says*

GUESTS at a recent New York dinner party were invited to come dressed to represent the title of some famous book. An elderly lady was unanimously awarded first prize when she appeared with a large picture of the Dionne quintuplets pinned across her gown. She represented Sinclair Lewis's *It Can't Happen Here*.

AMOTORIST, bivouacked for the night in a small Pennsylvania town, took a stroll after dinner, and came to a church where a prayer meeting was being held. He attended; and everything went according to custom until the preacher, an aggressive octogenarian, offered a prayer of thanks for our country's great men. "Oh Lord," he said, "we thank Thee for the great leaders of this land: for Washington, for Jefferson, for Cleveland, for Roosevelt — I mean Theodore." — *The New Yorker*

Q Young W. A. Patterson runs one of the world's biggest air lines by letting 2000 employees tell him how

The Personal Touch

Condensed from Forbes

Frank J. Taylor

"DON'T LET your employees tell you how to run your business," was the advice older business men gave young W. A. Patterson when he was tossed unexpectedly into the presidency of United Air Lines.

• But he does. He spends a full third of his time talking with pilots, radio men, hostesses, dispatchers, watchmen and clerks. He chats with every one of United's 2000 employees at least once a year. They tell him what they think he ought to do. And he does it.

Here are some of their suggestions: Flight control from the ground; high level flights; the flying laboratory to study storms and static; free trips for wives, to overcome women's prejudice against air travel. Every one of these innovations was adopted. And more than half of the progressive steps United has taken under Patterson grew out of talks with employees.

Patterson believes in the personal touch. "When I look at my job coldly," he explains, "I realize that I am merely the fellow who motivates policies; their success depends upon many people, and I

know I can't get results without their enthusiasm."

He wasn't always that way. New in his job in 1933 and full of the spirit of "I'll run my own business," he met the threat of a pilots' strike with plans to use strikebreakers. Still, when three veteran pilots asked him to come to the Newark airport one night and hear their side of the story, he went.

An all-night powwow ensued. The pilots told how they had risked their lives to help build the air mail service through its hectic, dangerous infancy. They told how they lived, how they had been treated by the nonfliers who gave them their orders. They aired their pet grievances and argued their need for better pay. Most of the things they asked were so reasonable that along about sunrise Patterson exclaimed: "I've learned something tonight. I think you fellows are about 90 percent right and the company is 90 percent wrong. Let's submit our wage and hour differences to an arbitrator. Meantime, I'll go over the whole line and settle every pilot's individual grievance personally."

The strike order was canceled and the new president packed his bags. He spent all of the next two months out along the main line. He listened to pilots and co-pilots hour after hour, encouraging them to tell him how to run the company.

Patterson returned to his office full of new ideas. Schemes for getting more business. Ways to save time and reduce hazards. In fact, the two months proved so fruitful that he spent five additional months that year soliciting suggestions from every man and woman working for the concern. At each airport he gathered the staff around a table and began, "I've come out here to talk some company problems over with you, but first let's take up your own. They're just as important."

Discussing company problems, he gave frank, open answers to anything any employe wanted to know about the concern. Patterson holds that any employe is entitled to know how much money the company has in the bank, how much the executives are paid, who owns stock, what costs are, or anything else. Every employe feels that United is his company; every United man or woman is a public relations assistant able and eager to answer questions the public asks.

On the president's desk each morning is a report telling him the condition of every employe who has been ill over a week. Likewise, every birth or death in any United worker's family. If anyone working for

the company is in financial straits, and a superintendent finds out about it, this is reported, too. Shop men or ticket agents or stewardesses wonder how in the world their chief knows about them, when he greets them along the line. The answer is, he makes it a major part of his job to know.

He analyzes living costs monthly in every city in which the company has employes. If living costs in Cheyenne jump, Patterson wants to know it before the employes in United's huge overhaul shop there feel the pinch, so that he can adjust the payroll to offset it.

Each December, the president visits every division center and shop. From the payroll list every employe's name is read, after which his immediate superior has to answer these questions:

How long has this man been with the company? When was his last raise? Is he entitled to an increase? Why not? Does he know what's the matter? Why not? Six months later, the president checks to see if John Jones has made an improvement.

A few years ago, union agents undertook to organize United's Cheyenne shops but the shop men soon objected to paying dues in order to get a square deal when they didn't have to go to that expense. The only employes of United Air Lines who belong to a union today are the pilots, and their minimum guarantee is above the A. F. of L. scale.

Every three months each pilot and co-pilot must take rigid examinations to prove that he has kept pace with the amazing progress of air navigation. As the older men fall by the wayside, making way for the younger men highly trained in technical schools, the company tries to find posts for them on ground jobs.

Soon after United Air Lines absorbed Varney Air Lines, a superintendent handed in a list of Varney employes he did not think were needed.

• "Wait a minute," Patterson exploded. "The personnel is three quarters of an air line's assets and these people must be worth something or they wouldn't have built Varney up to be worth the \$2,000,000 we paid for the line." Jobs were found for most of them, to the company's advantage as well as the men's.

Pilots once had to cancel trips in questionable weather at their own expense because under the union wage agreement they were paid by the mile. When his talks with pilots brought this to light, Patterson guaranteed them their monthly minimum of \$650 through the winter, thus eliminating the premium on taking chances.

He discovered a practice of docking men when they were ill. When he ordered full-time pay for sick leave, other executives protested that it would cost the company \$10,000 a month. "All right, it's

worth it," he argued. Actually it has cost only \$1800 a month. The good will it developed was worth many times the added expense.

Last winter two pilots came unannounced to say that they wanted to discuss wages. (Any employe who wants to see him takes precedence over anyone else.) The president settled back and prepared for the worst.

"Pat," began one of them, "we know the recession has hit the business. So we've taken it upon ourselves to sound out sentiment along the line, and everybody we've talked to is willing to take a voluntary 10 percent cut to help you pull through."

Patterson recovered from his astonishment, and voiced his gratitude, but added that cutting wages was the last thing he intended to do to reduce expenses. "A 10 percent wage cut would save about \$300,000 a year," he said. "I bet we could save that much by eliminating waste."

"All right," proposed one pilot. "Let's see how many economies we can effect."

The two fliers organized a drive against the little losses in human effort and materials. They quickly passed the word along the 5000-mile air line that the boss had refused their offer to cut wages, and urged every employe to help make up the deficit by more efficient operating. In the eight months since, Patterson estimates that the volun-

tary war on waste saved the company at least \$185,000. Which is one more reason why the president's

door is always open to anyone in United's rank and file who wants to talk things over.

"Allow Me, Madam"

Condensed from The New Yorker

Cornelia Otis Skinner

Author of "Excuse It, Please!"

I AM NO feminist. I don't for one second think that woman is man's equal. I do, however, yearn to be permitted certain privileges that for some curious atavistic reason the male of the species regards as his prerogative.

Whenever I attempt to light or even poke a fire some man leaps to his feet. "Let me do that," he says, and snatching the implements from my hands, with a virile "this-is-man's-work" look, he goes for a luscious ember I myself have been itching to hack at. And what's worse, I have to thank him. It's like thanking someone for eating your *crêpes Suzette* for you.

Another field of masculine dominance is the radio. Let us take a hypothetical couple, Mr. and Mrs. Smith. The radio supposedly belongs to both, but Mr. Smith has gradually built up the legend that it's as much his personal property as his shaving outfit. The moment

Mrs. Smith approaches the radio, Mr. Smith, with the tolerant manner of someone talking to the local idiot, intercepts her with "Tell me what you want, dear, and I'll get it for you."

Mrs. Smith, whose impulse to turn on the switch was prompted solely by a mild spirit of investigation, has no idea what she wants, so she says she just wondered what was doing.

"Doing?" says Mr. Smith in a hearty voice, as if he, as host, had arranged it all. "Why, there's lots' doing." He starts rapidly turning the dial, pausing at each station only long enough to permit a burst of unintelligible blither, at which he says "How about that?" and before Mrs. Smith can answer turns on to the next.

Saying "There's nothing good tonight," Mr. Smith whisks past a symphony concert, Kirsten Flagstad, and a special message from

the Pope, and, stopping finally at a broadcast of the dinner of the Parents League, he asks, unaccountably, if that is what Mrs. Smith wanted.

Hoping to smooth things over, she suggests finding out what's on the short wave. Mr. Smith asks, as if he were offering a choice of drinks, "What'll you have? Paris? Berlin? Buenos Aires?"

Mrs. Smith says, "Well, Berlin," although by now she'd just as soon have quiet. The radio thereupon proceeds to emit a series of interesting sounds, most of which remind her of the last time she took gas. Suddenly there is the dash-dot-dash of a wireless. Mr. Smith pauses and in a voice of melodrama says, "That's a ship at sea." For several seconds they listen reverently, although of course neither of them understands code. At last there are faint strains of a distant dance orchestra.

"There's Berlin for you," Mr. Smith says. "Probably the good old Hotel Adlon." Then, for the sake of atmosphere, he murmurs dreamily, "Unter den Linden." The music ceases, and after a bit a man's voice offers the depressing information that he is the Ten Eyck Hotel in Albany. Mrs. Smith in her wisdom says nothing.

There are other things that men, inexplicably, won't let us do. Why, for instance, is it established that timetables are something "for men only"? Start opening a timetable

in the presence of a man and again that "allow-me-Madam" spirit comes upon him. He grabs the sheet from your hand, losing the correct place, which you've already found, and starts groping among the pages of "Stations Listed in This Folder."

The same thing applies to road maps and the telephone book. The average woman is just as speedy as the average man at finding what she's looking for in the phone directory, but it would be a bitter blow to masculine pride to let it be known. As for road maps, to admit that a woman can understand them is as bad as confessing she understands the jokes that are relayed from the last club dinner.

Again, it seems a bit unjust that when a woman is giving a theater party she is not permitted the satisfaction of handing the tickets to the doorman. Try as she may to act like a hostess, the man nearest her will snatch the tickets from her hand and himself turn them in with the indulgent look of Uncle Fred taking the children to the circus.

While I am about it I might as well add that it irks me slightly to find myself considered incapable of manipulating a door key. But I am not complaining. I am quite willing to relinquish the keys, the time-tables, the road maps, and the phone books to my superiors. But I would like, before I reach the age when it doesn't matter a hoot what sex I am, just once to poke a fire.

Watch-Dog of Liberty

Condensed from The Forum

Roger William Riis

THERE WAS a man, beloved by some, detested by others, who said, "The country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional rights of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it."

Is that "Red"?

When a Columbia professor asked a number of persons who they thought made that statement, some said Lenin, some Stalin; and they added that they disagreed strongly with it. When the professor told them that Abraham Lincoln said it, they became thoughtful and admitted that of course it was perfectly true.

What, then, is a revolutionary utterance? Does it depend on who speaks, or on the idea he expresses, or on the attitude of the listeners?

This is no academic question. It involves the big problem of freedom of speech, which is extraordinarily important to Americans today. When the National Labor Relations Board says that Henry Ford must not tell his employees what he thinks about unions, is the Board interfering with

his right to free speech? Think that over for a moment.

Freedom of speech is one of the civil liberties, and upon our maintenance of the civil liberties depends our democracy. Again, this is no academic matter. Dictatorships today openly challenge the life of the democracies; and if we value our democratic system, we shall do well to ponder deeply on its foundations and its defenses.

The civil liberties are the basic essential for a democracy. The first step which a dictator must take is to abolish them. Contrariwise, just so long as we preserve our civil liberties, we shall preserve our American democracy. Democracy is the rule of the people; the rule of the people depends upon their knowledge and discussion of public questions. Unless thought and its expression are free, the people cannot exercise the management of their nation. History shows that the alternative is always orderly progress with the civil liberties, or violent changes without them.

The intensified interest in this subject today is due probably to two wholly opposite causes — the world menace of the dictators on

the one hand, and, on the other, the activities of the American Civil Liberties Union, which since 1918 has made itself the guardian of free speech. It is well to look a little into the Union's work and character.

There are certain maxims to hold in mind when we think about civil liberties:

1. Freedom of thought, freedom of expression, are the means by which man has climbed from barbarism.

2. Practically, it is good sense not to suppress an unwelcome doctrine, because attempted suppression always ensures the much wider spread of that doctrine. Every time we assault a Fascist or a Communist, we give him a martyr's chance to answer back, and provide him with an infinitely wider and more attentive audience. Suppression is the life-blood of propaganda.

3. Once we acknowledge that freedom of expression is a human right, we must remember that it is *every-one's* right. It is not only for us and those who agree with us. It is especially for the thought we hate, as Justice Holmes put it. It is not possible to say, as did a Jersey City supporter of Dictator Hague, "There's plenty of free speech in New Jersey if you talk right." It is not possible to say, as Heywood Broun did recently, that freedom of speech by employers should be curtailed in the interest of social advance. Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin say exactly such things. The reason for freedom

of speech is to give the truth a chance to emerge. One need have no fear that the truth will not emerge; not *your* truth or *my* truth, but *the* truth — if only there is no tampering, no qualifying, no suppression anywhere throughout the process. "The test of a truth is the ability of a thought to get itself accepted in the open competition of the market place."

4. Eternal vigilance is the price of the civil liberties. Mankind, led by the Anglo-Saxon political genius, has been nearly eight centuries developing them. They didn't just happen. The barons forced them from King John in Magna Charta. But eternal vigilance was necessary; later, the British had to protect and extend the civil liberties by means of the Bill of Rights; and a century and a half ago, Americans took up the struggle by writing the civil liberties into the basic law of the land. To do this, we went to the extent of amending our Constitution ten times before we even adopted it. Until George Washington undertook to see that the civil liberties were included in the Constitution the people shrewdly refused to adopt it.

A people has to overhaul its civil liberties now and then, to protect itself from its rulers as well as from itself. What about us, today?

There is no better place to seek data on the civil liberties than in the office of the American Civil Liberties Union. Founded as a reaction

against the emergency legislation of World War days, this extraordinary organization, unique to America, is denounced by many as "Red," and supported by many as a necessary public servant. Everyone who examines its work, however, admits that it is diligent and active, and a propaganda organization of very unusual ability.

The Union is controlled by a Board of Directors, 31 in number, which meets every Monday, and a National Committee of 80, which meets annually and functions by mail on larger questions during the year. The work is managed by Director Roger N. Baldwin, who receives a salary of \$3000 for what is essentially a 24-hour-a-day job. The Directors and National Committee-men are made up of 18 lawyers, 17 professors and teachers, 6 businessmen, 5 social workers, 5 union executives, 1 union organizer. In political complexion, they show 17 Democrats, 10 Socialists, 4 Republicans, 1 Communist, and 52 independents, without regular affiliation.

Its annual budget averages \$30,000 which is contributed by over 5000 people. There are 4363 givers of amounts from \$1 to \$10. The number of contributors is rising steadily. They include many persons widely known in Republican and Democratic political circles, as well as many conservative business leaders.

Roger Baldwin, the Union's dynamic director, is a New Englander, of earliest American ancestry. He

is in the middle forties, a man of remarkable energy and executive ability, and with a conscious, complete, well-rounded philosophy. Part of his philosophy gives him a hatred of violence; he believes that every human life is important and should be given its chance for its own free growth. We all believe that; but we do not all make the logical conclusion that compulsion of another person's beliefs is wrong and that we should do something to stop such compulsion. Mr. Baldwin devotes his life to that.

Setting out to defend the civil liberties, the Union inevitably became the defender of the underdog, because it is he whose liberties are most frequently infringed. No one muzzles a Senator or a bank president. It is charged that the Union only defends Reds; the Union replies that it does not make up its cases, they are made for it by those who violate the civil liberties. It does defend Communists; it also defends, for exactly the same reasons, the Nazis and the Ku Klux Klan — defends not their doctrines, but their liberty to make them known.

The normal development of any individual case is about as follows: a newspaper editor in a small town, let us say, is "framed" by political enemies and jailed on a trumped-up charge. The editor's friends appeal to the Union for help. The case is discussed at the weekly Board meeting of the Directors, the specific civil liberties issue is debated, and

a decision is made as to entering the case. Untold times the question is asked by a Board member, "Where is the civil liberties issue in this case?" Many borderline cases are rejected because no such issue is clear.

Once a case is accepted, the Union's machinery is set in motion. Court records are obtained, the able lawyers of the Union sift them out, prepare answering papers, and conduct the case in court. Meanwhile, the publicity department goes to work. Often, the publicity is as valuable as the legal steps, especially when the case is a flagrant one. Would-be local dictators hate the spotlight.

From its office in New York, the Union handles approximately 200 cases a year, and at any given time it has from 30 to 80 on hand. Its 30 branches handle perhaps as many more local cases.

The Union's most famous achievement is one of its most clear-cut — the Scopes "monkey trial" in Tennessee. When that state adopted in 1925 a law prohibiting teaching evolution in schools, the Union offered, in a widely printed press release, to finance the case of any teacher who would resist the law and thereby get it tested in the courts. A Tennessee business man offered to make a complaint against his friend, John Thomas Scopes, a high school biology teacher, if the Union would defend the teacher. The offer was accepted, the complaint made, and

the Union's lawyer, Arthur Garfield Hays, took the job on, enlisting the help of Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone. William Jennings Bryan volunteered for the other side. The Union financed the entire defense, raising over \$10,000 by appeals to scientists. History was made in Dayton. Scopes lost his case there, but the cause of free speech triumphed; the doctrine that Tennessee sought to suppress had unprecedented national publicity.

Another clear-cut job, but of routine type, was the Union's work in a silk strike in Paterson, N. J. The strikers were locked out of their hall by the police and could find no other meeting place. They appealed to the Civil Liberties Union. Since no law forbade assembly on city property, Mr. Baldwin, whom the Union sent over to Paterson, organized a parade of strikers to the City Hall steps. The chairman of the group started reading the Bill of Rights, and the police at once arrested him and six others and broke up the group with clubs, injuring many. Mr. Baldwin was indicted for illegal assembly. The Civil Liberties Union at once held, under its own auspices, a meeting in the same hall from which the strikers had been ejected, and had as speakers an Episcopal Bishop, a distinguished lawyer, and a member of the Colonial Dames. There was no police interference. The Union then organized a second meeting under the joint auspices of itself

and the strikers. After these two successful meetings under different auspices, the strikers demanded their hall and got it for their own meetings.

Mr. Baldwin was convicted and sentenced to six months in jail. Arthur T. Vanderbilt, ex-President of the American Bar Association, carried an appeal to the highest New Jersey court, and won a unanimous and ringing verdict. Freedom of assemblage was definitely won and established in Paterson.

No civil liberties issue which has ever come before the country has been more fundamental than that raised by the National Labor Relations Board when it rebuked Henry Ford for telling his men not to join a Union. Is the Board interfering with Ford's freedom of speech?

The Labor Board points out that the Wagner Act forbids employers to coerce the men in the matter of joining a union, and it believes that any utterance from an employer to his men on the subject of unions must of necessity be coercive, because of the economic position the employer occupies in relation to his employe. No question of freedom of speech is involved in the Ford case, it is urged, but simply a question of interpreting the law: labor needs such legal reinforcement in order to equalize its power with that of the employer.

Head on with this idea clashes the conviction that freedom of speech is freedom of speech, whether Henry

Ford's or John Lewis's; that to forbid a man freedom of speech because he occupies a certain economic position is iniquitous. This theory points out the danger of allowing any federal board to stake out any subject whatsoever and to forbid 100 percent open, free public discussion of that subject by anyone at any time or place. If labor needs reinforcement to equalize its position with that of the employer, then let the reinforcement take the form of increased propaganda, of more and wider free speech by labor; but on no account resort to suppression of anyone's opinion.

The two views are most interesting because of their implications. Those who would censor free speech when they believe it amounts to coercion are primarily concerned over the status of labor; they want labor to improve its position. Those who with equal passion urge that freedom of expression is for every one of us, that if such freedom does seem to injure one group or another, the injury is temporary and desirable in comparison with impairment of the civil liberties — those persons are moved by loyalty primarily to the civil liberties. They would establish a principle today in order to protect all mankind tomorrow.

The Civil Liberties Union has met this issue. In the summer of 1938, the Union pointed out to the National Labor Relations Board that its finding in the Ford case left reasonable doubt as to the status of

the employer's freedom of speech. The Union asked permission to have its own representative at the hearings, in order to present a brief on the civil liberties issue involved. This was a step of first-rate significance, not only in the administration of the Wagner Act, but in the protection of civil liberties. Too, it was a clear reply to those who charge that the Civil Liberties Union only defends the Reds. Henry Ford can scarcely be called a Red.

In several other findings of the Labor Board, the Civil Liberties Union has taken a different stand. Notable among them was the case of the Muskin Shoe Company, in which the NLRB rebuked the company for circulating among its employees a pamphlet denouncing the CIO, consisting largely of extracts from a Congressional speech by Representative Clare Hoffman. Here the Civil Liberties Union held that it need not join issue with the Labor Board because the Labor Board had laid no restrictions upon any future utterances, had only disapproved a past utterance. Technically right in a narrow legal sense, the Civil Liberties erred in this. If a government board says to you, "you were wrong in mentioning high taxes yesterday," you readily understand that if you mention high taxes tomorrow, you will have trouble with that board. The Civil Liberties Union should be so sensitive to impairment of civil liberties from any direction that it would bristle instantly.

It should at once deny the right of any governmental board to comment at all upon the legality of any person's expression of opinion.

It should, specifically, condemn the Labor Board when the latter says that an employer must not "disparage" labor unions. "To disparage" means to "speak lightly of." The Civil Liberties Union has upheld the right of free thinkers to speak lightly of God, and it may properly be expected to uphold the same freedom for other human beings discussing less vital subjects.

Despite an occasional lapse, however, the thoughtful student of our democracy can find few pieces of work more worth doing than the work the Civil Liberties Union has undertaken for the past 20 years. If some quarrel with the way the Union does that work, it is because they feel it is too radical. Those persons should themselves enlist actively in the fight and thereby add their own more conservative element. It is a fact that criticism of the Union has come most frequently from extreme conservatives; it is a parallel fact that extreme conservatives have taken no share in defending the civil liberties. Defended they must be, and if only the liberals and radicals will undertake that defense, it ill becomes the shirking conservatives to complain.

Get out your copy of the Constitution and refresh your mind on your Bill of Rights. It is those brief paragraphs which keep us free men.

How Good Is Hitler's Word?

By
Leland Stowe

Condensed from N. Y. Herald Tribune

STANDING IN Berlin's Sports Palace on September 26th, Adolf Hitler gave a striking and solemn assurance to the world: "The Sudetenland is the last territorial demand I have to make in Europe."

Here are a few of Hitler's more noteworthy declarations in recent years. They make their own comment on the value of his word.

August, 1933: "As long as I am Chancellor there will be no war, save in the event of an invasion of our territory from without."

January 30, 1934 (before the Reichstag): "The German government is willing and determined to accept in its innermost soul, as well as external formulation, the pact of Locarno."

May, 1935 (interview with Edward Price Bell):

Mr. Bell: "There are no territorial questions about which you would go to war?"

Hitler: "None. We have renounced solemnly all such purposes. . . . The Germany of National Socialism will never dishonor itself and betray humanity by violating a pact it voluntarily signs."

On March 7, 1936, Hitler sent German troops into the Rhineland's neutralized zones and repudiated the Treaty of Locarno.

May 21, 1935 (before the Reichstag): "Germany has neither the wish nor the intention to mix in internal Austrian affairs, or annex Austria."

February 12, 1938 (Hitler to Chancellor Schuschnigg of Austria at Berchtesgaden): "What is all this nonsense about your independence? Whether Austria is independent or not is not the question. There's only one thing to discuss: Do you want the *Anschluss* brought about with bloodshed or without? Take your choice."

March 7, 1936 (before the Reichstag): "Czechoslovakia, like Poland, always followed the policy of representing their own national interests. Germany does not desire to attack these states."

Of all Adolf Hitler's forgotten words, none are more arresting than two short sentences from the Reichstag speech of March 7, 1936, when Hitler told a listening world: "After three years I believe I can today regard the struggle for German equality as over. We have no territorial demands to make in Europe."

¶ Flying cameramen are taking 333,000 snapshots which will be skillfully pieced together into a gigantic portrait of the entire country

The United States Gets Its Picture Taken

Condensed from *Current History*

Morris Markey

THE UNITED STATES is having its picture taken — full length and generous size. Our whole 3,000,000 square miles from ocean to ocean are being photographed — the most gigantic mapping feat ever attempted by anyone, anywhere. Every day the sun shines, some 50 planes shuttle monotonously 14,000 feet above the country that is sitting for its portrait, while photographers, whiffing oxygen in the thin air, work their marvelous cameras. Each plane takes hundreds of pictures a day — yet it will be years before the task is finished.

But when that day comes there will exist not only the world's most colossal map but a veritable portrait of the country — every field and every house, every stream and every town and every lonesome valley. A \$15,000,000 portrait. That's a lot of money but it's much less than mapping would cost, done by any other way, and for many purposes it is much better.

The aerial atlas idea was conceived by the Soil Conservation Service which had been finding out how useful accurate air photographs could be. A soil erosion area may

appear so suddenly, or a stream may change its course so rapidly, that completely up-to-date information must be always at hand. Plateaus and canyons inaccessible to the surveyor can be mapped quickly and cheaply from the air. The Navajo, Gila, and Rio Grande soil conservation project, for instance, was in danger of abandonment until it was found that the necessary data could be obtained by the flying cameramen.

Major engineering projects such as the Boulder Dam and the TVA have found air photography indispensable. The Mississippi, Missouri and other rivers are air-photographed every year to show where new bars have formed, where erosion occurs, etc., in the interest of flood control.

Work on the big map began in the western dust bowl. It is already complete for several states, and has many uses in addition to those of soil conservation. The Forest Service analyzes stands of timber in a way never possible before. Experts can tell from the light-and-shade values what types of trees the photograph shows. Most important of all at the moment, the AAA makes up

from these maps its acreage quotas for regulated crops, and from them also checks the farmer's compliance with his agreement, field by field.

Eighteen commercial photography firms are doing the work under the direction of the Department of Agriculture. The job calls for flight precision unheard of anywhere else. All day long the pilot must cling to a hair line — down and back, down and back on a 20-mile beat. It would drive Corrigan nutty. Lindbergh probably would have liked it.

Taking off, pilot and photographer spend half an hour or so checking wind direction, ground speed, drift and altitude. The camera, which points downward through the cabin floor, has a ground-glass screen marked off in squares. The photographer picks out a building or a pond and watches its image cross the screen. If it crosses obliquely, then the wind is causing the ship to drift to the side. To correct this drift the pilot must "crab," or, as a sailor would put it, point into the wind. When the degree of crabbing has been determined and images flow across the screen in a straight line, the pilot sets his most important instrument, a solar compass.

A small mirror is fixed to reflect the rays of the sun upon light-sensitive cells. Any deviation from a straight course, now, will veer the reflected beam away from the cells and an indicator will immediately show the pilot whether he has slipped to right or left.

With stop watch in hand the photographer times an image across the screen. This tells him how often to shoot a picture. Under normal wind conditions and at an air speed of 120 miles an hour, a picture is shot every 40 seconds. It's all automatic, after the adjustments are set.

Now the pilot goes to the starting point and begins his difficult, monotonous job — back and forth, back and forth until the day's stint of pictures has been made. On each flight 200 negatives, 9 x 9, are exposed. The government specifies that they be shot to the scale of 1 inch to 1666 feet, and this means that the plane must fly at an altitude of about 14,000 feet.

The pictures seem made with wasteful profusion because the consecutive prints overlap each other, shingle-wise, by about 60 percent and the parallel strips overlap each other by 50 percent. Only the central section of a picture is used, since that is the only part in true vertical projection; the edges are distorted.

In the laboratories a contact print is made from each negative. Now ensues the most meticulous undertaking in the whole process. An airplane in flight bobs up and down with wind currents and cannot possibly be held to an exact level. Therefore in one print an inch may represent 1700 feet, in another only 1600 feet. To correct this the mappers measure known distances in the picture, such as railroad lines,

or stretches of highway. Then the print is rephotographed with very delicate adjustment of the enlarging camera to bring it to the specified scale.

From this set of uniform-scale prints, the master mosaic is made. The central, useful portions of the corrected exposures are cut out — not in regular squares but along natural lines of the terrain: rivers, roads, railway lines, the edges of forest lands. They are fitted together, jigsaw-puzzle style, and glued to a board. This master picture is now photographed, greatly enlarged, so that one square inch of map equals exactly ten acres of the earth's surface. The result is a series of pictures, each about two feet square, each showing in fabulously clear detail about 5760 acres — nine square miles — of America.

These final maps cost, delivered to the government, about \$35 each. The complete map of the country will require about 333,000 of them. And thus the first portrait of a nation ever accomplished will cost something like \$12,000,000 — and you may reckon another \$3,000,000 for duplicate prints, retakes and other incidental costs. If surveyors and their field crews set out to produce a map of similar detail and accuracy, the expense would run to astronomical figures.

As each new area is photographed the finished prints are sent to Washington — to the Soil Conservation Service, the Forest Service and the

AAA. The AAA's prints go out almost immediately to the field. To a Virginia tobacco county, for example: Early in the year, AAA figures out how many acres of tobacco should be planted this season, and each state's fair proportion. Virginia headquarters in Richmond apportions that state's quota among the tobacco counties. Each county association — a voluntary organization of farmers who pay all its expenses — then apportions the county's quota among the individual farms.

The first step, naturally, is to find out the exact acreage of each farm and of each field. This can be done quickly from the air maps — a minute or so for a farm on which a surveyor would have to spend a day. Inspectors carry the maps out to the farms and check up on details of the farmer's plan. From these reports the county association allots the acreage the farmer may plant in tobacco if he wishes to comply with the AAA plan and participate in the benefits — cash at the end of the season for staying within his limit and doing certain things to improve the soil.

The air maps are used again by the inspectors who determine whether the farmer is fulfilling his agreement. People who don't like the AAA call the flying cameramen "Sky Snoops," but allotting acreage and administering crop control laws would be quite impossible without the air maps.

Other uses for the ultimate map are pointed out with enthusiasm in Washington: the plotting of new highways, new pipe lines, new electric transmission lines; the location of new dams; new flood-control measures.

These things are immensely important. . . .

But on the other hand, a persistent notion keeps running through my head. I would give a lot to see the thing whole — to look, just for once, at the picture of a nation. I would like to see how my house looks, in its relation to America.

I'd like to pick out Frank's place in Montana, to gaze for a moment on that trout stream I know, so deep in the hills. I would like to know how a certain meadow, where wild flowers grow with such extravagance, fits into the setting of half a continent. It can never happen, of course. They will never put all the parts together into one great piece, because it would be so ridiculously large, and all reasonable purposes are served by keeping the two-foot sheets in steel filing cabinets.

Still, it would be a wonderful sight, and I'd like to look at it.



The Mischance of a Lifetime

ONE AFTERNOON Mark Twain, who lost more than one hard-earned fortune by investing it in hairbrained schemes described to him in glittering terms, observed a tall, spare man, with kindly blue eyes and eager face, coming up the path with a strange contraption under his arm. Yes, it was an invention, and the man explained it to the humorist, who listened politely but said he had been burned too often.

"But I'm not asking you to invest a fortune," exclaimed the man. "You can have as large a share as you want for \$500." Mark Twain shook his head; the invention didn't make sense. The tall, stooped figure started away.

"What did you say your name was?" the author called after him.

"Bell," replied the inventor a little sadly, "Alexander Graham Bell."

— Vansant Coryell in *The Christian Science Monitor*

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE once related a bantering conversation he had had with a \$10-a-week actor who was in the cast of one of his plays. The young chap had laughingly suggested that the two agree to divide their incomes with each other for the rest of their lives, but naturally Sir Arthur had refused such a ridiculous offer. The \$10-a-week youngster was Charlie Chaplin.

— *The Christian Science Monitor*

The Importance of Living

Excerpts from the book by

Lin Yutang

Chinese author, editor and world traveler

IN WHAT FOLLOWS I am presenting a view of life as the best and wisest Chinese minds have seen it. Life for most of us is not a heroic matter; it is an everyday business made up of eating and sleeping, of meeting and saying good-bye to friends, of reunions and farewell parties, of tears and laughter, of watering a potted flower and watching one's neighbor fall off his roof. The Chinese recognize this, and as a result have developed a light, an almost gay philosophy of living.

The only problem assumed by Chinese philosophers to be of any importance is: how shall we enjoy life? Without seeking perfectionism, or straining after the unattainable, Chinese philosophers take poor, mortal human nature as it is, and ask simply how shall we organize our life that we may work peacefully, endure nobly, and live happily?

The world, I believe, has need of this wise and merry view of life. Modern man is far too serious, and hence the world is full of troubles.

The Art of Loafing

CULTURE IS essentially a product of leisure. From the Chinese point of view, the man who is wisely idle is the most cultured man. For

there seems to be a contradiction between being busy and being wise. Those who are wise won't be too busy, and those who are too busy can't be wise.

To the Chinese, the three great American vices seem to be efficiency, punctuality and the desire for success. They are the things that make Americans so unhappy and nervous. They steal from Americans their inalienable right of loafing, and cheat them of many an idle and beautiful afternoon.

Besides the noble art of getting things done there is the noble art of leaving things undone. The wisdom of life consists in the elimination of nonessentials. On the whole, if one answers letters promptly, the result is about as bad or as good as if one had never answered them at all. If you keep most letters in your drawer for three months and then read them you realize what a waste of time it would have been to reply.

The most characteristic American advertisement I ever saw was an engineering firm's: "Nearly Right Is Not Enough." For a Chinese, nearly right is good enough. We believe that efficiency leaves us no leisure to enjoy ourselves; that it frays our nerves to try to get things

"The Importance of Living" has held first place on the best-seller lists for seven out of the twelve months since its publication. © 1937, and published at \$3 by The John Day Co., Inc., 40 E. 49 St., N. Y. C.

done perfectly. An American editor worries his hair gray to see that no typographical errors appear in his magazine. The Chinese editor is wiser than that. He wants to leave his readers the supreme satisfaction of discovering a few mistakes for themselves. More than that, a Chinese magazine can begin printing serial fiction and forget about it halfway. In America it might bring the roof down on the editors, but in China *it doesn't matter, simply because it doesn't matter.*

American engineers in building bridges calculate so exactly that the ends come together within a tenth of an inch. But when two Chinese begin to dig a tunnel from both sides of a mountain, both come out on the other side. The Chinese's firm conviction is that it doesn't matter so long as a tunnel is dug through, and if we have two instead of one, why, we have a double track to boot.

The tempo of American life eventually turns the human being into a clock. That is what makes life so hectic. A man who has to be punctually at a certain place at five o'clock has the whole afternoon from one to five ruined for him already. Every American adult is arranging his life on the pattern of the schoolboy — three o'clock for this, five o'clock for that, six-thirty for change of dress, six-fifty for entering the taxi and seven o'clock for emerging into a hotel room. It just makes life not worth living.

And Americans have now come to such a sad state that they are booked up not only for the following day, but even for the following month. An appointment three weeks ahead of time is a thing unknown in China. And when a Chinese receives an invitation card, happily he never has to say whether he is going to be present or not. He can merely write the word "know" on the card, which is a statement of fact that he knows of the invitation, and not a statement of intention.

Sometimes there comes to me a beautiful vision of a millennium when Manhattan will go slow, and the American go-getter will become an Oriental loafer. Policemen will exchange a word of greeting with you at the crossings; drivers will stop and accost each other and dispute the number of passing wild geese in the sky. Lunch counters will be abolished, and people will have learned the art of killing a whole afternoon in some café. A glass of orange juice will last half an hour, and people will sip wine rather than gulp it.

It is too bad this kind of millennium in Manhattan will never be realized. There might be so many more perfect idle afternoons.

The Immortal Stream

THE CHINESE FAMILY ideal is backed by the view of life which I may call the "stream-of-life" theory, which makes immortality almost visible and touchable. Every

grandfather seeing his grandchild going to school feels that truly he is living over again in the life of the child. His own life is nothing but a section of the great family stream of life flowing on forever.

The result of such a conception of life is that one gets a lengthened outlook on everything, for life is no longer regarded as beginning and ending with that of the individual. Success takes on a different complexion. The Chinese ideal of life is to live so as not to be a shame to one's ancestors and to have sons of whom one need not be ashamed.

In my efforts to compare Eastern and Western life, I have found no difference so sharp as in the matter of attitude toward old age. "I am still continually shocked by the Western attitude. I heard an old lady remark that she had had several grandchildren, but "it was the first one that *hurt*." Even with the knowledge that Americans hate to be thought of as old, one still doesn't quite expect to have it put that way. In China the 51st birthday is an occasion of great rejoicing; the 61st and 71st are progressively happier and grander; while a man able to celebrate his 81st birthday is looked upon as one specially favored by the gods.

Why Not Enjoy Life?

ANY good practical philosophy must recognize the importance of the stomach. How a Chinese spirit glows over a good feast! The

Chinese rely upon instinct and instinct tells them that when the stomach is right, everything is right. Hence they have no prudery about eating with gusto. As for so-called table manners, I feel sure that the Western child gets his first initiation into the sorrows of life when his mother forbids him to smack his lips. Such is human psychology that if we don't express our joy we soon cease to feel it even, and then follows melancholia. Why do Americans look so miserable and respectable at meals? They ought to imitate the French and make a sheer animal grunt like "Ummm!" after tasting a well-cooked cutlet. What shame is there in enjoying one's food, in having a normal, healthy appetite? The Chinese have had table manners, but great enjoyment of a feast.

There is even a philosophy about lolling in chairs. People sit in chairs in order to be comfortable; therefore the more comfortable a man arranges himself in an armchair in a friend's drawing room, the greater respect he is showing his host. After all, to make oneself at home and look restful is only to help one's host in the difficult art of hospitality. How many hostesses have feared for a party in which the guests are not willing to loosen up and just be themselves! I have always helped my hosts and hostesses by putting a leg up on top of a tea table or whatever happened to be the nearest object.

The Problem of Happiness

AFTER ALL, human happiness is sensuous happiness and philosophy should re-establish our confidence in this fine receptive organ which we call the body, with its senses of taste and smell, of color, motion and touch. Let us take ourselves as we are.

It will at once be brought up against this view that it lacks a sense of social responsibility, and teaches one merely to enjoy oneself. Those who use this argument know not the gentleness of temper of the true lover of life. Love of one's fellow men should not be a matter of intellectual conviction. It should be a direct feeling, springing naturally from a healthy soul living in touch with Nature. No man who loves the trees truly can be cruel to animals or to his fellow men. Nature is a grand sanatorium. The silent and majestic trees and rocks have healing properties for the ambitions of the flesh and diseases of the soul — egocentricity, spiritual halitosis, bonditis, couponitis, managitis (the desire to manage others), spitefulness, hatred, social exhibitionism, general muddle-headedness and all forms of moral distemper. In a perfectly healthy spirit, kindness is the natural thing.

Are You Always Right?

I THINK OF the Spirit of Reasonableness as the highest ideal of human culture. No one can be per-

fect; he can only aim at being a likable, reasonable being. We cannot imagine perfect husbands and wives who never quarrel; we can only conceive of reasonable husbands and wives who quarrel reasonably and then patch up reasonably. The logical man is always self-righteous and therefore inhuman and therefore wrong, while the reasonable man suspects that perhaps he is wrong and is therefore always right. The genial thinker is one who, after proceeding doggedly to prove a proposition by long-winded arguments, suddenly arrives at intuition, and by a flash of common sense annihilates his arguments and admits he is wrong.

Confucius' grandson, Tsesse, author of *The Golden Mean*, taught the life of sweet reasonableness, the Doctrine of the Half and Half. Tsesse's philosophy is shown in the ideal of a man living in half-fame and semi-obscurity; not so poor that he cannot pay his rent, and not so rich that he doesn't have to work; who plays the piano, but only well enough for his intimate friends to hear, and chiefly to please himself; who collects, but just enough to load his mantelpiece; who learns a lot but does not become a specialist. This "half and half" way of living, between futile busy-ness and complete flight from responsibilities, makes possible a joy and love of life.

I am for individualism and for amateurism in all fields. I like ama-

teur philosophers, amateur poets, amateur photographers, amateur magicians. I get as much pleasure out of listening to a friend playing a sonatina in an indifferent manner as out of listening to a first-class professional concert. Art should be an overflow of physical and mental energy, free and unhampered and existing for its own sake. It is both creation and recreation. Of the two ideas, I think art as recreation or sheer play of the human spirit is more important. The spirit of true art can become general and permeate society only when a lot of people are enjoying art as a pastime, without any hope of achieving immortality. I would rather have all bank presidents and economic experts able to make their own Christmas cards, however ridiculous the attempt may be, than to have only a few artists who work at art as a profession.

The individual human mind is charming in its forgetfulness, its irrationality and inconsistencies. Imagine a world in which no king abdicates his throne for love, no man changes his mind and everyone proceeds to carry out with logi-

cal precision a career he mapped out for himself at the age of ten — all the excitement of life would be gone. There would be no literature because there would be no human weakness, no upsetting passion and, worst of all, no surprises. Human fallibility is the very essence of the color of life. If we were all perfectly rational we would degenerate into automatons, the human mind serving merely to register certain impulses as unfailingly as a gas meter.

Above all, I do not believe that any civilization can be called complete until it has made a conscious return to simplicity. The wisdom of life consists in the elimination of nonessentials, and of finding contentment in those things closest to us — the enjoyment of the home, of everyday living, and of Nature. I am sure that amidst the hustle and bustle of American life there is a great deal of wistfulness, of the driving desire to be on a plot of grass under tall beautiful trees and *just do nothing*. Although the American may be ashamed of the word "loafing," it is at such moments that his soul utters, "Life is beautiful."

A WOMAN with her hair combed up always looks as if she were going some place, either to the opera or the shower bath — depending on the woman.

— Orson Welles in *Vogue*

❏ The most terrible flood tragedy ever
inflicted upon an American city

The Great Galveston Storm

Condensed from *The North American Review*

Edwin Muller

THERE HAD never been such fine surf bathing on Galveston Beach as there was that first hot week in September, 1900. Great rolling combers swept in from the Gulf of Mexico. Although the barometer was falling and storm warnings were out, Galveston — built on a mile-wide sand bar, its highest point only nine feet above the sea — was not worried. There was hardly a breath of wind, and scientists had assured the city that the long, gentle slope of the sea floor would protect it from storm and flood.

Galveston was a comfortably prosperous town in 1900. It had had a lusty and swashbuckling past — the rendezvous of Jean Lafitte and his pirates; the scene of wars and revolutions under five different flags. But now the town's life was business. With 38,000 inhabitants, it was the fastest growing port on the Atlantic or Gulf seaboard, exporting each year increasing millions of dollars' worth of cotton and grain.

On Friday of that week the surf became too dangerous for bathing; the massive ground swells were now crashing in at express-train speed. Saturday, September 8th, the city

awoke to find half a gale blowing. But there seemed no danger — the wind was from the north, the side of the mainland and the shallow bay.

As the day went on the wind increased relentlessly, and with it came a driving rain. Water piled up against the wharves on the north side of the island and inexplicably it was rising on the Gulf side as well, where the residence section spread down to the beaches. As the water crept up, slowly at first, past the highest flood marks, people in increasing numbers besieged the local Weather Bureau. Its chief, Isaac M. Cline, and his assistants, who had been on duty all night, were gray with anxiety: a West Indian hurricane of the most dangerous kind was headed straight for Galveston. Those living on the Gulf side were advised to abandon their houses and seek the highest ground and the strongest buildings. There was much worse to come.

A whistling sound could be heard now above the deep vibrating hum of the wind. The rain cut like a knife. People hurrying through the streets with their hastily gathered

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(*The North American Review*, Winter, '38)

possessions had to shout to make themselves understood. The Tremont, Galveston's largest hotel, was crowded with frightened refugees. Water was already in the lower streets, houses had begun to go, and the big Bathing Pavilion was breaking to pieces under 20-foot waves.

By three in the afternoon, the lower streets were swift-flowing streams where men struggled waist-deep, leading mules bearing their wives and children. The explosive sound of windows smashing in punctuated the deep, drumlike roll of the great wind. The water supply failed. Then the electric light plant went. Although night was still far off the city was almost dark in the driving rain.

The crowd huddled in the Tremont lobby saw and felt the walls vibrate. Every few minutes an announcement was made of the depth of rising water outside. With each announcement hysteria grew. At last water came through the door, spread in a widening pool over the lobby floor. The crowd fought its way up the stairs, filled the mezzanine, praying and moaning.

No one could escape from the city. The mainland was two miles away, across an inferno of wild water in which no boat could live. All four bridges were down. Men, women and children crouched in their homes, staying close to the walls because that was the safest place if the roof fell. Houses were collapsing, people dying. No one knew when his turn

would come. And still the wind blew on and on.

Then, about eight o'clock, quite suddenly, the wind stopped. Men looked at each other and thanked God — but not those who understood hurricanes, with their calm center inside the whirling periphery.

Within the hour the wind began again — from the southeast now, and wilder than before. The Weather Bureau recorded 84 miles an hour — then the instrument blew away. It was estimated later that the wind reached 120 miles an hour. It struck with the concussion of a great explosion. Uprooted trees were driven through the walls of houses. Solid masses of salt water were blown across the island, choking those who were still outdoors fighting their way to shelter.

No sound could be heard above the great noise of the wind. A man, looking out a window, saw a large house collapse across the street. He saw the timbers rend, the roof and walls come smashing down. But he heard only the wind.

Now the waters covered every foot of the island. Floating wreckage battered against the walls of houses. Slate shingles blown off the roofs filled the air like clouds of feathers. Bodies were found later with the tops of the heads cut cleanly off by them.

In the grim struggle with death, primal instincts were laid bare. Some battled for their lives with the brutal selfishness of animals,

fighting each other for preferred places on the floating wreckage, kicking off those who tried to climb on. Others risked their lives to make rescues.

As the Catholic Orphan Asylum began to cave in, each of the Sisters roped eight infants to herself, then said a prayer and launched out on the current. A few were saved but more were found dead after the storm, still tied together.

Mr. Cline of the Weather Bureau stuck to his post until late in the day, then struggled home to find his family. They were in a solid house in a comparatively safe locality. Finding them secure, he made frequent sorties from his front porch out into the swift current to bring in refugees. Eventually 50 were gathered under his roof.

Battered by the waves and heavy wreckage, quite suddenly the house collapsed; 32 persons were killed, including Cline's wife. He managed to drag his two young children onto some timbers. For two hours they clung on, with only churning water around them. He thought they had been carried out to sea; but at last the raft grounded. Struggling from one pile of wreckage to another, he got the children to higher ground.

The next day he wrote a report to the Washington Weather Bureau that is a classic in the annals of the service — a calm, scientific account of the storm, discussing its causes and suggesting measures of protection against its recurrence.

Death and destruction rose to a final crescendo in the dark hours before midnight. Those who had fled their homes had collected in the churches and schools. Now many of these went down, crushing scores at a time. A hospital with 100 patients collapsed and only eight survived.

Soon after midnight the wind slackened. The water went down and in a few hours only scattered pools remained.

At dawn the survivors crept out of doors. The streets were almost impassable masses of wreckage. Here and there arms and legs stuck out at grotesque angles. Scores of coffins had been washed up from the graveyards and their contents tumbled out with the rest. Over everything was a layer of slime inches deep.

In the lower districts practically all the houses had gone. Half of the city was destroyed. The ships in the harbor had been driven up on dry land, one so far that eventually a canal had to be dug to get it afloat again. One sixth of the population had perished. In the early morning light, half-crazed people wandered around, screaming; others sat quietly in the slime and wreckage, laughing to themselves. Some who had held up bravely through the night collapsed now that the strain was over.

But soon the disciplined habits of civilization asserted themselves. A meeting was called, committees set up, and plans organized to send

boats to the mainland for help and to start burying the dead.

After the storm, the weather cleared. Besides the estimated 6000 human corpses there were more than that number of carcasses of horses and cattle. Under the beating tropical sun, the stench was incredible. Billions of flies settled down and buzzards clouded the sky. Pestilence seemed inevitable.

Again panic gripped Galveston. Plans for decent burial were abandoned. The corpses were loaded onto barges and towed out to sea. Groups went through the streets dragging bodies from the wreckage, lassoing them as they floated in the shallow pools. No one could stand the work long. The burial parties were filled with liquor, and men stood over them with rifles forcing them to work. At the waterfront, hysterical crowds searching for lost relatives had to be restrained by force. Many of the bodies cast into the sea washed back to shore. Then it was decided to pile the bodies where they were found and burn them. All were treated alike, whether longshoremen or prominent citizens.

Looting began the day after the storm. Several men were found with pockets bulging with human fingers — the corpses were too swollen for the rings to come off. Martial law was quickly declared. When a looter was found at work there was no trial; he was promptly shot.

Those were grim weeks. Men worked day and night — not look-

ing ahead, just striving desperately to keep up with things that must be done at once. Help poured in from every part of the country — food and tents and medical supplies. But most of the work had to be done by the men and women of Galveston.

Then came the question of the future. To some the task of reconstruction seemed hopeless. They advised that the survivors abandon their sand bar and start life anew on the mainland. But, in its first edition after the flood, the *Galveston News* carried the banner: "Galveston Shall Rise Again." The citizens set themselves a ten-year program of hard work and self-denial. They adopted the commission form of government — the first American city to do so — and began to rebuild.

Galveston today is again prosperous and comfortable. The great Sea Wall, costing over \$1,000,000, runs for seven and a half miles along the Gulf, 17 feet above the tide. It has had its test. In 1915 there was another hurricane, almost as violent as that of 1900. This time only 12 lives were lost and the property damage was comparatively small.

The grade of half the city has been raised by sand sucked up from the Gulf — in some places to 19 feet above sea level. Galveston's population is up to 59,000; its exports and imports have doubled. It is a good, average American community — safe from a recurrence of its historic tragedy.

A Call to Life

Condensed from *Hygeia*

William R. P. Emerson, M.D.

Author of "The Diagnosis of Health"

DEATH from old age is so infrequent as to be almost a medical phenomenon. Usually, the life processes collapse prematurely under the weight of preventable disease. True, human life on the average has been prolonged 20 years during the past century, but that record is due almost entirely to the reduction of infant and child mortality. After 35, life has not been extended a single year in the last two generations. Between 50 and 70, life expectancy is not so great as it was a century ago, despite the brilliant achievements of medicine and surgery. What sinister forces, then, are threatening our lives with premature extinction? More important, what can we do to check them?

The nine principal causes of death in the United States are, in order: heart disease, cancer, apoplexy, pneumonia, accidents, nephritis (kidney trouble), tuberculosis, diabetes and appendicitis. The striking fact is that death from all these diseases can be delayed five to 20 years, and in some cases prevented entirely!

The first positive step in circum-

venting death is extremely simple. Everyone *knows* that presenting oneself to a doctor for an annual overhauling is the best insurance against physical disaster. But how few act upon this knowledge! In a large group of well-to-do men, I recently found that 20 percent had never had a complete physical examination, and 42 percent had had none for five years. Failure to have frequent physical check-ups, beginning with childhood, is reckless neglect.

By detecting the first signs of deterioration in our organs these periodic examinations can forestall death. If, for example, a urinalysis shows too much sugar, the doctor may suspect that the patient is suffering from diabetes. Diet often controls this condition; in advanced cases, insulin enables the patient to live out his full span of active useful years. If the urine reveals an excess of albumen and red blood cells, the kidneys are not functioning effectively. The physician may also uncover focal infection of tonsils, sinuses and teeth — potent causes of heart trouble and arthritis. Early tissue changes in tuberculosis

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(*Hygeia*, December, '38)

and cancer can be positively detected by X ray, thus paving the way for treatment which can defeat premature death.

Deaths from heart failure are nearly triple those from any other cause. And if we include apoplexy — shock resulting from the explosion of terminal arteries in the brain — the number of deaths from circulatory diseases equals that of all the others! Yet this slaughter can be stopped if two great evils prevalent in modern life can be obliterated — *habitual overfatigue* and *chronic overeating*. As we increase both the pace and the freight of our lives, toxic substances are formed in the body. To eliminate these poisons, an extra load of blood must be picked up by the heart and arteries. Blood pressure shoots up, the whole machine is wracked unceasingly, until at last heart failure or apoplexy claims another victim.

Overfatigue and the resulting high blood pressure are remedied by a program of skillfully managed rest. Even a short period of complete nervous and physical relaxation before meals produces a marked decrease in this symptom. In 78 cases among policyholders and employes of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, blood pressures were reduced from 15 to 25 percent by a program of rest before meals, plus a judicious diet.

Too much food not only lessens our efficiency, but poisons us with the toxins of incomplete digestion.

We store fat in great slabs over the hips and abdomen; the fatter we get, the heavier the load that is placed upon heart, arteries and kidneys. Death moves a pace nearer; after the age of 35, mortality increases one percent for every pound of overweight! If you are overweight now, reduce your food intake sufficiently to lose one pound a week until you are standard for your height, build, and age. Sensible reducing is the best possible life assurance.

Within the past few years, serums have been developed that are so efficient for certain types of pneumonia that mortality from this cause has markedly decreased. But it is of the utmost importance that diagnosis of the type of pneumonia be made within the first two or three days. Fortunately the diagnosis is comparatively simple. Pneumonia is usually ushered in by a chill and a rapid climb in temperature. There is a cough and blood-streaked sputum, and the face is flushed. From a laboratory analysis of this sputum, the type of pneumonia can be determined and the proper serum administered.

Thirty years ago tuberculosis, then called the "great white plague," ranked first in the causes of death. Now it ranks seventh, and promises to drop still lower. Its cure, according to Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, founder of the modern treatment for tuberculosis, is to "open the window, go to bed, and keep your

nerve." Though the fight against this plague has resulted in an outstanding medical triumph, tuberculosis is still a killer, especially of youth. Every boy and girl should be taught to be open-air-minded, and should be protected from overstrain in work or play. If an adolescent is underweight, there is always a serious cause. By the tuberculin test, the X ray, and sputum examinations, physicians can spot tuberculosis early and effect a cure.

Appendicitis, ninth on the list of killers, is usually preceded by mild attacks of indigestion, with sharp abdominal pain. If these symptoms are present, cathartics should be avoided; dosing oneself with a physic may lead to a ruptured appendix and peritonitis, often fatal. If you have recurring attacks of low abdominal pain without apparent cause, you should suspect that your appendix is affected; prompt surgical intervention is the only certain remedy.

There is no cure for cancer in its late stages. Our safeguard is in its early diagnosis and removal — one more reason for a complete physical examination yearly. Do not procrastinate until you show a marked loss of weight, or a prominent growth. Regard with suspicion all surface lesions and nodular growths, or any protracted constipation or gastric disturbance. Reporting these to your doctor may be the clue he needs for prompt detection of early cancer. Surgery, X ray and radium

are the only recognized agents in the control of cancer; do not be fooled by quacks who tell you otherwise.

That leaves only accidents, fifth greatest killer of all. And it has been demonstrated repeatedly that accidents — in the home, in the factory, and on the highway — can be prevented by simple care, courtesy and foresight.

And there you have the nine big reasons why we may expect to die younger than if we had lived a century ago. The tragedy is not that these causes of death are unavoidable; it is our indifference to them. We all want to enjoy good health and live out our natural span. But what, in the name of folly, are we actually doing?

We are spending \$500,000,000 yearly for patent medicines that do more harm than good — more than is paid for the services of all doctors put together. We consult our physician only when sick — sometimes too late for any hope of cure. And we have become victims of an artificial mode of life that disregards the very fundamentals of health.

To prolong our lives and to maintain buoyant health while doing so, we must undertake a double program. For the young, we must extend a technique of infant care that has already prolonged life by ten years. We must weigh and measure growing boys and girls every month, and investigate causes which send them below standard. For adult life, we must continue these

physical examinations every year to prevent disease, and maintain a daily program of regular living that assures the essentials of health — open air, proper foods in amounts sufficient to maintain correct weight,

regular exercise and the prevention of overfatigue.

Death's challenge is perennial, sharp. Our program to defeat it is simple and effective. And the reward? Life itself!

¶ Various polls indicate a trend toward a middle-of-the-road policy

Public Opinion Today

Condensed from *Banking*

George Gallup

Director, American Institute of Public Opinion

DURING the past few years the American Institute of Public Opinion has conducted scores of surveys touching on the public's attitude toward business. These scientific samplings sounded the opinions of thousands of people in all walks of life, from the wealthy investor to the poorest workman on the W.P.A. The results indicate clearly that business and business men are regaining public favor.

Early in the depression, when men were losing their jobs and homes, business leadership was seriously questioned. The feeling grew that the people had been sold down the river by the captains of finance and industry. The revela-

tion of inside deals and stock juggling placed a heavy onus on Wall Street and the bankers.

As a result, the country turned from business leaders and rode along with political reformers who promised correction of abuses that business had failed to correct.

Institute surveys detected the beginning of a change in this sentiment in 1937, when the sitdown strikes then flourishing were found to be highly unpopular with the great masses — even with many union members. A survey of public sentiment at the time of the General Motors sitdown strike, for example, showed a majority sympathizing with the company.

The basic reason why business seems now to be coming back into popular favor is that the trend of public opinion is toward middle-of-the-road policies in national affairs. In recent surveys of public opinion on how to help bring about recovery, there is a growing sentiment for removing many restrictions on business. Only four years ago, on the contrary, "regulation" of business was the popular watchword. With a few exceptions, the extreme types of reform have passed the heyday of popularity. In spite of President Roosevelt's personal prestige with the voters, one significant survey found that 66 percent of the voters want his administration to become more conservative.

But there will be no going back to the "good old days" before 1929. The President was mistaken when he attempted to define conservatives as those who want to "return to the kind of government we had in the twenties." Many of the reforms which the New Deal has imposed on business are heartily approved by conservatives themselves. Surveys have repeatedly found that voters who classify themselves as conservatives and who vote for conservative candidates, favor the present social security laws almost as much as do the liberals. Both conservatives and liberals approve the principle of government responsibility for the destitute unemployed. Almost half of the voters who label themselves

conservative favor the new wage-hour legislation, for which many Republican Congressmen voted.

More than 60 percent of *investors* themselves approve of federal regulation of the stock exchanges, and the general public shares the same view. The regulation of utility holding companies is favored by 86 percent of voters who have an opinion on the subject, and Secretary Hull's reciprocal treaties are approved by more than seven voters in every ten. The guaranteeing of bank deposits by the F.D.I.C. is accepted by a large majority of voters.

But there are other reforms which have caused an unfavorable public reaction. Among voters who have an opinion, surveys show a 2-to-1 majority favoring reduction of the undistributed profits tax, and revision of the Labor Act. Labor's right to band together into unions for collective bargaining is approved 2 to 1, but 7 out of 10 favor federal regulation of unions, and an even greater majority (86 percent) think unions should be required to incorporate. Also, the conservative type of labor leader is definitely preferred to the militant type. Asked which labor leader they liked better, Green or Lewis, voters throughout the country decided 2 to 1 for Green.

Despite crosscurrents of opinion, what the public seeks, by and large, is the center path between ultra-liberalism and ultra-conservatism.

A unique statewide orchestra promotes music appreciation and community fellowship in scores of small towns

Vermont Symphony

Condensed from Survey Graphic

Earl P. Hanson

WHEN a symphony orchestra, organized without federal aid or a millionaire's backing, wins enthusiastic support from rural audiences in the very stronghold of Yankee conservatism — and furthermore does its work with such skill that leading musicians endorse it and Metropolitan Opera stars are glad to appear with it as soloists — then something unique is happening in American life.

The Vermont Symphony Orchestra, now in its fourth year, is the first and only rural symphonic ensemble in the United States. Of its 60 players, 40 are amateurs, drawn from all walks of life. They live in all parts of Vermont and play in all parts. Twice a week they have to travel in their own cars as much as 50 miles to practice. William Skeeles, a paperhanger in Rutland, plays the tuba. Paul Bourdon, who plays bass, is a young lawyer of Woodstock, Vermont. L. R. Ellis, a jeweler, and Frank de Pasquale, a shipping clerk, play the clarinet.

Cyril O'Brien, the first trumpet, is a mail carrier in Burlington. The second trombone, Joseph Seff, carries the mail in Rutland. Each walks

his 17 miles, rain or shine, before going to rehearsals. Albert Flagg, bass, is a surveyor; Fred Keighley, trombone, is a barber. There are 18 women in the orchestra — housewives, teachers, stenographers.

The first credit for the orchestra is due to a young musician named Alan Carter, a student of music since the age of six, and an experienced conductor, who had organized in 1923 the now well-known Cremona quartet. In 1934 Carter found himself in Vermont, his health run down, harassed by financial and other worries over his quartet.

Falling in love with the quiet charm of Vermont, he determined to stay in the state and organize a state symphony orchestra. His enthusiasm inspired a group of acquaintances, and a corporation was formed to take charge. An advising board of directors is made up of 16 professional people — musicians, doctors, financiers, artists, writers, lawyers. Its secretary is Dr. Clarence Ball, one of Vermont's leading surgeons and a national authority on cancer. People like Dorothy Canfield Fisher, the novelist, David Parsons, sculptor, and Samuel Ogden, poli-

tician and maker of wrought-iron hardware, comprise the rest of the board. Financial support of the orchestra, however, comes from the moderate admissions paid to its concerts.

When Carter started the Vermont Symphony Orchestra, he tackled what most experts would have called an impossible job. The whole State of Vermont has a population about the size of Rochester, New York. Rochester has a good symphony orchestra — it has the concentration of population and wealth to support one. Vermont is a rural state. Not a single one of its cities has the population, the wealth, the mental attitude that veteran symphony men consider essential. Carter started a movement that by now entails the staggering total of some 20,000 man-miles of travel for every concert.

The orchestra plays in community halls, churches, farmers' granges, or whatever is available. A cavalcade of cars, loaded with the musicians and all their paraphernalia, descends on one small Vermont town after another. Recently Carter invited me to a concert in the peaceful town of Manchester. There was a traveling carnival in town that day. The concert hall in this case proved to be the race track of the fairground near the carnival. When we arrived in the afternoon, various members of the orchestra were scurrying like ants, erecting a platform on wooden horses, placing chairs,

sweeping the grandstand, distributing cushions, pasting numbers on the benches of the reserved sections.

It was a sweltering day. Players arrived in cars from all parts of the state, dripping with perspiration. At last enough had arrived to start rehearsing; a dozen players had to miss that last rehearsal; they had jobs that did not permit them to take the day off.

Symphony-playing calls for perhaps the ultimate refinement in teamwork. The amateur musician is apt to look at his own score and be entranced by the tones of his own fiddle, but the professional player in an orchestra submerges his own individuality in that of the group. The amateur has feelings that mustn't be hurt lest he quit, the professional takes it as part of his job to be bullied in a completely impersonal manner. Carter's ingenious plan of having some 20 professionals among his amateurs gives the latter a chance to absorb the professional spirit. At the same time it injects a solid core of professional workmanship into the inevitable looseness of amateur enthusiasm.

Watching the conductor during rehearsal, I could understand his astonishing success in welding that group of enthusiasts into one musical unit. While wrestling with sections of the platform and arranging chairs, Carter had been amiable. But he became the complete martinet the minute he had the baton in his hands.

Unrelentingly he put the perspiring musicians through this passage or that; he jumped up and down; he shouted snatches of the melody at them. Working himself up to a pitch, he instilled what he characteristically calls "that umpff" in his orchestra, demanding that they not only play in a professional manner but that they also sit and look like professionals—never afraid to give them hell, though always careful to direct the hell at entire sections, lest temperamental individuals feel singled out and go home in a dudgeon.

During the rehearsal, faint strains of the carnival's steam calliope could be heard whenever the orchestra didn't drown them out. Somebody went over to ask the manager to shut off the calliope after 8:30 that evening. He said: "I get 10 cents, you get \$2; I think we'll keep going."

He did keep going, but that evening Carter made his audience forget musical competition. Incidentally the carnival manager was wrong about the \$2. The orchestra, trying to popularize good music, charges \$2 only for the flossiest box seats; general admission is 50 cents. Next year Carter plans to send buses around to collect the farm children who have never heard good music in their lives, and bring them to concerts for entirely nominal fees.

That night in Manchester, the grandstand was packed by an audience composed of dowagers and farmers, summer visitors and natives, rich and poor, white and

black. There were many who had never listened to symphonic music before. But when the concert was over, hundreds of beaming people flocked from the grandstand to shake the hand of the conductor.

This was the race track of the fairground, where farmers were wont to watch the trotting horses, drink sodapop, and listen to the town band. And here were 60 musicians who looked, acted, and played like professionals, but who were home town folks just the same, adding Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, Bach, and Schumann to the music of rural America.

In all the crowd, none was more enthusiastic than Maestro Artur Bodanzky, chief director of the Metropolitan Opera's orchestra, who had drifted over from his home in Dorset to see what was going on. Bodanzky had heard better symphonic music; he had heard much that was worse; he had heard little that was more significant.

The praise of a hard-shell Vermont farmer who had come to town to visit the carnival was even more reassuring. He had blundered to the orchestra's entertainment on the race track by mistake, but stayed in the spirit of trying anything once. After the concert he talked to me, his face shining. "By gum," he said, "that beats a movie all hollow. Those fellows can come back here any time they want."

From the first, Carter recognized the impossibility of getting all his

players together regularly for rehearsals; he holds the semiweekly rehearsals in two sections — one in Rutland and one in Burlington; only occasionally can the whole ensemble rehearse together.

Skeptical Vermonters said that the arrangement would doom the whole venture. Rutland and Burlington had never been known to work together on anything before. In the early days the members of the Rutland section would hardly talk to members of the Burlington section, and the playing was often marred by one group trying to outdo the other.

Carter's success in welding a finished, craftsmanlike ensemble in the face of such obstacles is remarkable.

Furthermore, he is building for permanence. To supply trained talent he has started three training orchestras, which not only feed musicians into the Symphony, but also do much to foster music appreciation in their home towns.

The training orchestra in Bur-

lington is composed of 50 children, whom Carter directs once a week. Already two boys and two girls have graduated from that orchestra into the major ensemble. In Montpelier 40 amateur players have been organized. Carter visits the city once a month, while the group practices and performs regularly under the baton of Mrs. Frances Bailey, wife of Vermont's commissioner of education. That group has already graduated seven members into the main orchestra. Three other members have come from the Community Orchestra in Springfield.

There is a widespread notion that only those whose ears and senses have been trained can enjoy symphonic music. Carter has abolished in Vermont the popular fancy that "classical music" is something highbrow, and not of the common people. And he has shown something even more important — that far from being merely a matter of enjoyment, good music can be the source of new community enthusiasm and fellowship.

Illustrative Anecdotes — XXII —

¶ AN ARAB folk tale relates that Pestilence once met a caravan upon the desert-way to Bagdad. "Why," asked the Arab chief, "must you hasten to Bagdad?"

"To take 5000 lives," Pestilence replied.

Upon the way back from the City of the Caliphs, Pestilence and the caravan met again. "You deceived me," the chief said angrily. "Instead of 5000 lives, you took 50,000!"

"Nay," said Pestilence. "Five thousand and not one more. It was Fear who killed the rest."

— Maurice Duhamel, *We Are Not Afraid* (Penn)

Young Man in a Hurry Backwards

From The American Mercury

J. P. McEvoy

BOB HUTCHINS, the "Boy President" of the University of Chicago, will be 40 next year. He is, he will confess with a wry smile, pretty tired after ten years of that "Boy President" stuff. "And publicity too," he adds, "even though I am assured it helps raise funds for the University and spreads abroad my peculiar convictions about education." The night he was awaiting the birth of his second daughter, he purred to the pursuing reporters, "Gentlemen, believe it or not, this is not a publicity stunt."

But Robert Maynard Hutchins is too dynamic in action and too ornamental in repose to escape the photographers, while the reporters who come to sip at the spring of his wisdom remain to dunk in the sauce of his wit. As the youthful Dean of Yale Law School he looked more like the strapping stroke of the Yale crew, but his pronouncement on athletics then was: "I think vigorous physical exercise is an excellent thing — for other people." Today — tall, trim and handsome, he holds with that hero who confessed: "The secret of my abundant health is that whenever the impulse to exercise comes over me, I lie down until it passes away."

Hutchins was born in Brooklyn and started in the public schools there. Later he moved to Oberlin, Ohio, with his father, a Presbyterian minister, who was a Professor of Homiletics — "and if you know what that is, you know more than the professors know," drawls Hutchins, as he wraps his long legs into an interesting design and continues: "Oberlin Prep, Oberlin College, into the Army — they loaned me to the Italians who returned me two years later with a war cross which I've lost — then Yale, where I supported myself by organizing a coöperative tutoring bureau. At 22 I persuaded Yale to give me a degree and Miss Maude Phelps McVeigh, a gifted young sculptress, to marry me."

A year of teaching and Hutchins went back to Yale to study law, started teaching it the day after he graduated — in two years was made Dean of the Law School, and two years later, at the incredible age of 30, was formally inaugurated the fifth President of the University of Chicago.

It wasn't long before he drove through the "Chicago Educational Plan." He shook up the whole University, eliminated required class

attendance and course credits, stopped treating college students as children to be coaxed or coerced. "The purpose of education is not to settle your minds or fill you with unnecessary information or righteous dogma, or reform you, amuse you, teach you a trade, or give you social prestige. You come to college to learn to think — think straight if possible, but to think, always for yourselves — to learn to read, discuss, and understand — and to do this the old disciplines are needed — Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic and Mathematics — but don't let that scare you — for these are only the arts of Reading, Writing and Reckoning."

On his first day teaching law at Yale, Hutchins walked into class and asked the students if they had seen the assignment for the day. "Yes," they answered. "Any questions?" No questions. Hutchins rose and dismissed the class. On the following day the same procedure. "Any questions?" "No." "Class dismissed." By the third day the students realized that Hutchins was working on the novel assumption that if the students read the material assigned to them and had no questions to ask they had understood the material and had no need of further instruction. After that there were plenty of questions, but they had to be good ones.

The students, except for those who attend his classes, rarely see President Hutchins, although his

house is on the campus. His manner with them collectively is sardonic. Individually he hails them with friendly disdain.

Hutchins is as direct as a child — and twice as frank. About one well-known and highly hostile member of his official family he is reported to have said: "He's crazy, absolutely crazy! I'd fire him in a minute but I'm afraid if he goes somewhere else they'll find he is a genius."

His opponents call him "a dangerous young man in a hurry backwards," because of his emphasis on the importance of Aristotle and Aquinas in the modern curriculum. Last year Westbrook Pegler visited the honors class in the history of ideas, conducted jointly by President Hutchins and Mortimer J. Adler. Hutchins finished off two hours of cerebral pyrotechnics with this: "Metaphysics then, as the highest science, ordered the thought of the Greek world as theology ordered that of the Middle Ages. One or the other must be called upon to order the thought of modern times." Then he turned to Pegler.

"Do you go along with what we've been discussing this evening, Mr. Pegler?"

"I don't know," muttered Pegler. "I fell off the sled at the first turn."

Hutchins complains that the popular ideal of education in America "has been a seat for every child. But what," he asks, "happened to the child's head while his spine was

being supported?" And he answers that the schools try to protect children from mental effort, that they no longer make them think, that they've substituted merely dull work for hard work, and are inculcating assorted fragments of information and dead ideas embalmed in textbooks. "They have piled up unrelated courses designed not to develop minds but to prepare for making money in anything from beauty culture to bond selling. The shifting of responsibility for everything else to the schools can end only with the elimination of education itself from the curriculum."

Hutchins would combine the last two years of high school and the first two years of college, devote these four years to general education and the training of the intellect, by-pass all technical and vocational students into special in-

stitutions, and send to the University only the cream of the rest.

Hutchins' absorption with classical education hasn't prevented his being an efficient administrator of a \$125,000,000 institution. During the depression he refused to cut faculty salaries, but cut the administrative staff instead, including himself. He has reduced 80 separate budgets to 12, has expanded the building program, revitalized the teaching staff and the student body, and has made a number of distinguished appointments to the faculty — the most recent, ex-President Benes of Czechoslovakia.

Hutchins' own statement of accomplishment was reprinted in Yale's *Daily News* from Chicago's *Maroon*: "Compared with the University of Chicago, Yale is a boys' finishing school."

American Newsreel

☞ AN ACTUAL Reno divorce will be a feature of the Golden Gate International Exposition. During Nevada Week, Reno is expected to move lock, stock and barrel to Treasure Island, so that one of the Reno judges may hold court and hand down an Exposition decree to some glamorous member of the colony.

— *San Francisco Call-Bulletin*

☞ OTHER MEANS having failed, a blowtorch is being used to remove the lipstick kisses that happy divorcees plant on the Reno courthouse stone pillars in the first flush of freedom.

— *Newsweek*

☞ *Sign in front of a clergyman's house in Salem, New Hampshire, a Yankee Gretna Green:* We marry you in your car. Please turn off the motor.

— Neal O'Hara

☞ Japan wants our money to help her conquer
China — but not our commerce afterwards

Japan's War and America's Trade

Condensed from *Foreign Affairs*

Nataniel Peffer

Author of "The White Man's Dilemma," "Must We Fight in Asia?"

ONE ARGUMENT about possibilities in the Far East, employed quietly by Japan, is tending to reconcile Western opinion to the prospect of China's absorption into the Japanese political and economic system.

Briefly the argument is this: Japanese victory over China will actually be of material advantage to the West, for Japanese control of China will mean the more speedy development of China's resources. True, the West would participate in the ensuing profits at one remove. But the profits to be shared will be greater than any conceivable without the help of Japanese "law and order." True, also, American, British and other Western enterprises will be evicted from China as they have been from Manchukuo, and foreign interests will henceforth have to use Japanese concerns as intermediaries. Yet through Japan the West would sell more to China than it does now and would be able to invest more capital in China than it does now.

For Japan is efficient and technologically advanced, whereas China is not. Japan can ensure stable

government in China; the Chinese cannot. Under Japanese control the great Chinese market, long a myth, will become a reality. Open Door or no Open Door, without industrialization the Chinese market will remain meager. With the industrialization possible only under Japanese tutelage, the purchasing power of 400,000,000 Chinese can be expanded and the world will find the commercial outlet it so sorely needs. Western individuals and firms now established in China will suffer, of course. But to British and American industry as a whole, and to British and American factory workers, it matters little whether products are sold to China directly, or indirectly through Japanese firms.

This argument is being presented plausibly by the unofficial Japanese representatives who are seeking to get credits in London and New York — the credits without which Japan cannot capitalize on victory if she wins, and without which she even may not win. If influential groups in these cities should be induced to furnish credits to Japan they will do so largely because they find the argument tempting.

One point in all this must be cleared at the outset. From the day China signs a treaty of submission (if she does), the Open Door will become a historical vestige. Discriminatory tariff schedules, customs regulations, import and export rulings will be imposed. Credit will be niggardly for Chinese who continue to buy from Europeans or Americans. Freight cars with foreign shipments will be mysteriously misdirected or lost. Foreign shipments in customs houses will be mysteriously damaged or will be found subject to heavy penalties. Foreign factories will be unceasingly inspected and penalized. The past clearly indicates this. Japanese rule in Manchukuo has now lasted seven years. An American business man may be found there by diligent search; but he usually proves a transitory phenomenon. The same holds true for Korea.

The non-Japanese world will be excluded in the same way from China if Japan secures political power there. The loss would be far from negligible. China's foreign trade has increased steadily in the last generation. From 1912, the year after the founding of the republic, to 1930, when war and world depression introduced abnormal factors, it has increased more than two and a half times. In the same period American exports to China rose from one percent of the total American export to more than three percent, with the result that the United

States became the largest single exporter to China.

Steps already taken by Japan in China indicate clearly her desire for exclusive domination of that country. The so-called Federal Reserve Bank established in Peiping attaches the currency of North China to the yen, so that while it is possible to buy foreign exchange in countries other than Japan, it is not feasible to do so. More important are two gigantic holding companies, half their capital subscribed by the government, one for North China, the other for Central China. The North China Development Company has been granted the management of telegraphs, telephones, electric power, gas works, water works and transportation. Subsidiary companies have monopolies of wool, tobacco, coal, iron and oil, to the exclusion of foreign companies that formerly operated.

Advocates of the theory that Japanese tutelage will open China to Western trade make loose generalizations about the wealth that will flow thence when, for example, North China is brought within the system of industrial production, her resources unlocked to the world, her inhabitants given a higher standard of living and the means to satisfy it.

But what is it that Japan wants from North China? Raw materials mainly: iron, coal, salt, and above all cotton, in order to emancipate herself from dependence on the

American supply. North China's role is that of reservoir of raw materials. Its population will remain predominantly a peasant population. Only such light industries will be established as can produce certain simple goods for local consumption more cheaply than they can be produced in Japan. There will be no industries that can compete with Japan's.* In short, Japan will be the manufactory, North China the source of supply of raw materials. What, then, is offered to Western trading interests? What machinery will they sell, how many automobiles and typewriters and radios? Without a balanced industrialization and the earning power that goes with industrialization, what will the inhabitants use to pay for imported articles? Peasants live at subsistence level.

China is to be "coördinated" in the authoritarian sense, primarily for Japan's military power, and then to assure Japanese self-sufficiency. Exchange, production and trade will be rationed. Europe has already shown us what free enter-

*See The Reader's Digest, September, '38, page 61, "Japan's Vampire Policy," for a statement of the Japanese razing of 6000 Chinese industrial plants in the Shanghai district alone.

prise may expect under such a system.

Western countries will have no place in China under Japanese control. China — colony, protectorate or "independent" ally of Japan after the fashion of Manchukuo — will not be quite closed to Western enterprise. A little trade may steal through the interstices left by Japan's own deficiencies in raw materials. A certain amount of steel will be sold for, say, the railways that Japan builds either to export certain natural resources or to satisfy strategic necessities. Japan may permit the sale of capital goods which she herself is not yet able to produce and which she thinks China must have right away. Other countries may be called on to supply what the Japanese regime requires to attain its own ends. But no more.

Western countries could expect much more than this in normal course if China were to remain independent, even though her independent development might not be so spectacular as in the first few years of Japanese domination. For Western countries to provide credits to Japan in the belief that Japan will act as their pioneer traveling salesman in Eastern Asia is to underwrite their own undoing.

We learn from history that we learn nothing from history.
— Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel

The end of the human race will be that it will eventually die of civilization. — Ralph Waldo Emerson

"If I Only Had the Money!"

Condensed from *Your Life*

Kathleen Norris

Author of numerous best sellers

ONCE I KNEW a woman whose favorite dream was of what she would do for others if she only had money.

She herself was comfortably though modestly supported for every one of her 80 years; first by her father, then by two successive husbands. I say "comfortably," but she did not think so. "Oh, it maddens me," she used to say, "to be tied down to eternal dishes and dusting, when, if I only had a little money I could do so much. I'd love to open a garden club for lonely old women, have them live there amid flowers and sunshine, serve them tasty little meals — for I would have two good maids. . . ." Or she'd voice the wish to gather up a few tired shop girls and take them off into the mountains for a long holiday, or some other generous deed.

I was a young girl when I knew this woman who was praised by so many for her "big heart." My life was filled with difficulty and strain, and in almost every phase of it she could have helped without spending any money at all.

We were six orphans whose ages ranged from six to 21; the aunt who lived with us was very frail, sometimes in bed for weeks at a time. Three of the children were in school;

my own job in a hardware store required me to work from 8:30 to 5:30. My neighbor, who often came in to sit with my aunt, pitied us warmly, but not once in those hard years did I come home to find that she had darned a stocking or dusted the living-room furniture.

Her sister, struggling with a family of small children, lived across the Bay. "If I only had money," my neighbor told my aunt over and over again, "I'd buy Bessie a lovely house and provide her with servants." But she never went over and tied on an apron and sent Bessie off for a blessed day of rest.

The simple truth is that while poverty may be hard and humiliating to ourselves, it does not restrict what we can do for others. We can give gloriously, generously, inexhaustibly, without ever opening our purses.

I know an elderly woman who lives on \$60 a month, but her meager means haven't prevented her from going every day for ten years to a neighbor's house to help care for a bedridden and trying old man.

She gets him into a chair, makes his bed, cleans his room, settles him with books and cards, and goes her way. Just what this means to his overworked daughter, nobody but

the God of good neighbors and the daughter's grateful heart knows.

Another woman gathers up neighborhood children on hot summer mornings, collects 15 cents for each one, and carries them off to the beach for the day. She brings each a big sandwich, pays their carfare, and gives each one five cents for a chocolate bar or cone. If some grate-

ful mother adds a dollar or two once a season then they all patronize the concessions. Otherwise they wade, dig, picnic and have happiness enough that way. This costs my friend only her own carfare. It isn't as expensive as a movie.

The greatest gift in the world, to those around us, is the gift of love, and love doesn't cost money.



Extra-Curricular

FOR A PREMIUM ranging from 50 cents for freshmen to 35 cents for seniors, the Students' Protective Insurance Company, formed last year by students of Providence College, Rhode Island, sells "exam insurance." The company provides each policyholder with a special syllabus of "hot tips" on a course; if the student fails to make a passing grade it pays the additional examination fees to the college: \$2 for the first try, \$5 each for the next two. The plan is being adopted by students at Boston College, Columbia University, Princeton, and the University of California.

STUDENTS of Denver University have evolved a new method of earning money for their college expenses: party driving. "Party drivers" guarantee sober driving for other students on

parties. Of late, police starting to arrest drivers of cars filled with shouting, singing students have been checked by the explanation: "I'm a party driver."

—UP

LAST MAY, 20-year old Stanley Fiese of St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa, got the idea of organizing collegiate hitchhikers; spent the summer thumbing his way around, enlisting members. By autumn he had distributed 25 charters, covering 500 members of Registered Collegiate Thumbers. For a 50-cent fee, members receive an R.C.T. emblem as a roadside high-sign, and a certified identification card bearing on the reverse a legal waiver releasing from liability in case of accident any motorist kind enough to offer a lift. Thumber Fiese plans to enlist 800 more colleges.

—Time

Childhood Recollections

Charlie Chaplin

Quoted by Beverley Nichols in "The Star-Spangled Manner"

WHEN I WAS at school in London's East End, there was only one time of year when we had a treat: at Christmas we were given an orange and a packet of sweets. For months ahead I dreamed of my Christmas present. I decided exactly what I would do with it. I would keep the orange and sweets under my jersey, held up by my belt, and I would make them last as long as I possibly could.

First I would eat a little of the orange peel; that would last several days. Then I would eat the orange itself, a section at a time, so as to spread the

orange over a fortnight. Then I would begin on the sweets. I decided I would have one a day, sucking a little in the morning, a little in the afternoon, and the last bit at night. I should never crunch it up — that would have been gross extravagance.

But I never had any sweets or any orange. On the day before Christmas I was in disgrace: I was so excited that I forgot to make my bed. Most of the boys thought it rather funny, but two of them knew the tragedy I was going through. They each gave me a sweet. I made those two sweets last a fortnight.

(Doubleday, Doran)

James Weldon Johnson

From "The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man"

ONE DAY near the end of my second term at school, the principal came into our room and said: "I wish all of the white scholars to stand for a moment." I rose with the others. My teacher looked at me and said: "You sit down for the present, and rise with the others." I did not quite understand her, and she repeated, in a softer tone.

I sat down dazed. When the others were asked to rise, I did not know it. School was dismissed, and I went out in a kind of stupor. A few white boys jeered: "Oh, you're a nigger, too." I heard some black children say: "We knew he was colored."

Hurrying home, I rushed up to my little room, shut the door and went quickly to the looking glass. For an

instant I was afraid to look, then I looked long and earnestly. I saw the ivory whiteness of my skin, the liquid darkness of my eyes, the glossiness of my dark hair. Finally I rushed downstairs to my mother. "Mother, tell me, am I a nigger?"

Tears came into my mother's eyes. I looked at her critically for the first time. I had thought of her as the most beautiful woman in the world; now I could see that her skin was almost brown, that her hair was not so soft as mine. "You are as good as anybody," she said. "If anyone calls you a nigger, don't notice them."

"But mother," I asked, "am I white? Are you white?"

She answered tremblingly: "No."

(Knopf)

¶ The story of Emmeline Pankhurst's fight
for woman suffrage

Gentle Amazon

Condensed from The Washington Post

Donald Culross Peattie

Author of "Singing in the Wilderness," "A Prairie Grove," etc.

ENGLAND considered her a public enemy, and tried to keep her in prison; America read of her antics and laughed. But Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant martyr who fought the now-forgotten fight for Woman Suffrage in the 1900's, was neither dangerous nor ridiculous. She was, instead, a cultivated lady, completely feminine, frail in body and sensitive in spirit, a widow with four children and the slenderest of incomes. But she was consecrated to the passionate belief that her sex, if given the franchise, could right the injustices, cruelties and squalor that she saw all around her.

For 40 years women in Victorian England had been campaigning earnestly for the vote. As a young woman Emmeline Goulden had felt instinctively the justice of their arguments. Her own parents, though professed liberals, were bewilderingly partial to her brothers. Her education counted for little in contrast with theirs. She had to make the home attractive to them — no special thought was given to her comfort. Her resentment against this Victorian code grew with her

experience. And her marriage in 1879 to Dr. Richard Pankhurst, a liberal politician who believed in women's rights, forged this resentment into a weapon of steel. And she found plenty to resent.

In the workhouse of which Mrs. Pankhurst became one of the governing board, old women had to sit on backless benches; pregnant girls were kept at hard labor till the hour of childbirth; little girls, without underclothes and coughing with bronchitis, spent long winter hours on their knees scrubbing cold stone corridors. Mrs. Pankhurst found women teachers were paid less than men, though they taught more classes. Women elected to municipal governing boards to deal with women's affairs were ousted from office by men judges. Legally the English woman was an infant; she might hope for chivalry and protection, but never for justice and independence. Wherever Mrs. Pankhurst turned in protest, she met the scornful opposition of aldermen, clergymen, statesmen. The established order was sacred; to wish to change it was either sentimental or treasonable and irrel-

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(*The Washington Post, November 6, '38*)

gious. For more than 25 years she and her followers worked strenuously to break down by argument the walls of prejudice.

Then, according to tradition, Arthur Balfour advised Emmeline Pankhurst to "kick up a row." From that day, men who had never heard of woman suffrage read daily in the papers of "suffragette outrages." Window-smashing and arson were common news. Church ceremonies were interrupted, royalty "insulted," and the sanctity of British sport was despoiled.

She had found the Englishman's vulnerable spot; he hates scenes and sensationalism. Women treated him to nothing else. Their price for calling off the rumpus was the vote.

It was Mrs. Pankhurst's own daughter, Christabel, who announced in 1905, "I shall sleep in prison tonight," and set out with Annie Kenney, a mill hand, to heckle Sir Edward Grey, a Government candidate in Manchester. When Annie Kenney asked him what the government proposed to do on woman suffrage, he refused to answer. Christabel arose and put the same question. The hall went into an uproar. The girls were punched in the face, kicked, and thrown down the steps of the hall, bleeding. When they arose and tried to speak, they were arrested and jailed.

From that time on no candidate was allowed to pussyfoot the burning issue. Women followed Winston

Churchill around from meeting to meeting, heckling him unmercifully. Lloyd George told his listeners, when women questioned him, to "pay no attention to the mewling of those cats."

Another Pankhurst daughter, Sylvia, and Annie Kenney gathered up the women of London's slums and marched to Caxton Hall, where Mrs. Pankhurst made her first great speech. Stirred by her simple and poignant eloquence, the women advanced on the gates of Parliament and were thrust back by police ordered to prevent their being heard.

From that moment broke out the militant campaign. Fashionable young Emily Davidson placed a bomb in the cellar of Lloyd George's unfinished house. A young woman art student slashed the Sargent portrait of Henry James in the National Gallery; tombs in Westminster Abbey were defaced. Acid was poured in mailboxes; women with hammers smashed the plate glass in stores on Regent and Bond Streets. Outside Dartmoor prison where Mrs. Pankhurst, seized as the instigator of the violence, languished in jail, women sympathizers set fire to the forests. On "Black Friday" when the women again marched to Parliament they were ridden down by mounted police, kicked and beaten. Two were slugged and kicked to death; others chained themselves to the palings so that they could not be dragged away. Clergymen and Oxford and

Cambridge undergraduates and dons railed at them while the police beat them.

In prison, suffragettes fared no better. Mrs. Pankhurst invented the hunger strike and, following her example, hundreds of girls underwent the tortures of forcible feeding by the stomach tube. Mrs. Pankhurst escaped by threatening to bash the doctor's head with a toilet ewer. Other women were overpowered and given forcible bowel feeding. When the Parliament members on the Government benches heard of this they roared with sadistic joy.

With every fresh arrest of the Pankhursts, thousands of converts flocked to the cause. When in a fashionable congregation the prayer was read for the ministers of state, two women got up and chanted, "God save Emmeline Pankhurst." Before vergers could hurl them out, a pious Christian male had smashed one of the women on the nose.

Asquith and McKenna, coming out to play golf at Balmoral Castle, found the flags removed, and signs demanding votes for women in their places. At Epsom on Derby Day, Emily Davidson dashed out in front of the royal box, seized the King's horse by the bridle, and was crushed to death by the animal's fall.

To break the telling effect of the hunger strike, the Government passed the "Cat-and-Mouse Act"—under which prostrate strikers were released until they were well enough to be rejailed and tor-

tured again. Detectives watched Mrs. Pankhurst's home after she was thus let out, and repeatedly dragged her back to jail, fainting and protesting. Girls impersonating her often got themselves arrested, while she escaped by a back door to address a meeting. Once when detectives tried to drag her from the platform, they found it protected by barbed wire which the women had hidden in a screen of flowers. Athletic young women swung Indian clubs in answer to truncheons.

The attention of the King was sought in petition after petition, none of which got further than the Home Secretary's wastebasket. When, finally, Mrs. Pankhurst announced that she would carry a petition to Buckingham Palace personally, one of the largest police forces ever assembled in London barred her from the gate. The Home Secretary, next day, insisted that it would be improper for him to forward a petition from a woman who had been jailed with common criminals.

Once, when the King and Queen were attending the theater, three women, locking themselves in another box, delivered a ten-minute harangue through megaphones on forcible feeding and clubbings, before police could drag them away. A debutante, on being presented to the King, cried, "For God's sake, your majesty, stop forcible feeding!"

Inside Parliament there was uproar. Member after member was

converted, either by the sincerity or the suffering of the suffragettes. By 1913 the Government was on the run; it could not, even with regiments of police, protect cabinet ministers, royalty or property from unarmed women.

The suffragettes' coffers were filled by wealthy sympathizers. Influential people got them out of prison. Great barristers began to defend them. The movement had always been fashionable, and was constantly attracting society girls, college girls, young art students. Some made it a condition with their admirers that they too should join the fight. The angry mobs that were daily worsting the police now had as many men as women in them.

And then, with victory almost in their grasp, Mrs. Pankhurst called off the whole campaign, ordered women everywhere to drop even the demand for the ballot. For England had entered the World War and she believed that women should devote all their energy to winning it.

Probably it was the selfless devotion of women in the death struggle that won men's ultimate admiration. All over the world women were getting the vote, even in Russia. In 1917 victory came easily. Lloyd George, Asquith and others rushed to be on the winning side; Parliament acquiesced. In February, 1918, the Royal Assent was granted, and all British women over 30 could vote. A few years

later the "Flapper Vote" extended the ballot to girls not actually minors.

Strangely enough, victory did not bring happiness to Emmeline Pankhurst. Now that the struggle was won, her purpose in life had died. Her personal life had been sad. The death of her husband ended an almost ideal marriage. A son died. Her daughters quarreled bitterly over policy. She was old and broken. After making several unsuccessful efforts to repair her personal fortunes, Emmeline Pankhurst, once the great radical, agreed, in 1928, to stand on a conservative ticket in London's East End.

In the heart of her district she took a tenement room. All her life she had fought for others against squalor, crowding, misery; now she was their victim. Old memories crowded around her. She would rouse women to one more great battle. . . .

Her daughter, summoned by friends, found her dying. On June 14th her valiant spirit passed over.

Today her statue, like Oliver Cromwell's, stands where the Houses of Parliament can see it. But better than that is the memory, still cherished by those who knew her, of her passionate, mournful voice, and especially of her eyes — those marvelous level eyes that had flashed such scorn upon the hypocritical and cowardly, and gazed in such compassion upon the sorrows of the world.

Dictators — and the Pursuit of Happiness

Condensed from Redbook Magazine

Vincent Sheean

Famous foreign correspondent; author of "Personal History," etc.

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ON MARCH 12th of this year, when millions of Austrians were suddenly informed that they had been "restored" to the German Reich, the sudden change from democratic government to dictatorship had a startling effect. You could actually see it in the streets of Vienna. The ordinary people have been depressed, flattened out by the new regime. They used to speak as they liked. Vienna was the home of political jokes, and the Viennese were the most delightful and expansive people in the world. Now constraint has come over them, chilled them, frightened them.

If you were a typical Viennese you were not "German" at all, but probably of mixed ancestry — Polish or Hungarian, Rumanian or Croatian. But now your children are the children of the German State, Hitler's children, and they are given the psychological training which is dictatorship's insurance against the future. In the schools, public or private, children are taught the same highly colored versions of history, wherein the German virtues are forever extolled, and human development is seen as a steady progression toward the ultimate magnificence of Adolf Hitler. Military drill and parading,

mass singing and excursions, patriotic devotions of all sorts rapidly capture the children's imaginations, as has been shown with complete success in both Italy and Germany. These young people do not ask if a thing is true or beautiful; they ask if it is patriotic, if it conduces to the honor and glory and power of Germany.

So, when you get home from the office at night, your children talk to you in a language you can hardly understand. Fascism has fundamentally estranged them. If they tell you Germany won the war and was cheated only by the peace (which the youth of Germany believes) you cannot argue. The children would not understand; moreover, they might report you at school the next day. They yield so unreservedly to the persuasions of Nazi emotional patriotism that they think their duty to the State is greater than to their parents.

But even if your children, goose-stepping and heil-Hitlering all over the place, do not make you feel strange in the new regime, your newspapers will. The Vienna papers used to be a lively lot, with a great deal of foreign news, reports of the daily happenings of a great city and extensive critical articles on all sub-

jects. They have been cut down with iron discipline to the level of all other German papers, printing the same things day after day: the speeches of Nazi leaders; the Nazi point of view on everything, including the theater and music; news of appointments and changes in the Nazi party itself. Much of the "news" contradicts the evidence of your own eyes and ears. You read, for instance, that there have been only 150 arrests made in the past month, yet you know personally that 200 workmen were rounded up in a single factory the day before yesterday.

If you seek refuge in your favorite café you will run into a whole new set of difficulties. First, a cup of coffee with whipped cream in it, the usual Viennese dissipation in the evening, costs more than it used to. Then, if your cronies gather around, you will be obliged to talk to them upon only the most harmless subjects. Even the waiter can denounce you as an "enemy of the State," and you are liable to arrest without trial at any time. Anybody can be a spy; perhaps one of your cronies is.

It is here — in the realm of ordinary pleasure and casual interests — that dictatorship becomes downright intolerable to many men. You cannot speak as you choose, read what you like, or argue a point of view; you know that your information is censored; that your entertainments are carefully chosen for

you, filtered through the Fascist sieve. You must be content with what the authorities think is good for you. I know men in Italy who have not been near a film theater or play for years, for just this reason, and who pay little or no attention to the daily newspaper. They have simply crumpled under the regime and grown dull and old without the ordinary diversions of a full modern life.

The salvation for all citizens under a dictatorship, of course, is to join the dominant party. Party members are given the illusion, by frequent meetings, speeches, parades and other festivals, that they really control the operation of the State; and party organizations get special rates on railroad and steamboat fares, excursions, theater tickets and concerts. Moreover, a party member is a preferred citizen. In certain important professions which have an influence on the public mind (journalism, for example) only party members are legally permitted to work. It is an advantage in getting and keeping a job to belong to the Fascist party. Even in ordering coffee in a café, or standing in line at the post office, a party button on the lapel of your coat is a positive guaranty of preferment.

Outside the party you may hold your job and stay out of jail if you are cautious and industrious; but that is about the most you can hope for. At any rate, you begin to believe pretty soon that the dictators

are right; you can't help it. Press, pulpit, school, political address, social organization all hammer out a thousand times a day the same opinion — that Hitler has arisen to regenerate Germany and, through Germany's fulfillment, the human race. If you don't fully believe it, you give up arguing against it, even in your own mind. And slowly, insensibly, you drift into that state of benevolent acquiescence which is characteristic of the larger part of the populations of both Germany and Italy; they do not belong to the Fascist parties, but they do not oppose them.

In Italy during the early part of the Ethiopian campaign, I heard no argument of any sort about the morality or justice of decisions then taken by the Duce. The only thing people speculated about was whether he could get away with it — whether England would move, and when.

Strange as it may seem, very few ordinary people in either Italy or Germany think their own nations are aggressive. Even the Italo-German adventure in Spain is represented to be a defense — a defense against "Bolshevism." In the German press (and now the Austrian press as well) the Spanish republic is called *Sowjetspanien* (Soviet Spain); and there seems to be little doubt among the people that the Spanish republic is governed from Moscow.

These extraordinary falsifications of fact are ordered from Berlin. Similarly, the Czechs were put in the

wrong in every dispute, and if a war had arisen it would have been perfectly easy for Hitler to persuade the whole German people that it was a war of defense.

Adult citizens, however, do not want war at all, not even a war of defense. The dread of a general conflict oppresses their minds. They wonder if the wicked machinations of the "Bolshevized" democracies (which include England, France and the United States) cannot be circumvented somehow; they trust their dictators to do so. The young people, on the other hand, will undoubtedly welcome war. The success of both Fascist states has consisted in the systematic exploitation of this emotional inclination among their young people, so that whole generations of war-minded Fascists are scientifically produced to do the bidding of the dictators in the face of the whole world if necessary. Italy already has about two complete Fascist generations, and Germany in five years has very nearly one — that is, trained young people whose minds have never been touched by anything outside Fascist doctrine, Fascist philosophy, and whose highest ideal is sacrifice or death for the party.

In all these respects — constraint, fear, absence of freedom and constitutional guarantees, restrictions on entertainment and information, as well as the permanent estrangement of the children — the lot of an ordinary citizen under the dic-

tatorships is not a desirable one. True, he probably will never starve to death, as the systems of social insurance in both Italy and Germany guarantee him security if his record is blameless. And as time passes and he yields his mind to the ceaseless currents of inspiring nationalistic propaganda (half lies and half distortions) he may derive some pleasure from the sense of patriotic accomplishment — from the successive “victories” in the diplomatic, military, political and industrial fields which are announced to him every day in his newspapers. He may swell his chest slightly when he thinks of his dictator who has bamboozled the wicked democra-

cies, and is soon to dominate the world. These pleasures are, however, illusory; the proof is that thousands upon thousands of Germans and Italians would emigrate if their own authorities and those abroad would permit it.

The dangerous state of tension in which nerves are constantly kept in the dictatorships, with their “battles” for this and their “battles” for that, their hysterical oratory and journalism, their unending claims and assertions, makes life under Fascism possibly exciting, but certainly exhausting. The blessing of a genuinely peaceful atmosphere, into which no expectation of war thrusts itself, is totally unknown.

Letter to Posterity

Dr. Albert Einstein sums up the modern age in a letter to the people of the year A.D. 6939, enclosed in the Time Capsule buried on the site of the New York World's Fair: Our time is rich in inventive minds, the inventions of which could facilitate our lives considerably. We are crossing the seas by power and utilize power also to relieve humanity from all tiring muscular work. We have learned to fly and are able to send messages and news over the entire world through electric waves.

However, the production and distribution of commodities is entirely unorganized, so that everybody must live in fear of being eliminated from the economic cycle. Furthermore, people living in different countries kill each other at irregular time intervals, so that anyone who thinks about the future must live in fear. This is due to the fact that the intelligence and character of the masses are incomparably lower than the intelligence and character of the few who produce something valuable for the community.

I trust that posterity will read these statements with a feeling of proud and justified superiority.

It's not alone the things you see but the people
you meet that make travel interesting

Stop—and Listen!

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

Morris Markey

Author of "This Country of Yours," "Manhattan Reporter," etc.

REMEMBER the little signs, "Picture Ahead," formerly placed along the road by an enterprising camera company? Those signs emphasized the *scenic* aspects of travel, invited the tourist to slow down and absorb the visual beauties of the landscape. But I'm in favor of putting up signs that make an appeal to the leisurely and receptive *ear*. A sign like this, for instance:

STOP — AND LISTEN!

Let me clarify this "listening" idea a bit. I've driven an automobile into nearly every corner of America, and, being human, I often yarn about my travels. But somehow I never find myself describing the glories of Yosemite or the byways of Old New Orleans. My recollections run to the odd and interesting people I have met, the things they said, the way they regarded this business of existence.

Often I hear someone remark, "Well, I could travel 10,000 miles and never run into anybody like your Cap'n Mike." But it is my point that anybody can run into old Cap'n Mikes, and derive much profit and amusement thereby, if

only it be remembered that motor-ing for pleasure is a matter of ears as well as eyes.

Of course, in order to listen you have to do some talking; and most Americans find it hard to fall into natural conversation with somebody they never saw before. But once you've accomplished the feat a few times, its difficulties fade. You must work out your own set of opening gambits — a friendly remark about crops, politics, or even the weather. Probably you'll quickly abandon any fixed technique, and let your new acquaintanceships spring naturally out of the immediate situation.

If I'm driving along and come to a farm that looks interesting, I often pay a call. The first time, I felt very much the intruder. I asked for a drink of water, praised its qualities and said that I should like to rest for a moment under the well tree. Soon I found myself rocking on the porch with the farmer and his family. New company was a treat to them. For my own part, I learned more about the problems of dairy farmers in an hour than I could have learned in a month of reading.

Once I stopped beside a one-room schoolhouse on the Dakota plains. School was letting out for the day; the teacher, hardly more than a girl herself, came out to pull down the flag, and I grinned at her. She smiled, a trifle warily, but I managed to look not very dangerous and soon we were sitting on the steps and she was talking.

In an amazing fashion that young woman poured out her aching dreams to me, a total stranger. I marveled at her candor, but understood it. To her I was simply a bird of passage who would disappear in a few moments. She could say things to me that she could never say to her family or her neighbors, who might laugh at her, or chide her for her silly ambitions. She wanted to be, of all things, a hostess on an airliner. She knew perfectly well that she never would be. But she just needed to talk about her most fervent dreams. And as she talked she drew for me the whole, wistful life of a one-room-school teacher in the empty reaches of Dakota.

Another time as I was driving through North Carolina a man waved at me, wanting a lift. Now I am not often hospitable to hitchhikers, but this fellow was different; he was waving with a baseball catcher's mitt, and I like baseball. He turned out to be a ball player, just released by one of the big-league teams.

"Why?" I asked.

"Mister," he said solemnly, "I'm

the best catcher in the world, and last year I hit .396 in the Piedmont League." He paused, shook his head sadly. "But on the base paths I'm just a plain fool. I run slow and at the wrong time. I just can't seem to make it."

I couldn't help laughing, and he laughed, so we were friends. In the winter he was a salesman for a soft-drink concern and he knew everybody in the hot-dog stands along our way. Presently I was meeting a rare assortment of people — hillbillies, pretty waitresses, local politicians, and gaffers renowned for wit and wisdom. Incidentally, I ate an unholy amount of barbecued pork and quaffed many strange and nameless potations. As we drew near to Columbia, S. C., my friend was struck with an idea. He had heard that the manager of the Columbia team needed a catcher. "In this league," he said, "I could just hit home runs. You don't have to think on the bases if you put the ball out of the park."

We found the manager, and my man got the job. Regretfully I told him good-bye. I watched the box scores that summer, and to my great delight my friend hit 44 homers.

Once, driving through Wyoming, I saw an unmistakable cowboy lying on the ground beside his dozing horse. The prairie was dotted with grazing cattle. I never had met a genuine working cowboy, and so I strolled over. He was reading a book, which did not seem to fit pre-

cisely into the picture. The book was Owen Wister's *The Virginian*. I asked him how he liked it.

He shook his head. "It don't go down with me," he said with quiet finality.

I sat down on the ground beside him. "Why?" I asked.

"Three hundred and eighty-one pages about cowpunchers," he said, "and they never punch any cows. They rustle horses, and shoot a lot and fall in love. But not a durned one of them ever does an honest lick of work."

I asked him how he would go about spinning such a yarn, and for the next two hours heard an enthralling, detailed story of the daily life of modern cowpunchers.

Later that same day I saw a sign that said "Fresh Honey." I called on the beekeeper and spent an interesting hour learning about bees. I have talked to hardpan miners struggling to find a few grains of the precious yellow dust in the ghost towns of Southern California. One of my favorite sports on the road is talking to the mayors of small towns. How do I manage it? Well, I just walk into the town hall, ask for the mayor and inquire how things are going in his neighborhood.

Among my acquaintances are Mississippi boatmen, an old crone who makes candlewick spreads in the mountains of North Georgia, and an evangelist preacher touring the small towns of Indiana with a tent show. That preacher — I re-

member him all right. I pulled up when I saw his tent and went in to sit on a wooden bench under a smoky kerosene lantern. He was an enormous man, a former prizefighter; his act was to dress up like the angel Gabriel and fight three rounds against a big Negro dressed in a brilliant red devil's suit, tail and all. After the sermon, I went around back and got to talking with the Reverend Gabriel, who had a lot to say about the evils of a sinful world.

Presently our talk turned to the economic status of the evangelist-business. It was not a happy tale. Times were hard as iron. Sometimes, indeed, he was tempted to give up and go into some more lucrative line of work. We argued the case for many hours, and when we parted, firm friends forever, he was convinced that he must carry on the good work, regardless of temporal rewards.

I have sketched a few portraits of Americans who stand so vividly in my memory, because I want to make it clear that such encounters may befall anybody who will take the trouble to seek them. Of course, if you would really know your fellow countrymen, you must have an honest, sincere curiosity about them — a curiosity quite distinct from mere inquisitive prying into their affairs. Given that curiosity, you need only to be friendly without gush, frank without boldness, able to share laughter or to sympathize,

in decent moderation, with problems that are not really your concern.

Many diligent tourists have looked at every vista, gazed upon every mighty panorama, and still have only the vaguest idea of what America is really like. To understand his native land, a man must understand the people who inhabit it: their character and their way of

life, their humors and their opinions of the things that are. And this much-to-be-desired understanding will be gained soonest by the traveler who goes about the world with his ear expectantly cocked for the homely murmur of human conversation, come upon suddenly, familiarly, though from the lips of strangers.

The Firemen Come Before the Fire

Condensed from This Week Magazine

Paul W. Kearney

IF IN the fall two firemen come tapping at your door, by all means let them in. They are visiting you in their spick-and-span uniforms simply because they want to avoid a later call in rubber coats and boots. Their call indicates that your city has joined the increasing number of communities in which firemen are offering the courtesy of a voluntary dwelling inspection with an eye to eliminating the more flagrant fire hazards. They do it mostly on their own time, without extra pay, but they don't mind that at all because they have found that it is the best way to cut in half the number of midnight runs to residential blazes.

When the Cincinnati Fire Department inaugurated its voluntary home inspection program, five

truck loads of combustible rubbish were carted from a single house — *fourteen* truck loads from another!

In the first Providence campaign, covering six weeks, the municipal incinerator received from householders (over and above normal collections) 1680 tons of burnable trash (43 pounds per home), including discarded furniture of every description, old clothing, books, newspapers. And with them went hundreds of potential fires, for the annual dwelling fires in the city promptly dropped from 550 to 201. One item, for instance, was nearly 1000 dried-out, tinderlike Christmas trees which had been in cellars for nine months.

Another was a grand total of 2800 "retired" mattresses.

If an ancient mattress doesn't

sound very dangerous, consider the case of a retired fire inspector in Brooklyn who one night discovered a faint haze hanging over his bed. When he threw back the covers he found a burned spot in the sheet. Underneath, much of the mattress was too hot to touch. He dragged it into the yard and doused it with water, but in the morning it was practically consumed — by spontaneous ignition from within.

In Pennsylvania a hotel was burned to the ground by a spontaneous fire known to have started in a pile of mattresses in the basement. And enough other cases of spontaneous ignition have been reported to convince anybody that a dirty mattress is not a good thing to put away in the cellar or attic where it may not be seen for months.

Lots of other things ignite spontaneously under the right conditions. Some kind of vegetable or animal oil or combustible material — just enough air, but not too much — just enough moisture, but not too much — and off it goes! In Massachusetts a cloth bag from a sugar-cured ham set fire to a rubbish barrel in which it was discarded. In New Jersey a roll of burlap from a new rose bush started to burn on a cellar table. In New York and a dozen other places

stacks of old newspapers have been discovered burning upward from the center. Trash, in short, is the nesting place of spontaneous ignition — a fire breeder and a fire spreader as well.

That is why firemen the country over are now offering householders a free annual fire inspection. Originated by Chief Daniel B. Tierney, of Arlington, Mass., some 15 years ago, this plan has reduced fire losses so effectively that more than 20 other cities have adopted it and it is now sponsored by the International Association of Fire Chiefs. (Such inspections usually include the electric wiring and fuse box, the heating plant, the chimney, and other danger points, as well as trash accumulated in cellar and attic.)

In every other city where the plan has been tried, the result has been virtually a 50 percent reduction in the number of dwelling fires as well as in the total damage.

This is no small result in a nation which has 1000 dwelling fires a day, — which has burned more than a billion dollars' worth of homes in the last decade — which has seen residential blazes increase 40 percent since 1925. And it is in residential blazes that 75 percent of our fire deaths (half of them children) occur.



Middle Age: When you begin to exchange your emotions for symptoms.

— Irvin S. Cobb

Pro and Shall We Curb the Chain Stores? Con

An anti-chain-store law, sponsored by Representative Wright Patman of Texas, is to be the first bill put before the House when Congress convenes in January. Its friends and enemies both agree that the taxes it proposes will force the great national chains to curtail their operations drastically.

This is the climax of a ten-year battle between independents and the chains. Behind smoke screens of rhetoric, both sides are bidding frantically for public support. For that reason Mr. Pro and Mr. Con this month debate the angles of the feud that affect the average man and woman. Since chains do 25 percent of American retail business, this fight is important to all our pocketbooks. The question is:

Will it further the general welfare to have the Patman bill force interstate chain stores out of large-scale operations?

Neither Mr. Pro nor Mr. Con has any axe to grind here. They are merely trying to make sense for each side.

MR. PRO ATTACKS THE CHAINS:

IN OUR DEMOCRACY general welfare means maximum opportunities for communities and individuals to paddle their own canoes and get as far as native energy and brains will take them. That is why great chain-store organizations are poison.

“Look at your own community. Thirty years ago local merchants sold you your groceries, shoes, notions, tacks, smokes and ashtrays. They knew you and your needs personally, extended credit, borrowed from local bankers, hired local lawyers, bought insurance from local brokers, gave money and time to local civic and charitable activ-

ities, had a stake in the community's welfare and behaved as if they knew it. Their clerks learned retailing in all its phases and often went into business on their own, stepping up competition as the community grew. It was a flexible, free, growth-provoking setup, as healthy and limber as a flourishing young tree.

“Now look at the same community. National chains occupy most of the good corners and do the lion's share of business. The surviving independent scrapes along on what is left. Chains give good value. But only to the customer as an individual. Not as a member of the community he lives in. They have row from, huge New York

buy insurance from metropolitan brokers, contribute to local causes only when popular resentment forces them to. Because their inventories are kept at a fast-moving minimum, they pay lower taxes than most independents. If the community hits hard luck, they close up. They can do that because they have no more roots than a toadstool.

"And they stifle opportunity for local boys. Going into retail business for yourself in a chain-ridden town appeals only to the foolish. Their clerks stay clerks, for wages that average lower than those paid by the independent retailer down the street. Exceptional intelligence is a handicap. One great national chain head has admitted publicly that his company doesn't want bright boys—it wants plodders, dutiful machines. Another chain intentionally passes by boys who did better than average in their studies.

"Forced to abandon a lot of stores by an adverse state law, a national chain recently tried to get the local managers to take them. The managers wouldn't. They knew they were just glorified clerks, with no training in either buying or initiative, and so were rightly afraid of striking out on their own. That is what chains do to the traditional American spirit.

"Instinctive repugnance for that sort of thing is what makes so many people uncomfortable about chain stores, even though they patronize them. Americans long since learned

to mistrust overweening bigness outside public control. No nation can afford to see its supply of food, for instance, dominated by private organizations bent on power and profits, with little legal accountability to the nation.

"And dominate is the word. Take relations between chain stores and food producers. Chains sell over a third of the food retailed in the United States. With such huge block purchasing power, they can virtually dictate the price that the farmer gets for his crop. Besides, semi-monopolistic buyers naturally prefer to do business with large-scale producers who can contract for huge deliveries. That tends to leave the small food-grower only the independent wholesaler and retailer for his market. And their prices are forced way down by the chains' underselling to the consumer. The same thing goes for the small processor and manufacturer. The town housewife, born on a small farm, married to a small shoe manufacturer, who buys from chains to save ten cents a day is doing her bit to destroy the independence of her farmer-father and her husband.

"Chain-store history includes secret kickbacks disguised as 'advertising appropriations' bludgeoned out of large producers—much like the old Standard Oil's secret rebates from railroads. Also the smothering of independent competition in one community by selling below cost while supporting the profitless

stores by earnings from stores elsewhere. Also a bad record for selling short-weight more often than overweight — worse than that of independents on even the most favorable figures. That is usually attributed to the chains' hard dealing with their own store managers.

"Even when chains lend the original producer a hand — as in recent campaigns to stimulate consumer-buying of overproduced crops — the ease with which they combine forces and the tremendous pressure they put on the market are ominous. If they can get together so readily to do one kind of job, heaven help us when they decide clandestinely to get together for another kind of job.

"The Patman bill will not necessarily put any chains out of business. It merely forces them to cut down to operating within any one state they may choose. Some chains have three or four hundred stores in certain of the big states. They could still show profits on the two hundred to which Patman Act taxes might reduce them. That would leave them plenty of outlets to avail themselves of most of the legitimate advantages of mass purchase and centralized management. The producer may get a better break when numerous intrastate chains are competing fiercely for his goods. The overgrown national chains make the market to suit themselves at present.

"Only federal legislation can whittle

the big chains down to size. The low scales of most state chain-store taxes show how little chance the average state has of doing anything effective against the chains' lobbies.

"The Patman bill's enemies insist that to break up the chains means turning retail distribution over to inefficient, gouging independents. That is no danger because of the consumer-coöperative movement. Wherever the distribution mechanism of producer-wholesaler-retailer proves inefficient or greedy, consumer-coöperatives always crop up. In Sweden the co-ops keep private retailers very much on their good behavior. The same thing has already been happening in the United States in various fields. With the American consumer holding that club, chain-store prices are not necessary as consumer protection.

"It boils down this way: In allowing huge chains to exist because the bargains in the windows are so temptingly priced, the American nation is being penny-wise and pound-foolish. Too many of the advantages you get from chain stores are taken out of the hides of the original producers and the chain store's employees. Your community pays for all that. *You* pay, although you may not feel it. It is taken off the community's balance sheet in lack of local enterprise, in lowered wages and profits, in lowered prices for the things your community produces."

MR. CON DEFENDS THE CHAINS:

THE INDEPENDENT retailer is usually a nice fellow. But is he nice enough to inspire all his fellow citizens to subsidize him out of their own pocketbooks? Or shouldn't he — like everybody else — have to prove his value to society in open competition, regardless of sentiment?

"That is the fundamental issue here. The reasoning behind anti-chain-store legislation would be clearer if collection boxes were placed at each independent retailer's door where you could drop in your daily dime.

"Nobody has yet successfully denied one basic fact — the nationwide chain supplies your needs more efficiently than pre-chain-store independents ever did or could. Greater efficiency means lower prices. By mass purchase, skillful centralized management and imaginative merchandising, chains have revolutionized retailing. That is how they have penetrated everywhere and why their success has infuriated the incompetent independent, who badly needed a scapegoat.

"It is an appalling fact that every year one third of the independent retailers go broke. But it isn't chain stores that force them to the wall. The same proportion failed long before chains became nationally important. That unhappy yearly third should never have risked their capital in the first place. There is no

point in asking society to pay out half a billion dollars a year in a vain attempt to rescue them.

"The more enterprising independent is doing all right these days. He offers the convenience of charge accounts and delivery service. In his store you often can buy many specialties the chains won't handle because they aren't big-selling items. Very likely he has joined a 'voluntary chain.' Throughout the country these federations of independents are proving they can match regular chains at their own game. The members operate their own stores — but in a modern, efficient way with mass purchasing and centralized merchandising and distributing services.

"The more these independent federations are able to cut costs and prices in competing with regular chains, the better off the consumer is. What he cannot afford is special privilege laws that prevent free competition for his favor and force him to subsidize outmoded inefficiency. To return to slow-moving, piecemeal-buying, independent retailers because they can't keep up with the procession would be like wrecking all electric-light plants because they are tough on candlestick makers. Or worse, since subsidizing of independents amounts to taxing people with small incomes — the chains' best customers — for the benefit of a special class.

"The nation-wide chain is generally acknowledged to be the most efficient distributing organization in

the world. How little it charges for its services is not generally appreciated. For the whole chain field — dime stores, mail-order, grocery, shoe, cigar, drug stores and so on — it averages less than four percent of the dollar you spend. The A & P, largest of grocery chains, gets little over one percent.

“To abolish national chains would mean a lowering of the standard of living and the curtailing of highly important markets. When it costs more to get butter, meat and fruit from producer to consumer — as it will if the big chains vanish — people on minimum incomes will have to eat less butter, meat and fruit. The dairy farmer, cattle rancher and fruit grower will have part of their market ruthlessly wiped out. And that is bad medicine for the whole nation.

“Chain-store enemies work up much sentiment about the old-time retailer who was the backbone of the community. But, as A. A. Berle recently pointed out, in many cases the old-time retailer in the small town was a rank monopolist. His customers had to buy from him at his prices. When the automobile arrived, they could shop further afield and he felt his first competition.

“Then there is the old wail about ‘taking money out of town.’ John T. Flynn, liberal economist, blew that sky-high seven years ago. You don’t even need pencil and paper:

“Buy a can of soup — 10 cents — from an independent. The inde-

pendent keeps 2 cents for his rent, payroll, taxes, profit and so on and sends 8 cents to the wholesaler to pay for the soup. Maybe it is a local wholesaler, who keeps half a cent for himself and sends the balance to the soup-maker — at most, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents stays in town. Buy the same can of soup from a chain store — 8 cents retail price. You have already saved 2 cents that stays in your pocket or gets spent on the local movie or something — stays in town, anyway. But part of the chain’s 8 cents also stays in town — at least $\frac{8}{10}$ of a cent to cover taxes, payroll, rent, light bill and so on. Because the chain buys cheaper, ships and sells more efficiently than the lone-wolf retailer, a minimum of 2.8 cents stays, compared to a maximum of 2.5 cents from the independent transaction. Moreover, low-priced chain stores are one of the small town’s greatest assets in attracting automobile trade from the surrounding country.

“When department stores first appeared, small shopkeepers tried to get them outlawed — then they fought mail-order houses and house-to-house selling. But the consumer’s instinct for getting the most for his money won out. For instance, he can’t see why he should pay for wholesalers’ expensive staffs of salesmen; both the federated independents and the regular chains have cut out most of that expense and passed the saving along to the public. That is just one sample of the

way mass buying and distribution saves your money for you.

"Granted that chains have not been angels in the past. But recent fair-trade laws (the federal Miller-Tydings law and numerous similar state laws) and anti-kickback laws (the federal Robinson-Patman act) have blunted their most dangerous claws.

"Mr. Pro relies on the threat of consumer coöperatives to keep independents in line when chain competition is eliminated. That is dubious. For if the independents' lobby can get chain stores taxed out of existence today, why couldn't they get embarrassing consumers' coöperatives outlawed tomorrow?

"To slap punitive taxes on stores that give the best money's worth is not free competition — it is the kind of economics characteristic of fascist countries. It is forcing society to pay unwilling tribute to an unholy alliance between small-time inefficiency and government.

"As for the monopoly menace — follow Mr. Pro's advice and look at your community. Kress, Woolworth and Kresge are fighting for the variety-store trade. A & P, Kroger, First National and others are fighting for the grocery trade. Sears and Montgomery Ward are fighting for the mail-order department store trade. Among them, chains do hardly a quarter of American retail business. The federated independents are fighting back like wildcats these days. That battle gives you a fine chance of getting the best dollar's worth the market affords.

"The best thing for the average man to do is to stand on the sidelines, cheer on the gladiators — and save money. After all, if he is so certain that chain stores are a bad thing, no law is necessary to suppress them. They would all fold up tomorrow if the public felt strongly enough about it to stop patronizing them."

A MINIATURE COURTROOM installed in Brooklyn's Public School 146 — complete with bar, jury box, witness chair and press box — has proved successful in teaching children to appreciate the services of their neighborhood policemen. Children serve on juries to try playmates who have been fighting, climbing fences, or otherwise committing breaches of playground peace. Those found guilty are sent to jail — a rope and wood enclosure — for sentences of from 5 to 45 minutes.

Coming from neighborhoods where the policeman is considered an enemy, these children have learned from their own court that the police are really public servants. They have even formed a make-believe police force, from which it is a disgrace to be dropped for misbehavior.

— N. Y. *Herald Tribune*

Daily Except Sundays

Condensed from the book of the same title by

Ed Streeter

Author of "Dere Mable"

THE CONFIRMED commuter starts his preparations the night before. As he snaps out the light he makes resolutions. Tomorrow the first whirr of the alarm clock will make him leap from his bed like a salmon. He will take up his morning exercises again. He will find time to fool with the children for a moment after breakfast. And, on top of all this, he will catch an earlier train. He will be at his desk to greet the boys, instead of hurrying past them, hoping they won't notice him.

When the alarm clock rings next morning, however, his mind is as uncontrollable as a puppy. There is no use reminding it of last night's resolutions. It won't understand. First it must spend several minutes studying the pattern of the sunlight on the ceiling. Then it checks up the time available for dressing and eating. It reviews ten years of experience and finally decides that, by cutting corners here and there, the job can be done more quickly on this particular morning. The time thus saved is spent in further study of the lights on the ceiling.

Then, mysteriously, something clicks. The feet shoot out from under the bedclothes. As they touch the cold floor the Commuter becomes a

different man. He is now engaged in what is technically known as Working Up Tension.

His family flees discreetly at the sound of his pattering feet. For the next 40 minutes they cease to be individuals. The world revolves around the Master. All effort is concentrated on getting him out of the house, complete with hat, coat and brief case (unopened). He has to be assembled like a Ford as he moves steadily from bed to train. Mistakes cannot be corrected. For he, like General Grant, cannot turn back.

When — bathed, shaved, and dressed — he enters the dining room, he is at his peak. The bread shoots into the toaster. The bell is rung. Loving hands push food before him. Others snatch the morning paper from Mother and prop it against the artificial fruit so that he who runs may read.

The orange juice is in. It's down. He crouches on the edge of his chair. His arms move with rhythmic swiftness. Bacon, eggs, toast, coffee. No jamming. No crowding. He is master of the situation. To Mother he recalls all the things she forgot to do yesterday. New items are added for her to forget today. He addresses

© 1938, Edward Streeter and Guyas Williams, and published at \$1.25 by Simon & Schuster, 386 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C. "Daily Except Sundays" lightly sets forth the trials and triumphs of the commuter's day, and is hilariously illustrated by Guyas Williams.

the egggy little faces grouped about him on the subject of their lousy school reports. He has come to the end of his patience. That's that.

A list of chores is outlined for the lout who comes once a week to do the outside. They are so complicated nobody understands. It doesn't matter. The climax is at hand. He looks at his watch, and with a hounded cry he rushes from the room.

We can remember when people didn't "catch" trains. They "took" them. In those days arriving at the station had some dignity to it. When you went somewhere, the whole family came down to see you off, and you arrived at the trackside a good half hour early.

What a change! When Mother takes Father to the station today she doesn't even come to a full stop. She hasn't time or the children will be late to school. As the car draws abreast of the station she merely shifts into low gear and dumps her man out like a mailbag.

The brief period on the platform before the train rolls in requires skillful handling. The commuter hopes for an uninterrupted hour on the train. One false move, one sign of weakness, and his privacy is ruined.

Danger lurks on every side. The President of the Citizens' League is a fine example of a confirmed lurker. In his pocket he has complete figures on the cost of running your garbage district compared with that

of all the other garbage districts in the county. What's more, you will have to read them, if he corners you.

Escape him and you are apt to find yourself surrounded by Parsons the stockbroker. He is prepared to furnish 45 minutes' clean entertainment on the subject of Eureka Coppermines, with five years' earning figures, depletion reserves, and the details of the reorganization plan thrown in.

Then there is Schrambles. He is a professional pessimist. Things don't come bad enough for men like him. Give him a headline about a May dance of school children, and he'll have you cutting your throat about the coming economic collapse before you get to town.

Avoiding these lurkers involves a cunning to be acquired only through experience. For instance, on arriving at the platform it is a good precaution to join two men who are already talking together. Then, when the train arrives, all you have to do is drop back and let them worry about each other.

As the train comes in and the doors open, a thin trickle of frightened-looking passengers try to get off. No one has ever learned who these people are or why they should be getting off at a suburban station when all normal folk are going to town. They are outcasts among commuters and receive no consideration from the angry crowd, poised to rush in through the narrow doors.

Whether they succeed in getting off, or are swept back into the train, we true commuters do not know as we always slide past them into the car while they are still struggling.

• At no time does a man feel sorrier for himself than upon coming home at night and finding that the car is not there to meet him. Other cars crowd the station plaza, fill up, and gaily drive away. But the familiar red sedan with the bent fender is nowhere to be seen. We are left alone with our grim thoughts. It was with great difficulty that we finished our work at the office in order to catch this train. (We spent the last half hour there talking to

Brown about his arthritis.) We had planned this brief period before dinner so that we might be with the children. Yet undoubtedly our wife is now sitting in some frivolous group, talking and laughing, forgetful of our very existence.

And now, when things are at their blackest, the little woman, having prepared the youngest children's spinach, forced it down their throats with the handle of a knife, sorted the laundry, and called for our dress pants at the tailor's, comes skidding into the plaza. We are face to face with our greatest test of character. If we can smile at times like these — why then we are men indeed.



Insect Zoo

*I*N THE BELIEF that man will not kill what he does not fear, there was opened in 1934, for an experimental month, the Rhode Island Insect Zoo, presenting some 150 live species in environmental display cases. Parasite, predator, scavenger and plant-eater were labeled and their direct effect upon the human race indicated. In that one month more than 30,000 people visited the exhibit.

Today the zoo, considerably enlarged and known as the Rhode Island Insect Zoo and Nature Center, is established at Nooseneck Hill, R. I. By displaying specimens of the four types of poisonous snakes in North America, respect and appreciation of harmless snakes has been encouraged. Exhibition of the black widow spider and the tarantula has preserved the lives of other harmless and beneficial spiders. The zoo has become the first port of call of many farmers and gardeners suffering from insect pests, and the departing visitor is often heard to remark: "Well, I won't be killing them any more."

— *Science*

¶ The French Army was beaten, demoralized and openly rebellious in May, 1917 — but the Germans didn't know

The Greatest Mutiny in History

Condensed from Scribner's Magazine

R. Ernest Dupuy

Major, U. S. Army; co-author of "If War Comes"

APRIL 16, 1917, just ten days after the United States declared war on Germany, the French army launched an offensive to end the war. Conceived and directed by General Nivelle, the hero of Verdun, it carried the hopes of a France already bled white. It was her supreme effort — it could not, must not, fail.

Fail it did, smashed to red froth against a prepared German line. Six days later French veterans were screaming, "We are betrayed! They are assassinating us! Long live peace!" The leaping flame of panic swelled to a mutiny so vast that in six weeks there fronted Germany's might but the crust of a baffled, beaten army. Behind that crust three of France's best army corps were frozen in sullen rebellion, while the spindrift of mutineers, thousands upon thousands, some on furlough, some AWOL, thronged roads and railways, bound home to force peace at any price. And Germany did not realize!

These are the bare facts. Throttled

at the outset by expert censorship, the story has for years been buried in the secret archives of France. But, though the mutiny was unknown at the time to Americans, it vitally changed our original plan for the war and caused the frenzied demands on Wilson for men, men and more men.

Early in 1917, Nivelle, appointed Generalissimo, had set himself to end the war in one coup. In theory, it was a perfect plan. Lloyd George was sold on it; Haig acquiesced. De-

tailed combat orders were issued to the French units. French morale rose.

But actually the odds were building up against Nivelle. There intervened:

1. Lack of surprise. French enthusiasm over a spring offensive became common gossip. The Germans captured a complete divisional operations plan.

2. The Russian Revolution, releasing more German divisions for the western front and sapping Allied morale.

3. *Défaitisme* in France: class

*Vignettes
of
History
XLVIII*

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(Scribner's, October, '38)

warfare; subversive activities among dissatisfied labor; thousands of slackers in safe jobs.

4. Political squabbles. Painlevé, opposed to the offensive, became Minister of War.

• 5. German propaganda from airplanes, couched in excellent French, spreading discontent among the French troops.

Facing these odds, Nivelle went ahead against a foe who knew every move, held all vital terrain. The French were stopped in their tracks — stunned, bewildered.

On that fatal morning of April 16, there were at headquarters a dozen or more senators and deputies, hurried out from Paris to see the great finale. One is reminded of the jaunty picnic parties sallying forth from Washington to see the Confederates licked at first Bull Run. These French politicians who had never seen red war at close range were thrown into panic by the horrors they witnessed. They used the telephone to Paris, clamoring that the slaughter must cease.

Meanwhile, units relieved from the line, having been cut up by continued assaults against impregnable machine-gun nests, knew the attack had failed. Someone had blundered. Furious, heartsick, they gave tongue. "Long live peace! They are assassinating us!" Not mutiny yet, but close to it. The 2nd Division, reeling back after leaving 3300 casualties, considered their artillery had let them down and said so. Veteran

troops these, remember; not raw recruits appalled by their first losses.

To make matters worse, these troops within a week found themselves ordered back into the line. One division refused to march.

May 8, the offensive was entirely called off. May 15, Nivelle was formally relieved of command and Pétain was appointed in his place. The news flew through the ranks. The troops, sure now that they had been let down by chiefs in whom they had believed, were told they would have a chance to rest. But they did not.

May 20, it would seem, was the real mutiny day. There is no indication of concerted action. It was just that Jean and Jacques had finally decided they had had enough.

In one cantonment behind the Vesle, mutineers organized themselves on a crest defended by their own machine guns, and declared they were through. At Soissons, two regiments seized a train with the intention of moving on Paris and forcing the government to make peace.

Other mutineers seized a village, set up a soviet government and placed before the high command a series of demands to be put into effect before they would return to the lines. These included higher pay, more leaves, and assurance that all enemy trenches and barbed wire would be entirely destroyed before any attacks were launched

An infantry regiment seized a convoy of motor trucks, mounted machine guns in them and started a march on Paris. Red flags blossomed here and there. Men gathered in noisy groups, listened to soapbox orators, called for soldiers' councils, refused to fall in when ordered.

In rear areas, conditions were worse. As the offensive died down, liberal furloughs had been granted — the primary method to restore morale. When the leave trains jolted through stations to the interior, the men began to drink. Exhortations of malcontents did the rest. Trains became caravans of rioting hoodlums. Entire populations were terrorized. Officers were powerless; police were cowed.

At the Paris railroad stations, serious outbreaks occurred, mutinous soldiers and Parisian communists joining forces. Local authorities all along the railways called frantically to the army for troops. Labor unions began to strike, swelling the tumult. The Ministry of War was besieged with requests for Senegalese riflemen and cavalry to aid the police.

Pétain had in his hands a mutinous army, in front an aggressive enemy, behind him a cesspool of dissension. Pétain's estimate was that the army must have complete rest. A tentative plan for another joint offensive was discarded June 3. "At that moment," declared Painlevé, "there were no more than two divisions between Soissons and

Paris on whom we could count absolutely."

Pétain demanded that the British keep the Germans busy, to give the French time to reorganize and, as he put it, "wait for the Americans and tanks." Haig responded with the Messines offensive.

Pétain started on a flying tour of his entire army. Foch installed proper surveillance over furloughed men. Thousands of men were in confinement or under arrest for mutiny; commanders were calling for Draconian action. Pétain asked for repeal of the laws permitting appeals from court-martial convictions and of the Presidential power of commutation of death sentences. He got it.

Thus Pétain, on June 9, held in his hand the power of life and death; the news jolted the army like a cold shower. Then he acted. Approximately 150 death sentences had been imposed upon ringleaders. Twenty-three of these were shot, the remainder commuted by Pétain to imprisonment. But — they were whisked away in strictest secrecy. Jean and Jacques vanished into thin air. Where were they? "Who knows? Shot, perhaps!" Gossip did the rest. The mutiny was over by June fifteenth.

Throughout it all, the steel grip of French censorship and counter-espionage was so firm that the German high command was not convinced there was anything seriously wrong with the French army until

the middle of June. By June 20, German intelligence reports all totted up one way and Von Ludendorff struck along the Chemin des Dames. But it was too late; the poilu was himself again.

• When the great German offensives of 1918 were once more beating France to her knees, Foch called and the Americans answered, at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood. Then Foch launched his Aisne-Marne offensive. Once again French soldiers were told their attack would end the war; but Foch could not

afford failure. So the spearhead of his attack was composed of American divisions with Moroccans between them. Again, in the Meuse-Argonne operation, failure could not be tolerated, so the 2nd American Division was called on to do the job.

Thus the effect of the mutiny in American military history was lasting. And it may well have been one of the factors considered by Pershing in his irrevocable decision to maintain an American army as an entity on the battlefield.

¶ Nature's great sleight-of-hand show

Mirage Magic

From The Baltimore Sunday Sun

Roy Chapman Andrews

Director, The American Museum of Natural History; author of
"This Business of Exploring," etc.

+

THE American Museum of Natural History once spent \$300,000 and wrecked a ship on an expedition sent out to explore a mirage. It was because of a "discovery" by Peary, when returning from his 1906 Arctic expedition. Twice Peary had seen "the white summits of a distant land, above the ice horizon." He called this new-found land mass Crocker Land, and the excited Museum organized an

expedition under Donald MacMillan to explore it.

The ship was wrecked on the trip North, but later MacMillan traveled out on the ice far beyond where Crocker Land should have been. It wasn't there. MacMillan suspected now that Peary had been fooled by a mirage. He returned to the point where Peary had seen the supposed land.

"The day was clear," MacMillan

reports, "and there the land was. Our glasses brought it out so clearly that we might have staked our lives on its existence."

That mirages have been responsible for much faulty map making seems incredible, but I came close enough to mapping one to understand how it happens. We were traversing an unexplored part of the Gobi Desert. The temperature stood at 145° F. From a slight rise we saw in the distance a beautiful lake, apparently a half mile in diameter. At the left was a small island, thick with vegetation. A flock of birds were skimming over the surface of the water.

"You had better sketch the outlines from here," I said to Major Roberts, our topographer. "I'll go on to the lake."

As I went down the slope the lake became less distinct. The island wavered, then disappeared. The birds proved to be a herd of antelope, all but their heads obscured in the stratum of shimmering heat waves lying on the sand. I drove back to where Roberts was working. The lake appeared again, perfect in every detail. Roberts wouldn't believe it was a mirage until he had gone down to see for himself.

A few days later we were sitting in our tents. One of the men walked out 100 yards. He seemed to be wading into water. First his ankles disappeared, then he was in up to his knees. Actually he was wading into a heated stratum of air lying

two feet thick on the burning plain, shimmering so that it was almost opaque.

Most mirages occur when layers of air of different density are superimposed. Also, somewhere on the earth's surface, perhaps a few miles, a hundred or even a thousand miles away, there must be objects similar to those we see in the mirage. The light waves are bent and refracted irregularly instead of traveling a normal course as they pass from these objects through the layers of air.

It is much the same as when you thrust a stick into clear water. The part below the surface appears to be bent, because the water is denser than the air and the light waves are bent as they pass through the unequal media.

The type of mirage that deceived Peary is known as *looming*. It is most frequent upon the water and it makes objects appear to be raised above their natural elevations. The kind seen on deserts and plains, creating phantom lakes, is called *inferior*. In the Nubian desert one may travel the whole day apparently encircled by lakes which accurately reflect the mountains round the horizon.

Usually the inferior mirage varies with atmospheric conditions but a few are permanent, being identical day after day. In southeastern Arizona the highway crosses the bed of an ancient lake, now bone dry. Yet motorists driving along it see a

broad sweep of sparkling water which recedes before them and then closes in behind them.

Another type of mirage, the *lateral*, makes objects appear to be displaced sideways. It is not often seen, but has been known to cause a vessel cruising along a mountainous coast to exhibit the strange spectacle of dividing into two identical craft which sail away in opposite directions.

In the even more startling *superior* mirage, the erect or inverted images of objects are seen suspended *above* the horizon. A ship actually beyond the bulge of the earth may be seen sailing along the sky, its image usually so clear that the details can be made out with a telescope. During the Crimean War the whole British fleet was once seen inverted at considerable height above the horizon. From the lower harbor of New York, the city has been seen projected into the air in duplicate, "standing on its own head," as one observer put it. In 1869 the city of Paris appeared to distant observers suspended upside down in the sky. In 1900 Parisians saw a second Eiffel Tower inverted on top of the original.

A weird case of superior mirage is recorded of a ship that was expected to arrive in New York from England during Colonial days. One afternoon after a violent storm she was observed floating in the air, every spar represented so clearly that there was no question of the identity of

the vessel. That vision, however, was the last ever seen of her.

During the Franco-Prussian War a number of scattered and independent observers in northern Sweden and Norway saw mirage armies marching through the air, equipped like the real ones which were fighting a few hundred miles to the south.

Mirages have, in fact, played their role in the fortunes of war. In 1916 the British were attacking the Turks on the hot plains of Mesopotamia. G. E. Hubbard, a member of General Maud's force, tells of the incident. "Our men had reached the Turkish trenches and put the Turks to flight. The enemy provided a splendid target for our artillery. A gunboat was lying in the river and the men on it were watching the proceedings when they were surprised to see our guns stop firing, although the Turks were still within range. It transpired that to the eyes of the gunners, on the desert level, the target had disappeared into a mirage. Fortunately the Turks stopped firing for the same reason."

A *towering* mirage is one that causes objects to be drawn up to abnormal length. French soldiers in Algeria once beheld in the distance a flock of flamingos of enormous proportions. Indeed they grew so large that they were thought to be Arab horsemen, and a scout was sent ahead. Presently the soldiers saw the legs of his horse become so

elongated that both steed and rider were borne up to fantastic heights. Only when a thick cloud intercepted the sun's rays did objects resume their natural size.

Again on the desert a herd of cattle was seen coming over a distant hill. Then, amazingly, one cow picked up another in her mouth and toiled off with it. Another beast was seen to fall a great distance down a cliff, then pick itself up and walk off. Investigation proved that the herd of cattle on the hill was the projection of an ant colony!

Aviators sometimes see mirages in the air. After Major Frederick L. Martin had left Chignak, Alaska, on a round-the-world flight in 1924, he sighted a range of high peaks looming up ahead of him. As he turned sharply left to avoid them he discovered that the peaks were now really directly in front of him. A mirage had caused them to appear far to the right of their actual position. The ship crashed into the rocks and was wrecked, but fortunately its occupants escaped serious injury.

Colonel Lindbergh, on his flight to Paris, encountered mirages several hundred miles before he reached the Irish coast. He saw mountains and valleys that looked so real it was difficult to reconcile them to the fact, which he knew, that he was still some hours from land.

The realistic details of phantoms created by mirages can be terrifying. One woman tells of having her

boat nearly run down in Long Island Sound by what she and her husband thought was a monster ship. It was about five o'clock of a still, shimmering afternoon. "Suddenly I saw a gigantic vessel rushing down upon us from behind. My husband swung the wheel hard over, heading full speed for the rocky shallows where this monster could not follow to swamp us with her swell. For perhaps ten minutes the vessel came toward us; she was now so close that we could make out the shadow of the man at her wheel. Then, as suddenly as she had appeared our leviathan vanished, and a small, quite ordinary cruiser appeared on the horizon behind us."

A camper in Utah tells of another prank by a mirage. He had been looking through his field glasses, and just as he lowered them a grizzly bear walked toward him. "As it suddenly rose up, I yelled. It nearly fell over backward and retreated in a rushing gallop. Then the mirage fell to nothing. There was a cliff, but no bear. Behind the farther end of the cliff I found fresh grizzly tracks; the mirage had bent the light rays round the corner, as it were."

The mirage, then, is not confined to the desert or to the sea. It occurs wherever circumstances are propitious and wherever the temperature of the air causes objects to be distorted and displaced. And always the solid objects it mirrors are not illusory but real.

Q Wichita — the police West Point where the cop on the beat is a college graduate who expects to become a chief somewhere, and often does

College Cop

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

Karl Detzer

WICHITA, KANSAS, is the town where the cop on the beat goes to college. It's also the town which many cops tell you has the best police force in America.

It's the town where you're rarely arrested for a traffic violation, and never bawled out, and where traffic accidents are few. It's the town where life and property are safer than in the vast majority of American cities; where fewer policemen cover more miles of beat; where police costs are at the lowest level, and percentage of crime solved is the highest.

The man who has built this model department is Orlando Winfield Wilson, chief of police since 1928. He doesn't look like a chief in the movies, and probably less like the chief in your home town. A tall, lean, sober man with a mop of brown hair, quiet gray eyes and a quiet voice, he might be a law school professor.

It is Chief Wilson's theory that courtesy and human understanding are as important a part of police equipment as jujitsu and marksmanship; further, that policing is a profession, like law or medicine,

and requires trained, educated men.

You meet police courtesy the day you move to Wichita. The morning you arrive as a stranger, a policeman knocks at your door, and greets you with a snappy salute and a welcoming smile. He's usually an enthusiastic young man with a university degree, a marksman's medal, and an air of knowing his business.

"I'm the man on the beat," he explains cordially. "I'm here to serve you." He offers you such information as newcomers need, about schools and churches and hospitals, how to report a fire, traffic and sanitary regulations, then adds: "For your own protection, will you fill out this card?"

You do, gladly. For on it the Wichita police list your goods against theft. Whatever you own, typewriter, bicycle, car, washing machine, vacuum cleaner or watch, the police file its description and serial number. Files and records, Chief Wilson believe, are more important in police work than nightsticks and guns.

Wichita was a cow town at the turn of the century. Today, with 120,000 people and diversified in-

dustries, it has, like all cities, its share of crime.

Last year, however, Wilson's scientific department cleared 51 out of each hundred burglaries, against a national average of 34. Only three of its 239 missing persons remained missing. It convicted all five of its murderers, and two from the previous year. In Wilson's town, 45 percent of all larcenies lead straight to jail, rather than 26 percent, the national rate. Fewer than one fifth of American automobile thieves are caught; Wichita catches more than half, and last year recovered all 125 cars stolen in the city, 21 taken elsewhere.

How does Wichita do it? By spending lots of money? In 1936, latest year for which figures are computed, police cost the 42 cities in Wichita's population class an average of \$3.30 per capita. Wichita paid \$1.81. By hiring lots of men? Again, no. The ratio of police to population is smaller than in most middle-sized towns. Nor was Wichita always a policeman's paradise. In Chief Wilson's second year, there were five robberies to one now; there were three times as many burglaries, four times the stolen cars.

Wilson was 28 years old when he came to Wichita in 1928. He had worked his way through the University of California by pounding a beat on August Vollmer's scientific Berkeley police department. With diploma in pocket, he continued to tramp the beat, continued to ab-

sorb Vollmer's revolutionary ideas, chief of which was that police work is a profession. Then, in 1925, he was made chief of police of Fullerton, a small city in southern California.

When Wichita called, he brought along Vollmer's theories. But he didn't have smooth sailing. Politicians raised patriotic objection to an "outsider" getting the job. They dubbed him "the boy scout cop," laughed at his ideas, and predicted that like many another Wichita chief, he wouldn't last a year.

They stopped laughing at him several years ago. Young Chief Wilson tossed out the chairwarmers at headquarters, retired men unfit for duty, sent others to beats. He bought enough cars to mount his entire department, and started each man out *alone*, not riding in pairs as is customary.

"Two men in two cars cover twice as much ground as two men in the same car," he points out logically. "And they can get all the help they need, merely by picking up a microphone from the dashboard."

When Wilson started America's first "police cadet corps," several states followed his example and now have courses for men who wish to become police executives. But only in Wichita is every cop on the beat required to come up through the university route.

Each fall, at Wichita's Municipal University, Wilson selects a dozen able third-year students, and

sells them the idea of police work as a career. The next two years, while finishing college, they work four hours daily in the Wichita department as rookies, earning \$51 a month. On the campus, meantime, they study police science and related courses — traffic regulation, police jurisdiction, criminal law, practical psychology, and ethics. Graduating, they get B.S. or A.B. degrees, certificates of police science, plus jobs at \$125 a month on the Wichita force.

When skeptical educators asked, "Why would any smart lad spend four years learning to walk a beat?" Wilson had a practical answer.

"Hundreds of city managers are hunting well-trained police executives," he said. "We will furnish them."

He's doing just that. The new chief in Flint, Michigan, is one of Wilson's college cops. Another now heads the Honolulu detective force. One captains the Kansas state highway patrol. One is in the Secret Service, five hold key jobs in the U.S. Border Patrol, others are teaching police science in universities.

Being of an exploring mind, Wilson has made his department a testing ground for theories which in most cities haven't passed the discussion stage. Many large city detective bureaus now use the Kee-ler "lie detector" on murder suspects. Only in Wichita must every person brought to the booking desk face the machine.

Last year, out of 710 vagrants tested, 61 admitted crimes elsewhere; 60 of 190 burglary suspects showed such positive results that 59 burglaries were cleared. Further, every recruit, seeking a place in the cadet corps, is tested by the machine for honesty and emotional stability.

At police headquarters in Wichita there is a scientific laboratory equipped with microscopes, test tubes, chemists' scales, cameras, ultraviolet ray machines. In addition, Wilson has mounted two small laboratories in cruising cars.

Last summer a patrolman discovered a broken window in an alley. He snatched up his microphone; in 50 seconds three other patrol cars and the nearest cruising laboratory arrived. The laboratory investigator made plaster casts of tire tracks that the thief had left, and of chisel marks gouged in the window frame. He photographed the scene, hunted fingerprints, collected dust from the window sill. In it the microscope showed fragments of blue lint.

Twenty minutes later every policeman in town was hunting a burglar with a certain make of tire, a chisel with a broken point in his tool box, and wearing a blue sweater. An hour later they found him. Chisel and tire fitted the plaster casts. He was allowed to peer through a microscope and compare lint from his sweater and that from the window sill. He looked, and confessed; and next day, facing the lie detec-

tor, he admitted that he was wanted for burglaries elsewhere.

Of Wilson's innovations, he considers his new crime prevention bureau most important. Its captain, a trained sociologist, has every clergyman in town, and many doctors and teachers, as volunteer assistants.

Last year an 11-year-old colored boy, a petty larceny "repeater," took physical, emotional and psychological tests in this bureau. They revealed, among other things, that he converted all loot into candy. Doctors arranged for a heavier sugar content in his diet, a preacher took him to Sunday school, his teacher wormed him into the school baseball team — and he doesn't steal any more.

Wilson's police maintain a Boy Scout troop that carries off many honors, and this, too, is a fine job of crime prevention, Wilson says. The police run a model farm, where short-term prisoners work at creative tasks, grow their own vegetables, and at the same time gain self-respect and a new outlook on life.

But not only in handling crime does Wilson lead. The U. S. Chamber of Commerce in the past five years has placed Wichita at the top of its population class in traffic safety. And, strangely, arrests have

had little to do with this record.

If you pass a red light in Wichita, a policeman politely hands you a "request card," which asks you not to break the law again. If you repeat, or if your violation is flagrant, you attend a traffic clinic, where alone and unembarrassed you take tests in driving, vision, reaction speed, and vehicle laws. Your weakness discovered, the police try to help you conquer it.

Should this fail, there's always the traffic court. Last year, as against 5672 warnings and requests, only 149 violators were arrested. *Every one* of these was found guilty. *Every one* went to jail or paid a fine. There's no "ticket fix" in Wichita.

Ask this model chief whether other towns can have the same protection, and he replies, "Why not? Any town that wants it need only take politics out of the police business and put intelligence in."

A clerk steps into the office, interrupting him.

"That city manager from Wisconsin is on the phone again," the clerk says. "He wants to know whether you're ready, yet, to send him a new chief."

"I'll have a man go and look the job over," he answers, and turns back to you. "Any town can have good protection," he repeats. "And a lot of towns seem to be wanting it."

Instead of loving your enemies, treat your friends a little better.
— Ed Howe

Amazing Interludes

Lord Frederic Hamilton
in "*The Vanished Poms of Yesterday*"

WHEN I was at the Rio Legation, I went one day to call on the British Consul's wife in Bahia, clad in white from head to foot. Suddenly, as happens in the tropics, the heavens opened and solid sheets of water fell; I reached the Consul's house most woefully bedraggled. The West Indian butler informed me that the ladies were out, and after a glance at my disreputable garments added: "You gib me dem clothes, sar. I hab dem all cleaned and ironed in ten minutes, before de ladies come back." On his assurance that he and I were the only souls in the house, I divested myself of every stitch of clothing, and seated myself in the drawing room.

Time went by, and my clothes did not reappear; I should have known that to a Jamaican colored man measures of time are elastic. Suddenly I heard voices, and to my horror saw the Consul's wife approaching with her two daughters and some other ladies. There was not a moment to lose. In that tropical drawing room the only available scrap of drapery was a red plush table-cover with bead fringes. I had just time to snatch it and drape myself in it when the ladies entered the room. I explained my predicament and lamented my inability to rise. And so we had tea together.

Mary Knight
in "*Girl Reporter in Paris*"

LATE one afternoon I was standing deep in a Baedeker in the little English town of Street, when a monocled Englishman tapped me on the shoulder and said, "I beg your pardon, but do allow me to show you one place you'll not find in your book." As I met his straightforward gaze he smiled, then his face suddenly became distorted as if by some inexpressible grief. I said nothing, but walked beside him until he stopped and said quietly, "This." It was the Chapel of Saint Catherine. There was no one about; it was heavenly peaceful. I studied the vaulted dome, the stained glass windows; then I turned to look for the man. . . . He was standing directly behind me: his long, tapering fingers, like steel claws in the dusk, slowly clamped down over my shoulders close to my neck.

An old rule in our family came to my mind: "Never let anybody think you are afraid." Slowly I began stroking the claw that gripped my right shoulder. "I know. It must be terrible. But please believe me when I say I understand. Someone you cared a great deal about died recently, didn't she? And you like to come here because it's so peaceful. Thank you for bringing me. . . ."

Slowly I felt his hands loosen. "It must be getting late," I said, wondering if I could keep my legs from folding up. "Shall we go?"

"Yes," he said. "I had intended to strangle you. You would have been my fifth. But I've changed my mind." He sucked in his breath. "If you ever mention this or try to describe me to anyone, I'll . . ." He stopped.

This is the first time I ever have.

— *We Cover the World*, edited by Eugene Lyons
(Harcourt, Brace)

Infant Industry: The Quintuplets

Condensed from Harper's Magazine

Merrill Denison

CALLANDER, ONTARIO, is now the summer crossroads of America. From early morning till long after dark, cars roll through the small village at the rate of one a minute, bearing eager sight-seers bound for the world's wonder children. The cavalcade numbers 3000 people on an average week day, and on week-ends, upward of 8000 — 70 percent from the United States.

Evidence of the Quints' economic influence is seen on every Ontario highway leading to the north country. Accommodation is often at a premium in towns 150 miles away, and even the lordly Royal York in Toronto, the largest hotel in the British Empire, and the equally regal Chateau Laurier in Ottawa feel the quickening pull of the Quints. According to the conservative reckoning of the Dominion Government's Travel Bureau, the five little charmers attract between 20 and 25 million dollars of U. S. tourist money yearly, and hence are one of Canada's most important businesses.

Callander was an all but abandoned lumber town at the time of the Quintuplets' birth, four years ago. There was a small country hotel, a general store, a garage or two, and a scattering of houses.

Four of the town's lumber mills had burned down; the remaining one was closed. In the surrounding township 800 people were on relief, and taxes were thousands of dollars in arrears.

Today taxes are paid up and the only persons on relief are those unemployable because of age or sickness. Callander's hotels now have accommodations for 1500. Along the once empty highway from North Bay, more than four miles of tourist cabins have sprung up. Trans-continental express trains now stop, without flagging, at the station which has replaced the former box car. A parcel of land that changed hands in 1933 at \$200 is now quoted at \$5000.

Compared with the money the Quintuplets have made for others — hotel keepers, merchants, transportation companies — their own earnings seem modest. Officially, their gross take has so far been over \$750,000. Of this sum, \$600,000 is invested in Provincial and Dominion Bonds. They pay their own living expenses, contribute \$300 a month to the support of their parents, and are sending three of their brothers and sisters to school.

Not including the lawyers retained from time to time to prevent the

1938, Harper & Bros., 49 E. 33 St., N. Y. C.
(Harper's, November, '38)

unauthorized use of their names, there are 14 people on their payroll: two nurses, three policemen, two maids, a teacher, a housekeeper and a cook; the kindly Dr. Dafoe, whose monthly fee remains, at his own insistence, \$200; the Quints' business manager, the secretary-treasurer of the Board of Guardians, and Dr. Dafoe's secretary. The total costs of caring for the five girls are running about \$2000 in excess of the \$20,000 income from their investments.

Their largest source of revenue has been the movies. Their first picture, *The Country Doctor*, brought them \$50,000, and the same company has paid \$250,000 for rights to make three more pictures. They receive \$10,000 a year from news-reel rights, and many thousands from the use of still pictures in magazines and newspapers in every country in the world.

Another big source of revenue has been advertising. The five sisters have endorsed corn syrup, cod liver oil, a disinfectant, diapers, milk products, toys and children's clothes. One contract in the soap and dentifrice field will bring them \$55,000 over a three-year period, and their public approval of a well-known breakfast food made them \$25,000. Their advertising revenues are much less than they might have been had not their guardians steadfastly refused to endorse any product not actually used by the children.

The Quints' finances have caused

dramatic conflicts between those interested in their welfare and those anxious to exploit their earning powers. Three days after the babies were born the bewildered father signed a contract with one Ivan Spear to permit their exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair. This amazing contract had no time limit and included every conceivable right of exploitation. But it did have a provision that the babies could not be moved without the consent of Dr. Dafoe.

A storm of disapproval broke round Dionne's head as soon as these terms were known. Falling back on the saving clause, he repudiated the agreement. Spear sued all those connected with the incident for \$1,000,000, but the suit was dismissed in Federal District Court. To protect the babies and Papa Dionne himself from the threat of equally dangerous commitments, Dr. Dafoe, with the help of others, induced Dionne and his wife to agree to a temporary guardianship which removed the children entirely from their parents' control.

From that time on a feud raged between the successive boards of guardians and numerous individuals who have hoped to secure the Quints' earnings for themselves. As a result the Provincial Government has replaced the temporary guardianship with a permanent one making the five children wards of the King until their 18th birthday.

The feud led also to two wel-

planned attempts to kidnap the children and remove them from the jurisdiction of the Ontario courts. Today their health and safety make it necessary for them to live in what is virtually a concentration camp — guarded by special police and a heavy wire fence.

Perhaps the most curious of the battles to profit from the Quints was the prolonged legal struggle between two manufacturers of corn syrup. The first meal served the infants was a 7-20 mixture of cow's milk and water with a few drops of rum and corn syrup. When the news was made known, the president of the St. Lawrence Starch Company in Canada shipped a case of their Beehive Syrup to Callander. He also sent a check to which there were no strings attached. Then advertisements appeared proclaiming that Beehive Corn Syrup had been the first food to pass the babies' lips. Beehive's sales immediately skyrocketed.

The Canada Starch Company, whose Crown Brand Syrup had previously been the best seller, quickly sued the Beehive people for \$150,000 damages. Their contention was that there had been a can of Crown Syrup in the Dionne house during the fivefold birth — and not Beehive. The case wound through the courts for many months before judgment was given to the defendant, Beehive, on the evidence of the nurse who had served the meal.

The Quintuplets' \$600,000 nest

egg would be considerably larger but for the horror their guardians, and Canadians generally, have of what they call "vulgar ballyhoo." This attitude explains the guardians' insistence on advertising dignity and their refusal to permit their charges to enter into the farcical game of endorsements as played on this side of the line.

Around Callander there are none of the more gaudy manifestations of showmanship sometimes found in this country. Arriving there, one feels that Ontario is prepared to admit the existence of the Quintuplets, but nothing more. No large billboard or Neon sign proclaims their nearness. Instead, there is a neat roadside route marker which points east and states simply: "The Dionne Quintuplets."

Obviously there is an effort to preserve an atmosphere less reminiscent of the Midway — an effort to give the little girls every possible opportunity to live normal lives. The hordes who travel hundreds of miles for a brief glimpse at them through a wire screen are not even charged an admission fee. But the crowds are gaily oblivious of this restraint. These noisy, friendly thousands with their holiday air, eating hot dogs and buying the unimaginative souvenirs in the booths (Papa Dionne is believed to be clearing well over \$25,000 a year from his stand alone), are out to enjoy themselves, and nothing on earth could dampen their enthusiasm.

Twice a day the waiting crowds in Callander form a long queue, four abreast. Slowly they move toward the Quints' place of exhibition which accommodates about 200 persons at a time. They walk through a covered passageway from which they can see, but cannot be seen by, the children at play. The girls' exuberant good spirits, their charm and flawless grooming, their rollicking enjoyment of life, give one an increased respect for Dr. Dafoe and his associates; theirs has been a really magnificent achievement.

But one wonders how long the

innumerable compromises can work. The public wants to see the children and will insist, in increasing numbers, on seeing them as long as there is the remotest chance of doing so. It appears that eventually either the children and the family will have to be placed in some kind of national preserve, entirely isolated from the public, or the Quintuplets will have to be accepted for what they are — a five-girl amusement industry whose lives will consist of an alternate routine of public appearances and expensively bought privacy.



T A SPECIAL feed mixture made by a poultry company of Rochester N. Y., influences the color of the eggs laid by the hens. Any color of the rainbow can be produced, without interfering with the nutritional quality of the egg.

A The color scheme of the dinner table can also be carried out in potatoes, which the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture is now offering in red, pink, blue, yellow, white with red or blue eyes, and purple.

— *Health Digest*, and *AP*

B THE LATEST THING in wienies, introduced at the National Association of Meat Dealers, is a hot dog with square ends and two zippers running down the sides. After heating, you zip off the casing.

— *Life*

L RUBBER vacuum cups with spikes attached are a new invention to keep your roast from sliding about the platter while being carved. The vacuum cups are attached by pressure to the platter, then the meat is pressed firmly onto the spikes.

— *Popular Science Monthly*

K RESTAURANT OWNERS who are tired of customers scribbling on tablecloths can now buy Dennison's "Game-Naps" — paper napkins with ticktacktoe and other games and puzzles printed on them.

Helium for Humanity

Condensed from *The Rotarian*

George W. Gray

Author of "The Advancing Front of Science"

NEARLY 70 years ago an English astronomer espied a strange yellowish color flaring in the atmosphere of the sun. It was utterly different from any tint known on earth, and he realized that it must be caused by the incandescence of an unknown element. Sir Joseph Lockyer named his find "helium," after the Greek word for sun.

Between this discovery in 1868 of a mysterious gas 90 million miles away and the debate over its control in Congress in 1937 lies one of the most exciting stories of science.

An American, W. F. Hillebrand, first chanced on helium in the earth. In 1894, he heated a heavy mineral conglomerate and there boiled out, among other emanations, minute quantities of a strange gas. Unfortunately, Dr. Hillebrand mistook the gas for nitrogen, and so missed credit for the discovery.

Within three days of hearing of Hillebrand's work, the British chemist Sir William Ramsay repeated the experiment, and identified the gas correctly. But all evidence seemed to show that this sun gas was very rare on earth. By years of laborious work a Dutch physicist extracted a few dozen cubic feet of the gas, but it cost him \$1800 per cubic

foot. Next to hydrogen it was the lightest substance known, having a weight only about one seventh that of air. But everybody knew it was too scarce and expensive to be of any practical value.

Today the United States Bureau of Mines is taking helium from wells in Texas at less than 2 cents a cubic foot; and in a single year has bottled up more than 15 million cubic feet. Yet outside the United States, helium remains little more than a laboratory curiosity — for nowhere else does Nature yield it up except in grudging minutiae.

The first hint that helium might be regarded as a unique part of the North American patrimony came in 1903, when in a southern Kansas farming district near Dexter a test oil well suddenly erupted with a geyserlike roar. The flow proved to be gas, not oil; but immediately there were visions of piping it into houses and factories as a fuel. The mayor declared a holiday; a program was arranged, and the neighboring citizens gathered for the ushering in of prosperity. A pipe had been installed from the well to the speaker's stand, and, as a fitting climax, a ceremonial lighting of the gas was scheduled to follow the mayor's speech.

1938, *Rotary International*, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.
(*The Rotarian*, November, '38)

But when the gas was turned on, it extinguished the match in the mayor's hand. Several matches in succession blew out. The gas pressure was too high, explained the embarrassed officials. They would build a bonfire, turn the gas in a steady stream into the fire, watch it burn. But the blazing fire had no better luck. The holiday ended in gloom. The well was plugged up, and outside the laboratories the oddities of helium were generally ignored for more than a decade.

Came the World War — and a frantic search for noninflammable gas to use in Zeppelins instead of the highly explosive hydrogen. Washington sent out experts to prospect, and in an area in northern Texas they found what they wanted. At the time of the Armistice, some 147,000 cubic feet of Texas helium had been produced. By 1925, the government had adopted as a safety measure the exclusive use of helium to inflate military balloons and dirigibles, and by federal law had practically prohibited its export.

Under direction of the Bureau of Mines, 50,000 acres of a natural-gas field near Amarillo, Texas, were acquired. A modern extraction plant erected there has produced some 77 million cubic feet of helium since it was opened in 1929. In addition to the Amarillo field (good for 180 years of operation at present plant capacity), reserve lands rich in helium are held in Colorado and Utah.

For these huge supplies there will

be no lack of purchasers, if one may judge by demands voiced at the Congressional hearings in 1937.

The first and most insistent demand was that of the medical men who had discovered its virtues as a therapeutic material. Seventy-nine percent of our air is nitrogen. We simply breathe it in only to breathe it out again unused, while our lungs absorb the 21 percent of oxygen. A physician, watching an asthma victim struggle for breath, wondered if a lighter air would have any favorable effect. Since helium is only one seventh the weight of nitrogen, why not substitute a helium-oxygen mixture for the heavier air? This synthetic atmosphere was tried, and it is now an accepted medium of treatment for acute asthma in some hospitals.

"Some patients with asthma actually die," said Dr. Alvan L. Barach, testifying before the Congressional committee. "But," he continued, referring to results in New York, "we have not lost a single patient in the helium treatment, although in 16 months we have had five apparently fatal cases (*i.e.*, the pulse could no longer be felt) and they were restored by the use of helium."

Not only in asthma, but in several other ailments involving breathing difficulties, as also in the deep-sea diver's affliction called "the bends," helium is proving effective. It is also helpful in certain techniques of administering anesthetics.

But hitherto helium has been

very expensive, and it was for this reason that physicians urged Congress to amend the law which prohibited the sale of government helium. While these hearings were under way, the hydrogen in the German dirigible *Hindenburg* exploded. This spectacular tragedy gave publicity to the additional demands of aeronautical interests for cheap helium with which to inflate commercial airships.

The law was amended. Government helium ceased to be peculiarly the Army's and Navy's. A close control of exportation is imposed, but the gas may now be sold to the public; and its availability may yet promote an enormous development of commercial lighter-than-air craft.

Today a miniature balloonful of helium that was once worth \$5000 costs 1½ cents.



Quotable Quotes

JAMES A. FARLEY
U. S. Postmaster General:

I DON'T KNOW whether chewing-gum played any part in my success, but it was not a retarding factor. — *Boston Transcript*

JULES HENRI
former counselor of the French Embassy:

DURING my ten years in Washington I drank, God help my digestion, 35,000 cocktails in line of duty. Not a single day passed that I didn't drink five; on days of an official luncheon, teas and a dinner, the number soared to astronomical proportions.

— "Washington Review," by Duke Shoop

DR. S. MORRIS
West Virginia University:

MODESTY has ruined more kidneys than bad liquor.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE RUSSELL
answers a barrister:

THE extreme penalty for bigamy? Two mothers-in-law.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN
film producer:

I go to the movies every night. Why not? I've got to do something to take my mind off my business. — *Time*

JOHN BARRYMORE
in a radio broadcast:

ONE of my chief regrets during my years in the theater is that I couldn't sit in the audience and watch me act.

THE INCREDIBLE MR. GANDHI

CONDENSED FROM "INSIDE ASIA"

JOHN GUNTHER

Author of "Inside Europe"



THE STORY of the man who, by his saintly life, has become a god to his countrymen; who, by applying moral weapons to politics, fought the British Empire to a standstill; and who — paradoxically — is today the best friend the British have in India.

Mr. Gunther, noted for his brilliant portraits of Hitler, Mussolini, and Stalin, here gives a warmly human appraisal of this "dictator who rules by love"; whose inconsistencies puzzle the Western mind, yet whose gentle heroism has made him one of the great leaders of all time.

Inside Asia, Mr. Gunther's forthcoming book from which this excerpt is taken, will be published early next year by Harper & Bros. at \$3.50.

THE INCREDIBLE MR. GANDHI

MR. GANDHI, who is an incredible combination of Jesus Christ, Tammany Hall, and your father, is the greatest Indian since Buddha. Like Buddha he will be worshiped as a god when he dies. Nowadays people are apt to assume that he is played out; they even think that he no longer counts in India. Nothing could be further from the truth. Mr. Gandhi is still incomparably the most important living Indian. I have seen peasants kiss the sand his feet have trod.

No more enigmatic character can be conceived. He is a slippery fellow. I mean no disrespect. But consider the contradictions in the career and character of this man who is at once a saint and a politician.

Gandhi's great contribution to India was the theory and practice of non-violence or civil disobedience — a perfect example of his familiar usage of moral weapons to achieve practical results. But at the very time that non-violence was embedded in his soul, he was recruiting ambulance detachments to serve in warfare.

There is again the matter of his celebrated fasts. He fasted purely

for moral reasons, but they often compelled the British to let him out of jail. A sort of etherealized Houdini, he was in a position to escape from prison at any time because the British would not accept the onus of his death from starvation while in confinement. Yet — the point is important — Gandhi himself never consciously thought of fasting as a method of escape.

His inconsistencies seem remarkable, until you note that his objective seldom varies. He is interested in substance, not form. For instance, his career has been a titanic struggle with Britain, yet now he is coöperating with Britain under the new constitution. His point is that his objective, Indian independence, may now be more easily achieved by coöperation than by struggle. Yet the paradox is enormous: Mr. Gandhi, who fought the British Empire to a standstill, is today in certain respects the best friend the British have in India.

There are other contradictions. To Mr. Gandhi modern science is anathema, but he uses railway trains and wears eyeglasses. He is the soul and backbone of the Indian National Congress — without being a

member of it. His approach to everything is religious, but Hinduism apart, no one knows just what his religion is.

Even his attitude toward the Untouchables — to whose uplift he now devotes the largest share of his energy — seems contradictory, in that he is unwilling to free them from Hinduism, which makes them what they are.

Caste, the impregnable citadel of Hinduism, is as old as India and was probably invented to preserve the supremacy of the early Aryan invaders. No man may progress from caste to caste.

There are four main castes: first the *Brahmans* or priests and scholars, second the *Kshatriyas* or warriors, third the *Vaisyas* or merchants (into which Mr. Gandhi was born), fourth the *Sudras*, servants or serfs. Members of the third caste are still, by and large, the shopkeepers of all India, though the others have come to admit other occupations. It is surprising to find, for instance, that Brahmans are for the most part the cooks of India. This is because their superior touch does not defile food and water, and thus non-Brahman families employ them. Below the fourth caste — outside of caste — are the Untouchables, many of whom are forced to find employment as scavengers and sweepers of latrines. There are 51 million Untouchables in India, out of a total Hindu population of 238 million.

Untouchability is like Jimcrow-

ism on a fantastic scale. Or imagine a Jew in Germany ten times worse off than he is; that will approach the position in India of the Untouchables. Not only are they the poorest of India's poor, but they suffer social indignities. The child of an Untouchable in some parts of India may not enter a school-room; Untouchables may not use water from the ordinary village well or otherwise in any way mingle with the community. In South India an Untouchable may pollute a caste Hindu even from a distance; the unfortunate wretch, as he walks along the road, must retreat into the fields when a Brahman passes. One variety of Untouchable defiles actually on sight, no matter from what distance, so that he can go out only at night.

Mr. Gandhi, that complicated man, believes firmly in the caste system, but Untouchability he thinks is a degradation. "I would rather that Hinduism died than that Untouchability lived," he said once; he calls it a "rotten excrescence" on Hinduism. Yet when the British, supported by the orthodox Hindus, attempted to cut the Untouchables off from Hinduism by giving them a separate electorate, Mr. Gandhi wrote Sir Samuel Hoare: "I have to resist your decision with my life." He felt that the lot of the Untouchables must be ameliorated *within* Hinduism; his aim is to make the Untouchables touchable — *i.e.*, to create a new fifth caste.

Mr. Gandhi, in spite of his inconsistencies, adds up to a very great deal. The record of his life is heroic in the best sense of that word. This tough and rubbery little man, dressed in a loin cloth and sitting by his spinning wheel, who weighs 112 pounds, took on the greatest empire the world has ever known, and almost vanquished it.

Some of his most devoted admirers think that his willingness to compromise with Britain — now — passes normal limits. But his hold on the great mass of the Indian people is unshaken. He is a unique kind of dictator, one who rules by love. His photograph is enshrined in a million cottages; children, sick, are touched with his likeness to make them well. Peasants may come 20 miles simply to see his train pass, even if it does not stop. To the submerged masses he is a man of miracles. And he is the only man in India who by a single word, by lifting his little finger, could start civil disobedience again among more than 350 million people — roughly one fifth of the human race.

What explains the hold Mr. Gandhi has on India? Let us try to take this extraordinary man apart, and see what it is that makes him tick.

St. Francis in South Africa

MOHANDAS Karamchand Gandhi was born in Porbandar, one of the small native states in the Kathiawar peninsula, on October 2,

1869. Thus he is almost 70. He came of a solid official family; both his father and grandfather were *Dewans*, that is, prime ministers, of local principalities. The name "Gandhi" means "grocer" in his native language. His father, whom he describes as being brave, truthful, and incorruptible, married four times, and young Gandhi was the youngest child of the fourth wife. His mother, a passionately devout woman, given to strict observance of Hindu fasts and customs, profoundly influenced him.

The best source of material for Gandhi's early years is his autobiography, *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*. It is a work of very peculiar texture. Artlessly it sets down details of almost shocking intimacy; yet it gives an impression of almost Biblical restraint. It varies between passages of great nobility and literary force, and of preoccupation with idiosyncrasies almost meaningless to a Western reader. Its last words are — after 1090 pages — "I must reduce myself to zero."

His picture of his mother is worth recording: "The outstanding impression my mother has left on my memory is that of saintliness. She was deeply religious, and never missed the *Chaturmas* (a semi-fast period that lasts four months during the rains). During one *Chaturmas* she vowed not to have food without seeing the sun. We children on those days would stand,

staring at the sky, waiting to announce the appearance of the sun to our mother. . . . She would run out to see with her own eyes, but by that time the fugitive sun would be gone, thus depriving her of her meal. 'That does not matter,' she would say cheerfully, 'God did not want me to eat today'."

A friend told young Gandhi that Indians are a weak people because they do not eat meat. "The English are able to rule over us because they are meat-eaters." Secretly Gandhi decided to taste the forbidden substance, but a furtive meal of goat's meat made him sick. That night he had a horrible nightmare, in which a live goat kept bleating inside his stomach. . . .

At about the same time a friend took him to a brothel. Gandhi says, "I was almost struck dumb and blind in this den of vice. I went into the jaws of sin, but God protected me." He fled, "saved." On another occasion he smoked a forbidden cigarette, and almost committed suicide in remorse. He says that he never told a lie in childhood.

He married at 13. Before this he had been betrothed three times, but the little girls all died. His ten-year-old wife was chosen from a neighbor's family, and he was married in a Hindu ceremony. Gandhi writes, "Little did I dream then that one day I should severely criticize my father for having married me as a child. Everything on that

day seemed to me proper and pleasing. There was also my own eagerness to get married." He "draws the curtain" over the first encounter of the two nervous, frightened children, and then says that he lost no time in "assuming the authority of a husband."

His wife, Kasturbai, was illiterate. "I was very anxious to teach her, but lustful love left no time. . . ." As a result Kasturbai today — a half-century later — can only barely read and write.

"I am sure that had my love for her been absolutely untainted with lust, she would have been a learned lady today; for I could then have conquered her dislike for studies." When he was 15, Kasturbai had their first child, who died. His father died at about the same period; the event had tremendous moral significance for Gandhi, because at the moment of his father's death he and Kasturbai were in bed together. His "shame" at this is "a blot I have never been able to efface or forget."

The sexual motif is very strong throughout Gandhi's book. He continually writes of his carnal impulses and desires; even in 1933 he says that he has not finally conquered them. Four times God saved him from going to brothels. His first great struggle for emancipation from earthly needs was in regard to sex; all his fantastic experiments with diet, and his final choice of goat's milk as ideal food,

were caused by his desire to diminish sexual ardor. In 1900, when he was 31, he gave up sexual intercourse; in 1906 he confirmed his abstinence with a perpetual vow of celibacy. This he considered his first step forward to self-mastery; it was the essential preliminary to the doctrine of *abimsa*, non-violence.

Having finished high school and the University of Ahmadabad, young Gandhi decided to go to London and study law. This was a very unconventional thing to do in those days. Orthodox Hindus are supposed to be defiled by ocean travel, and the subcaste of his community excommunicated him. But nothing could deter him from the trip. He calmly relates how he sold his wife's trinkets to help pay his way — he left her behind — and describes his solemn vow to his mother to eat no meat, drink no wine, and have no women. At this period his ultimate ambition was to become a *Dewan*, like his father.

His adventures in London — he arrived there in September, 1888 — make strange reading now. He set about learning the ways of this remarkable island people who kept his own people in subjection. An Indian friend told him, "Do not touch other people's things" (this after he had innocently stroked a silk hat the wrong way); "do not ask questions on first acquaintance; do not talk loudly; never address people as 'sir' as we do in India." Young Gandhi bought a dress suit,

learned French and Latin, took dancing lessons, and went through miseries trying to find palatable vegetarian food. (He would not eat eggs, or even sauces made of eggs, and had to quiz waiters to find out how the food was cooked.)

Three years later he returned to India, and set up legal practice in Bombay. In his first case, when he rose to cross-examine a witness, he was too timid to talk, and had to sit down again without asking a question. A little later came a disconcerting experience; he was bodily thrown out of an Englishman's office when he came to ask a favor on behalf of his brother. Directly he sought to bring suit against the Englishman — note his pepperiness — but was prevailed upon not to do so. He swallowed the insult, but profited from it as well. He records, "Never again shall I try to exploit friendship."

In 1893, feeling himself a failure in India, he went to South Africa, where the large Indian colony offered him the chance of a good practice. Almost before he knew it he was a leader of the community, and he remained in South Africa, hardly realizing how the time slipped by, for more than 20 years. These were his great years of preparation. South Africa was a rehearsal in microcosm of what was to come.

When he came to South Africa, and indeed for a long time thereafter, he was a loyal citizen of the British Empire. He early became

interested in Indian Home Rule, but he helped organize medical work during the Boer War and the Zulu rebellion, supporting the British forces; he received citations for bravery in the front line, and in 1914 went straight to London to offer his services for establishing an Indian ambulance corps. This, too, despite the indignities he and his compatriots suffered owing to race and color prejudice in South Africa. In the early days he was kicked, beaten, spat upon as a coolie. He could find no rooms in hotels, no restaurants to eat in.

Gradually in South Africa the two main streams in his life came forth. Later in India they converged. First was his conversion to the doctrine of non-violence. He read Ruskin, Tolstoi, Thoreau, and set himself to follow their example. He was now a highly successful barrister, earning £5000 a year, but he dropped commercial practice to found an agricultural colony devoted to poverty, non-violence, and the simple virtues. Second was his growing interest in Indian nationalism. He did not fight the British directly, but he roused a tremendous tumult in defense of Indian rights. He founded a newspaper, *Indian Opinion*, and wrote his first book, *Hind Swaraj* (Indian Independence), showing that he had not forgotten the land to which he must return. He became the undisputed leader of the nationalist Indians in South Africa, tested out his theory

of passive resistance, and three times went to jail.

Meantime he was broadening, developing, both spiritually and practically. For instance he decided that he was not well enough grounded in the Hindu scriptures. But he was busy, with little time to spare. So he copied out the Gita verses, hung them on a wall, and memorized them during the 15 minutes each morning he devoted to cleaning his teeth.

He discovered a good deal about the law. From the beginning he refused to take any case the justice of which he doubted. He learned that if he were sure of facts, the law was apt to take care of itself. "Facts mean truth, and once we adhere to truth, the law comes to our aid naturally." Also he saw that the winning party seldom recovered all his costs, and that compromise was an excellent technique. "The true function of a lawyer is to unite parties riven asunder. Much of my practice was in bringing about private compromises."

One of his early spiritual struggles was over life insurance. "Man," he told himself, "you have sold almost all the ornaments of your wife. If something were to happen to you, the burden of supporting her and the children would fall on your poor brother." So he took out 10,000 rupees (\$3700) in life insurance. Then he gave it up. What reason, he asked himself, had he to assume that death would claim him

earlier than the others? The real protector was, he decided, not his brother, but God Almighty. And, he concluded, "in getting my life insured I had robbed my wife and children of their self-reliance. Why should they not be expected to take care of themselves? What happened to the families of the numberless poor of the world? Why should I not count myself among them?"

Note the curious emphasis here. He is willing that even his family should suffer provided that his conscience is square with the Almighty.

He had many political tussles and tumbles. He learned to handle men, and to handle crowds. He was absolutely inflexible on any matter of principle, and wonderfully supple on minor details.

He was continually exasperated by diet. He tried countless experiments. Finally he gave up salt, tea, and meals after sunset. He began, too, to observe Monday as a day of silence. Goat's milk seemed an ideal food for the observation of *brahmacharya* (self-restraint), but it was only after a terrific struggle that he consented to take it, since, after all, it was not strictly a vegetarian substance. Meantime, he struggled to maintain his vow of chastity.

Such was the man, who, aged 45, returned to India in 1914. Then the great years, the tremendous years, began.

Entrance to India

BACK ON his native soil, he spent a year in travel and social work, getting close to Indian affairs, and in 1915 founded his *Satyagraha* hermitage near Ahmadabad. This word, *Satyagraha*, needs careful definition. Gandhi invented it. Literally it means no more than "right effort," but "force of truth" or "soul force" is the usual translation, and later it was used loosely to indicate "non-coöperation," "passive resistance" and "civil disobedience." To the hermitage he brought the poor, unprecedentedly including a group of Untouchables; the members of his colony took vows of truth-telling, non-violence, vegetarianism, celibacy, and non-possession. Children were not allowed to see their parents, and the parents gave up control of them. His word swept India. Also he was tackling practical jobs in investigating and helping to redress the grievances of peasants. By 1917 he was already known as the Mahatma (literally "Great Soul").

At the end of the war the political situation was boiling over. India loyally supported Britain during the war; she sent, in fact, 1,215,000 men overseas, of whom more than 100,000 were casualties. In return the Indians, Mr. Gandhi among them, assumed that Britain would lighten the burden of its rule. And indeed the British did introduce the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms

which gave India a limited — a very limited — measure of self-government.

But Indian nationalism was unsatisfied, and the movement for home rule continued to grow. To check the rising tide of political discontent, the British introduced the Rowlatt bill, giving the police special powers; it was furiously resented. The country seethed, and Mr. Gandhi became the head of the nationalist movement. He declared a *bartal*, general strike, in protest at the Rowlatt bill; then in April, 1919, came the grotesque tragedy at Amritsar, when a British general gave the order to fire on a crowd of unarmed Indians — men, women, children — who had no method of escape, and killed and wounded some hundreds. India rose — but not with a roar. It rose with *Satyagraha*, civil disobedience.

Satyagraha swept the country. Mr. Gandhi made it a political weapon as well as a spiritual force. The people were on the brink of revolution; the Mahatma showed them the way. The call of non-violence, of self-mastery through abnegation, was something that the Hindus — who have a touch of masochism in their nature — instinctively understood. It went straight to the kernel of their religious nature; it made lions out of Hindus.

The British were bewildered. What could they do with people who let

themselves be beaten to a pulp without lifting their hands? What to do when literally thousands of young Indians besieged the jails, demanding to be arrested? Mr. Gandhi's precepts to his *satyagrabi*, as the passive-resisters were called, are almost more than the Western mind can comprehend. The Mahatma insisted that *satyagrabi* must harbor no anger, must never retaliate to attacks, must voluntarily submit to arrest, must never insult an opponent, and must assist British officials assaulted by forgetful Indians.

Mr. Gandhi thought his policy would "compel the government to retrace its steps and undo the wrongs."

But the government did not retrace its steps. Instead the lines of battle were marked out. The Indian Congress declared for *Swaraj* (Home Rule — literally "oneself country") and worked out a practical program under Mr. Gandhi's guidance. He became dictator of the Congress. Nationalist Indians agreed to boycott British goods, to take their children from government schools, to withdraw from the law courts, to give up public jobs, to pay no taxes, to surrender titles and honors, and, above all, to use *khaddar*, i.e. homespun cotton. This, like the invention of *Satyagraha*, was another example of Gandhi's astute political sense. Nothing so dramatized the movement — down to the remotest village — as the re-

vival of home spinning and weaving. It at once starved British imports, revived village economy, and gave the Congress a badge, a uniform.

In 1921 came the episode of Chauri Chaura. An infuriated mob of Indians hacked and burned to death a group of police. Gandhi was horrified. He was about to push civil disobedience further, but he suddenly and startlingly called off the entire campaign. It is difficult to know who were the most astonished by this *volte-face*, the British or the Indians. Gandhi said simply that Chauri Chaura proved that India was not ready for *Satyagraha*. The people could not yet be fully trusted with this new weapon. He talked of his bitter humiliation, his "Himalayan blunder"; he denounced mob violence and said that he, the person responsible, must undergo cleansing; he set himself the penance of his first great fast.

In 1922 he was arrested. He knew this would come. Listen to his logic:

"What can be the motive of the government in arresting me? The government are not my enemy. But they believe that I am the soul of all this agitation, that if I am removed, the ruled and ruler will be left in peace. . . . I desire that the people shall maintain perfect self-control and consider the day of my arrest as a day of rejoicing."

The trial was a tableau to stagger the imagination. Mr. Gandhi told

the prosecutor that his crimes were greater than those in the indictment; gravely, placidly, he pleaded with the judge to give him the maximum sentence. The judge matched the Mahatma's courtesy with his own. The testimony reads like the proceedings of some court of honor. The judge sentenced Mr. Gandhi to six years' imprisonment, and Mr. Gandhi thanked him.

He adored jail. It gave him rest and seclusion. His own words are that he was "happy as a bird" in confinement. But after a sudden operation for appendicitis, he was released in 1924.

The next year he undertook a 21-day fast following an outbreak of trouble between Hindus and Moslems. By his example, he hoped to bring friendship between the two. He wrote, "My penance is the prayer of a bleeding heart. . . . It is a warning to Hindus and Moslems who have professed to love me." Breathless, a whole continent waited the three weeks in anguish. When finally the Mahatma, on the 21st day, took a sip of orange juice, he was too weak to talk.

There came then five years of tension, feeling for position, and delay. The British sent the Simon Commission to India to prepare the way for a new constitution, and the Congress steadily expanded in strength and spirit; in 1930 the Congress came out flatly for complete independence, at about the time Lord Irwin, the Viceroy, an-

nounced that the British government considered that the natural issue of India's constitutional progress was — dominion status. Battle lines were drawn again, and tempers rose. Gandhi wrote Irwin, even though he always addressed him as "Dear Friend," that he considered British rule to be "a curse." (But he says that he "cannot and will not" hate individual Englishmen.) He opened a renewed course of implacable opposition. He presented demands to the "satanic" government, which were rejected; thereupon in 1930 civil disobedience began anew.

It opened with Gandhi's "salt march" to Dandi on the sea. Salt was — and is — a government monopoly; the tax on it bore especially hard on the poorer people, and Gandhi chose it as a symbol that everyone could grasp. The march is one of the most remarkable in modern history. With a group of volunteers, the Mahatma slowly traversed the country; and a fire of rebellion followed in his wake. When he began it, he said, "On bended knee I asked the government for bread, and I got a stone instead." When, with the marchers beside him, he reached the sea, he knelt and made illegal salt from the water.

The wave of civil disobedience that followed almost brought India to anarchy, but it was not successful enough to win a clean victory. By 1934 it fizzled out; thousands of people were in jail, the British ruled

by pure repression, and the country was paralyzed and prostrate. What happened then was a double course of events. First, the British hammered out the new constitution, which did very considerably advance India toward self-government; second, the Congress, under Mr. Gandhi's lead, came around by 1937 to reluctant participation in its working. So the net result of civil disobedience was a compromise. The British gave way to some extent; the Indians grudgingly consented to work with them.

Daily Life of the Modern Saint

NOWADAYS the Mahatma lives most of the year in a remote village called Segaoon in the very center of the most backward part of India. He chose it, with his customary combination of foresight and crankiness, just because it was peculiarly inaccessible, surrounded by mud four months of the year, without even a doctor or a post office, and populated largely by *Harijans* (children of God), which is the name he has given the Untouchables. He wanted to demonstrate that even the most unbelievably backward village in India could benefit by Gandhism.

He rises every day at 4:30 for his morning prayers, then takes a brisk walk, rain or shine. He did this even in London, when he exhausted the two detectives assigned to guard him. When I write "brisk," I mean

"brisk." He walks as Paavo Nurmi runs. I have enjoyed watching Europeans in good condition try to keep up with him. He sails along, carrying a long staff, like some extraordinary bird.

The prayers are more important than the ritual of stiff daily exercise. In London he would interrupt any meeting without a trace of self-consciousness to sit down on the floor and pray — even in a committee room of the House of Commons. He prays twice a day, morning and at sunset. The sunset prayers are in the nature of a public ceremony, because his household joins him, together with the villagers and any visitors who may be there. The evening I saw the prayers on Juhu beach (Mr. Gandhi was having a holiday near Bombay) a Japanese priest joined the ceremony, and Miss Madeleine Slade, the daughter of an English admiral and the faithful manager of Gandhi's household, sang from the Hindu scriptures. The moon rose at one end of the beach just as the sun was setting; the night was calm, still, and very beautiful. Mr. and Mrs. Gandhi walked quietly up, and the Mahatma took his place facing the sea. He sat there cross-legged, head bowed, for precisely thirty minutes. There was no other ceremony. No one spoke; no one moved; but the Hindu chants continued plangently. Suddenly he rose; the enchantment broke, and the prayers were over.

He eats no meat, of course, and in fact only seldom takes any cooked food. A mug of goat's milk, dates, nuts, a tablespoon of honey, garlic, a bowl of chopped fresh vegetables, and plenty of fruit — oranges, pineapples, mangoes, peaches — this is the general menu.

He works very hard, seeing people incessantly, receiving visitors, consulting subordinates. Wherever he is is the capital of Indian India. Any particularly interesting talk is written down by his secretary and appears presently in his newspaper, the *Harijan*. So no words are wasted. He keeps up a very considerable correspondence with people all over the world. His chief relaxation is his bath; he bathes in very hot water for 40 minutes before retiring, and usually reads in the tub.

Monday is his day of silence. He will not interrupt it no matter what urgent business is clamoring just outside the door.

Mostly his work at present, except when the Working Committee of Congress is meeting, centers on the village. To revive the village, and thus prevent the countrymen from being sucked into the terrible slums of the town, he has a five-point program: Encourage home spinning; make village education vocational; improve sanitation; bring the Untouchables into the community; above all, stimulate village industry.

He is doing his best, for instance, to create work from by-products

- of dead cattle, fertilizers and the like. Of course no Hindu would kill a cow, which is sacred in India, but the Mahatma is trying to persuade the villagers to utilize those that die naturally — not an easy thing to persuade them to do.

This peculiar concern with cattle turns upon the fact that cow worship is an essential facet of Hinduism. "To me," Mr. Gandhi has said, "cow-protection is one of the most wonderful phenomena in human evolution. The cow to me means the entire subhuman world. Man through the cow is enjoined to realize his identity with all that lives. She is the mother to millions of Indian mankind. The cow is a poem of pity. Protection of the cow means protection of the whole dumb creation of God."

This extraordinary veneration of the cow goes back to the remotest Indian times. The cow gives food, fuel, and — as a draft animal — the means of agriculture.

It performs other functions too. The dung is important. The steps of houses are washed with a solution of it every day; it is ammoniac and antiseptic, and believe it or not — clean. Dung is the great cleanser, the purifier. Then again, when a Brahman must purify himself, remove corruptness from his body and soul, he swallows a pellet made of the five excretory products of the cow: milk, butter, curds, urine, dung.

The economic consequences of

cow worship are enormous. Although no one may kill a cow, yet many cattle are wretchedly cared for; thousands upon thousands of half-starved and useless beasts roam the country devouring crops. One might assume that India should at least have a plenitude of good milk, but the contrary is true; the condition of the cattle is so miserable and the period of lactation so abused that less milk is consumed in India than any comparable country. In India the cow lives on man, instead of vice versa. Mr. Gandhi's difficulties in utilizing dead cattle in a new village industry can therefore be understood.

Mr. Gandhi himself has very little need of money, and the financing of his household doesn't seem to be a problem because what little he needs he gets from charity.

"Bapu" — "Father" — is what his friends and intimates call him. He has always been embarrassed by the title "Mahatma."

His health is quite good. He is not nearly as frail as his photographs indicate; the torso is well formed, and the muscles hard and smooth. His personal physician, Dr. Roy, one of the first doctors of India, told me that he was "superbly normal."

Dr. Roy admitted that Gandhi could do things that normal men could not do. His experience of fasting has, for instance, given him peculiar powers over his body. Once he was down to 97 pounds and eat-

ing only 400 calories a day. Dr. Roy said he must get up to 104 pounds, and that he could do this only by doubling his intake of food. Gandhi asserted that he could take on the necessary seven pounds in one week without changing his diet by one calory. Which he did.

He will say, "I will go to sleep for 25 minutes." Then he can fall asleep instantly, and sleep for exactly 25 minutes and no more. On the trains his attendants know that he will be asleep within 30 seconds of getting into the compartment. Once he was asleep in an automobile, returning from a funeral. The car overturned. Mr. Gandhi was thrown out, but when his worried friends went to him on the roadside he was asleep again.

His tributes to Kasturbai, his wife, are touching. She is a small, round, cheerful woman, and he is fully aware of the tremendous half century he has put her through. He quite calmly notes the wide difference between them intellectually but says, "She is blessed with one great quality . . . she has considered herself blessed in following in my footsteps." In another passage, he writes, "I can no more describe my feeling for Hinduism than for my own wife. She moves me as no other woman in the world can. Not that she has no faults. I daresay that she has many more than I see myself. But the feeling of indissoluble bond is there."

The Gandhis have four sons and

several grandchildren. In his autobiography he criticizes himself for not having given his children a better education. One son, indeed, has been a disappointment, but two others have made excellent careers as journalists.

The Gandhi Gambit

GANDHI'S unbelievable simplicity sometimes reaches the borderline of comedy. Once he went through a minor spiritual crisis before allowing his wife, a third-class passenger, to use a second-class bath-room. One possibly apocryphal story describes the Englishman who shouted "Coolie" at him at a railway station. Obediently Mr. Gandhi picked up the Englishman's bags and took them to the train.

Again there is his very considerable charm. Despite his 40 years of celibacy, he adores the company of women, and he likes to flirt. He is a saint, but a laughing one. He loves laughter. He bubbles and chuckles in talk. Once he told a friend that he might have killed himself long ago but for his sense of humor. His charm is such that, according to the legend, the Secretary of State for India Sir Samuel Hoare ordered a new Viceroy, Lord Willingdon, not to see Gandhi, in order to prevent his succumbing to his formidable charm.

He has this tact, charm, consideration, but he can be brutal for a principle. Consider for instance the

story of the illness of his ten-year-old child Manilal.

The doctor found Manilal with a high fever, caused by pneumonia after typhoid. He said that eggs and chicken broth might save him, but Mr. Gandhi refused to allow him either. He told the doctor that he would treat Manilal in his own way.

The boy grew worse, and Gandhi relates: "I began to get anxious. What would people say of me? What right had parents to inflict their fads on their children? . . . I was haunted by thoughts like these. Then a contrary current would start. God would surely be pleased to see that I was giving the same treatment to my son as I would give myself. . . . The doctor could not guarantee recovery. The thread of life was in the hands of God. . . ."

The fever broke at last and the son recovered, but the point of the story is that his honor, his faith, were more important to the Mahatma than the life of his son.

Another source of power is his tremendous knowledge of India. His travels over India have been epochal. In the third class trains and especially on foot, he has covered the entire peninsula.

The things Gandhi likes most are children, fresh air, laughter, friends, the truth. What he dislikes most is a lie.

This is another source of power. People cannot lie to him. I heard this all over India: as if the Ma-

hatma had some special supernatural quality which overcame temptation to falsehood in other people. His own sincerity, his own love of truth, is so great that he brings out truth in others.

His colossal spiritual integrity on the one hand; his earthly command of politics on the other — this is the Gandhi gambit. He has no hatreds. Once a settlement is made, he coöperates with enemies as vigorously as he fought them.

When he left the Congress in 1934, he did so in order to make himself more honest, more neutral. He wanted to be in a position to adjudicate, not merely between different factions within Congress, but between Congress and the British. This is as if Abraham Lincoln, say, had quit the Presidency in the middle of the Civil War, in order to see that the North behaved with proper integrity and honor toward the South.

The attitude of the Mahatma to religion is not easy to define. His insistence on rendering good for evil, his feeling that one can win justice only by giving justice to the enemy, his injunction to hate the sin but not the sinner, are the essence of practical Christianity. He is probably more like Christ than any man in the political sphere who has ever lived. But he does not call himself a Christian. When, watching him pray, I asked his intimate friends to whom he prayed, they did not know.

The following passage^{*} minating: "I do perceive that whilst everything around me is ever-changing and ever-dying, there is, underlying all that change, a living Power that is changeless, that holds all together, that creates, dissolves, and recreates. That informing Power and Spirit is God . . . I see it as purely benevolent, for I can see that, in the midst of death, life persists; in the midst of untruth, truth persists; in the midst of darkness, light persists. Hence I gather that God is life, truth, and light. He is love, He is the Supreme God. . . ."

He is a devout Hindu, but he believes that the scriptures of *all* the great religions are equally the word of God — Bible, Talmud, Zend-Avesta, Koran, and the Buddhist canon.

^{*} Made in, of all places, a record for the Columbia Gramophone Company.

Whither India?

AS THINGS STAND at the end of 1938, Mr. Gandhi is definitely a force for moderation in Indian politics, a check against extremism. He has told friends that in moments of vanity he believes he has been destined to deliver India from British bondage, but the British will view it as a catastrophe when he dies, for his death will liberate forces almost certainly tending to increase the strength of Indian nationalism.

But what a tremendous, dazzling career he has had! He brought religion into politics, and vice versa — quite aside from giving the Indian people a spirit, a self-reliance, a vanity, they have never known before. His God, Whoever it is, should treat him fondly, when he is gone.

Curiosity Value

SOME YEARS AGO a man hired the opera house in a small Pennsylvania town for one night, but engaged no ushers or other staff. About a month before the date for which he had rented the hall, he put a large sign on the most prominent billboard in town, stating in huge letters: "He Is Coming!"

A week before the fateful night, this was replaced by: "He Will Be at the Opera House on October 31!" The day before the event there was the simple legend: "He Is Here!" The following morning: "He Will Be at the Opera House Tonight at 8:30!"

That night the man himself sat in the box office and sold tickets at \$1 a head to a capacity audience. When the lights went up inside, however, all the crowd could see was a huge sign reading: "He Is Gone!"

— Walter Winchell, quoting S. J. Kaufman

Variations on the Christmas Spirit

EVERY Christmas morning, New England's flying Santa Claus, Captain William H. Wincapaw, loads up his plane with presents for the men who

keep watch in lonely lighthouses and Coast Guard stations from Boston Harbor to Canada. Accompanied by his son and George Mason, of the National Aeronautic Association, he takes off with bundles containing cookies, tobacco, candy, magazines, books, and silk hose for the lighthouse-keeper's wife. The gifts are donated chiefly by Adriel Bird, a Boston business executive. Each package is attached to a parachute. As the plane passes over a station, Mason, who acts as "bomber," releases a package through the window to the people gathered below; spare packages are carried in case he misses aim. The Flying Santa covers more than a thousand miles in his nine-hour flight.

—Cy Caldwell in *Aero Digest*

SINCE 1917, the store of I. Rude in Dallas, Texas, has opened every Christmas Day at nine a.m. so that thousands of poor people of the community might choose from three to five articles from shelves and tables stacked high with warm clothing. Clerks of the store give their services, assisted by volunteers from other stores; lights burn all Christmas Eve in preparation. In 1933, the store served 12,000 people, the record so far.

Presiding over this huge annual Christmas gift is one of Dallas's most amazing figures, a shrewd, cold business man whose greatest joy is "taking it away

from the smart guys and giving it to the poor." Born 60 years ago of Austrian Jewish parents who died when he was three, leaving him a public charge, he is fa-

miliar with bitter need. Emigrating to America as a young man, he made several fortunes, but has given away so much — to the needy of all faiths — that he is not a rich man. No credentials are needed to receive his help on Christmas Day, but each applicant must pass Rude's shrewd scrutiny. "I think I'm a pretty good judge," he comments. "Maybe I'm not, but I feel that if 50 percent of those served are deserving, the job is worth while."

—Dallas Morning News

FEW NAVY traditions are so universally cherished as a comparatively recent one: the annual Christmas party given for poor children by American battleships, cruisers, even some destroyers, in whatever port they happen to be. Started in 1915 by the crew of the battleship *New York*, the idea spread quickly and spontaneously until today, wherever one of the larger ships is in harbor, from New York to Shanghai, some lucky underprivileged children are assured a merry Christmas.

The party is not an official undertaking. Enlisted men are in charge, with the approval and help of the senior officers. For several days before Christmas, the men spend their spare time decorating the ship: fir trees at mastheads and yard ends, holly and cedar wreaths wherever they will hang. Some compartments are made to resemble drawing rooms, with imitation fireplaces and

electric logs. The list of guests is generally provided by some charitable institution, and each child receives a personal call from a bluejacket.

Early Christmas morning, about 100 boys and girls come aboard in the ship's launch. The band plays them over the side; they are greeted by the Captain and officers, then divided into small groups for the great adventure of going over the ship. Toward noon, all the youngsters gather on the quarter-deck, and Santa Claus himself comes aboard. Usually he roars out of the sky in a big amphibian, but occasionally the good saint comes up out of the depths in a diving suit. He distributes his gifts: stockings, warm underwear, perhaps a

dress, invariably a doll or some toy for the girls; stockings, a sweater, gloves and some piece of athletic gear for the boys.

When the excitement has calmed down a little, mess-call sounds for a turkey dinner. Songs and stories, comic stunts, sometimes a Punch and Judy show provide entertainment.

Late in the afternoon, the youngsters are invited by the officers to the ward-room, where they are loaded down with fruit and candy. Finally at dusk they are taken ashore and to their homes, leaving behind them a crew of men whose Christmas away from home has been warmed and given meaning by their presence.

— Morris Markey

The Billboards Must Go

— III —

Mrs. W. L. Lawton writes, apropos of the two recent articles in The Reader's Digest:

"No effective billboard law can be passed in any state today because of the appalling power of the billboard industry over our state legislatures, a power which few realize. Only a thoroughly aroused and vocalized public opinion can overcome this power.

"The billboard industry has convinced the advertisers and the legislators that the opposition to billboards comes only from a small group, mostly women. If it can be proved to the advertisers that the resentment against billboards is general and comes from all

classes, we will see advertisers turn away from this medium to such an extent that the billboard industry will be compelled to yield and an effective law will become possible in every state.

"Our own experience of 15 years proves that the most effective weapon, short of legislation, is the registration of opinion directly upon the advertiser. If those who are weary of seeing beautiful scenery smeared by ugly billboards would only speak up!"

(Signed) MRS. W. L. LAWTON
Chairman, National Roadside Council

The Jester

Condensed from the short story by

Arthur Stringer

Author of "The Woman Who Couldn't Die," "Marriage by Capture," etc.

"THERE'S a guy they'll never grind down," said Gunderman's stage-manager as he watched Benjamin Spindel pocket his rejected playscript and trudge smiling and undaunted down to Broadway.

"They won't grind him down — he'll just wear down," retorted Gunderman.

For three years Spindel, fevered by the virus of stage life, had played small parts in other people's plays. Like Shakespeare, he acted parts that he might learn to write them, and meanwhile poured his energy into writing magnificent dramas which, by some odd mischance, never saw the light of day. As his parts grew smaller, his pay envelope grew thinner. But despair was unknown to him.

As Spindel climbed the stairs that night to his back-room "studio" he whistled, and affected a swagger. For he had been optimist enough to bring with him to New York a wife — a young wife who might not always appreciate the humoristic turns of destiny. She saw the script under her husband's arm, and went to the window and looked out.

"My dear, those managers are

positively *funny!*" blithely avowed Spindel, as he put his play in its pigeonhole with the air of a victor putting his sword in its scabbard. "All I can say is, I'm thankful I can keep my sense of humor and see what a queer lot they are!"

"I wish they'd taken the play," said his wife, with the unimaginative immediacy of her sex, as she went back to her work of turning a last winter's skirt.

"But I'm getting closer to 'em all the time," chirped the indomitable Spindel.

And he set to work writing a new play. He had to skimp and economize, for he could now get nothing more than an occasional "super" part. But he accepted the dingy studio and the meager meals calmly. He went back to his play like an opium-smoker back to his drug. He revised and rearranged and revamped. He closed his eyes, valiantly, and cut away whole act-ends at one grim stroke, like a surgeon operating on his own flesh and blood. He re-dressed it in epigram, and decorated it with new ribbons of fancy. Then he carried it off to the managers' offices with the blind pride of a mother carrying her first-born to a baby show.

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That none of them could see any beauty in it struck him as laughable. But once more he came to realize that managers were a queer lot. "If you can only keep your sense of humor at this game!" he persisted as he read Gunderman's curt note of refusal.

He set to work again, optimistic as ever. Once more he ruthlessly disemboweled and rearranged and re-articulated. "I'm learning the trick, my dear!" he jubilantly told his hollow-eyed wife as she stirred the veal stew on the hot-plate. "I can see it coming closer, every day!"

Again Spindel began the rounds of the managers' offices. And again the script came back to Spindel's dingy studio, and again it went out, and again it came back. Once more the playwright was moved to a mild and humorous wonder.

"Aren't they a funny lot?" he demanded.

"No, it's not funny," said his wife, limp and listless. "It's not funny any more."

He laughed as he put a hand on her thin shoulder. "Just keep your sense of humor, my dear, and you'll see they *are* funny!"

Spindel indulged in the extravagance of two canaries, "to liven up the studio a bit." Already he had begun a new play, and he worked on and on. Again he sent out his script, still nursing the delusion that he was going to find Fame hanging to his mailbox in the dingy

front hall. And as he shuffled down in his tattered slippers, ten times a day, he thanked Heaven that he could still see the humor of it all, and went up to whistle pensively into the canary cage, and then turn once more to his writing.

One rainy morning when even the canaries refused to sing, the Ultimate Idea came to him. He had written altogether seven fine plays. None of them could be all bad; even the managers admitted that one had a good scene, and another a good curtain. Why not tie them up in one raft, cut away what was not needed, and let that one final venture swing out to sink or swim?

This idea became an obsession. The work-worn Spindel threw himself into the task with a fury that disturbed even his wife, who absented herself more and more from that paper-littered room where he strode up and down, enacting roles. She upbraided him for scandalizing the neighbors with his climacteric shouts of scorn and triumph. But he forgot his wife and her existence. He merely looked at her in his vacant way when she defiantly told him she was off to look for work of her own. He only nodded assent when she informed him that her cousin, Jim Ecklin, was taking her to the theater.

For Spindel was engaged in an extraordinary juggling feat. Into that final play he was crowding every worthwhile bit from every-

thing he had ever written, much like a shipwrecked traveler packing into one bag the cream of his belongings. He was molding his whole life into one forlorn amalgam.

Then once more he polished and refurbished it, and so pretentious and flashing did that new façade stand to him that for the first time in his life he indited a peremptory letter in which he put forth certain peremptory demands, and sent both letter and script off to Gunderman, knowing well that this time it was all or nothing.

Meantime, the rigors of December reminded the playwright that both the body and its habitation were in need of fuel. So Spindel earned a few dollars as a ticket-taker in a movie house. His gas bills and arrears of rent he could for the time ignore. Those claims which rose from the pit of the stomach, however, could not be ignored. As he trudged homeward, with his half-pound of Hamburger steak, he looked more and more anxiously into the mailbox. But it was always empty.

Spindel began to wonder if even a sense of humor could not lose its elasticity. One morning he invaded Gunderman's Broadway stronghold. Gunderman, he was told, was in Chicago. For a week or two, nothing could be done.

That night his wife came home, silent and self-contained. She told him she had already eaten supper, but later in the evening she broke

into tears, for no appreciable reason. Next day Spindel began pawning things, surreptitiously taken from their room.

For days he wandered about the city looking for work, as destitute of direction as a lost child. Late in the afternoon of the fourth day he trudged back to his "studio," a little dizzy, and weak in the knees.

In the mailbox he found two letters. He climbed the stairs, step by step, and as he let himself into his room he saw a square of paper tacked on his door. It was a "dispossess" notice. Slowly he pulled it from the soiled panel, and closed the door after him.

"Allie," he called.

Then he saw with relief that his wife was not there. He sat down by the window, putting the letters on the ledge. He was leisurely about it, yet he could feel his heart pounding.

The first letter was in his wife's handwriting. He slowly unfolded the single sheet and read:

I've tried hard to stay with you, Benny. But a woman's got to have clothes and things. I'm going to New Orleans with Jim this afternoon. It's the only thing left for me. I hate to go this way, but I can't stand it any longer.

ALLIE

Spindel read the penciled sheet a second time. Then he turned the other letter over in his hand. He found it hard to open, for a fog seemed to float between him and the paper. The first thing that

struck him was the blue tint of the oblong enclosure. He looked at it, vacantly, then saw it was a check.

The letter neither startled nor elated him. He was vaguely conscious that Gunderman was writing to say that the four-act play, entitled "Fool's Gold," by Benjamin Spindel, would be put in rehearsal the following Monday, for a New York production. It also requested a receipt for the \$1000 in advance royalties, duly enclosed, the additional \$500 advance on the London production, and — but Spindel was no longer interested.

He read the first letter again.

"I'm going to New Orleans with Jim this afternoon."

He read it aloud, as though the words were written in a foreign tongue, as though it were a text he could not comprehend. He looked at the blue check. Then he laughed, quietly, softly, without mirth and without emotion.

He pinned the two letters together, and taking a clean sheet of paper, wrote on it nine words:

"This is too much for my sense of humor!"

Spindel put the three slips of paper on a table in the center of the shadowy room. Then he carefully lifted the canary cage from its hook and placed it on the floor, outside his door. He locked the door as he stepped inside. He took newspapers and tore them into strips. With

these he battened the cracks about the door, and the window-sashes. As he crossed the room, he read aloud the words he had written: "This is too much for my sense of humor!"

Calmly he drew the blinds, groped his way to where the tubing, connecting the hot-plate with the gas pipe, ran along the wall, and padded about until he found the stop-cock. He turned it on, full.

Spindel lay down on the sagging couch, remembering to cover himself with the worn comforter. He closed his eyes. He only knew that he was tired, very tired. Then he fell asleep.

SPINDEL awoke to find his wife there at midnight, crying like a frightened child.

"Oh, I couldn't do it, Benny!" she wailed, bathed in her tears of contrition, as he stumbled to the door and swung it open. She clutched at his dazed and silent figure. She clung to him in an ecstasy of despair.

"Oh, Benny, what'll we do? What'll we do?"

"Do? How?" asked the still-dazed Spindel.

"They've ordered us out!" she wept. "We've no money. *And they came and turned the gas off on us this morning!*"

Spindel, groping for her shaking body in the darkness, locked his arms about her and laughed.

Reader's Choice

A Selection of Articles from the General Magazines for December

American

MYSTERY OF THE BILLIONS, by Beverly Smith — A perplexed reporter, in search of the truth about the national debt, produces a simple analysis which enables the reader to understand what all the arguing is about.

SCATTERGOOD IN REAL LIFE, by Paul T. Sturges — Uncle Bill Sturges, a salty South Dakota character, can find a market for anything. He hired Indians to gather bones, cowboys to pluck horsehair, and took his community off relief.

THE FACE IS FAMILIAR, by Eloise Sterling — Samuel Hinds, the lawyer who made and lost a fortune and realized at 57 a youthful ambition to become an actor, has achieved new fame and prosperity in Hollywood and holds a unique position in the movie colony.

FILL'ER UP? by George F. Homan with William A. H. Birnie — Leaves from the diary of a gas-station proprietor, containing anecdotes and observations on the curious ways and manners of motorists.

FAMILY DOCTOR, by Joseph Ambrose Jerger, M.D. — These opening chapters of a doctor's life-story are filled with keen

observation of people and frank comments on the medical profession. Born in England, trained in modern medicine at Chicago, Dr. Jerger had an unusual chance to temper his theoretical knowledge with the sound common sense of "Old Doc" Fuller under whom he started practice in Iowa.

MOTHER OF CRIME, by Courtney Ryley Cooper — Driven by greed and the desire for luxuries, "Ma" Beland sent her daughters onto the streets and taught them shoplifting and dope peddling. She built up a narcotics business which made Fort Worth, Texas, a notorious center of the traffic, but finally the law caught up with the whole Beland tribe.

THE MAKING OF A POLITICIAN, by James A. Farley — Conclusion of the Postmaster General's autobiography, in which he tells the circumstances of his early life and how he got into politics.

THE CLASS WAR COMES TO AMERICA, by Lawrence Dennis — By means of the Farley political technique and the spending of \$20,000,000,000, President Roosevelt has done more to advance the class struggle than lifelong Socialists, declares Mr. Dennis. The Conservatives can save themselves, he adds, only if they stop the class war by capturing the leadership of the social revolution of the Have-Nots.

THE GREAT IROQUOIS FIRE, by Alan Macdonald — The ghastly 15-minute conflagration which gutted the new and richly-appointed Iroquois Theater in Chicago on the afternoon of December 30, 1903, and snuffed out the lives of 591 people.

The American Mercury

GIVE THEM WHAT THEY WANT — An editorial asserting that Americans have been sadly deluded by false, biased

and emotional reports from our foreign correspondents, and that a justifiable indignation against Hitler has been transformed into an ignorant frenzy.

SEX DIFFERENCES, by Havelock Ellis — Analysis of anatomical and physical characteristics, and mental and emotional traits, indicates, says Mr. Ellis, that there is no growing approximation of men to women or of women to men.

PICTURE MAGAZINES AND MORONS, by J. L. Brown — Our return to the Paleolithic

language of pictures, attested by the sweeping popularity of the picture magazines, indicates that we may not be so far as we think from the Stone Age of human intelligence, says Mr. Brown.

U. S. A., THE AGGRESSOR NATION, by Fletcher Pratt — We Americans regard with horror the use of violence in international disputes, but history shows that the United States has been guilty of every immoral practice we charge against those nations we happen to dislike.

I HAVE DIABETES, by James Albertson —

In spite of the obvious disadvantages of a strictly regimented existence, this diabetic feels that perhaps his life has been better for the experiences he has had, the knowledge he has accumulated and the friends he has made.

WANTED: HONEST RADICALS, by Albert Jay Nock — Looking disdainfully at those we call "radicals" today, Mr. Nock pleads for some good old-fashioned radicals — the sort who had a sense of reality and judged a social program, like a piece of machinery, solely by the way it would work.

TOO MANY AUTOMOBILES, by J. George Frederick — To reduce the human and economic damage done yearly by automobiles, Mr. Frederick suggests that overliberal time-payment selling of cars be curbed, the making of high-speed cars stopped, the punishment of violators increased, and stricter driving tests set up.

FINANCIAL BUREAUCRACY: THE ROAD TO SOCIALISM, by Robert H. Jackson — The Solicitor General believes that the governmental program outlined by the President on April 29, 1938 — which would use the taxing power and the powers over interstate commerce, security issues, holding companies and patents to curb the growing concentration of private economic power — is the best possible advance toward a national policy of private independent enterprise.

HEARING MADE TO ORDER, by Louise M. Neuschutz — The experiences of a deaf woman who, through the use of a bone-conduction aid, is now regaining her hearing.

FORUM

THE MENTALIST RACKET, by George B. Anderson — A man who earned his way through college by driving a car through traffic blindfolded, admitting the performance to be a trick, attacks the so-called mind-reading mediums for selling trickery to sincere but misguided people.

HOW BIG A NAVY? — A debate between Millard E. Tydings and Ernest Lundeen. Senator Tydings contends that a navy the equal of any is the best insurance for peace. Senator Lundeen replies that a super-navy would give the advocates of collective security something to play with and lead us into becoming involved in the quarrels of other nations.

THE GREAT CONFUSION, by William L. Prosser — Our widely varying divorce laws pay lip service to church demands, but in reality are powerless to prevent collusion. Until we decide definitely whether we really want consent divorce, no solution of the problem is possible, says Mr. Prosser.

THE LEGAL PROFESSION, by Ferdinand Lundberg — In a capitalistic society the legal profession is charged with seeing that justice prevails for all men, yet its constructive work is today available only to those who can pay.

Harpers

MAGAZINE

THE ROAD FROM MUNICH, by Elmer Davis — Europe stands today about where it stood in 1811, says Mr. Davis, except that in 1811 England was the impregnable enemy of the man who dominated the continent. "Try to buy peace from Hitler," he

lds; "and you find you have only rented it on short-term leases, at an ever-increasing price."

THE ROAD TO MUNICH, by Willson Woodside — Chamberlain's policy of "appeasement" is based on the belief that the sooner Germany rectifies her grievances against Versailles, the sooner Hitler's cause will be taken from him, the Nazi ferment will stop, and Europe can settle down.

\$230,000,000 FOR TOYS, by Weldon Melick — The children's toy business is one of the most unpredictable and cut-throat of American industries; for the successful toy appeals to the parents' pocketbook and eye for "cuteness," while the toy that fails often best meets the needs of growing children.

JUST HOW STUPID ARE JURIES? by a Jurymen — Juries aren't so dumb as lawyers think they are, says one who has served frequently on New York City panels.

GAMBLING IN GOVERNMENTS, by S. F. Porter — In the past six years, speculators, known as "free riders," have made approximately \$80,000,000, at almost no risk, by subscribing for blocks of new government bonds and selling them at a profit before payment for them is due.

THE ALL-AMERICAS, by Joe Williams — With 464 colleges playing football and some 13,000 young men in action every Saturday, All-America teams become an absurdity.

EDWARD R. MURROW, by Robert J. Landry — A sketch of the 33-year-old chief of the European bureau of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

KING OF KINGS, by John Gunther — An unknown army officer at 40, occupant of a world-famous throne in his early 50's, Reza Shah Pahlevi of Iran is a hard-working dictator and violent nationalist who has brought the breath of new life to decaying Persia.

THE DEFENSE OF AMERICA, by George Fielding Eliot — Only the United States, among the great nations of the world, can still feel safe from any form of direct attack save that which may be carried in ships. If we do not again send an army to fight on distant continents, a strong navy, backed by a sufficient army and air force to make that navy free to act, will keep us secure, says Major Eliot.

THESE PUBLIC-OPINION POLLS, by Jerome H. Spingarn — The operation and significance of the polls run by George Gallup of the American Institute of Public Opinion and Elmo Roper of *Fortune*.

Scribner's

DEBUT IN TEXAS, by Mabel Duke — In Texas society, where debutantes are sponsored not by their parents

but by their beaux, the exclusive bachelors' clubs furnish spectacular coming-out parties.

HANDS ACROSS THE EQUATOR, by William D. Patterson — As an answer to Fascist inroads in Latin America, inter-American travel facilities are being expanded, U. S. radio systems and picture producers are devoting more time to Latin-American programs, and newspapers more space to Latin affairs; exchange fellowships are being increased, and the State Department is working to strengthen our trade position.

Concerning the Index

☞ The semi-annual index to *The Reader's Digest* for July to December will be mailed free to those readers who request it. Address a postal card to the Index Editor, *The Reader's Digest*, Pleasantville, N. Y.

Among These Present

Roy Chapman Andrews (p. 95), world-famous zoologist and explorer, opened the Gobi desert for the first time to the practical use of motorcars when he recently conducted a series of important Asiatic expeditions for the American Museum of Natural History. He has also made scientific investigations in Alaska, the Dutch East Indies, Korea, Borneo, Celebes, Burma, and Outer Mongolia. Dr. Andrews' many books include *Across Mongolian Plains*, *Ends of the Earth* and *This Business of Exploring*.

R. Ernest Dupuy (p. 92), a Major in the U. S. Army, was recently appointed public relations officer at the Military Academy at West Point. A native of New York City, Major Dupuy served with the Fifty-Seventh Artillery, C.A.C., through the St.-Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne campaigns. He is the author of many magazine stories and articles, and co-author of the recent book *If War Comes*.

Howard Mumford Jones (p. 20) was born in Saginaw, Michigan, in 1892, graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1914, and took an M.A. from the University of Chicago a year later. He has been Profes-

sor of English at the Universities of North Carolina and Michigan, and since 1936 has occupied that post at Harvard. His writings include scholarly research works, poems, plays, and biography.

Nathaniel Peffer (p. 64) is generally regarded as one of the foremost Far East authorities. He spent over six years in China as editor and correspondent, and two years more on a Guggenheim fellowship studying Chinese problems. From 1929 to 1935 he was lecturer on the Far East at Columbia University; and besides three books, he has written numerous articles about the Orient for *Harper's* and other magazines.

Vincent Sheean (p. 74) began his spectacular career as a foreign correspondent at the age of 22; and he had lived in nearly every part of Europe, as well as in Morocco, Persia, China and Russia, and had come in personal contact with most of the chief world figures of the day before he was 30. Although he is chiefly known for his brilliantly successful autobiography, *Personal History*, Sheean has written several other books including *An American Among the Riffs*, *The New Persia*, and several works of fiction.

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